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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXIII.

JUNE, 1911, TO NOVEMBER, 1911



NEW YORK AND LONDON
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1911

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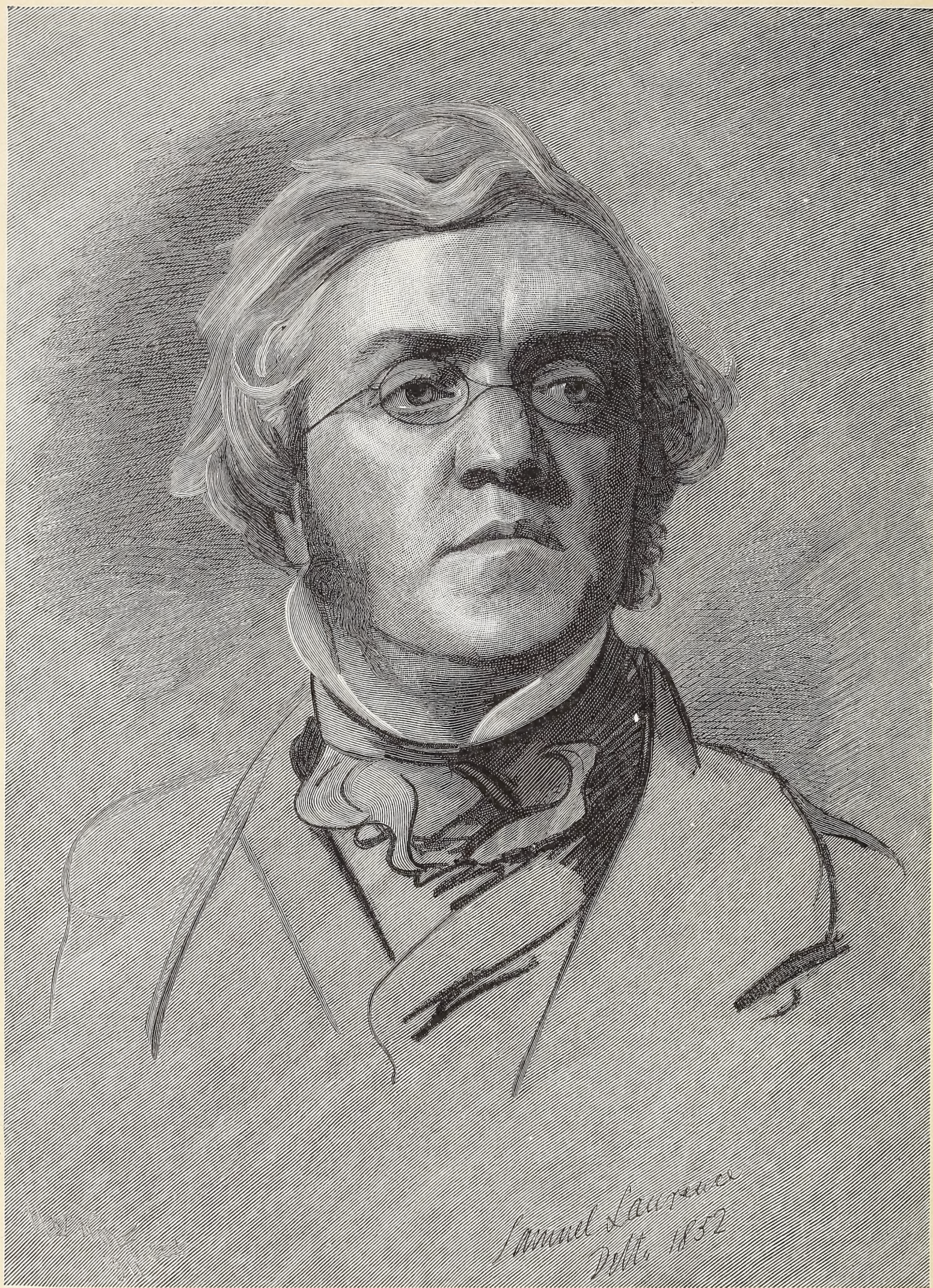
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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

Engraved on Wood for Harper's Magazine by Henry Wolf

From the portrait by Samuel Laurence, now in the possession of Mrs. George M. Smith, London

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXIII

JUNE, 1911

NO. DCCXXXIII

Cockney Travels

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED NARRATIVE

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With Notes by his Daughter, Lady Ritchie

NOTE BY LADY RITCHIE:—*My father used to keep many of his papers in a square mahogany box which his publishers had once given him, and there for years the note-books have remained, together with the various diaries and the sketch-books and scraps of manuscript and packets of letters; there I have gone from time to time to consult the past and his written words and to clear up the various questions and problems which have arisen.*

When I was asked if any manuscript remained which might be of interest to readers, I remembered the story of the "Knights of Borsellen," and, looking for it, I found folded up in the same parcel another manuscript which had been also put away by him and forgotten till now and which is here given. In a corner of an outer page he had written "Cockney Travels." Perhaps he never even read it again after writing it down. Writing—especially in his early days—came to him as naturally as thinking did. The impressions arose continuously following one upon another; he must sometimes have written, being alone, for companionship, for his own satisfaction as well as at the calls of his profession. Though he knew the worth of his work, he set little store upon the details of it, and just as designs and drawings came to his pencil, so the images of life passed before him and were recorded.*

It was after this little journey that he crossed to Ireland and wrote the "Irish Sketch Book." Then followed "Cornhill to Cairo" and "Barry Lyndon," the many plans and projects of that time in their turn, and as likely as not the "Cockney Travels" passed from his mind. It will be seen that now and again there are passages and descriptions of great beauty and feeling in these chapters. He was in trouble at the time, but how charmingly the aspects of the world appear before his kind eyes! Take the description of the country round about Tintern Abbey, or that sketch of The Bonny Thatch interior. It all seems painted in bright harmonious color as we read, not in black and white only. A. I. R.

* To be published for the first time in the July number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and concurrently in England in the *Cornhill Magazine*, in which the "Cockney Travels" will also appear. The *Cornhill Magazine* could scarcely be denied the pleasure of printing the last-found words of its first editor.

Cockney Travels

I

SPECULATIONS IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE

IT is certain that in the midst of all the speculation, delightful as it is, ten minutes' pause at Swindon, where there are twelve young women behind a counter covered with all sorts of good things which money may buy—ten minutes' stop at Swindon is by no means a disagreeable interruption to those who either have eaten no dinner, or have had the good fortune to gain an appetite since that meal. The little Quakers come back munching biscuits, the red-whiskered hero wipes away from his lips the froth of a pint of Dublin stout, a slight attempt at general conversation takes place, which is carried on for a while pretty briskly and audibly, because the Great Western seems to have over other lines of road this advantage, that one can speak without shouting, and be heard, too, so excellently smooth and comfortable are the carriages and the path over which they travel. But hush! In a few minutes the cursed engine sets up his horrible shriek, we enter into a tunnel three miles long, clap, clap! the great engine gallops through the immense passage—rendered visible by the carriage lamps, the darkness flashes swiftly by you—all attempts at conversation are vain. I declare I think it is wicked to talk as one is rushing through one of those awful caverns with mountains piled above, and I have but a poor opinion of the quality of a man's courage who can pass through such places without silence and awe. As long as people think fit to take the lives of criminals, these frightful tunnels would be good places for the operation; a man might be placed upon the top of a carriage (with his back, for mercy's sake, we will say, to the dark), looking at the light growing fainter at the tunnel's end, and the horrible darkness closing round and conquering it; and—somewhere in the midst of the place . . . just when the light was gone . . . a sort of head-cutting machine might be fixed, calculated just to take the patient at the neck, and . . . against it the rush-

ing engine would come — . . . and it might scream and yell all the while in its own horrid unearthly fashion . . . and when it issued out into the light again the man would be no more, and so no eye could see the murder done upon him. But this is always said to be mawkish sentimentality; well, I wish no man hanged, my humble desire goes no farther than that—and I confess honestly that I am frightened in one of those diabolical dark tunnels, which is very likely mawkish sentimentality and weakness, too.

It is ill to quarrel with these rapid strides which the age is making, but can anybody look back to the dear old coach days and a modest nine miles an hour without regret? You take us from one place to another now, it is true, but where is the pleasure of traveling? And what greater pleasure in life was there than that to a hard-worked man come out of a city, to mount a coach, and to see the thousand incidents of the jolly road—the fresh team at the changing places; the pretty girls at the roadside inn, for whom the coachman always had a wink; the fat pike-men smoking their pipes, or yawning at night after the guard's horn had blown them out of bed, while the coach lamps were shining on the white bars of the turnpike, and the horses were surrounded by a sort of golden smoke? Why, bless my soul, I recollect going home for the holidays by the True Blue Coach, six inside—Bell and Crown at Holborn—and we were three-and-twenty hours, nearly, going to Bath! We left London at three, we refreshed ourselves at every stage on the way; and what a supper we had at Reading, and what a snug coffee-breakfast (the first of two) at an early hour some thirty miles on! In those days there was something *like* traveling; you were a part of the world, not out of it as on those scoundrelly iron rails; the people did not look like pygmies as they do now from the train windows, nor the cows to be about the size of mice; nor did you look down the chimneys of Englishmen, as you do nowadays, but into their front drawing-room windows where the girls were sitting, who

blushed and affected to turn away as you flung them a kiss, and wondered who that charming strange young man could be. All this is gone. Grass grows on the Great North Road, comfortable old inns are desolate, all the snug bar fires out, all the gilt liquor-bottles mouldy, and creepers and moss growing over the bar. You no longer travel now, you submit your body to be translated from one spot to another, giving up your identity, your natural existence, during the time in which the translation takes place; you have no longer a sympathy with the road and the people among whom you travel—the very few people who wait upon you are mere machines, for to the newfangled porters and policemen you are ordered not to give money. Ah! old friends of the road, where are you? What a pleasant kindly relationship it was which subsisted between the traveller and you! What a deal of active good-will and lasting friendship did the gift of a shilling here and there engender! Why, if you gave a waiter half-a-crown you might kick him down-stairs, not that he was servile or cowardly—only forbearing and good-humored, and, knowing your innate generosity, willing to pardon your freaks. Think of the delightful descriptions of inns which Harry Fielding has left us, and even Toby Smollett, the humorous and cantankerous Scot! Well, the Cyclopean ironmasters have stormed and taken that Heaven from us—that joyous Highroad Heaven, with all its fair inns and kind inhabitants—there are no suppers at the King's Arms, Bagshot, any more; the Lion at Barnet has dropped his old tail forever; and as for the King's Arms at Sevenoaks, I declare that only three weeks since I heard one of the daughters of the house playing a sonata of Thalberg's, which she concluded with a neat Italian song from *Norma*! Where are the coachmen and all their coats? the barmaids and their red, smiling cheeks? the post-horn (first and second turn out), the comfortable old jingling yellow post-chaises and the postboys? Let us hope that some other world has been found for them—some happy cloud, and to us unknown, *post-futurum*!—O fie! . . . Here the huge engine gives a last scream, and going slowly through an avenue of brick-kilns and flaming fur-

naces, and huge engines that have digested their red-hot loads of charcoal, we stop at a brilliant arcade, and the policemen shout out *BRISTOL*.

II

AT BRISTOL CITY

The Royal Western Hotel is a vast edifice which will commodiously lodge the biggest traveler, and make a day at Bristol a very pleasant one to a stranger. The morning is well spent in a drive over the noble downs of Clifton, where the Bristol merchants have built for themselves a set of fine gleaming white palaces, where there is a Zoological Garden for those who have a desire to see the brute beasts, and magnificent prospects of rock, wood, and river for persons who prefer the picturesque; where the curious in doctor's stuff may taste the waters of the springs, and individuals nautically inclined have an opportunity of seeing the enrousest iron steamboat that ever was known. There are, moreover, to be visited all sorts of fine terraces; we clamber up the steeps on which the new town is built, and below are the queerest streets of the old, with great gaunt haunted-looking lodging-houses in which our ancestors took pleasure. Then there are the quays, with the Irish boat continually arriving; herds of pigs are discharged from the same, and the squeaking and grunting of those quadrupeds, with the roars and gesticulations of their driver, are profitable subjects for observation, as need hardly here be said. Double is the excitement if one of those interesting passengers from Cork or Waterford happens to tumble into the water—no word of mine can paint the effect produced by an incident of this romantic nature, to which I had the fortune to be a witness. If the animal had not been saved I should not, of course, have spoken of the matter in this light way, but saved he was. Alas! he is mostly pork by this time. Part of him has gone off in crackling unnaturally stuffed with sage and onions, part of him is in the tub no doubt, in brine much saltier than that from which he escaped.

Of Bristol itself, although they say that of late years and since the alteration in West-Indian affairs its prosperity has greatly decreased, indeed one can only say that it seems to bear its misfortunes

most cheerfully, and must have been so rich as to have plenty to fall back upon when the evil day came. It is the most comfortable city I ever saw, with a plentiful florid John Bull appearance that does one good to see. The river seems wonderfully full of ships for a failing place, there is great bustle on the quays, and along them the most delightful old-fashioned warehouses, ale-houses, and quaint old shops with outlandish wares. India goods, feathers, parrots, shells, monkeys, old china—such things as old-fashioned mariners used to bring home from their voyages—perhaps they have never been sold since the old days; they look old and queer enough to make one think so.

There are some grand houses, too, in the streets of the old English sort; with carved wood, and gables, and low porches, and the whole side of the houses covered with glass. Corn Street and Wine Street are rich-sounding names, and the streets so christened look becomingly prosperous. Here stand banks, commercial buildings, athenæums, and handsome rich-looking shops, not having the tawdry Regent Street splendor, but a comfort of their own. They look warm in spite of all that is said about the decadence of the town. The Bristolians have a proper contempt, as I should presume, for art (though I did not visit the Bristol Exhibition, which stands in a street on a steep hill near the hotel which appears to be entirely inhabited by doctors); but the print-shops were hung with the worst prints I ever saw—among them a series by a temperance painter representing the Drunkard's Progress (very well meaning but most odious in execution); and I have caught a view of the same performances in many of the southern towns through which I have been. In the windows of the bookshops tracts and such sort of theology seemed to be the chief objects exhibited; numbers of Quakers were in the streets, numbers of men and ladies with dissenting physiognomies (though it may appear rather bold in a stranger to attempt to judge of people at first glance by the art of their clothes or the appearance of their hair and hats), and great numbers of chapels likewise flourished all about.

I went to the Cathedral, a venerable old place, though of no great beauty,

which stands on one side of a solemn-looking old square, with dark brick houses and large trees all around. The Square was pretty well filled with nurseries and their maids, but the Cathedral was quite empty. There were not four people, I think (besides the officials), to hear the service, of all the hundreds, thousands, swarming in the city. The organ is beautiful, the choruses of the anthem were charmingly sung by the boys of the choir, and there was a very old quavering tenor who piped out the solo parts with a voice woefully out of tune. I don't know why, but there was something pleasant in the very badness of his singing. I felt a respect for the old tenor. He seemed to say, "Here I am, I am a hundred years old, and have lost my voice long, long ago—but I am faithful to the old singing-desk, though nobody cares for my singing, nor for what I sing. Go to the Ebenezer or the New Jerusalem, and you will hear five hundred lusty throats roaring, but of all the hundred thousand in this city not one is there to sing the good old anthems. I am the last of the choristers—the poor old worn-out Cathedral swan, and though I die I will sing!" So he quavered out *Jubilate* and *Alleluia* to the best of his weak old lungs, the boys taking their parts with their rich fresh soaring voices, and then talking aside to each other or looking quite indifferent. The moment the anthem was over, the organist (or a respectable person in black whom I took to be the organist) slunk down the loft-stairs, and gave a smooth to his hat and went his way. He did not wait for the prayer. It has always been a wonder to me how people ever dare to do such a thing—turning their backs upon What no man writing lightly in a magazine has a right to name. I would lay a wager, however, that if a man were asked to dine with a duke he would not leave the table the moment he had eaten enough—he would wait at least until he had the signal for rising. It is only in cathedrals that gentlemen and ladies permit themselves this act of impertinence—dropping in just to the part of the feast they like, and then sauntering out again, as if they had honored the place by coming at all. I was pleased to see a little ragged beggar-boy with naked feet, who sate humbly in the transept, and waited

very attentively all the service through; and I should like to have been a great prince, and to have taken him to a broker's shop, and have given him a handsome suit of clothes with brass buttons, and the best pair of bluchers in all Bristol. As it was, I presented him with a slight donation of twopence, at which gift he seemed very much surprised. He would not have come there to beg, that is clear, for there were only four for a congregation besides himself.

The church is decorated with some of the most hideous ornaments, of the fashion of some fifty or sixty years back—urns and willows innumerable: with epitaphs stating that Mr. This, late of the Island of Barbadoes, or Mr. Tother, late of Jamaica, lies buried near this spot. They were chiefly dedicated to persons of the West Indies Interest, who (from these documents) must have been without exception the most virtuous and noble-minded creatures that ever adorned this or any other island. There is a very weak Basso Relievo by Bacon in honor of Sterne's Mrs. Draper, and some stout old monuments of James and Elizabeth's time.

III

CHEPSTOW AND THE NEIGHBORHOOD

The rain had poured heavily during the first day of our arrival at Chepstow, and it was vain to attempt to see any of the beauties of the place; only the writer of this, having indiscreetly scrambled up a hill on the opposite bank of the Wye, had the pleasure of sitting perdu under a thick-set hedge for full an hour and a half while the rain poured down. As that great author sat under the hedge he had the misfortune to behold an artist, who had been perched upon a nook of the cliff making a drawing of the town, run away dripping, Nature having covered his drawing over with a transparent wash of her own preparing; and presently afterward the celebrated literary man, rising from his shelter as there was nothing else for it, had the good luck to find (though, to be sure, the good luck might have come a little earlier) that there was refuge hard by in a little ale-house that goes by the pretty name of The Bonny Thatch.

At The Bonny Thatch was a policeman drying his wet shins at a snug fire, and a pretty little coquette of a landlady's

daughter, a pretty maid, and a landlady who had been pretty once—nay, is for the matter of that at this present writing; there they were, all seated in a window shelling pease. To them presently came two ladies wet through in pattens, who without ceremony began to arrange their garments in a little shed just outside the door, refusing, however, any offers of aid which some kind wags from within made them. An old dog lay asleep by the fire, on which a pot with a piece of bacon was boiling; near the dog, on a carved sort of bench that goes along one side of the room, an old landlord was similarly dozing. The room was just six feet two inches and three-quarters in height between the beams, and about nine feet square—dark, neat, pretty, and comfortable. I should have passed the day there with pleasure, for presently came, in various characters, a gentleman whose cart stood in the yard and who arrived with a load of coals; a laborer—I am sorry to say tipsy, though at that early hour in the day; an old tramper with an oiled-skin hat on which was written "*One of Nelson's veterans.*" This old tramper, having had to do with brimstone and charcoal in his early life when the two sent forth shots among the French, was now compelled to deal with the former articles in a much more humble though useful shape. He had a little store of matches by which he made believe to get a livelihood, and accepted a sixpence with perfect willingness, uttering at the same time a long string of tabernacular phrases which were by no means too pleasant to hear. Well, the lay preachers of fancy denominations have done this for us, and the most sacred of all names, which a man ought to go down on his knees before he uttered, is bandied about by every prating vagabond with a familiarity that makes one sad to hear.

I should like to have had this fellow out of the conventicle and upon the deck; he had served with Nelson and Collingwood, he said, and afterward with Admiral Pellew, who was made Lord Exmouth (please lay the emphasis on the mouth): but the fact was, the landlady, being a person of very genteel turn of mind (indeed, as I learned afterward, she had been lady's-maid to a respectable family), would not allow one to remain in the snug little Fieldingian kitchen,

but insisted that the gentleman should go and sit in an up-stairs room which she usually let to her lodgers. I could not but obey, and there found myself on a damp day looking upon Chepstow Castle, or with the liberty to look at it if I chose; but as the rain was so strong that it was impossible to see it I preferred to read Mr. Lockhart's *Valerius*, which I had the good luck to carry with me. And it is very probable that the reader would have been surprised by an elaborate criticism upon that book (which is full of learning and thought, and of passion and right feeling where the author dares to unlace himself to avow it, and the hero of which may be designated as a most gentlemanlike, correct, Bond Street Christian)—I say that the reader might probably have been charmed at the very next sentence by a criticism upon *Valerius*, had not the real owner of the lodgings at The Bonny Thatch come in to his apartment. It is a very snug and pretty one, but it appears the landlady, in her zeal to show what rooms she had, quite forgot the laws which make every man's lodging his castle, and introduced me to the privacy of another person.

The only reply which the occupier of the room made was to offer me a dinner, and lend a cloak to go home in. May there be many such kind acquaintances for all wayfarers in this wide rainy world! The girl of The Bonny Thatch said that the price of his room and board (I will witness that I saw a most excellent repast consisting of a beefsteak, new potatoes, the very pease that I had the honor to see shelled, and the bacon that had just issued from the very pot before mentioned)—the price of two rooms and board is a guinea weekly. A guinea a week, think of that! At six hours from London, in the face of a beautiful landscape, in a little quiet shady hedge inn, with the Chepstow town and castle before you, with the Wye running under them, and on the Wye the best salmon that was ever eaten in the world.

A lunch at The Bonny Thatch, consisting of cheese, butter, bread, and excellent hard cider, costs fourpence. But to return to the salmon. This is without contradiction the most delightful of all the varieties of the fish that I have

ever tasted. It is impossible to describe its freshness and beauty. It comes to you with all the dew upon it, as it were. It is almost a shame to put any sauce to it. It is best eaten with a little salt and a slice of bread. It leaves the inner man in an unspeakable state of rapture and ease and comfort. It remains upon the recollection quite gratefully, as some joy which one has experienced and can't forget, something for which one should be thankful always. You sneer—but why not? My good sir, the more good things a man can enjoy in life the better for him. Some men love whist, some fox-hunting, some geography, some love to read the Parliamentary Debates every evening—ought we to sneer at them? No, all these amusements are innocent in themselves (naturally used), and lucky he who can be fond of the greatest number of them. But let it be distinctly understood that a man, though he speak kindly of former days passed in the company of Wye salmon, ought not to *regret* the same—no, though red-herrings were to be his lot.

IV

FINE WEATHER

The next day (it was a Sunday) broke out in beautiful brilliancy; and we had the opportunity of seeing Chepstow Castle, and the neighboring lions. As for Chepstow Castle, what to say of it? It stands on a height commanding the river and town, and there is an old gate of a pretty form of architecture at which we knocked for admittance. There is a crevice up above through which the portcullis chains were doubtless lowered; and two convenient holes, doubtless for pouring boiling lead, water, or other material on the heads of those persons who unduly requested an entrance.

A little prim damsel came to the wicket and said in a demure voice, "The castle is not shown on Sundays"; then, hearing certain monosyllabic remarks in which we professed (though very harmlessly) to call down extreme punishment upon the eyes of the builders, owners, and occupiers of the place, and hearing no doubt retreating footsteps, the damsel lifted up her voice again, and said, "The castle is not shown on Sundays, unless to those who are going away," wherewith the wicket was undone, and we mentally

recalled those invidious remarks which had been made about the proprietors and holders of the place.

"This," said the damsel, looking round solemnly, "is the first court"—which was evident. There was a bright green lawn surrounded by gray towers and walls some twenty feet in height, here and there a walnut-tree growing—other trees in the enclosure, and ivy everywhere.

Then we passed through a gate, and came to a second enclosure. "This is the second court," said the damsel, and so on until we came to the fourth court, from which we turned away, having seen all that was necessary, *viz.*—having mounted up certain stairs and peeped into certain holes commanding a view of the river, and so on. The evening sun was gilding the whole place with wonderful brilliancy, and as one looked at the old towers gleaming in it, and the wooded banks, and the shining river, and the pale walnut-trees here and there, the scene very much resembled an evening on the Rhine.

The keep tower is rather famous as the place of Harry Marten's confinement. The stout old republican lay here for twenty years, leniently dealt with, until apoplexy seized him by the throat, and he lies buried in the church of Chepstow, a handsome and correct Norman structure. It has been new-coated with stone, and the ancient architectural style well imitated. There is a noble Norman arch at the tower of the church, and a pretty green cloister of trees that run through the churchyard. This is strongly railed off from the vulgar. Why? For a churchyard wall is always a pleasant one, and why should not little children play at hide-and-seek among the tombstones? I saw some at that work in a churchyard at Bristol, and regretted not to be a didactic poet, else a sonnet with appropriate moralities might have been dashed off in the note-book instantaneously.

As we came out of the castle after the demure maid had shown it to us, descending by a pleasant grassy steep which leads to the gate, and thence to the places where the moat once was, but of which the only part that now has water in it is a sort of wash or pond on which some of the houses of the main street abut. And here we had an opportunity to see further instances of the propriety of the place:

for whereas certain little children were standing on the brink of this wash, amusing themselves on the calm summer evening (and what better amusement is there?) in flinging stones into the wash and watching with delight the flops of the stones and the wonderful rings which, disappearing, they make in the water—behold along the wall which skirts the pond, and from a garden belonging to a prim white house with green blinds in the street hard by, there rushed a gentleman in dandified clothes, with his hat very much on one side, who began making a furious attack (in words) from his place on the wall, clenching his fist at the poor little rogues, mouthing at them, and using all sorts of fierce gesticulations. The boldest of the startled crew came forward, flung one more stone into the water, and then all of them strolled away: when, seeing himself master of the territory, the gentleman gave a scowl at us and, putting his hands in his pockets, strutted back over his wall.

I instantly knew who the fellow must be, and offered to bet the gentlemen present that he was the attorney of the place, or, if they chose, proposed that we should go down and fling stones ourselves into the pond for half an hour, and if the young gentleman again presented himself, take an opportunity of picking a quarrel with him and mayhap sending him into the wash after the stones. What business had he to disturb little children in their play, that bullying, swaggering attorney? Why had they not as good a right to fling stones into the pond as he had to walk in his garden? It is but a public horse-pond, to which the fellow has no claim (except in the way before stated), and I should like to know what more harmless moral sport there is than to fling stones into a pond? I should have won my bet, too; for we went round into the street and inquired of a woman standing near it whose was the handsome house? She said it was Mr. Somebody's the solicitor, and very much beloved and respected that solicitor is no doubt.

There is an old wall which rises at the back of the tower, and gives it a strong resemblance to some Rhenish fortified place; and skirting the wall among gardens and orchards rise many picturesque old gable-ended houses—among them



*I wanted to give you an idea of the splendour
of the chamber-maid at Chthlangothlen*

THE SPLENDID CHAMBER-MAID AT CHTHLANGOTHLEN

From the drawing by Thackeray in his letter to Edward Fitzgerald. See page 19

those of our inn, the George, which may be parenthetically recommended as one of the cleanest, neatest, cheerfulest, fresh-salmon-givingest inns to be found anywhere.

In the streets and over the little shabby shops of the place, the names of Jenkins and Jones, of Price and Watkins, show you into what country you are coming—there is a suburb along the river with little quays and little old faded storehouses,

and a dry-dock, and a few small craft on the river, and here you see a few sailors lounging about with the fair companions of their leisure hours, and a few tradesmen smoking pipes at little inns, an hostler in a white jacket, who has come out to give the *dawg* a bathe, some street boys swinging about on the bars of the dock; furthermore, a boat in the course of building, of which the natives are very proud. High upon the Gloucester shore side of

the river are picturesque rocks and foliage, and green fields, among which, on the calm Sunday evening, the young men and maidens of Chepstow may be seen to stroll.

Such wonderful objects did we remark on our walk; likewise we had the opportunity of listening as amateurs to a sermon from one of the score of little meeting-houses which are scattered through the place. The preacher was roaring in the old sickening tabernacle twang, roaring bad grammar in a bad West country accent, and speaking of the designs of Providence as if he were Heaven's private secretary. It was better to be at the side of the pond seeing the children flinging stones into the water.

V

TINTERN ABBEY

The excursion from Chepstow to Tintern is of the exact length and comfort to suit a Londoner's taste. A fly,* at a moderate remuneration, will "waft you," as a celebrated author says of a ship, from the old town to the old abbey, and restore you to your inn in four hours, of which not one minute has been tedious—the distance is about six miles, and the road lies on a huge bank that overlooks the river Wye; not so high, however, but that there is a huge wall of rocks above, nobly clad with foliage of a thousand different greens. The river itself on which you look down flows through a peaceful flat of rich green pasture, on which diminutive cows are beheld grazing, and over which the sunshine and the shadow of the clouds chase each other as if in play. This table-land is walled round, too, by hills on the farther side; some of which slope partly down toward it, being covered from head to foot with noble verdure, while elsewhere long purple ridges of rocks rise up abruptly, their sides adorned here and there with creepers or scarred with huge fissures down which water has made its way. Above the rocks and their dark crests of trees extend in a long flashing line the Channel and the Severn, and in the extreme distance the soft purple-gray hills of Gloucestershire stretch far away. There is almost every kind of natural beauty to be found along this little tract of country. The rocks as tall,

the fields as green, the woods as rich, the river as meandering, as heart can desire; and if we were hinting humbly to find a fault it would be that the rocks do not look severe enough for rocks; they look like good-natured old guardians of the valley, rather than grim tyrants of it—as if they could not help smiling at the incomparable beauty and peacefulness of the scene round about. As for the foliage, there must have been at least a thousand different greens in that glorious palette, which Nature set for painting the scene, and the eye gazing on the wonderful difference and harmony of them is delighted and charmed, not dazzled or fatigued, with those brilliant variations which the great master of all artists plays for our delight.

Within a few furlongs out of Chepstow the delightful view begins. You pass a little quiet Catholic chapel, and a pert-looking Independent brother by its side—then a rich green glade covered with all sorts of graceful trees and sloping down to the old castle, then a Gothic turnpike where a one-horse shay pays sixpence, and, presently after, a grand gate with two lions which guard the entrance to that famous Piercefield Park, the walk through which is celebrated throughout Europe. It was, perhaps, on account of this very reputation that we were glad to keep to the beaten track, and did not send in visiting-tickets to Squire Wells. There are such things as views which are too handsome—such as lakes with temples—but it is best, however, to pretermitt this kind of criticism by innuendo, and simply discourse on what we did see. We saw the village of Piercefield, a pleasant village with a pleasant-looking inn—we reached another florid Gothic turnpike, and striking along the rock-road with the noble landscape just spoken of before us, presently we turned up a lane in which at a given place we were told to descend and see the Wind Rock. This is one of the steepest of the rocks on the road and commands views from its summit stretching miles across land and water. The wood of the rock itself is beautiful, and a curious descent is practised down the almost perpendicular steep by means of ingenious zigzag walks and rude steps down which a guide leads you. It is a delightful walk—de-

lightful as you walk and delightful, I must confess, when you have done; in the first place, there are all sorts of rocks and trees and caverns and wonderful creeping plants to see, and secondly, the walk is long, slippery, steep, and not altogether agreeable to cockney feet—a slip over a smooth root, or the giving way of a stone, might put an end to all bodily excursions for the future, whether up hill or down. I do not know the height of the Wind Cliff—the guide-book says it is “most awful”—hard to descend, still harder to mount; but there is a good-natured woman at the bottom who mounts most cheerfully for a shilling, and will do so many times in the day. The Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London would *créver* before they had ascended a quarter of the number of steps. But let us consider, on the other hand, that Nature sets different tasks upon different persons. Try the lady of the Wind Cliff at some of the duties which hard fate enjoins upon mayors and aldermen. 'Tis probable that a week's turtle would kill her outright.

A remark, however, which for the sake of all obese travellers it is fair to make is this: that ninety-nine times in a hundred the ascent of mountains so steep, so painful to the lungs of the tourist, brings no gratification to the eyes which may compensate for the hardships which the rest of the body endures. As a general rule *avoid going up mountains* and leave such recreations to leather-lunged students of the universities, men who find a gratification in killing themselves at a boat-race, or standing during a couple of the dog-days before or behind three yellow wickets at Lord's. It is exercise that those people love for the most part who ascend mountains, not Nature, and I believe the accounts they bring us down from Mont Blanc, Himalaya peaks, etc., are pure fables; for if they said they saw the moon and the sun shining there together, or discovered a frozen rainbow, how could we deny them? Well then, the fact is that the view from the summit of Wind Cliff is by no means so good as that from the base of it—you get a greater expanse, it is true, embracing the Severn, the Channel, the sea, and counties upon counties of the land, but the objects are too numerous to be distinct, and the eye wanders perplexed over such vast tracts of

landscape. At the foot of the rock, up and down which the worthy Monmouthshire lass trips so many times a day, is a pretty little toy of a cottage, containing a huge walnut-tree slab, being the section of an ancient tree that stood a few years back in Chepstow moat, and was blown down by a storm. The little rooms, seats, nay, chandeliers, of this cottage are all daintily covered with moss, and the cottage is hidden from the road by a thicket of laurels; here parties may picnic at their leisure, and passing it on the next day, we heard issuing from the thicket the sound of a Welsh harp, a very old, feeble, and unsatisfactory instrument, that performed for a considerable period a certain tune called “Poor Marianne,” that the British public has probably heard ere this.

It appeared as we left Chepstow that a great missionary meeting was to be held there for taking into consideration the means of converting that benighted race the Choctaw Indians or it may have been the Mohicans—I am not sure of the tribe, but the announcement had set the whole country, it appeared, in motion, and for ten miles on the way to Monmouth we saw little dumpy double-bodied chaises lugging along the road, with weary ponies dragging honest clergymen's families. Thus I had the opportunity to see many clergymen of the district, for all of whom Mr. Coachman had a respectful bow, and many of whose histories he was good enough to relate. At last came one clergyman with an honest smiling Parson Adams sort of face, and he was trudging on foot, and I have introduced him and the meeting, and all the clergy and the cruelty-gigs, and the whole sentence out of compliment to a new contributor to this magazine,* Mr. Fitz-Boodle (to whom I beg to state that my name is *Tit*, not *Tid*-Marsh as he chooses to call me). Well, this honest parson trudging on foot eight miles to the meeting was smoking a pipe, as we clearly saw; but a dread of the world's scorn got the better of him as he came up to the coach, and he absolutely put the filthy implement into his pocket, and walked by with as innocent a look as possible. Well might he be ashamed, and I have never been able to comprehend how a gentleman could indulge in such a hor-

* *Fraser's Magazine*, for which these Travels were probably intended.

rible practice; but I fear very much that the reverend gentleman as soon as we were past had his pipe out again; it would have burned his pockets else.

A turn of the road brings you in sight of the green valley in which among orchards and little cottages reposing under its shadow, the noble old abbey of Tintern rises up. The river, to which stretch pleasant green pastures, lies a couple of furlongs off, and the whole of the valley is surrounded by high hills of wood on either side of the stream which give to the Abbey and the lands about it a beautiful air of repose and comfort. What have been the outbuildings of the place have been fashioned into cottages, and the lovely little village of Tintern climbs the rock a short distance up the river, where there seem to be one or two houses left almost as old and gray as the Abbey itself.

I never saw such a magnificent elegance and simplicity in any Gothic building. All the ornaments, the windows, the arches of the quaint old doors rising up out of the brightest sward in the world, are wonderfully graceful and pure; nor could an architect, as I fancy, do better than spend a couple of summer months at Tintern, and without having recourse to sketch-book, or rule and compass, stroll round and round the ruin all the day through, lie at his leisure in the neighboring croft and orchards, and fill his mind with the noble sentiment of the place. It is not disfigured by any of the elaborate architectural gewgaws and grotesque ornaments which one sees in the buildings of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The whole structure and all parts of it are distinguished by the most high-bred propriety and simplicity. The common guide-books say that only twelve monks inhabited the vast Abbey; and here it is impossible to lay one's hands upon other authorities to know what its revenue and history were, what wonders were worked by its shrine, or how any twelve happy Cistercians should come to inhabit a place of such prodigious grandeur. They must have been the finest gentlemen in Europe, these cowed Epicureans—that is clear. The whole place speaks of happy graceful reveries and pleasant contemplation. The landscape round about is beautiful enough to charm and satisfy the eye—green, peaceful, plenteous, full of

grace—orchards thick with fruit, fields covered with corn and fresh clover, a noble stream not too wide nor deep, but full of fish and beautifully clear—pleasant brooks and hills girding the valley round, and in the midst of it this noble structure. With such a delightful scene before him, a man could hardly wish for wider prospects, or even for sublimity and grandeur. What a life must those old monks have passed, but one day

“Bluff Harry broke into the space
And turned the cowls adrift,”

and handed over the revenues of the Abbey to one of the ancestors of his Grace the Duke of Beaufort, whom all tourists in this very neighborhood are bound to thank for the care which he has taken of their pleasures.

A number of choristers clothed in black are still to be found in the Abbey church who exercise their throats all day long—there are a colony of jackdaws, who may be seen whistling round the Abbey pinnacles, and heard chattering always; their very noise somehow adds to the agreeable silence, as you stand within and gaze in a sort of happy wonder upon the ruin.

Let no man commit the impertinence to draw out a sketch-book—indeed, it is quite in vain to attempt by a few strokes of pen or pencil to give any description of this wonderful ruin; though the roof is gone, the church walls are entire, ivy covers some of them, and the arches, windows, and ornaments of many are complete; a delightful fine green carpet of grass covers the whole floor of the Abbey—designing its shape admirably, and painted continually, according to the position of the sun, with the most beautiful silhouettes of the tracery of the windows and of the walls. Here and there in the grass appears the tomb of an abbot or monk, with worn-out black-letter inscriptions of his title, and strange mystical crosses and croziers carved on the stone. Broken ornaments and capitals, old mutilated statues of warriors and priests, lie carefully piled up against columns; some of these are gone, but the bases of all remain, and give upon the green ground a plan of the old edifice. To the left from the great gate, and near the chancel, you issue into a little green

which conducted to the refectory, but of which some windows still remain; two or three vaulted chambers or cells are, however, perfect, with strong groined roofs beautifully cut, in which you can still see the sharp strokes of the chisel. But how useless are descriptions of this sort! With Dugdale and a few books at the British Museum, one might make them far more accurate—and thus, having described as far as words will let one, not one soul who reads will have an idea of the place. However, let every man go and judge for himself, who has two days and three guineas to spare—especially, let all persons who have the habit of traveling abroad take this advice and see what wonderful, beautiful things are lying at hand at home, and may be reached between the hours of breakfast and dinner-time.

VI

BY COACH TO HEREFORD

A coach bound to Monmouth and Hereford passes Tintern at two o'clock, and the ride to the former place carries the traveler along the banks of the Wye, by a thousand delightful scenes of which, as has wisely been said concerning the view at Tintern, all description is vain. But the forest, forty miles of the fifty lying between Hereford and Chepstow, is so exceedingly beautiful that when, at about ten miles from the last-named city, we found ourselves in an unambitious agreeable country with nothing peculiar in it except freshness and quiet and smiling cultivation, I felt quite relieved that my eyes were dazzled no more, and that we had almost done with beauties for the day. A man should not have too much of them who enjoys them very keenly, nor are those persons to be much envied who take holiday scampers across the Alps or on the Rhine, for they must either be bewildered when they come back again, or their senses must have been dull at starting, and their enjoyments not worth the sharing.

Of the city of Hereford it behooves me to speak in terms of the most bitter reprehension. As you approach it from the other side of the view, the meadows, trees, and gardens on either side of the bank, the old towers and steeples of the city it-

self, have a picturesque and cheerful look, which is, however, most grossly deceptive, as the traveler finds on making a more intimate acquaintance with the place. The houses are, for the most part, square, with small regular windows, of the hideous sort of style prevalent, say, in the year 1780, and they are formed of a sort of dirty crimson-colored brick, the most disagreeable to the eye of all brick I ever saw.

The streets are wide and airy; but as the human subject looks most especially melancholy when, after being pulled down by a fever, he assumes the clothes which fitted him when his body was lusty and plump, so also the town of Hereford looks vastly too large for the dwindled inhabitants, and they the more woebegone and dismal on account of the vast size of the streets about them. The place is more dull even than any Continental provincial city, more still than Antwerp, but not so picturesque—single steps go pattering here and there over the sunny flags; crimson-brick houses to-let meet you everywhere, with cracked windows letting in the air, and old, stingy, shabby-genteel doors with knockers rubbed and green paint turning blue. The numerous churches in the town keep up continual carillonades of bells—always a melancholy, eremitical solitary music. The town looks like Sunday, in fact, and all the people gone to church. The people never come out of church, as I fancy, in this unorthodox shovel-hatted city, and it seems never to be Monday.

The inn whither we went was quite in character—a house of the most melancholy entertainment—a huge genteel edifice, too, with a shabby air of quality which rendered it, of course, doubly disagreeable. Oh, my dear Mr. Beney, of the Hand and Scepter Inn, Southborough, near Tunbridge Wells, how I envied your snug smiling green parlor, your unostentatious ducks and green pease, your pretty garden and sparkling cider, your kind, bustling welcome, as well to travelers who preferred the genteel part of your house, as to him who alighted at your tap. Oh, BENEY! how I yearned for the Hand and Scepter Inn, in that huge, genteel hotel! The landlord who was standing at the door received us with a solemn inclination of the head; he looked, dress-

ed, and smiled like an undertaker, and the landlady looked as if she had just stepped out of a coffin;—you passed through a huge, gloomy passage, by an old lofty, mouldy bar; old comfortless teacups and feeble custard-glasses were hanging round this tempting place, with a fine staircase branching away right and left to the bedrooms of the mansion. The coffee-room is one of those unhappy rooms of which I have seen a specimen at York, and is called a subscription coffee-room. There are no carpets, no chairs, no cushions even to the benches. The skin and bones of a coffee-room with a look of prim self-satisfaction that renders the place doubly odious.

Looking out of the dismal window was the lifeless street, and hard by a huge church of the sarcophagus order of architecture, neat, plain, of a ghastly respectability. Two or three people were lolling in front of the hotel, an easy hostler or two, and a lazy clerk from a black, empty coach-office hard by, striped with a few old dirty coach-bills for ornament rather than for use. On the table opposite me was placed a pint decanter of sherry and two glasses; half the wine was left; the cheerfulness of the two drinkers had deserted them after they had taken each the half of a half-pint, or they were too respectable to indulge further. What a scene! Hark! there is actually a carriage coming up the street—it comes, startling the echoes with a weak rattling jingle. It stops at the hotel. An old man in black is driving two old horses; a young gentleman in profound mourning, with a pale face and a white neck-cloth, descends and gives his arm to an old gentleman, likewise in mourning and evidently on the verge of death. By Heaven, it is too bad! Thinking there was some fatality hanging over me in the place, I made a rush for my hat, and went abroad into the streets.

They were not much more cheerful, but at least the sun was shining his best and giving as gay an aspect as he could to this Herefordshire Palmyra. I passed a gaudy new Roman Catholic chapel painted yellow, and so distinguished from the scarlet abominations round about it. It has a cupola glistening with painted glass, and looks trim and prosperous. Hard by was a religious bookshop, with “Answers

to—Sibthorp’s pamphlets, why I have become a Catholic.”—The man had only these “Answers,” he did not keep the pamphlets, but said the pamphlets contained a deal of extracts from it. Amiable propensity of the world to hear both sides of a question!

The etymology of Hereford cannot be ascertained. Like many other places founded in a remote and obscure period, the particular circumstances which gave rise to the name have not been recorded; ingenious persons have, however, attempted to supply by conjecture what was wanting in information; yet, for want of the necessary data, their opinions have been various contradictions. The celebrated Camden thought that the name was derived from *Areconium*. Some persons have since supposed that it was derived from *Here is a ford*, or, *Here I ford*, words used by the Saxons when they discovered a ford. (Here follow more opinions.) . . . The different theories are given for the information of the ingenious inquirer in order that he may judge for himself.

1. The Romans called the country Siluria, because they called the inhabitants Silures. Hereford has given birth to many *Literary characters*, among which was John Breton, or Britton, LL.D., who was preferred to the see of Hereford in the year 1268; he wrote a learned book called the “Laws of England” which is yet extant, *and is in some repute*.

Then come Adam de Orlton, Roger of Hereford (who wrote a treatise on political astronomy); Miles Smith, who wrote the “pious and excellent preface to the Bible”; Heraldry Gwillim, Humphrey Ely, a Roman exile, a professor of Civil Law at Lorrain about 1604; John Davis and Richard Gerthay, both celebrated in the art of Penmanship, David Garrick, John Phillips, the author of the celebrated poem, “Cyder,” *who was not born in this county*, and William Boome, Esquire, who had formed the plan of the history of his county, a work for which he was eminently fit—but, as was to be regretted, he destroyed the MS.

Bishop of the Diocese. The Bishop of H. on a vacancy of the see by death or translation is elected by the Dean and Chapter, when leave is given them by the

Crown to proceed to the election of a successor, *and the person recommended by the Crown is he who is elected on the occasion.*

VII

LOOKING BACK

On coming to a long halt after this two or three days' little journey, one looks back with a sort of wonder at the exceeding natural beauty of the country that we have had the good fortune to go through. People cry out about the Rhine and Switzerland, and make weary pilgrimages through flat dismal French provinces in bone-breaking diligences in order to reach the south of France—and here within six hours of Bow Church, for Chepstow is by the railroad no more, you commence upon a series of beautiful views such as I do believe are not to be surpassed in all Europe—to be exceeded in sublimity no doubt, but not in wholesome manly freshness and beauty, if such epithets may be permitted. The ride from Shrewsbury to Chester to-day, though different in character, has not been in the least inferior in interest to the two former days' jaunts; skirting some charming little lakes, and itself going over rather high and undulating ground! hanging round about it immense plains of extraordinary richness and verdure, bounded by purple fantastical-shaped mountains of Denbighshire and Merioneth, and lighted up by and relieved by every caprice of shadow and sunshine. Every village that we passed through was a picture—huge trees shading old mouldering churches, pleasant country inns and clinking smithies by the roadside, sedate-looking gray farmhouses with ivied gable ends standing in the midst of their comfortable stacks, and farm buildings with close orchards round about. Then come the appropriate figures of such pleasing landscape—three or four children trolling out of a cottage gate, crowing and shouting as the gay coach went by; a stately-looking bay stallion with his flanks shining in the sun, that arches his great neck and begins to plunge at the passing coach. Yonder is a huge old mill with a great wheel, flapping and turning up diamonds out of a deep rushy black stream. The courtyard is full of sacks, and a cart or two stand in it—and at half a dozen of the queer little un-

even windows you see as many of the miller's men, all white with flour, and winking at the coach with the sun in their eyes. Yonder come half a dozen manly-looking fellows, strong men decently dressed in stout smock-frocks, who hold up their hats to the coach as we pass and look very piteously. We were half a mile away before I knew what they were—they were colliers out of employ, with no resource but that, poor fellows, of holding out unavailing hats to coaches and starving!—until it pleases God to send them work. The sight of them passed over the day's pleasure like a cloud, and many a time have I thought of them since. What are they doing at this minute, those honest poor fellows? There they are, strong, willing, honest, and no bread! They starve, but they do not rob as we hear of: they are only faint and hungry, with sick wives and craving children sitting desolately in empty cottages while we are calling for a fresh bottle. Well, they pine on, and do not rob that we know—taking from no man, though they have nothing. Would you who read this have so much forbearance? If your little children were to come up to you for bread and you had none of your own, after using all honest means to win it, would you, when it was refused you, get up and take it? If you did, sir, by heavens, I don't think that you would be a whit less honest than you are now. But consider the example. Why, I suppose there are millions of men in England as bad off as starvation can ever make them, and yet they steal from no one. They are of the sort that we call "the unwashed" and make jokes about, when they meet together in a miserable community of want and ruin, and talk of charters and people's rights and altering the government of the land. They will listen to any one who seems to sympathize with them, and many a bawling knave has in consequence gained credit among them and used them for his purpose, and subsided into a placeman when he got his end. Well, let us thank Heaven that the Houses of Parliament are sitting and voting, and that the funds are at 91, and, above all, that "the unwashed" have not as yet lighted upon half a dozen leaders of prudence, energy, and daring to show us what the millions might do. And lest anybody should fancy that treason is

talked in a conservative magazine, and that the lower classes are excited to rebellion by instigations of incendiary republicans who have crept into the ranks of the orthodox, let it be now at once stated that our prayer is not that the lower classes should rebel (for they would only be slaughtered and tyrannized over even if they succeeded, and no richer a year afterward than they are now)—our prayer is not that the poor should rebel, but that the rich should help them ere they do rebel. Are there no means of relief to be found? Cannot money, which is found for everything else in England, be found, if not for charity, at least for that most selfish of all purposes, to keep what we have got? If we have a fancy to go to Birmingham in four hours instead of ten—quick! we can bring twenty millions of sovereigns out of our pockets and the thing is done. If we think that negro slavery is a crime unworthy any longer to be committed by the great English nation, we open our purses and liberate a whole enslaved race in a year. If we have reason to regret that distant savages, the Hottentots or the Ashantees, the man-eaters of the Pacific Islands, or the gipsies in Spain, or the black palm-oil merchants on the banks of the Niger, are laboring in darkness and error, which the light of the Gospel would dispel—meetings are held, Exeter Halls are filled, preachers of all denominations lift up their voices, good ladies go forth from tea table to tea table, from Putney to Penzance, preaching their kind crusade of charity, and money is found and missionaries are sent forth. Walking this evening through Liverpool, and seeing magnificent railroads, docks, custom-houses, and likewise places of worship of all sorts—Independents, Baptists, Ebenezers, and every fancy denomination—I could not help thinking of the poor colliers we had passed in the midst of their millions of brethren, starving like them at the gate of wealth. At almost all the corners are to be found placards regarding benighted Ashantees or other dusky infidels; before the window where this is written is a ferry which has been given up now, but on which the proprietors

spent no less than fifty thousand pounds—all of which proves that on the moment the English fancy a thing is to be done the money is found for it. Pray Heaven that we may soon take it into our heads that the country is starving and that the good brave people so suffering deserve every sympathy for the forbearance



Soup
Moules.
Salmon.
Boiled Potatoes.
Roast beef & fried potatoes.
Vegetables.
Many
Loose & salt herrings.
Spiced
Stewed fowls.
Venus.
Eels in batter.
Roast Smelts.
Roast fowl
Roast mutton.
Beignets.
Apricot Tart.
Cherry
buns.

THE MENU.—SKETCH BY THACKERAY

which they have shown hitherto: that if we do not speedily help them they will help themselves, when stocks and docks and banks and mills and Houses of Parliament may all perish in the riot, and then that for many years we shall never have an opportunity of making another speculation, of building one such more railroad, or saving one more Ashantee from perdition. . . .


All this may be said to have little to do with a ride on the box of a coach, nor is it certainly a particularly accurate description of the appearance of the counties of Salop, Denbigh, and Cheshire; but the country is so wonderfully rich and beautiful that the aspect of misery touches one only the more keenly, and I am ashamed to think that the coach should have over-

taken those poor colliers, with twelve happy, prosperous people in and outside of it, and yet that the poor fellows should not have had a single shilling from us to get them a day's bread.

To return to the coach: there is a remark which requires the attention of all economists, and that is that the seat upon the box is by far the most expensive position on the outside of the coach. In the first place, in order to secure that eminence you are obliged to pay a fee to the coach-porter; and, secondly, during the ride you come to be so intimately acquainted with the gentleman on your right who holds the whip, and to have such a sincere liking for him in most instances, that it is impossible to fob him off with a mere shilling, as a man would do who had his seat behind. The coachman of the Chester and Shrewsbury mail yesterday did a very kind, pretty, and skilful thing. The coach was going along the road at a gallop (it performs the journey of forty miles with many long stoppages on the road in four hours), when suddenly it pleased a little urchin of three years old, who was some way ahead, to cross the road; this act of bravado was effectually performed, and the little wretch had the pleasure of landing safely at the left-hand bank of the road. But example is dangerous, and the child of three having made its run, her sister, a little toddling white-headed baby of some twenty months (*pater sum, nihil paternum a me alienum puto*), must needs follow the elder's course, and began trotting across the road too, its little round arms lifted up, and its little white locks shaking and shining in the sun. The coach was terrifically near and the pace very fast, and if an amateur coachman had had hold of the reins the last day of that poor little tottering baby had come; but, thank Heaven, I have no ambition that way (indeed, beyond twice knocking off the steps of a cab against lamp-posts, I have no exploits of the kind to boast of), and thank Heaven, too, the man driving was a most skilful practitioner of his art—he managed to slacken the pace of his team somewhat, and as the child by the time we came up was in the middle of the road, he turned his horses beautifully round it and at a few inches from it, and passed on, as the poor

little creature did, toddling along quite unconscious and making little jumps toward its elder sister. My first wish, I must confess, was to jump off the coach and bestow a sound and sudden whipping upon the senior urchin, as a caution to it henceforth and forever; but the worthy coachman was a great deal more gentle. "Are you the mother of that child?" was all he said to a woman who was standing near, and directly he had his horses going twelve miles an hour again. By heavens! There is a deal of love and kindness in this world, and it is hard to think that the frank and jolly race of coachmen is destined to disappear.

Twenty-one miles before we reached Chester we had a clear view of its blue towers in the distance; and after passing numberless picturesque villages, old churches, neat mansions, rich fields covered with green corn or sweet-smelling new-mown hay, after going through the town of Wrexham—which in spite of its beautiful church is as dingy and ugly as Ludlow is trim and pretty—we came opposite a grand pseudo-Gothic lodge, under the arch of which we saw an immense blazing gravel road leading straight for two miles to Eaton Hall, of the parapets and pinnacles of which we caught an outline, for the sun was shining behind the house, of which we had a silhouette in the deepest purple.

Eaton Hall is within a couple of miles of Chester; another lodge leading to it is close by the town, a grand Gothic sort of castellated gate too, which the coachman said (and I believe every word that coachman said) cost twenty thousand pounds. Then we went over a noble bridge across the Dee, having the great red castle to our right, in the yard of which many recruits were performing their exercise, and I saw a whole squad of them in white jackets laboriously placed in the following elegant attitude: 

Fancy, a hundred young heroes standing for five minutes in so natural and ingenious a position.

NOTE BY LADY RITCHIE

This seems an appropriate place to quote a letter written by my father to Edward Fitzgerald. It must have been written immediately after the "Cockney

Your Uncle's letter I've sent off with
 my card pronounced here with that
 shupersfine elegance 'kyard'—Stuff
 there I go again. Well there I go again.
 —It's a queer state of mind to be sure.
 God bless you. W.M.T.
 P.S. Wish you could see the Apotheosis of William IV
 represented on the ceiling of the coffee-room such a
 picture! I shall get a most accurate copy of it
 fixing up easels telescopes &c.

FACSIMILE OF THE CONCLUSION OF THACKERAY'S LETTER TO FITZGERALD

Travels," when he had crossed from
Liverpool to Ireland.

SHELBURNE HOTEL,
 STEPHEN GREED, DUBLIN,
 July 4, 1842.

MY DEAR OLD YEDWARD,—I am just
 come after a delightful tour to Chepstow,
 Bristol, Hereford, Shrewsbury, Chester, Liv-
 erpool, Llangollen, and Wales in general—I
 found your dismal letter waiting on arrival
 here. What the deuce are you in the dumps
 for? Don't flatter yourself but that I'll get
 on very well without you. Such a place as
 this Hotel itself!—enough to make a chapter
 about—such filth, ruin, and liberality.

Oh my dear friend, pray heaven on bend-
 ed knee that to-night when I go to bed I
 find no . . . Have you remarked that the
 little ones of all sting worst!

[For drawing of chamber-maid see page 10.]

I wanted to give you an idea of the
 splendor of the chamber-maid at Chthlangoth-
 len;—The most sumptuous creature. Yel-
 low-haired, brown-eyed, dazzling fair, with a
 neck like a marble pillar, and a busk, O
 heavens!—

I wrote a poem in the Llangollen Album
 as follows:

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"A better glass nor a better Pipe
 I never had in all my life.

Saml. Rogers."

Likewise a series of remarks by Thos.
 Moore, beginning, "There is a little yellow
 bird frequenting the cataracts of the Tigris,
 where it empties itself into the Jabreez
 Lake," etc. What nonsense is all this to
 write—well, but the fact is, I am just dis-
 jointed after the (voyage), my legs rocking
 about like a tipthy bal from the effekth of
 the thleamer, and I can't get to put down a
 sentence decently, and sha'n't be able to for
 a couple of days or so. But I just wanted
 to shake hands with somebody, however, far
 across the water.

(He has been very good-naturedly to call
 and see if I had arrived.)

Your Uncle's letter I have sent off with
 my card pronounced here with that shuper-
 fine elegance "kyard"—Stuff, there I go
 again. Well there I go again. It's a queer
 state of mind to be sure.

God bless you, W. M. T.

P. S.—I wish you could see the apotheosis
 of William IV. represented on the ceiling of
 the coffee-room; such a picture! I shall get
 a most accurate copy of it fixing up easels,
 telescopes, etc.

May Iverson Writes a Play

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

ONE Saturday afternoon in January a strange thing happened at St. Katharine's. I was left alone.

The gentle reader cannot possibly understand how unusual this was, so I will explain. Saturday is a half-holiday, and we girls have it to ourselves. What Mabel Blossom calls "the racking brain-strain of the week" is over. We haven't even a study-hour between dinner at one o'clock and supper at six. All we have to do is to exercise in the gymnasium or out in the grounds, and write home letters, and call on dear companions in the infirmary and read to them, and clear out our bureau drawers and closets, and mend our clothes, and practise an hour if we are studying music. So usually Mabel Blossom and Maudie Joyce and Mabel Muriel Murphy and Kittie James drop into my room about half past one, and we five girls are together from that time till the supper bell rings at six.

Other girls come and go. Adeline Thurston arrives to read her latest poem to us and have me point out its faults, which I do with the noble candor of true friendship. Janet Trelawney is pretty sure to rush in and out again on her way somewhere else, and about four o'clock lots more come, full of the beautiful hope that I may have a new story ready to read to them. Besides, the Minims keep trotting in to have me mend a pinafore or sew on a button or something—so the afternoon, which the nuns expect us to fill with Thought and Communion with our Souls, is really interesting.

But this particular day not a single person came near me. At first I didn't notice it. I had thought some beautiful thoughts during the week, and I hadn't had time to write them down. I got my note-book and did it then. After that I scrubbed my fingers with lemon juice till I cleaned off some ink stains that had been there since the day before, and I sewed ruching in the necks of three

blouses. Just as I finished sewing in the last piece of ruching the clock struck three, and you'd better believe I was surprised. I felt "like one who treads alone some banquet-hall deserted," as the poet says. I listened for girlish voices and footsteps in the hall. There weren't any. I got up and took off my sewing-apron, and put my needle neatly away in the under side of the table-scarf, where Sister Harmona wouldn't see it when she made her evening inspection, and I went straight to Maudie Joyce's room. When I got there I rapped, of course, but there was no answer. I opened the door and went in.

Maudie Joyce was sitting at her desk with a pen in her hand. Mabel Blossom was sitting close beside her, holding a bottle of ink so Maudie could put her pen in it when she wanted to. They both looked straight past me with glassy eyes, like Banquo's ghost at the party. Well did I know what such looks meant. They had a plot inside of them; they were producing literature.

I opened the door (I had closed it behind me when I entered), and I started to reverently withdraw. I was ashamed of the noise my shoes made on Maudie's floor. Who, indeed, can understand the crime of interrupting Art if a fellow Literary Artist cannot? I put my finger on my lips and shook my head to show I didn't expect them to speak, and I was 'most over the sill on my way out when Maudie spoke.

"We're writing a play," she said, in a hushed voice.

I nodded. Then I closed the door very softly and went along down the hall to Mabel Muriel Murphy's room. I knocked, and Mabel Muriel's voice told me to come in; so I went. She was sitting on the window-seat, with a towel around her head. She had a pen in her hand, and the very biggest bottle of ink beside her that I ever saw. There were stacks and stacks



"WE'RE WRITING A PLAY," SHE SAID, IN A HUSHED VOICE

of paper on the floor, and I saw that they were virgin sheets, to be filled by Mabel Muriel. I stood by the door, holding the knob in my hand.

"Which is it going to be?" I whispered to Mabel Muriel. "A story or a play?"

Mabel Muriel didn't answer till she had tied another knot in the towel around her head. She looked pale and worried, but her lips were set the way they were two years ago when she decided she would be a lady, like Sister Edna, and went to work and made herself one.

"It's going to be a play," she said then, doggedly; and I knew it surely was. When Mabel Muriel Murphy looked that way, things happened. Little did I wot, alas, what those things were going to be. I threw her a loving kiss, and closed the door and went away. It was strange and kind of unsettling to have my school companions doing such work without me, and without even *asking* me. It made me have a sinking feeling in my stomach. But there was one place I knew I could go and find what my dear mother calls "old-time hospitality, and the true social graces." Mamma is always mourning because there aren't any social graces any more, but she would feel lots better if she ever called on Kittie James. Kittie always acts as if one call made a party. She gets up to greet you, and she pulls out her best chair, and makes tea or chocolate, and stops every now and then to hug you. She makes you feel that when you came

to see her you planted a seed in her heart that will blossom into the memory of a noble, unselfish deed.

Kittie's room is quite a long way from mine—a block and a half, really—off another hall. Usually, when we turn from our hall into Kittie's, we can smell the fudge Kittie is making, and many a girl is thus led there by unerring instinct who didn't intend to go near Kittie when she started out. But to-day there was no smell of fudge or anything else. A terrible suspicion clutched at my heart.

What if Kittie James—but I checked the morbid thought. Whatever Kittie James might be doing, I felt sure she would *not* be writing a play. That shows how little we know, alas! about our very own. Kittie is like my own child, for she is two years younger than I am, and I have thought all her thoughts for her ever since she came to St. Katharine's. Yet when I knocked at Kittie's door, there she was, with a geography on her knee, and a great big sheet of white paper on the geography, and a pencil in her mouth, that she was chewing on as hard as she could. Her lips were black from it. She jumped up the minute she saw me, and spilled the geography and the paper, and started toward me, but I checked her with a royal gesture and asked if it was a play. Kittie said it was. Then she sighed a long sigh, and murmured that it seemed easy when you watched them in the theater, but it was strangely different when you tried to write things for them to say. Though

she was polite from instinct, she didn't really seem to know I was there; so I went away.

After that, there was no sense in going to the other girls' rooms. I knew what they would be doing, for anything of that kind spreads in St. Katharine's, when it begins, like measles among the Minims. It had, too. I went back to my own room, and found little Josie Marshall, one of the dearest of the Minims, waiting for me. She is eight, but she looks about six, and she has great big brown eyes like an angel's, and dimples in her cheeks, and the most adorable expression, and there's hardly a minute of the day when that child isn't doing something she oughtn't to. One nun, Sister Gregory, follows her 'round most of the time. Mabel Blossom says Sister Gregory has the most interesting life at St. Katharine's, and I think she has; but she gets sick every little while, and then two other Sisters have to take care of Josie for a while.

Josie got up very politely as soon as I came into the room, and asked me to sew a long rip in her dress before Sister Gregory saw it. While I was doing it I noticed something in Josie's hand, and I asked her what it was. She got red, and wouldn't tell, and held on to it tight; so I thought it was a snake or a mouse or a spider, or perhaps all of them, wrapped up in a paper to frighten Sister Gregory. I made Josie show it to me, and at last she opened her hand, and held out a big sheet of paper. I read:

"WAT HO, CRYD THE KINK, TAK THE PRINCIS TO THE DUDGEN SELL."

The printed letters straggled down the page as if they were ashamed and were trying to go somewhere else.

I sat down hard. I had to. It was indeed well that a chair was near me. Then I took Josie's dimpled hands and drew her to my knee and looked deep into her eyes and told her to fear not, but to tell me the whole, the terrible truth. Was she writing a play?

Josie cried and said she was, and that Hattie Smith was, too, and little Hilda Martin and Ethel Catlin. She said they heard that all the big girls were writing plays that day, to surprise me. (Of course Maudie couldn't keep the secret!) Josie said the Minims wanted to surprise me, too. I saw then that the plays would have to run their course, like whooping-cough, so I gave Josie some advice and let her go. I urged her to wait nineteen years and finish her play, but Josie said she didn't want to. She went away with her dress mended, and I trust I need not tell the gentle reader what I did next. I wrote a play myself. I thought it would be



SITTING ON THE WINDOW-SEAT
WITH A TOWEL AROUND HER HEAD

interesting to do it while the rest were trying to, and it was. But I didn't finish it that afternoon. I gave it some more time, afterward.

Kittie James dropped her play the next week. She said she had finished the beginning of the first act and then she lost interest in it. Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom finished two acts. Their play was going to have five acts altogether, so Maudie wrote the first and Mabel wrote the second; after that they had such entirely different ideas about the third act that they had to give up the whole thing, and they hardly spoke to each other for a week. They both came and talked to me about it, but I was too busy to take much interest in their childish prat-

tle. I was writing my own play, and was almost at the end of my third act. If only I had known what to do then, I could have finished it. But I didn't, so it languished, and my heroine did things I didn't want her to do, and of course I got low in my mind and gloomy and morbid, the way any Literary Artist would when the leading character in his play sits down on his plot and obscures it.

While I was wandering o'er the campus one day with Mabel Blossom, Kittie James came running toward me, waving a letter above her head. Mabel and I were trying a thrilling experiment in psychanalysis. You know what that is. Some scientific person utters one word to you, and you utter the word it makes you think of. Then the scientific person knows every single secret of your soul. We had read an article about it in a magazine, so we tried it and found it was perfectly true. For instance, Mabel gave me the word *pig*, and I said *pen* without hesitating an instant. That showed her I was an author. Don't you see? If I hadn't been, I might have said *sty*.

We were very much excited and didn't want to be interrupted, but Kittie got to us, out of breath, and read her letter aloud, between gasps. It was from her brother-in-law, George Morgan, and this is what he wrote. I have it yet, among my very dearest treasures, and I could get it and copy it if I needed to, but I don't. I know its beautiful words by heart.

DEAR KITTIE,—Josephine and I think it's about time you had a rest and some innocent pleasure, so we want you to come to us Friday night and stay till Monday. Bring May Iverson with you. Tell May to bring her play. She can read it to us on the way from the station. If it's as good as her stories, I don't want to wait any longer than that. Tell May I have read Shakespeare, Henry James, Turgenieff, and Laura Jean Libbey, and she can take it from me—she has them beaten to a frazzle.

I'll meet you at the train Friday night at six. Josephine is writing Mother Ernesta to-day, so it's sure to be all right.

Your affectionate brother,
GEORGE.

You can imagine our emotions—especially mine. Even Mabel was excited. Ofttimes I have told the reader how desolate is the Artist's soul; but in that glorious moment it seemed that if there were only me and George Morgan in the world, there would be people enough. Then I thought of Josephine, his wife, so I added her and Kittie; but only out of politeness, and not because I needed them.

True to his plighted word, George was waiting for us at the station when our train got in. I had my play in my traveling-case, and two new stories, and three plots to tell him besides. But I decided not to read the play to him in the carriage on the way from the station, as there might be disturbing noises in the streets. I explained this to him as soon as we arrived, and he agreed with me. He said, very seriously indeed, that we couldn't be too careful about plots, and that it would be simply awful if the coachman heard my plot and wrote a play of his own on it the next day. He said the newspapers were full of such sad instances. He took us both that night to hear a perfectly beautiful concert. Of course I thought about my Art every minute I was there. Music has charms to soothe the savage soul, but few realize how much it helps with plots, too. I thought of nine.

The next morning at breakfast George said he had a serious problem to decide, and he wished we would help him. He said he intended to give us most of his time while we were his guests, and



THERE WAS KITTIE WITH A PENCIL IN HER MOUTH

to fill the days and evenings with pleasing diversions; so he and Josephine were going to take us to the matinée that afternoon, and to the theater again in the evening. But he said he was a little doubtful about what to do for us that morning, because there were two claims of equal interest. He said it just that way. Then he added that one of the plans was to take us out on the South Side and let us look at a man who had never written a play. He explained that we would have to go that morning or not at all, because undoubtedly by afternoon the man would have begun a play. Kittie said the man would not interest her at all; she knew lots of folks who had never written plays. But all of a sudden she remembered St. Katharine's, and a heavy silence fell on her, and I asked Mr. Morgan what the other thing was.

He said it was to see the rehearsal of a real play one of his friends had written. It was being rehearsed at a down-town theater, and he had permission to go at ten o'clock and take us, but he added politely that, of course, he didn't want to bore us. Then he laughed and told me they wouldn't need electric lights in Chicago that night if my eyes stayed the way they were. I was holding on to my chair with both hands so I wouldn't jump. I never felt so excited in my life. To see real actors and actresses, in a real theater, practising on a real play—well, I'll just leave a little space in here, and the reader can write in the thoughts he thinks I thought.

I asked George if the author of the play would be there, and he said we might be able to find him if we gave all our time to it and looked long and earnestly. He asked Josephine if it would be well to make the occasion a sporting event by offering a prize for finding the author, or letting us hunt for him, like Easter eggs; but I said at once that I'd rather see the play, and

Kittie said she would, too. Then Josephine told George to behave while we were gone, and we raced off to get our hats and coats.

I will not pause to describe the crowded streets or the prancing steeds and well-dressed throngs we saw as we went our way. Kittie and I didn't like their clothes very much. Besides, when I get deep into my plot I always want to go right on down. If you don't, it's like offering a baby a bottle and suddenly dragging him away from it to look at a woolly lamb he doesn't love at that supreme moment. At least that's the way I feel when real authors suspend their heroine over the terrible chasm by one golden lock, and then start in and describe scenery awhile.

So Kittie and George Morgan and I got to the theater as quickly as we could, and George pulled a bell in a little side gate, and a cross old man opened it for us and looked surprised and disapproving. But George handed him a card, and we went down a cement alley and into a dark hall, and finally out on a big gloomy stage, with ten or twelve men and women on it. They all wore coats and hats and seemed cold and sad. One woman sat in the



HE OFFERED TO TAKE US TO SEE THE REHEARSAL OF A REAL PLAY



MEN AND WOMEN GOT UP AND READ THINGS FROM TYPEWRITTEN SHEETS

middle of the stage, with her back close to the footlights, clenching her hands and biting her under lip. She had a pale, wan face, and looked as if she had *Lived*, so I asked George who she was; but at first he didn't tell me. I think he wanted to let me guess. I did afterward, too. There was a red-haired man, bald on top, sitting near her, and George said he was the stage director, and that in the happy, care-free days of old he would have had something to do with putting on the play, but now we had changed all that. Everybody else was sitting, except two women who were reading to each other in a hesitating way, like Minims over a primer lesson. Before they had read much the wan-faced lady said:

"Let's cut all that out; it isn't needed."

So the women who had been reading sat down and scratched out whole typewritten pages with little pencils. I asked George what the pages were, and he said they had been "parts," but were now as the snows of yesteryear, whatever he meant by that. Other men and women got up and read things from typewritten sheets of paper. Sometimes they read alone and sometimes to one another, and once or twice they crossed the stage or went to an imaginary window or something. One man had grim and terrible

lines, but he read them like a lost lamb bleating. It didn't matter, for as soon as anybody read anything the wan-faced lady said, "Let's cut that out," and the red-haired man, bald on top, did it.

I was getting interested by this time, for I knew now that each man and woman was a member of the company, and that the typewritten sheets contained their speeches in the play, and that the reason they had read them so slowly and without any feeling was because they hadn't had time to learn them yet. I asked George if the wan lady wasn't the star, and he said she was, and that my intuition was wonderful. I was interested in her then, of course, and I studied her long and earnestly. I told George she looked as if she had drunk deep from the cup of life, and George said she had, and all the indications were that she would swallow the cup, too, before she got through, unless it was chained to the pump. Some day I'm going to make a special study of George's language, and write out what it means. That will surprise him! Now I haven't time. Besides, I don't always know myself. I asked him when the rehearsal was going to begin, though, and when he told me I grasped his meaning.

He said it had begun now, and that when the star and her little meat-chopper

got through with it, there would be a quick change from a four-act comedy to a four-act monologue. Of course I know what a monologue is, so I decided he meant that the other actors weren't going to have any lines left. He did mean that, too. Every member of the company read long, thrilling speeches, and then cut them down to three or four words, with the heroine's name in them. The leading man had a perfectly beautiful speech, about a crisis in his life, but when the star got through cutting it, all he had to say was, "Here comes Isabel." Isabel was the star's name, in the play.

The girl George said was the ingénue had five lovely paragraphs to say in the first act, all about the missing will and where her uncle had placed it; but when the star had cut her part, the only words she had left were, "'Tis Isabel." I was sorry for the ingénue, and she seemed dreadfully sorry for herself, but the star said it didn't matter, because she could get all that about the will into one of her own speeches.

At last a very serious woman, quite old, got up from a chair beside us and went to the middle of the stage and read in terribly gloomy tones that she wondered if Master would be home for dinner. The red-haired man, bald on top, jumped at her.

"Put some ginger into that," he yelled. "Come in with a hop, skip, and jump."

He took his coat tails in his hands and did it for her, and Kittie and I laughed till we cried, which was a serious error, for he wasn't trying to be funny at all. He was just showing her how to be graceful. The woman said she hoped he would excuse her, but in the play she was a faithful old family servant, of sixty-eight or so. She didn't know she had to dance in, especially as she had a very tragic scene in the third act that didn't go with dancing servants at all. The star spoke right off, biting her lip and clenching her hands harder than ever. I never saw anybody who acted so nervous—not even Kittie James when she is in the infirmary.

"Let's cut all that out," the star said. "I don't see any need of the scene."

So they cut it out, and a big blond man rushed in and caught the star to his breast and called her his darling. Kittie and I were getting excited now, for it really looked as if they were going to

rehearse at last; but the star drew herself coldly from his embrace, and said she simply wouldn't have him act the scene that way, because he would kill it if he did. The man sat down and mopped his forehead.

"My God, Miss Jones," he said, "I'm your husband in this play, and I haven't seen you for two years. You appear unexpectedly at a crisis in my life, and it seems to me that my lines call for some big acting. I can't accept you as if you were a dish of potatoes offered me at dinner, can I?"

The star began to say that she thought his scene ought to be cut out, anyhow, but George Morgan rose and addressed us in grim, incisive tones, as real writers would say:

"Come on, girls," he said. "Let's go. I invited you to a rehearsal, not to an abattoir. I won't sadden your young lives any longer."

We were not exactly sad, but we saw that he was, and Kittie and I were not sorry to go. It had all been so different from what we expected. We thought there would be a brilliantly lighted stage and beautiful costumes and a thrilling play, with us as the only audience. And here we had been watching people sit around and shiver in their overcoats and jackets, and ever and anon rise and say, "But Isabel comes," or, "Wait for Isabel." They didn't have to wait for Isabel very long. She was always coming; or if she was going we knew she would be right back. The star didn't take the trouble to read her own lines, but she was holding a fat book just bursting with long speeches, and ever and anon she wrote in some more. Sometimes she wrote in lines taken from other parts, and sometimes she wrote in lines she happened to think of. When she did that she would read it to the red-haired man, bald on top, and he would laugh if it was funny or drop a silent tear if it was sad. Of course that's just my beautiful way of making you understand. He didn't really drop the tear, but you could see he wanted to.

It gave me a queer feeling to see her writing things in the author's play. It was like seeing a purse stolen, or a baby slapped, or some other low act. I told George Morgan this, when we got out into the cement alley again, and he look-

ed at me with a lovely expression in his eyes and said I was a trump and he had always known it. He added that it was a little trying for the author to have the star rewrite her play, especially as "her entire vocabulary consisted of sixty words, beginning with *"Say"* and ending with *"Listen."*" He said the author knew a great many words and tried to use them in the right place, so they would mean something, but that the star was "handicapped by no such limitations." Then he sighed and laughed, and took us to a place where we had heavenly French pastry and ice-cream, and I forgot the author's sorrows.

I remembered them again when George heard my play that night and asked me to give him a solemn, sacred promise that I would not attend a rehearsal of it if it was ever produced. He said he could not bear the thought of my anguish if I did. I promised, and George looked lots more cheerful. Little did I wot, though, how soon I would be called upon to live up to my thoughtless words.

The very first hour I got back to St. Katharine's, Mabel Blossom and Maudie came to see me. They had formed a Dramatic Club, and wanted to produce my play. They said they would put it into rehearsal at once, and they had elected Mabel Muriel Murphy manager, so her rich father would send lots of scenery and beautiful costumes. They said they were going to let Mabel Muriel play the leading part, too, and that Maudie would be the lover and Mabel Blossom the funny man. They had made all these plans without asking me, and lots more besides. They talked so fast, and had so much to say, that I couldn't



THEY SAID THEY WOULD PUT MY PLAY INTO REHEARSAL AT ONCE

get my breath for a minute. When I did I said there was, alas! one terrible obstacle. I had given my solemn word to George Morgan not to go to any rehearsals of my play, and I must keep it. Then I waited for them to groan and sink into chairs and say, "All is lost," but they didn't. They looked at each other, and their faces shone like the twin electric lights over the great gate leading into the convent grounds. They were so excited that Maudie forgot to be tactful. ♣ She hugged me hard and said it was just lovely that I had promised, because Mabel Muriel wouldn't be manager and star unless she had what she called "a free hand."

"That means that she wants to do the whole thing," Maudie said, "and she thinks you would interrupt and interfere if you were there. She said she wouldn't be stage-manager or star unless you promised not to come to rehearsals."

You'd better believe *that* hurt my feelings. But one of my rules of life is never to let any one know she is doing



I CANNOT DESCRIBE THAT PERFORMANCE

this, so of course I couldn't show it. I said I would think it over, and I went off and roamed by the river's brim, and wondered why folks were born, anyhow, and had to live, when life was so grim and terrible. Nature looked just the way I felt. The river was frozen over, and the ground was covered with snow, and I couldn't see a living thing anywhere. It was awfully lonely, but kind of quieting, too, and by and by I began to feel better. I realized first of all that, even if the girls wanted me dreadfully, I simply couldn't go to my rehearsals, so what was the use of fussing? Then I remembered that it was *my* play they wanted to produce, not theirs, and this was a compliment, even if they hadn't finished any of theirs and couldn't. Finally, all of a sudden, I thought of a good end for my third act, and when that came, of course I was so happy I didn't care about anything else; for, as any Artist knows, Art is enough, and the life that holds it needs naught else. It's lucky it doesn't, too, for, young as I am, I have oft observed that it doesn't usually get much else.

I went back to the convent with springing steps, and as soon as the girls saw me they knew all was well, and they came running. When I am happy over my Art my dear companions seem like shadow girls, and they know it. So they were not surprised when I told them briefly they could have the play, but I didn't want to talk any, because I had to finish it right off. They were grateful and tactful, and walked silently by my side to the door of my room, and left me there with reverence. I went in and finished the play. It was simply beautiful. Every single character was killed off before I got through, and they all died young, too. I cried quarts over that play. The next morning I gave it to the girls, and that's the last I knew about it till I attended the performance, one Saturday afternoon, in the small study hall.

Since I wrote that last line I've sat for a long time with my chin in my hand, wondering if I could describe that performance. Now I know I can't. First of all, I would have to dip my pen in my heart's blood, and there wouldn't be

enough of that to write it all, and where would I get any more? So I'll just tell what Mabel Muriel Murphy did to my play, and then the reader can vainly try to imagine how he would feel if he had written the play.

First of all, she had made my four-act tragedy into a three-act comedy.

You would think that would be change enough to satisfy anybody, wouldn't you? But it wasn't enough to satisfy Mabel Muriel Murphy.

She had put the fourth act first.

She had put the second act last.

She had written the third act over, and changed all my characters and situations.

When the time came for a character to die, she had made her dance instead.

She had cut out all the parts, except her own—yards and yards of them—just like the lady star in Chicago.

She had put in all the scenes she liked best from her own play.

She had let Maudie Joyce and Mabel Blossom put in all their favorite scenes from *their* play.

The only reason I knew they were playing my play was that the title was the same, and my name was under it.

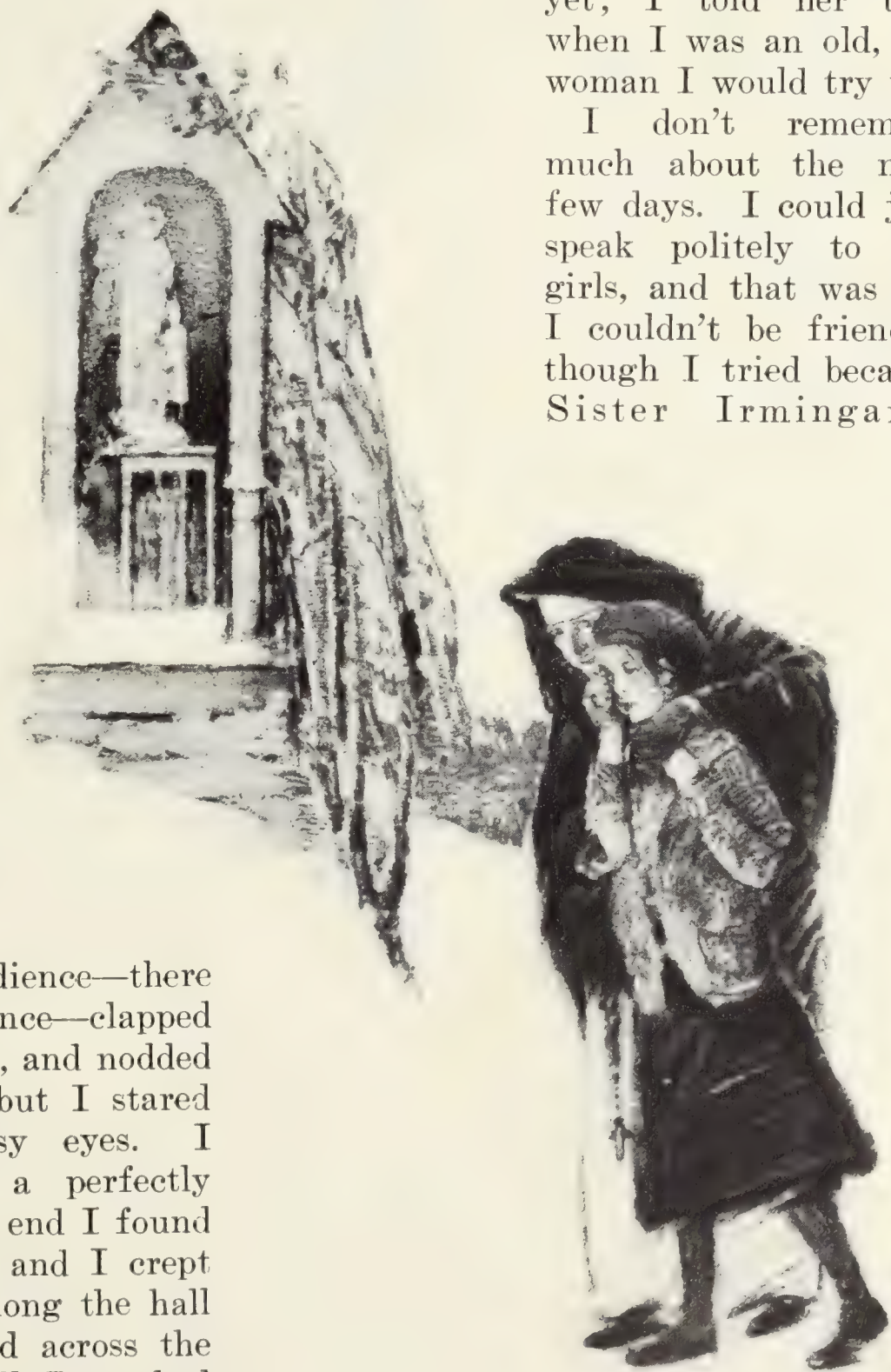
I stayed and watched that play till it was almost finished. I didn't want to, but my legs wouldn't carry me out; they felt like paper things, and wobbled under me, and I was cold all over. Sometimes the audience—there were forty girls in the audience—clapped and turned and looked at me, and nodded as if they liked the play; but I stared straight ahead, with glassy eyes. I thought I was dreaming a perfectly terrible dream. Toward the end I found I could get up, and I did; and I crept out of the room and flew along the hall and out of the building and across the campus, and on and on, till I reached my favorite birch-trees by the river. The ground was covered with snow, but I lay

right down flat and put my face into it and melted yards and yards of it—of the snow, I mean; not of my face. And I dug my fingers down through the snow against the hard ground and groaned. I wanted to die, but I knew I couldn't.

It was Sister Irmingarde herself who came and found me hours later, and put her arm around me in the dearest way, and led me to the infirmary and saw that I had a hot bath and hot lemonade. She talked to me beautifully, too, and said things she had never said to me before, about my possibilities and what I could make of my character if I tried; and there was no twinkle in her beautiful eyes—only kindness and sorrow for me. She wanted me to forgive Mabel Muriel

and the other girls, but I couldn't do it yet; I told her that when I was an old, old woman I would try to.

I don't remember much about the next few days. I could just speak politely to the girls, and that was all. I couldn't be friendly, though I tried because Sister Irmingarde



SHE WANTED ME TO FORGIVE
MABEL AND THE OTHER GIRLS

wished me to. She told me they were very unhappy, and I guess they were. I made them take my name and title off their play, and I burned my play the very next day, with a match, in my wash-bowl.

One morning, four days later, Kittie James approached me timidly and handed me a letter, and went away crying. The letter was from George Morgan, and this is what it said:

DEAR MAY,—Kittie has written me about your play. It's hard luck, and I want to say I'm sorry. Don't forget that there are others, and that it's all in the day's work. It was only a fortnight ago, you know, that you and I sat and watched a company making a Spanish omelet of *my* play! So, as a fellow playwright, I understand how you feel. But we'll show them, *yet!*

Your friend,

GEORGE MORGAN.

Perhaps you think I didn't cry over that letter! I cried till I was sick. And most of all because I hadn't known it was George's own play we were seeing

rehearsed! To think I hadn't told him more about how dreadfully sorry I was over what they were doing to it! I realized now that what happened to him and to me probably happens to every one, and that into each playwright's life some star must fall. Isn't that beautifully expressed—and so sad, too!

But there was yet time to tell George things. I went straight to the reading-room and stayed there for hours. I read Grey's *Elegy*, and the death of Ophelia and Juliet, and Burns's farewell to Highland Mary, and Sir Walter Raleigh's last letter to his wife, and the death of little Nell, and Napoleon's last days at St. Helena, and parts of *David Cop-*

perfield ("Never again, O Steerforth, to clasp that hand in love and friendship!"), and about the battles of Waterloo and Leipzig; and I copied all the saddest parts of every one of them, to quote where needed. After that I thought about my own play.

Then I wrote to my dear, dear friend and fellow playwright—a letter of sympathy and understanding.



I BURNED MY PLAY IN THE WASH-BOWL

A Cry

BY CHARLES F. MARPLE

LIVING is such a lonely task!
A little joy, and then—anon!
We cannot always wear a mask;
Ah, God! is it too much to ask
A little love to cheer us on?

Hospital Social Service

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Formerly General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

ONE morning, in late February three years ago, I met a member of the visiting staff of Bellevue Hospital out on his private rounds. It was one of those soft, bright days that the Gulf Stream sometimes brings unseasonably out of the tropics. Children danced responsively in the parks, and one was aware of a festive spirit among the men and women abroad in the streets. The physician, however, did not share the general elation. "What's wrong?" I asked, remarking his preoccupation. "I don't like it," he answered, vaguely. "Don't like what?" said I. "This reminder that summer is on its way." I laughed at his borrowing trouble so far ahead, but he was disinclined for laughter. He spoke of the holocaust of little children that annually recurs when the hot weather fills the hospital wards, and deplored the inability of the medical staff to cope single-handed with summer conditions. "What happens again and again," he explained, "is this: We discharge a child from the ward apparently convalescent; in a few days back it comes sicker than ever. Or a working-woman brings her baby to the dispensary; we diagnose and prescribe, and yet, in spite of our treatment, the patient steadily fails, if indeed we ever see it a second time. The fact is that there are home conditions which baffle our science—dirty rooms in dark tenements, insufficient and improperly cooked food, and the thousand other by-products of poverty to which the medical staff has deliberately closed its eyes. It's bad enough, Heaven knows, to send children back to such homes in winter when the microbe is partially ice-bound; but in summer, when everything they touch swarms with noxious parasites, I feel myself an accomplice in the undoing of every child I send out of the dispensary or discharge from the wards. I'm afraid I'm developing a conscience. Every warm

day like this is a voice that dins in my ears the reminder that unless I am willing to accept the usual results this summer, I must do something to forestall them now."

Accustomed as I was to the routine handling of patients in charity hospitals and dispensaries, this statement impressed me as memorable. I knew from experience the truth of what Dr. Richard C. Cabot has put so effectively in his *Social Service and the Art of Healing*—namely, that "the average practitioner is used to seeing his patients flash by him like shooting-stars—out of darkness into darkness; that, trained to focus upon a single suspected organ, he comes to think of his patients almost like disembodied diseases." Only a few days ago a medical friend invited me to attend his clinic in the dispensary of one of our great charity hospitals. On arriving at the hospital, we found the usual gloomy entrance packed like a subway station at rush hours with sick and crippled humanity. We elbowed our way to the examining-room, which, in sharp contrast with the entrance hall, was perfectly lit, spotlessly white, its very air scoured with disinfectants. While he was yet lifting his arms to the sleeves of his white hospital jacket, the doctor began calling numbers in chain-lightning groups—138-206-140—and the patients who held the correspondingly numbered tickets jostled in. Dozens came and went with surprising speed. In little more than an hour two men had *disposed of* fully forty-five cases. "What work we do," observed the physician, smiling, "is of the most excellent quality, but of course we haven't time to do much. Our first duty, for the performance of which we are held most strictly accountable, is to find material for the professors, who come on regular days, not only to lecture, but to give practical demonstrations before their students. Of ne-

cessity we are all more or less like Dr. Cabot's assistant. You recall the story? 'What is there in the waiting-room?' Dr. Cabot says he asked his assistant on arriving at the hospital one morning. 'A pretty good lot of material,' was the brisk reply. 'There's a couple of good hearts, a big liver with jaundice, a floating kidney, three pernicious anæmias, and a flat-foot.'” This is the characteristic attitude of the medical mind, an attitude which is the natural outgrowth of what in itself is a highly important and extremely valuable development of medical teaching. Medical instruction used to be purely didactic, relied upon text-books and lectures exclusively, and sent the young doctor forth to acquire skill in his art at the cost of his patients in the course of his professional practice. After years of struggle and protest against this slipshod procedure, the best men in the profession forced open the doors of the public and charitable hospitals for their students and taught the art of healing by demonstration on the actual case. This achievement was admirable in that it laid the foundations of scientific and inductive as against didactic medical learning. But the enthusiasm for this method of clinical teaching has tended to exalt the living disease above the living patient. Last November, at the convention of the American Association for the Prevention of Infant Mortality held at Johns Hopkins University, the absence of the medical students was conspicuous. "Aren't you interested in the social bearing of your profession?" I asked a member of the graduating class. "I shall be satisfied if I know something about *medicine* at the end of ten years," was the reply. As a result of this narrowly scientific discipline, the men who conduct the routine handling of patients in charity wards and dispensaries are apt to pass lightly over all cases except those that offer interesting pathological material.

To discover an awakening social conscience in a young physician, as I did that February morning, was therefore a rare and refreshing experience. With a man so minded it was a joy to co-operate. A few days after our chance-met conversation the physician and I were in negotiation with Miss Mary E. Wadley, who since 1905 had been building up a social service

department at Bellevue. Miss Wadley knew what was needed to surmount the difficulties the physician had described, but her department lacked the requisite money. I was able to find the money to match her plan, and on the 1st of May a Social Service Nurse began to do Follow-up Work in connection with the children's division of the great municipal hospital that stands at the heart of New York's social repair shops. Those capitalized terms are significant of a very deep change that is to-day taking place in every important hospital and dispensary in the country; precisely what they mean will appear from an analysis of a typical case history.

On the 15th of July a working-class woman brought her sick baby to the Bellevue dispensary. The doctor discovered that the child was under-nourished and ordered its feedings increased. In the old days that order would probably have been the end of the story; the likelihood is that Bellevue would never have seen that mother and child again. Not that the doctor's advice was not excellent from a strictly medical point of view; what, however, it failed to take into account was the woman's social inability to apply it. The nurse's record reveals certain facts which were essential to the radical diagnosis and effective treatment of the case, but which the doctor, untrained to look beyond the hospital's walls, inevitably ignored. I transcribe a few words from the nurse's original notes. "July 15, '08.—Called. Found family in two small rooms on ground floor. Front room is a shoemaker's shop. Back living-room very dirty. There are eight children; six live at home. Husband earns four dollars a week. Mother sickly and nervous; her milk not enough for her child. I bought milk and showed her how to modify it after the doctor's formula. Had milk sent in for the mother, too." It is obvious from this short excerpt that if there had been no one at the doctor's side in the dispensary to give intelligent ear to his instructions, with ability to follow them up and resources to make them effective, that woman would have gone hopelessly back into her "very dirty living-room"—which, you may be sure, she would not have betrayed—and would have sat helplessly by

while her child succumbed to heat-poisoned hunger. Such inept tragedies are of common occurrence. But the nurse was not only trained to execute doctor's orders; she also knew what few physicians could have taught her, the charitable and social resources of the city, and brought these to bear in aid of the family, of whose economic disability the sick child was only a symptom. She secured the co-operation of one society in supplying certified milk, of another in sending a charwoman to scour and wash and clean. On July 31st the record says that the baby was found sleeping in a carriage out in the open air, and a week later the nurse adds: "The house is cleaner than I have ever seen it; both mother and child are doing well." Thus by acting as a "link of connection between the hospital and the outside world," and between the home and the various appropriate charities, the nurse not only prevented the nullifying of the physician's work, but was actually the means of bringing it to its due fruition.

Such in essence is hospital social service, which, by adding a social vision to the highly specialized wisdom of the medical profession, promises to increase an hundredfold the efficiency of public hospitals and dispensaries as instruments of human conservation. The authorship of this effective union between the best medical and philanthropic practice is in dispute; the glimmering origins of hospital social service may be traced through the dusk of many decades back at least to the first half of the nineteenth century. There is no question, however, that the movement owes its recent supereminent impulse to its most ardent evangelist, Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of the Massachusetts General Hospital and the Harvard Medical School. It was through his influence that the social service bureau at Bellevue was started in 1905, the same year in which he published the epoch-making little document significantly entitled "First Annual Report of Social Work Permitted at the Massachusetts General Hospital." "Our blindness to social backgrounds," Dr. Cabot afterward wrote, as if in elucidation of the italics, "is well illustrated by the recent remark of a hospital superintendent: 'I want you to understand,' he said to some one who was laboring to

correct some of the results of our habitual blindness to backgrounds—'I want you to understand that we want sense and not sentiment in this work.' As if one should say, 'We want ears, but no eyes, in this work.'"

It was in 1905 that, under Dr. Cabot's inspiration, the authorities of Bellevue appointed Miss Wadley head and sole worker of its social service department, which she has since developed until it is unexcelled in the country. On her staff to-day are three nurses who do service in the children's division, instead of the one with whom we began in 1908. An additional nurse is assigned to the psychopathic ward, where, through measured sympathy and contagious optimism, she persuades fate-vexed minds to return from the border-land of unreason into the sunlight of normal life. Three others devote their energies to general relief among the convalescents discharged or about to be discharged from the hospital; and seven more follow the tuberculous patients into their homes, organize them into classes for instruction in curative regimens, and intercede in their behalf, and in behalf of their families, with the innumerable scattered charities of the city and State, and especially with those that specialize in the provision of milk and eggs and the maintenance of sanatoria. During 1909 this staff, supplemented by the occasional work of volunteers, had 6,792 patients in charge, they made 17,905 visits to tenements, secured admittance to tuberculosis sanatoria for 317 men, women, and children, and sent more than a thousand to fresh-air and convalescent homes. As agents of health, these social service nurses constitute the most important addition to the strength of the modern hospital that has been made since the introduction of microscopy and aseptic surgery.

For a number of years I have had the opportunity of observing at close range the evolution of this important adjunct to our industrial Red Cross organization, and out of this observation two questions have come that must, as I believe, have a determining influence upon its future. The first of these questions is this: How far-reaching is the need which hospital social service is attempting to meet? And the second: Is hospital social service

the most effective available instrument for the promotion of health and industrial efficiency among the members of our working class?

Like the nation at large, like the States and cities, our American hospitals have persistently neglected the social and vital statistics imperatively needed to measure the extent of the social problem with which they deal, and to make scientific and business-like provision for its future solution. Only one of our major hospitals, so far as I have been able to discover, has attempted the collation of data that indicate the scope of the demand for hospital social service. In 1909 the Society of the Lying-in Hospital of the city of New York secured budgetary information about the families of 6,157 women who came to this institution for maternity care. Among this number of households there were 1,781, or twenty-nine per cent., in which the father was unemployed. In three families the husband was earning \$2 a week; in 41 families, \$3 a week; in 292 families \$5 a week. Seventy-six per cent. of the entire number of *employed* husbands were earning \$10 a week or *less*, and only *five* per cent. of the 6,157 fathers were bringing home as much as \$15 at the time when a child was born! Furthermore, the list of occupations published by the hospital reveals that a large proportion of the employed men were engaged in seasonal trades—that is, were fairly certain of regular work during not more than nine or ten months at best. Ordinarily, in families at this low economic level, one expects to find the father's income supplemented by that of wage-earning children; but the hospital's records show that among 2,664 families, from whom information upon this point was secured, there were only 556, or about one-fifth, in which a child had reached the legal working age of fourteen.

These statistics are, of course, too slight to serve as the basis for aggressive generalizations. As indicating the probable truth, however, they are not without value, especially when considered in connection with other similar bodies of evidence. In 1894, for example, Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin made a study of the social and economic status of 600 families whose children had been brought to the

free wards of the New York Postgraduate Hospital, and in 1909 the New York Milk Committee published analogous information concerning a somewhat smaller group of families with which its workers came in contact through its milk depots and mothers' conferences. Only 85, or slightly less than 15 per cent. of Dr. Chapin's 600 families, enjoyed weekly incomes of so much as ten dollars, and in many cases he found a father and mother with several children existing on incomes as low as three and four dollars a week. The families reached by the New York Milk Committee were not, like Dr. Chapin's, primarily charity cases; they were attracted from the tenements by the pure milk and educational advantages offered by seven depots widely scattered about the city. Nevertheless, only 27 per cent. of the 357 families from whom the Milk Committee secured budgetary information had total weekly incomes of as much as fifteen dollars, 60 per cent. had incomes varying between five and fifteen dollars, and 13 per cent. kept alive on less than five dollars a week. Add to all this the statement of the Charity Organization Society, whose experience may safely be taken as typical of all the private philanthropies, that "in three-fourths of our dependent families during 1910 there was some form of acute and chronic disability," and there remains little room for doubt that the demand for such assistance as the social service departments of our hospitals are attempting to render is both far-reaching and urgent. Obviously the sick who come to public dispensaries and hospitals require social as well as therapeutic remedies.

If this conclusion is admitted, then it is time to ask whether social service is the most effective available instrument for the solution of the social problem created by sickness among the working-class poor. The question straightway evokes the inevitably foreshadowed analogy between social service and that type of social insurance which, while increasingly general in Europe, has reached its most notable development in Germany. By way of comparing the European with our American method of promoting physical efficiency among the working class, I am prompted to write down a

message that has come within the hour from an East Side physician who is seeking relief for a man in an advanced stage of tuberculosis. His patient, the physician tells me, has been a hard and steady worker all his days; he is happily married and is blessed with three children. Years ago his doctor advised him to change his occupation for one that would keep him more in the open, and urged upon him the importance of checking his disease at the start by spending a few months at a sanatorium. But the man couldn't afford time to get well. His income had not yielded a large surplus above his necessary expenses, and he feared that if he quit his job his family would starve. So he persevered at his work. In a few years he had completely sacrificed the choice between work and rest; tuberculosis had made such inroads upon his vitality that he had to drop his tools. Then began the inevitable downward progress of the industrially unfit. He shortened rations for himself and his family; he moved into smaller quarters; he pawned his watch and personal effects. Ten days ago he sold his last bed; the entire family now take what comfort they can from the dark bedroom and kitchen floor. He is "so far gone" that our perennially overcrowded hospitals and sanatoria will not admit him; their beds and open-air shacks must be reserved for those in whom disease has not cancelled the hope of recovery. Last week he applied for treatment at Bellevue. There he was told, in the kindest possible way, that Bellevue, like all except one or two hospitals within the city, is not equipped to care for advanced or chronic cases, and that the only place open to men in his desperate condition is the tuberculosis pavilion on Blackwell's Island, where, under the shadow of the penitentiary and workhouse, the Department of Public Charities shelters consumptive paupers in the final stages of their decline. His sense of manhood rebelled against this offensive suggestion. Consequently the charitable society, upon whose good-will he has had to fall back for the sake of his starving children, has followed the usual practice in explaining to him that, except in certain cases of widows with children, the funds of private philanthropy exist to tide over the temporarily

disabled, not the chronically dependent. If he is recalcitrant and persists in exposing his children to infection by refusing to congregate with paupers on Blackwell's Island, the charitable society, in conformity to precedent, will be compelled to discipline him by withholding food and rent from his family. His sole alternative is to surrender his children to be "put away" by the Department of Public Charities in some institution for dependent minors, in order that his wife may give her undivided energies to nursing and supporting him until he mercifully dies. In the mean time his mind is embittered, his family goes hungry, under-nourishment exposes his children to infection, and the misery of all five is extreme. The total human loss in this case it is too early to determine; but if the records of similar cases which I have in my possession may be taken as a guide, the actual and potential industrial energy of the entire family will be either wasted altogether or seriously impaired before the charity visitor stamps the case history *Closed*.

How would this working-man have fared under the social insurance of Germany? To begin with, he would have been able to take his doctor's advice while his disease was incipient, because the German law—for convenience in reference I quote or follow the Sage Foundation's recent report on Working-men's Insurance in Europe—which is obligatory and "applies to all working-men and managing employees in mines, quarries, factories, and other industrial concerns, and to all persons employed in stores and offices, provided their yearly earnings are not over two thousand marks, . . . secures insured working-men a certain minimum benefit in case of disability, whether from accident or sickness, for a period of at least twenty-six weeks, which includes: (1) Free medical attendance, medicines, and medical appliances from the commencement of the illness; (2) a sick-benefit, after the third day, of one-half the daily wages, and in special cases free admittance to a hospital, with half the sick-benefit paid to the family for their support." While not so munificent as to tempt him to dissemble, these provisions would have enabled this man to follow good medical counsel with an easy

mind. Moreover, his employer would have had a sound business motive for co-operating with him in his struggle for health, because, under the German law, the employer is a joint contributor with his employees to the sickness insurance funds, and the responsibility for seeing to it that his employees are insured rests upon him. "Whoever employs an uninsured working-man renders himself liable both to fine and to the payment of all costs resulting from sickness or accident. In such cases the local societies—through which the social insurance is administered—assume the care of the disabled employee, pay for medical service, medicines, nursing, and give the usual cash benefit during disability, and for all of this the employer becomes liable."

These are the general and minimum provisions of the law, which, being democratically administered by boards composed of the elected representatives of both employers and employees, vary widely in their innumerable local applications; it is only in its fundamental requirements that the law is mandatory. The probable experience of our sick working-man had he been a German subject will, therefore, become more definite if we imagine him to have been a citizen, let us say, of Leipsic, a city of something more than a half-million inhabitants. The jurisdiction of the local sickness insurance society of Leipsic extends to the forty-two suburbs within a radius of about four miles of the city. At the close of 1908 it had a membership of 161,051 men and women, representing nearly every known industry or trade. Admirably administered by a board of six employers and twelve working-men elected at a general convention in which working-men and employers are represented in the same proportion of six and twelve—one-third and two-thirds—this society has accumulated reserves that in 1908 amounted to 6,500,000 marks. The assessments are limited to three and one-half per cent. of the working-men's wages, one-third of which is levied upon the employer and two-thirds upon the employee. In case of sickness the members receive the following benefits beyond the minimum required by law:

"1. In case of disablement, cash benefits up to as high as fifteen marks (\$3.75)

per week for a period of *thirty-four* weeks, beginning after the *second* day.

"2. As an alternative to the foregoing, free treatment in a clinic, hospital, or home for convalescents. In this case a cash benefit is granted to the members of the patient's family dependent on his earnings equal to *two-thirds* the cash benefit to which he would have been entitled had he not entered the hospital."

These are the provisions that would have applied to the tuberculous patient, though they by no means cover the full scope of the sickness insurance, which also extends to maternity cases, disabled beneficiaries, funeral expenses, and the like. To execute the terms of this policy the Leipsic Local Society employed, in 1908, 410 physicians, besides 137 specialists, 23 dentists, 55 druggists, and 20 opticians. It held at its disposal three convalescent homes, the most extensive of which contained 200 beds and was fitted out with modern therapeutic apparatus, such as special medicinal baths. Its doctors were specially instructed to notify the management of all cases of tuberculosis which appeared to require sanatorial treatment. Of 1,390 tuberculous members thus brought to their attention in 1908 the management of the society sent 745 to sanatoria; for the remainder they provided day care in a special convalescent home in the woods of a near-by suburb, furnishing, in addition to the ordinary sick-benefits, special food and transportation. All this our working-man would have enjoyed, *not as a charity*, but as a legitimate return on his investment in a strictly business enterprise, in whose democratic administration he would have had an equal voice with his thousands of fellow working-men.

From the point of view of the individual sick working-man and his family the insurance plan would seem, then, to have distinct advantages over hospital social service. But what of the advantages to the community? Here comparison is not readily possible; for while the German insurance is conducted with minute regard for the most advanced and scientific business methods, so that the last penny of cost and also the returns in life saved and health restored are accurately known, our hospital social

service, following the tradition of the charity, of which it is, after all, only a specialized offshoot, is entirely ignorant of what it spends or what it gains. The defence of hospital social service, as of charity, is not an incontrovertible book-keeper's balance, but the beautiful results attained in individual and exceptional cases. The reports of our social service departments, like those of our scattered and unco-ordinated charities, tell us what they individually spend; but they neither tell us what they all spend together, nor do they relate their activities in any business-like way to the general well-being, or to increased or diminished industrial efficiency in city, State, or nation. It is said that Charity spends in New York City from thirty-five to fifty millions a year; but nobody *knows*. Social service as it exists is kind, but partial and amateurish; social insurance in Germany is impersonal, nationwide, and efficient. Where hospital social service has had its highest development, as in Bellevue, it reaches directly or refers to other charities a little more than one-tenth of the sick who come as public dependents to the hospital; of the remaining nine-tenths, as of the sick and industrially disabled who escape or avoid public institutions, it never hears. In Germany, according to the statistics of 1907, out of 15,400,000 wage-earners 12,480,502 were protected by the sickness insurance, and 14,958,118 were insured against old age and invalidity. When we are asked what our hospital social service has accomplished, we have no answer except our opinions and a bundle of more or less

pathetic stories. The established results of social insurance enable the Sage Foundation to say that "the most striking fact in the remarkable industrial advance made by Germany is the improved condition of the great body of its working-people. On all sides are evidences of greater effectiveness. . . . Whatever the limitations of the system of working-men's insurance at the present time, even its severest critics are agreed that it is effectual."

Years of cordial co-operation with men and women who are striving to socialize our hospitals, and through them the public mind, by extending the work of the hospital beyond the narrow institutional walls into the homes of the people, have given me a deep reverence for their nobility of spirit and the excellence of their achievement in individual instances of sickness, poverty, and social maladjustment. They are undoubtedly right in believing that the establishment of hospital social service departments marks an epoch of momentous significance in the evolution of hospitals as instruments of human conservation. And yet the inevitable contrast between social service and social insurance compels the conclusion that until hospital social service becomes universal in its application, until it evolves some means of reaching the sick poor before their condition is desperate, and especially of protecting them from pauperization, and until it devises a method of measuring its own efficiency in terms of industrial effectiveness, it must stand as an expression of our good intention rather than of our business foresight or scientific acumen.



The Cup We Must Drink.

BY LEILA BURTON WELLS

"... oft times celestial
benedictions assume this dark disguise."

—LONGFELLOW.

FARNHAM hesitated, his pencil restlessly tapping the desk on which he leaned, his eyes from under ostensibly lowered lashes searching the young teller's face with a cool and merciless scrutiny. He had so patiently perfected that concealed glance that he seldom appeared to be looking at anything and yet nothing escaped him. In common with the majority of bank-examiners, he had an incalculable and intuitive knowledge of human nature and could often "feel" the mental status he was testing before he had advanced a single interrogation.

It was past four o'clock. The cash balance was correct, and Farnham was anxious to push his work through for many reasons; yet a subtle something in the atmosphere deterred him. "Let me see your cash items," he said.

The young teller did not start, but every muscle in his body contracted, as if physical as well as mental fortitude were needed to face some preconceived crisis.

Farnham without another word began to check off the cash items. Young Baird handed him the vouchers with a nervous readiness that was betraying....

At last Farnham's pencil halted menacingly. Baird *knew* without looking.

"What is the occasion for this check?"

"Which check?" Baird leaned forward, striving to focus his eyes on the little slip of white paper.

"This." Farnham laid it on the desk and lifted his head.

"Oh, that?" Baird was speaking carelessly. "Why, that check... It was handed in on the fifteenth, wasn't it?" leaning over Farnham's shoulder. "I remember now. The lady said that she would be obliged to overdraw her account. She was pressed for ready money and asked me to hold the check over for a day or two until she could make a

deposit to cover the amount. She is expecting funds any minute." The strong young voice sagged a little and fell away on the last words, as if the mental propulsion behind it had suddenly slackened.

Farnham's eyes were cold. He was a man whose inelastic virtues offended even the virtuous. His every action followed an impeccable precedent.

His chest expanded perceptibly now, as he regarded the haggard face of the man before him. Another's misstep always affected him like a pat on the back.

"I don't see," he said, taking up the check and drawing it through his unyielding fingers, "that there is an O. K. on this. By whose authority was the check honored?"

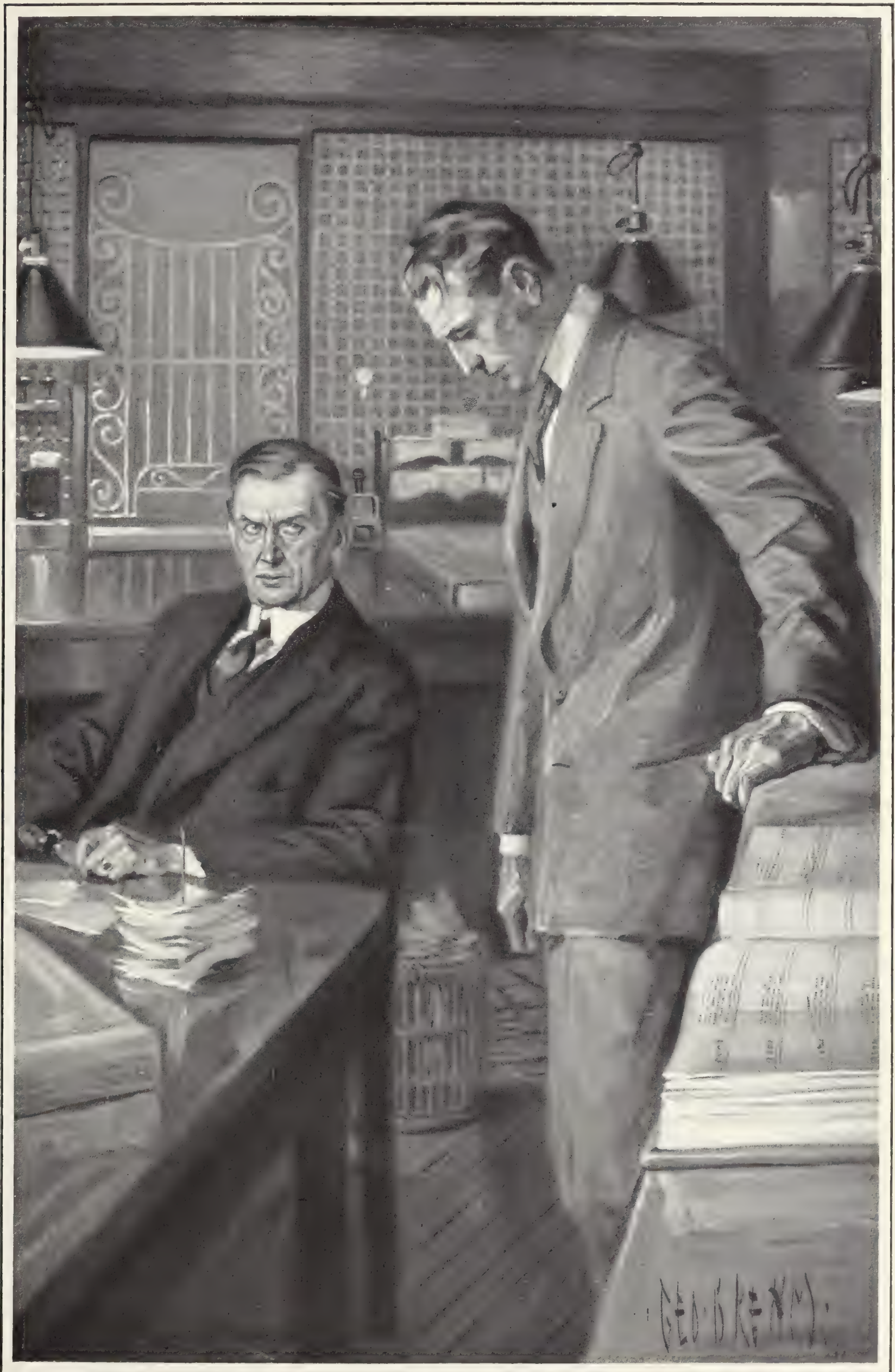
Baird hesitated. "The fact is," he replied, nervously, "I didn't ask for an O. K. I knew—know the party."

Farnham's lips contracted.

"The amount is seven hundred dollars," he stated, fixing his double-lensed eye-glasses on the draft. "That is a large sum to be carrying in your cash items, Mr. Baird, without referring it to higher authority."

"I know, sir, I know!" The teller wet his dry lips. "But in this instance I couldn't very well refuse. You see, I have known the lady a—many years. I have every reason to trust her—I expect her in hourly. I assure you, sir, she is perfectly good!"

"That assurance from you, Mr. Baird, is not enough." Farnham leaned back in his chair, touching the balls of his fingers together delicately. He was endeavoring to render his voice kind; for he told himself he had a very special reason for leniency to-day, as he had in his pocket a note from the lady whom he had been suing (or pursuing) for over a year; stating that she was at last willing, if not ready, to accept his decorous affection and substantial income. So Farnham really wanted to be kind. He



Drawn by George Brhm

"BUT IN THIS INSTANCE I COULDN'T VERY WELL REFUSE"

would have liked to carry to her a story in which he posed in the rôle of an indulgent benefactor. But the habits of a lifetime are not easily broken. His voice was very little softened; in fact, it affected young Baird like cold steel on a recently inflicted wound.

"This—er—lady," he questioned, "is she a depositor of high standing? Has she been running a large account with the bank?"

Baird flushed. "No," he admitted, unwillingly. "I can't say she has a *large* account. She has been reduced to working for her living, but I know—"

Farnham did not lift his eyes from the careful scrutiny of his finger nails.

"Your knowledge," he stated, coldly, "is not a consideration. What standing has the lady with the bank officials?"

There was a painful silence. "She is not well known," said Baird at last, his momentary flush succeeded by a gray pallor.

"Not well known," Farnham smiled. "In other words, you were assured that your action in permitting an overdraft would not have been sanctioned by higher authority."

"I did not ask for an O. K."

"Quite so."

"I did not think it necessary!"

"Not when, by neglecting it," in a voice of steel, "you were laying yourself liable to the charge under the law of misappropriation of bank funds—embezzlement even!"

"You mean—" faltered Baird, clutching the edge of the desk on which he was leaning.

"That I have no choice but to report this matter to the bank officials and to incorporate it in my report to the Comptroller of the Currency."

The teller swayed back against the wall of the cage.

"I regret it as much as you do," Farnham continued, with unshakable finality in his voice. "But duty is duty."

"But, sir—Mr. Farnham!" Baird was fighting like a trapped animal. "Why, don't you see, the lady is absolutely trustworthy! The bank will not lose anything, if you can just wait a day even. I can see her this evening—"

Farnham held up a silencing hand. "Why didn't you accommodate her from

your personal account, if your sympathies were enlisted?"

The young teller flushed. "I wasn't in a position to raise such a sum, sir," thrusting the words from him in abject self-abasement. "These are personal matters, but you force me to explain. My salary barely covers my expenses—I support my mother and sister, and, as you know, living is high; I can't save anything!"

Farnham tapped the desk with his pencil. The inconsiderable movement irritated the younger man's tortured nerves. A groan escaped his lips.

The bank-examiner rose to his feet. "As I have said," he repeated, snapping an elastic band over the checks in his hand, "it is an extremely unpleasant duty, but I have no choice."

"No choice!" whispered the teller, rising too. "Do you realize what this means to me? I beg you, sir, to—*wait*— Give me time, a day even! I am certain the matter can be adjusted."

The two men were standing face to face now in the failing light, and Farnham's eyes narrowed as he measured the young teller's splendid height. Looking, he was pricked by a meteoric pang of uncontrollable and belittling envy. Confronting a fleshly reality that suggested largeness and power, a shaming sense of personal inconsequence assailed him. Baird had raised himself to his feet at an inopportune moment.

Farnham's eyes hardened. "What you suggest is quite impossible," he said, coldly. "My duty is plain, and I will not evade it." He turned his eyes away as he spoke, for emotion of any kind embarrassed him.

Young Baird quivered under the blow. "You know, Mr. Farnham," he explained, passionately trying to keep the nervous tremor from his voice, "that overdrafts are honored daily in almost every bank in the country."

"Not without referring them to proper authority," Farnham interrupted. "Why, you must see yourself, sir, that this looks remarkably like a conspiracy."

"A *conspiracy*?" repeating the word in a whisper.

"A conspiracy," reiterated Farnham, firmly, his voice tinged with a self-congratulatory superiority. "It is my

duty to lay the matter before the bank officials."

"I will lose my position!" Baird's face was aging before the other man's eyes. "It means disgrace—imprisonment even—"

"You should have thought of that before." Farnham took up his hat and gloves.

"I did think of it, but—a conspiracy, you say?" gathering all his strength to resist the undeveloped enmity he saw in the other's cold eyes. "Why, you *must* understand. I have known this lady since we were children—she is self-supporting—has never before been obliged to borrow money. She came to me in desperation—I *couldn't* refuse to help her. I"—flinging out his hands in despair—"I—why, I *care* for her; have cared—"

Farnham turned quickly. "Be careful, sir, be careful. You are supplying a plausible reason for your action."

Baird almost staggered. "You mean," he stammered—"you suspect—Good God! *She* knows nothing of this. Why, I— Do you think I am in a position to confess my feelings to any woman? I haven't anything to offer—I have kept away from her! She doesn't even dream—"

Farnham held up his hand. "I beg, Mr. Baird," he requested, petulantly, "that you will not importune me further. Every word is but exposing your unfortunate position—I am speaking of appearances, of course. Why, the very fact that you care for this lady, that you are unable to marry her because of your—er—straitened circumstances, is evidence enough. What more natural—what more natural, I say, than that you should—"

"Sir—" Baird choked over the indignant word.

"My dear young man," Farnham held up a quieting hand, "I am simply showing you how this affair *appears*, how it will appear to the bank officials. I assure you I feel a great sympathy, a very great sympathy."

"Then you will do nothing for me!" Baird's voice was terrible.

"My dear sir," pompously, "I have told you that I never evade a duty."

"You will not wait a day—one day even!"

"I must report the matter immediately."

"I have two women dependent on me, sir!"

"You should have thought of that before, Mr. Baird." Casting a furtive glance at the strong young figure as he moved toward the door, "You can doubtless find other positions, other work—"

"With this behind me!" Baird laughed with contemptuous bitterness. He turned his face toward the kind evening light. "And overdrafts are honored every day—" he said, dizzily. "Every day!"

"Not to irresponsible people, Mr. Baird. Not to persons whom no one is willing to vouch for. As I have said before, there is no O. K. on this check." Farnham settled his hat carefully on his thin hair, and paused to make a memorandum, methodically noting the name on the check, the amount, etc.

"One day, sir! I implore you!" Baird's voice was strident with emotion.

"Not one day, sir, not one!" Farnham, gathering up the loose papers and the memorandum, walked to the door.

The young teller was standing with his head turned toward the light. His face was marred by an expression of irremediable pain. He had not made a movement of any sort.

Farnham turned his eyes away and went out.

A glance at the clock showed him it was too late to see the president. Well, the matter would have to wait over until the morning.

It was spring-time, and there was a tender softness in the atmosphere. The twilight, gentle as a woman's breath, was tarnishing the golden light of the earlier day, and a languorous good-will seemed to enervate the very breezes that played around the street corners. On the tall walls of the office buildings a pink afterglow of sunshine rested; and the dusty windows looked down from their rouged background like gray eyes that smiled.

Farnham told himself that he wanted to be kind, and yet the interview through which he had just passed had awakened in him an unacknowledged sense of self-condemnation. However, duty was duty, and he had never shirked facing it. He made up his mind to lay the matter before the officials as soon as the bank

opened in the morning, and in the mean time to dismiss the matter from his mind. But, much to his surprise, he found the latter resolution required considerable mental effort. Detached fragments of the conversation returned to him with persistence. He repeated mentally his own remarks, as if to assure himself of their justice. A sense of intense annoyance animated him toward the man who had disturbed his somnolent self-esteem; and later that evening, when he was standing before the mirror in his room, rather consciously tying and untying his bulky four-in-hand tie, a nagging memory of the young teller's physical beauty returned to him. He regarded the face and figure reflected in the glass for the first time with a disparaging eye. He was unpleasantly lean, and his clothes hung awkwardly from his stooped shoulders. The picture was not alluring. For the first time a doubt assailed him. Did she love him? *Could* she? He took from his pocketbook the little folded blue note. It was formal, and rather chilly; but all women were shy, and, after all, the great fact was that he had got what he wanted!

An hour or so later, when he stopped at a flower-stand on his way up-town, he was radiating his normal affirmative prosperity. He bought a carnation for his buttonhole and a large bunch of violets. They were not quite fresh, and though he spent an extra ten cents for a purple cord to tie around his offering, Farnham was dissatisfied. A little farther down the street he passed a florist's window, brilliantly lighted. A shamefaced desire to give her the best, no matter what it cost, possessed him. He turned and entered the store. When he emerged he was carrying a fanciful box, tied with lilac ribbon and artistically decorated with purple blossoms. He had paid five dollars for his bunch of violets this time, and the despised fifty-cent offering lay on the floor of the florist's shop.

Farnham assured himself that a plausible reason for his extravagance was that she somehow reminded him of violets, and anything less than a flawless tribute would detract from the symbolical perfection of his thought.

It seemed that lately he was always

trying to justify his lenient attitude toward the lady of his love. His life had been so utterly devoid of tenderness that he found himself excusing and combating the appearing of pacific symptoms that surprised and disturbed him. Love had not been given to him, nor had he given it before, and it had caused a mighty chemicalization in his being, stultifying every reasoning faculty, and insulting every carefully followed precedent in his life. It was like some insidious disease whose creeping progress he watched with fascinated horror, and was yet unable to arrest. Cold, hard, and unyielding, he sometimes feared that the passion that possessed him was a subtle form of insanity, and that its tigerish intensity would eventually gain control of his mind as well as his body. This thought filled him with a physical as well as mental nausea.

A man who had dominated and domineered, he found himself as obedient as a child in the hands of a frail girl whose every physical aspect suggested impotency. He struggled with praiseworthy persistence against the pliant yielding of his will to her indifferent demands, but seemed unable to overcome it. He often feared that the solidity of his character in other respects would be undermined, but the incidents of the past hours had reassured him on that point. He had shown no weakness, no foolish scruples, no vacillating sympathy.

He decided to tell Miss Andrews nothing of the occurrence, as he had an unpleasant idea that she might disturb his judgment. Women were manifestly chicken-hearted, and a wise man never gave them the opportunity to shake his decisions.

As he entered the car which was to carry him to the remote up-town district where Miss Andrews lived, the thought of how seldom he had been permitted to enter the home of the lady of his love presented itself to him. They had nearly always met at other people's houses, or she had been his rather unwilling guest at the theaters and restaurants. Well, all the old ways would be changed now. Farnham smiled again; he was reflecting on how soon he would overcome that pretty shyness.

Miss Andrews's home was one of those ridiculous little affairs known as "three-room apartments." The intimate proximity of the tiny rooms was such that it was impossible to get away from anything, even one's self. Farnham cast a rather contemptuous glance around as the hall door swung open before him. He would change all this, too. An ornate suite in one of the big up-town hotels teased his mental vision. It would be expensive, of course, but for her—for her!

A very sweet voice spoke from the adjoining room. "Just go in," it said. "I won't be a moment."

Farnham squeezed himself and his violets through the narrow hallway. His head almost touched the ceiling, and he was not a tall man. Again a remembrance of the young teller's superb height assailed him. It had been an unfortunate affair! Farnham laid his hat and stick and the violets down on the small center-table, and wandered around the room, inquisitively examining the furnishings. Everything was inexpensive and humble, though quite pretty. He smiled in kind superiority. She should see! She should see!

As the minutes passed and she did not appear, Farnham took out his pocket-book, and sitting by the table, extracted the memorandum he had made earlier in the day. He smoothed it out on the table. Well! Well! What a fool the man had been to sacrifice himself so for any woman. Seven hundred dollars! Quite a tidy little sum.

A light voice broke the silence. Farnham jumped to his feet. Miss Andrews was standing in the doorway, stretching her hand out to him across the little table. "I have kept you waiting," she said, timidly, her words scarcely rising above a whisper.

"No! Oh no!" Her hand was like ice as his closed over it. What a small hand it was! He did not release it, but tried to pull her closer to himself; she resisted, fear in her eyes.

"I got your note," Farnham began, foolishly. He was embarrassed, and was ashamed of it.

"Yes. Please—you—you hurt my hand!" trying to drag it away.

"Excuse me! There! Is that better?" He loosened his hold, advancing toward

her with possessive kindness. "I received your note."

She trembled. "Don't, please! Really, you are hurting me." She crowded herself against the wall, pulling her hands forcibly out of his. "I"—her lips trembling—"I have so much to say! Please sit down."

Farnham hesitated. He was overcome with a desire to snatch her unwilling body and crush it—hurt it! She was *his, his*. He had never waited long for what he wanted. But in the short, emotion-crowded moment that followed he found that he was seating himself obediently.

She stood facing him, her hands clenched together before him, her slim throat lifted.

Farnham noticed the throbbing pulses under the white skin. She was such a soft, fair thing; so surely the obedient slave of love. He would teach her!

She was speaking with an effort. "I don't think," choosing her words with care, "that you quite realize—I mean, I want to be fair. You told me once that you wanted to marry me, no matter what I was, what I thought; that you just wanted—*me*! Do you still feel that way?"

"Try me!" Farnham advanced passionately.

Again she shrank away. "Perhaps you don't know," explaining with painful difficulty, "that I—that I am not very—demonstrative, that I can't—" Her voice rose in a little wail of anguish. "Oh," she protested, despairingly, "I *can't* give you much! I have had such a hard life. No, please, *please* don't touch me. Since my mother died I seem to be frozen here," laying her hands on her heart. "I haven't been able—"

Farnham rose to his feet. "I want you—*any way*," he stammered, unsteadily, the warm light of demand in his eyes—"any way."

She put two icy hands on his chest, holding him back. "Wait," whispering the words. "You don't understand all. You know so little of me. Won't you *please* sit down? I can't talk this way. Please!"

As Farnham complied with her request, she sighed, as one who has been granted a blessed reprieve. "You see," her pearl-

white face looking ghastly in the lamp-light, "I am trying to make you realize just what kind of a bargain you will make. I am willing to do all I *can*, but I don't want you to think—to expect—what I cannot give."

Farnham's narrow eyes glowed. "I am not afraid of any bargain," he answered, his eyes on her beauty.

She pressed her slender pale hands together feverishly. "I am trying to be fair," she said, brokenly. "It is terrible to have to say these things. After my mother's death I found—the expenses—so much greater than I expected, the bills so—so terrific, that I—that I was compelled to—to borrow money!" Her voice failed her; and she covered her face with her hands. The shamed red of her cheeks showed through the laced whiteness of her fingers.

Farnham leaned forward in his chair. "I don't think I quite understand."

She twisted her hands together, her lips quivering in an agony of shame. "Oh, if you only could!" The words broke from her in a pitiful protest. "If I didn't have to say it! Don't you see? I must have—I *need*—money!" Her hands fell to the table and she leaned heavily upon it. Her lids fell over her humiliated eyes.

"You need money?"

"I *must have* it, before—" Her emotion was so great that the tension of her hands on the table shook the small ornaments violently and the cheap wood creaked. "Oh, don't you see? I had to borrow; and I must pay it back! I *must pay it back*!"

"I begin to understand. You want me to—"

"To lend it to me! *Give* it to me," tears suddenly overflowing her eyes and rolling down her cheeks. She fell into a chair, and stretching her arms on the table, buried her face in the protecting hollow made for it, her shoulders heaving under the thin muslin of her dress.

Farnham stood looking down on her in silence. The heavy masses of her hair lay caressingly on the nape of her neck. Her throat had the kissable, unlined roundness of a child's.

He laid his hand hard on her shoulders.

"There, there!" he said, the kindness

of his voice undertoned with awkward compassion. "It isn't worth crying about. Women are doing these things all the time. They are not responsible in business matters, you know. Why, here is just such another case—" He took up the memorandum which was lying under the lamp close to her bowed head. "Look at this! Why, this check means ruin to a man, ruin, and all because he made a fool of himself over a woman; let her overdraw her account for the sum of seven hundred dollars—"

"Seven hundred dollars!" Miss Andrews lifted a startled face.

Farnham handed her the memorandum. "There it is," he said, spreading it out on the table. "He made the excuse that he was in love with her, but that she had never known it. Of course that was merely an evasion. It was a plain case of conspiracy."

Miss Andrews rose to her feet. "This paper—I don't understand—"

"That? Oh, that's a memorandum, you know. The teller's name, the amount, etc., for my personal convenience. The check turned up in the cash items. Funny, isn't it, that the name should be the same as yours—Andrews. I was looking at it when you came in. The middle initial—"

"Didn't you say something about ruin, that this would mean ruin to—the man?"

Again Farnham smiled. "I didn't know you were interested in these matters. Yes, I guess he is all in; it's a plain case against him; there is no O. K. on the check. He had only personal reasons for letting the woman have the money; loved her, and was too poor to marry her, he said. It was without doubt a conspiracy between them."

"He loved her!" The girl stared into Farnham's face with appalled eyes. "You say he loved her?"

"So he told me," humoring her strained interest tolerantly. "But you mustn't let your sympathies run away with you in those matters, or you will never make a bank-examiner's wife. Now about that little affair of yours—"

"Will you please look at this—paper—again?" She held it out to him in a shaking hand.

Farnham stared uncomprehendingly.

"Look at it again," she urged, "at the name, the initials," thrusting it in his hand.

Farnham examined the memorandum under the light. "Well?" he questioned, feeling for his eye-glasses.

The girl caught the table to steady herself. "Don't you see—" Her voice was a broken thread of pain. "Look at the name, M. L. Andrews. Oh, don't you understand? Don't you see—Mary Louise Andrews," accentuating the name with frantic insistence.

Farnham stared in utter silence at the little slip of paper. Then he saw that his hands were shaking too. He tried to steady them, but without success.

She rocked backward and forward like one distraught. "Oh!" she wailed. "It is horrible, incredible, hideous! I can't make it seem real."

"Do you mean to say," began Farnham, struggling to adjust his bewildered faculties, "that it was *your* check? That Baird—that *you* are—the woman?"

"Yes, yes, yes!" flinging out her arms in agony. "And you said—you said it meant *ruin*! Oh, I didn't understand before! I knew so little! That *you* should examine *his* books—"

Farnham's mind was working slowly. "Do you mean," he persisted, brushing the agonized entreaty in her eyes aside, "that Baird cashed this check for *you*, that you are—?"

"Mary Louise is my given name," speaking with an effort. "They call me Mary. M. L. Andrews I sign it."

The check fluttered out of Farnham's hand. "I didn't know," he said, slowly, "that you knew Baird; you never told me."

"I have known him all my life."

"And he—it *was* a conspiracy between you, then? He said he loved you."

"I did not know it!" hopelessly. "He never told me." She put her hands over her eyes, as if to ease some excruciating pain. "I didn't know it," she repeated, moaning out the words, as if the cruelty of the statement were almost too much for her to bear, "I didn't know it!"

"Hush!" Farnham laid a peremptory hand on her arm. "I don't doubt *you*, of course; I spoke hastily. I realize *you* are guiltless. There, there! you didn't know any better. *He* is the culprit, he

is the one who must suffer in this affair, he is the one to punish—"

There was a short, cruel silence. Then, still clinging to the table, Miss Andrews lifted herself slowly to her feet. "I don't think," she said, quietly, "that I quite understand. I know I am stupid, but you mentioned the word conspiracy. It takes two to make a conspiracy, doesn't it? If you exonerate me, you *must* exonerate him—"

Farnham snapped his eye-glass case to, and stooping, picked up the fallen paper. "That is exactly what I will not do," he answered, relentlessly. "He is still liable to punishment under the law. I regret exceedingly that he should turn out to be a friend of yours, and that the check was drawn by you; but he has committed a theft under the law and must pay the penalty."

The girl, still holding to the table, stared at him, fascinated. Her beauty was so surprising that Farnham, with a quick intake of breath, leaned over and closed his hand over one bare arm.

"Come here," he said, unsteadily, trying to pull her toward him. A strange desire to fold her in his arms and comfort her attacked him, and with it came a fear of himself that was new.

She did not stir. Her mind automatically reverted to his former statement. "Pay the penalty!" she repeated. "You mean that you will report him?"

"There is no other course."

"You can't do it." Her voice barely ruffled the silence. She caught his arms with both hands as if to keep herself from falling. "You can't do it!" reiterating the words as if to reassure herself with the mere sound. "Why, don't you see what you would be doing to *me*? You don't; or you couldn't refuse—*to-night*! The first request I have made! You won't punish him for saving me, will you? You won't make me hate myself?" Her hands slipped up around his throat. "You don't know how much I will do for you," she whispered, breathlessly. "How I will repay you, what a good wife I will be! Don't you see it would be—monstrous—for you to expose this man! You can't do it! You *can't* do it—"

Her face was close to his, her breath on his cheek, her jealously guarded lips



Drawn by George Brehm

"THAT IS EXACTLY WHAT I WILL NOT DO," HE ANSWERED

lifted to his. She had never of her own free will come so close to him, and Farnham stared at her dazzled, his will seeming to turn to jelly in her hands.

"You will hush it up some way," she pursued, pushing her advantage, "won't you?" forcing a little smile to her tortured lips. "If you do not report it, no one need know he advanced me the money; no one need *know*!"

The little whistle in the hall blew stridently. She started back and disengaged herself.

"What is it?" demanded Farnham, irritably.

"Some one down-stairs!"

"Don't answer it. Let them call—you don't want to see any one now!"

"I must." She pushed past him and disappeared into the darkened hall.

Farnham heard her voice, the startled questions, the answers.

When she returned she was white and tremulous.

"It is Mr. Baird! He has come to tell me, I suppose, that you discovered—to ask for the money. You will give him the money—?"

"*I will give him the money!* What are you talking about?"

"You will *pay* him and let him put it back, won't you? Don't you see; if it is put back now, no one will know . . ." Again her fluttering white hands were on his coat. This time he inexorably removed them.

"I begin to understand. I am to hand over to this man seven hundred dollars, to see that he escapes the penalty of his act; while I put myself in the position of covering up a fraud, jeopardizing my own position, staining my honor." He laughed.

The girl clasped one cold hand over the other. "I told you when you first came in," explaining patiently, "that I would have to have the money, that I *owed* it, that it was a debt of honor; I thought I could raise it on the sale of some property—in time; but that failed; and so—"

"And so you sold yourself to me for seven hundred dollars. God!"

She fell back as if he had struck her a blow. For an undecided instant the insult hung unrepulsed in the quiet air. The girl stood as if turned into stone.

There was a knock at the door.

"Shall I go?" Farnham asked, uneasily.

She did not make any reply, but, moving like an automaton, passed by him and reached the hallway.

Farnham heard Baird's voice, her nervous greeting, his own name.

Then they entered the little room together.

Baird halted in the doorway.

There was no mirror facing him, but as Farnham looked into the younger man's eyes he seemed to see a full-length reflection of his own face and figure, of his short, unevenly proportioned form—his scrawny neck, the hard, unlovely lines about his mouth.

Again that cruel, almost ungovernable emotion that had seized him earlier in the day gripped him. He took a step forward, a pleasurable remembrance of his power over the man before him tingling through his veins.

Baird looked toward Miss Andrews, and a quick flush spread to his forehead. "I did not know," he stammered, convulsively, "that you—that you were acquainted, that you *knew*—Mr. Farnham." He was plainly appalled by the situation he was facing.

The girl tried to speak, but for an instant her voice deserted her. She flung out her hands wordlessly.

Farnham took another step forward. "Miss Andrews," he said, suddenly dominating the situation, "has promised—is to be my wife—*my wife*," emphasizing the words with cruel satisfaction.

The girl uttered a little hurt cry. She put her hands to her throat. Farnham saw Baird's face turn slowly whiter than the linen collar that encircled it. He dropped his eyes to the floor to hide the triumph darkening them.

"Is this true?" Baird was speaking to the girl.

"It is true," in a whisper.

"What did you say?"

"It is true."

For an instant the strong man staggered. Then he turned furiously on Farnham. "And you *knew* it this afternoon! You tortured me—"

"I beg your pardon, I did *not* know it. I saw the signature on the check certainly; but Andrews is a common name.

I never thought of connecting it with—besides, it would have made no difference, though it removes the suspicion of conspiracy, naturally. I find, however, Miss Andrews is not good for the sum of seven hundred dollars. She has, in fact, no way of procuring that amount of money.”

“Stop!” The girl’s voice rang out like a clarion in the still room. She went over and stood close to Farnham. “I told you,” she said, thickly, “when you came this evening, that there was a debt of honor that I owed. I consented to marry you on condition that you would pay it.”

“Mary!” Baird’s voice, rough with horror, reached her.

Farnham smiled. “She sold herself to me for seven hundred dollars,” he said, concisely.

“You hound!” Baird started forward, but the girl put a frail hand on his chest.

“Wait,” she pleaded. “Oh, don’t, don’t, *don’t* make it any worse. It is quite true, what he says.” She turned her still, white face to Baird. “I had no way of raising the money; I realized almost nothing on the sale of mother’s things. I dared not let you lose it—nothing mattered to me very much: so—I sold the last thing that I had . . . to sell.”

Baird groaned aloud.

“It didn’t hurt much,” turning martyred eyes to his. “I thought I could be a good wife, and you would be safe.”

Farnham’s lips fell away from his teeth for a second time that day. All that was mean in his nature crept, like slime in water, to the surface. “That is just what he would *not* be,” he snarled, cruelly. “You could sell yourself nine times over and it wouldn’t save *him*.”

Baird went over to the girl and pressed her stiffened arms to her sides gently. “Did you think,” he said, his voice all broken, “that I would want to be saved at such a cost? You poor, poor child!” His voice broke.

Farnham ostentatiously took up his hat from where it lay on the little center-table and shaped the brim in his hands. A sensation of utter pain such as he had never known was creeping over him.

“You are going!” She started toward him, alive with fear.

“I am going,” inexorably.

“You are going to report—?”

“I shall do my duty.”

The girl tore herself away from Baird’s hands, and stepping around the table, clutched Farnham’s arm with her hands.

“You can’t do this thing,” she stammered. “Wait a day, two days.”

“I shall do my duty.” Farnham tried to undo her fingers, but she only caught the hand he laid over hers and pressed it frantically to her breast.

“I will be a good wife,” she stammered. “You love me. I am worth seven hundred dollars.”

“Mary!” Baird put an iron hand on her shoulder.

She shook it off. “Don’t try to stop me. He *sha’n’t*—”

“I shall do my duty!” Farnham forcibly removed his hand and went toward the door. “I have no intention of purchasing a wife to protect another man, I can assure you.”

“One moment,” she interrupted. “Listen. You *shall* listen. I demand it!” A sudden note of command strengthened her voice. “Look in my face. You said you loved me!”

Farnham’s eyes narrowed. “I shall do my duty.”

“But you loved me; you wanted to marry me!”

“I did love you, yes.”

“That love—tell me, what did it do for you? Did it make you want to sacrifice yourself for me, did it make you— No, don’t move; you’ve got to listen! You have got to see things are as they *are*, for once in your cold, hard life. Look at me, at my face! *I* love, too! Have loved for months, years! Do you know what that love did for *me*, though I didn’t even know that it was returned? It turned everything that was small and mean in me to something fine and beautiful. It made me long to give myself, my life even, to spare the man I loved even a pang. I would have crucified my flesh, this flesh here—disfigured my face, this face you call beautiful—to spare him one little pain.”

Farnham stared at her; his frozen look suddenly turned to fire. His face grew red and swollen. He put a shaking hand over his eyes.

She touched him more gently, lifting her pale, sweet face to his. “If you *do*

love me; you will *spare* me at whatever cost to yourself. If you really love me, you *can't* hurt me."

"Mary—Mary!" Baird's voice was full of shamed protest.

Still holding Farnham's eyes with hers, she looked into his narrow, shrunken soul, and the light of her face was as a lamp in the darkness.

"Don't you see," she persisted, passionately, "that we can't take *all*, and *give* nothing; that until we are willing to give to love, love has nothing to give to us? The measure we mete out is measured to us again. If you really love me, the debt that love demands is sacrifice; if you really love me, you will spare me, as I was willing to torture myself day after day, hour after hour, for a long life—to spare *him*; as he was willing to jeopardize his position, his daily bread, all that he held dear, to spare me. Oh, don't you see, if we love, the cup we must drink is *sacrifice*—"

Farnham grew very pale. It seemed to him he was undergoing the pangs of birth. He had always taken from life what he wanted, and now— He put out his hand blindly to push her away.

This time she did not seek to stay him, and he found the door and pulled aside the hangings.

"I am going," he said, thickly.

No one answered; and he found himself, almost without his own volition, on the other side of the curtain.

He stood for a moment as if stunned, unable to move or think, his hands still mechanically fingering the brim of his soft hat.

Then in the silence he heard Baird's voice say, and there was in it such a miracle of tenderness, compassion, and infinite love that Farnham, listening, drew his breath in pained wonder:

"Isn't love enough?"

There was a little sweeping rush of moving garments, a soft sobbing note, all choked with incredulous joy, and then the weight of Farnham's swaying body parted the curtain, and he saw her lying on Baird's breast, saw the ineffable yielding of her whole being to a desired love; saw the strained tension of the other man's arms, as, with a passionate possessive right, he wrapped her to himself; closer, closer yet!

Groping his way down the hall, a sickening sense of utter defeat paralyzing his faculties, Farnham found the handle of the door, opened it, and passed out into the little vestibule. There he paused a moment to steady himself, obsessed with the vision of a man and woman standing locked together in a matchless unity that only death could mar.

Awkwardly he found his way down flight after flight of dark, dusty stairs into the street.

The electric lights seemed hideously bright. He stood for an instant dumbly facing the heartless glaring opalescence. Then, crushing his hat down on his forehead, he started aimlessly away.

"The cup you must drink is sacrifice."

The words returned to him with torturing insistence. Sacrifice! But he would *not* drink it; and yet— The forty hard, barren, selfish years of his life passed in a mental procession before his eyes. He shuddered. What had come over him? What was there in the hysterical words of an overwrought girl to destroy his serene, self-satisfied poise? It was in his power to make her writhe in agony for every pain she had inflicted.

A sudden faintness overtook him, and he found his way into a corner drug-store.

"Give me something, anything," he said, sitting down at the soda-fountain. "I feel dizzy."

An evening paper lay on the counter under his eyes, and mechanically he picked out an item: "Leaving a host of friends to mourn her, who recall her life as one of illuminating love and self-sacrifice, she will probably face the great unknown with as serene a heart—"

The clerk wiped off the marble counter with an expert flourish, and set down a foaming glass. "Do you want anything after it?" he asked.

Farnham was not heeding; his eyes were on the mirror over the fountain which reflected his face. It was strange to him.

He got up and started blindly toward the door.

"Look here!" the clerk called after him, "aren't you going to pay for this? Here's your check," tossing it on the counter.

Farnham turned, and picking up the card, went over to the cashier's window and laid down the change.

Then, in a strange, softened voice that startled his listening ears, he asked for a pen and paper.

Slowly and methodically he took out his check-book and made out a check. It was payable to Mary Louise Andrews, and was for seven hundred dollars. He endorsed it, and wrote on a separate slip of paper:

"Please accept this. You are quite safe."

He enclosed the check and paper in an envelope, addressed it, and obtained from the cashier a two-cent stamp.

The girl looked through the little wire netting at his white face. "Shall I mail it?" she asked, kindly.

Farnham jealously retained the letter. "No," he said, and stepped out into the street. There was a mail-box a little farther down. He began to walk slowly toward it. The letter was like a live thing in his hand. He looked at it fearfully.

The streets were usually crowded, and as he noted the faces coming toward him, some cheerful, others glad, gay, wistful, sad, he wondered inarticulately if they had all loved? If they had all felt the devastating flame that was consuming him? It was a terrible thing that he had done, terrible and wonderful! Seven hundred dollars and his duty he had laid on the altar of love! He pressed

the letter between his thumb and forefinger, feeling for the check. Seven hundred dollars, and he was giving it away. Would he have the courage?

At the street corner there was a mail-box. It stood out before him like a beacon light. Slowly he walked toward it. The faint fragrance that belonged to her hair, her dress, came back to him. He felt her cold, trembling hand; saw the satin of her throat; heard the wailing, 'cello-like sweetness of her voice above the noise and the din of the street. This, then, was love. This pain and agony and renunciation and sacrifice.

Almost staggering, he reached the mail-box and paused before it, his hand, as he lifted the little iron lid, shaking as with ague.

"I have lost!" he stammered, unconscious that he was speaking aloud, "lost."

"I beg your pardon," said a passer, pausing politely. "Did you say you had lost anything?"

"Yes," answered Farnham, lifting eyes from which there looked a resurrected spirit. "Yes. I am trying to learn—to *give* a little; for I have lost everything. I am a very, very poor man."

He released the letter from between his thumb and forefinger, and it slipped softly down into the mail-box.

The man who had interrogated him, recounting the incident later in the evening, described Farnham as "a kindly-looking elderly gentleman."

Unsatisfied

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

LIKE some sad child sent supperless to bed,
Unsatisfied I sleep among the dead;
For at the feast of Life I sat all day,
And saw the shadowy shapes that serve it lay
Before each waiting guest beside me there,
Little or great, his own allotted share.

All day I watched them with a patient smile,
Telling myself that in a little while
Surely the Host my empty plate would see,
And send some portion of the feast to me.
None came, and smiling still lest men might say
I left unfilled—starving I came away.



TRAVELING IN THE ARIZONA DESERT AMONG THE CASTLE DOME MOUNTAINS

The Greenest of Deserts

BY ELLSWORTH HUNTINGTON, Ph.D.

Department of Geography, Yale University

IF a man is to study a subject, he should go where there is plenty of it. As soon as I reached the thriving little city of Tucson, in southern Arizona, I was convinced that I had made no mistake in accepting the invitation of Dr. D. T. MacDougal to use the Carnegie Desert Laboratory, of which he is the director, as a center from which to carry on a study of the influences of climate. I had not been at the handsome Old Pueblo Club two hours before I inadvertently complained that a temperature of ninety-five degrees at the beginning of March was excessive. My complaints met no sympathy. I was merely given to understand that the

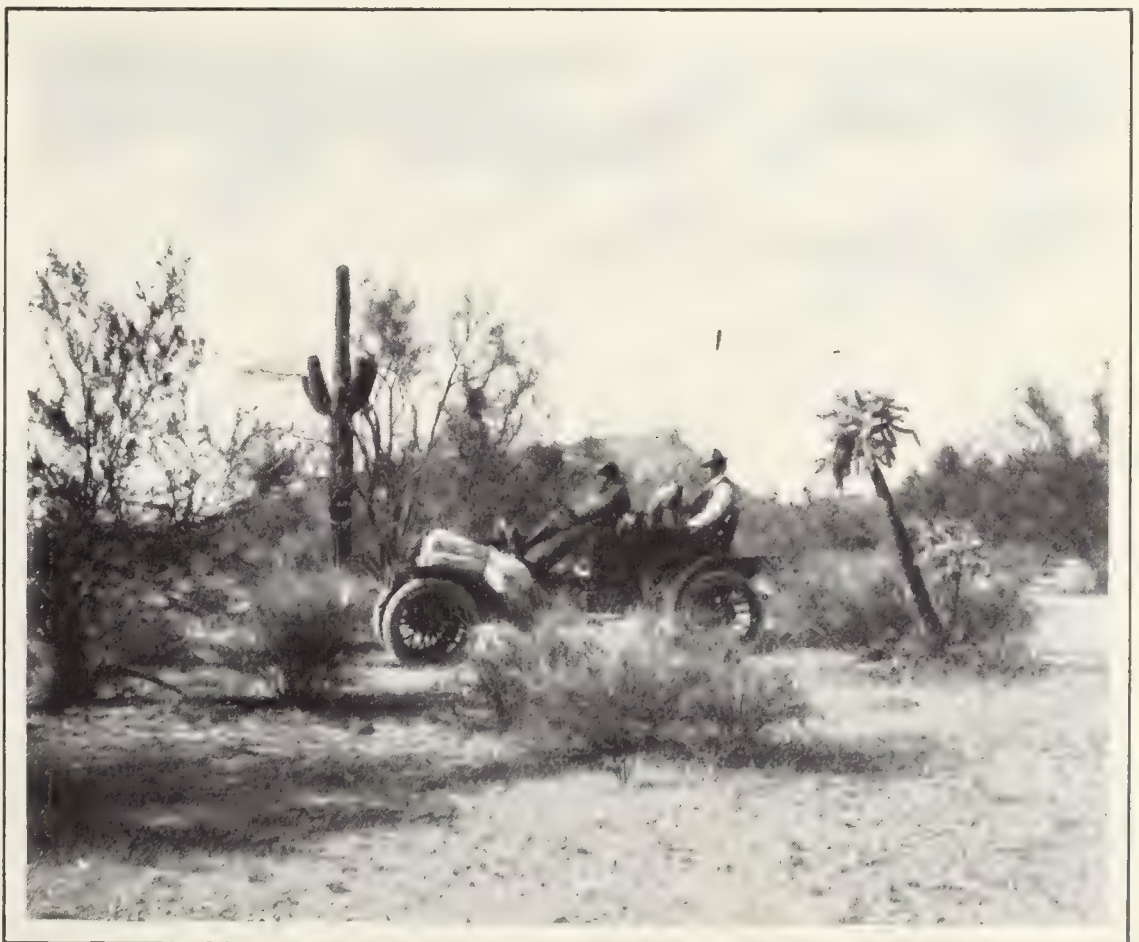
climate of southern Arizona may be warm, but nevertheless it is ideal. If I really wanted to enjoy it, I must wait three months until the thermometer rose to a hundred and ten or fifteen degrees. Long before the three months were finished I was firmly convinced that, together with the sunshine, fresh air, and happiness so enticingly advertised by the real-estate agents, climate is one of the few commodities which are both abundant and inexpensive in Arizona.

My friends all said that my plans did not seem quite right. An automobile may be an excellent thing, but they doubted whether it was exactly appropriate for use in studying deserts, discovering ruins,

and visiting Indians. When we had eight punctures in a day and were finally forced to make part of one trip in a wagon we agreed with them, but that was a mere incident. Starting from the Desert Botanical Laboratory, we found that an automobile was exactly the conveyance in which to make trips in all directions in southern Arizona and in the neighboring Mexican State of Sonora. The distances in this desert country are so great and the population so scanty that even a "bug-hunter," as all field scientists are called, needs a much more rapid means of conveyance than in more densely inhabited regions. We were obliged to negotiate all kinds of roads, and we learned how great are the possibilities of a good machine. Ours was fitted with a thirty horse-power engine and the lightest possible body. We had wheels of large size, being thirty-four inches in diameter. They were fitted with four-and-a-half-inch tires, so that the total diameter was forty-three inches. This gave good clearance over stumps and on deeply rutted roads, but not quite enough for the boulder on which we broke a gear-case. We attempted only one hill that proved too steep. The trouble there was that the slope was so great that the gasoline would not run up-hill into the carbureter. The worst of our enemies was the sand of dry river bottoms, but the large size of the tires enabled us to cross even the broadest of the "rivers with the sandy side up," which everywhere take the place of ordinary streams of water.

Automobiling in the desert is delightful. No other form of traveling gives such a complete sense of freedom. Having put on our oldest, shabbiest clothes and gotten out of town, we cared absolutely nothing for appear-

ances. That in itself did a vast deal to make life pleasant, for dust and grease and grime were an inevitable part of each day's programme. The greatest element of freedom, however, lay in the fact that we carried all the necessities of life with us. One of our number, Mr. Sykes, knew everything about automobiles and other machines, so that we did not care what broke. Only once did I fear that the automobile had outwitted him. That was when we stuck, temporarily, on the far side of a river of sand in Mexico. He was a temperate man, and not profane, but that time he became angry and swore a terrible oath—"The curses of seven motherless pigs upon it!" The machine trembled at the imprecation and at once climbed up the sandy bank to the firm ground on top. A hotel was quite as unnecessary as a repair-shop. Our beds were slung behind on a carrier, a six-gallon tank of water and numerous canteens quarreled for room with the feet of the man on the back seat, a big "grub-box" filled the right running-board to balance the box of extra parts for repairs on the left, and the cooking kit and sundry other necessities occupied one of the rear seats. Besides all this we had an extra tank of gasoline under the legs of the men



WE WERE GLAD NOW AND AGAIN TO LEAVE ALL ROADS



THE SHACKS OF THE THRIFTY CHINESE

on the front seat. Having beds, food, water, and gasoline, the four prime necessities of life, we could camp when and where we would. That was what made us feel so free. There was no wondering whether we should find a good hotel, no question about drinking-water and fodder for the horses, no fear that we should break down and be left to spend a thirsty, hungry night lying on the ground. Until the day of reckoning, we went where we could and stopped where we would.

The roads of Arizona disclose one most peculiar habit. They change their location so frequently that they may well be called nomadic. One day the track may be straight; the next, it runs into a new wire fence. The traveler must turn at right angles and skirt the fence for a mile or two until the newly enclosed pasture is circumvented. In so dry and sparsely settled a country the counties cannot afford to maintain many roads. Accordingly roads just grow. If the man whose land they cross happens to want to fence in two or three hundred acres, he does so, and says nothing. The first that the public knows about it may be when an automobile, dashing along at night, suddenly runs into the wire and is smashed to pieces, while its occupants are terribly wounded or killed. After talking with a man who was on the back seat when a reckless driver was

actually beheaded in this way, and who on another occasion was saved from a similar fate only by the catching of the barbed wire on the rods of the windshield, I was glad that it was not our habit to take chances by riding fast at night. It seems strange to an Easterner that there should be no redress under such circumstances, but in Arizona a man has a right to fence his land, and that ends the matter. The fences always irritated me. Not that I mind a fresh tear in my coat every time I went through a fence to look at the potsherds of an ancient village, but I always wanted to cut the wire and take my horse through when I was on horseback. That will not do, however, even though one carries wire and pretends to mend the break. The fence in this country is a sacred institution, and to cut it is a grave offense. Why should it not be sacred? In many cases it is actually worth more than the land which it surrounds. Land is cheap, only one or two dollars an acre in many places, while fences cost work and cash.

The most delightful feature of automobilizing in the desert is the night. Every evening, as the sun neared the horizon, we began to look for a bit of smooth sand as sleeping-ground, a dead ironwood or mesquite tree for fuel, and a pleasant view off toward the ever-present mountains.

After dinner we lay on the ground around the fire and talked. The conversation almost always began in the same way. "What a fine camp this is! I believe it's the best we've had yet. Isn't the night superb! Who would have believed that after so hot a day we should enjoy sitting near a fire at night? Just look at the moon. It seems to me I never saw it so clear. By the way, old

man, if you wake up early to-morrow morning and see the comet, just call me, will you? Nights like this make up for any number of hot days. I wish it were night all the time." Then we grew philosophic and discussed the relation of plants or animals to peculiar types of environment, the similarity of the behavior of man and brutes, the origin of law, or some other trifling theme. At last it was time to go to bed. It was always a nuisance to be obliged to rouse up and prepare our blankets, even though it required only a pull and a pat. Of course there was invariably a thorn which stuck in one's back as soon as he lay down. But, after all, what did a thorn or anything else matter? The sky was so beautiful and the air so fresh that we wanted to enjoy them for hours, but somehow they disappeared as soon as we lay down. The first that we knew the morning light was in the sky, and some one was saying, "Wasn't this a bully night for sleeping?" The glorious nights of the desert more than make up for its hot, sunny days.

As we left Tucson on one of our trips, lines of massive cottonwood-trees raised domes of deep green beside little irrigation ditches, while on either side fair fields of alfalfa refreshed the eye. On the right, beyond a wooden bridge over the dry bed of the Santa Cruz River, a picturesque old ruin of adobe recalled the romantic days when the Spaniards in-

vaded the land. For the love of God they established this mission and many others, where holy padres gave up their lives for their flocks, while ungodly soldiers grew rich with illicit gains. Beyond the church a weedless vegetable-garden and an adobe house surrounded by shacks of rough boards and galvanized iron joined hands with a junk-heap in the shade of a cottonwood in indicating that thrifty Chinese were at work. Across the road, behind a wire fence, a little garden of gay flowers, and a black-eyed girl with a shawl half over her dark straight hair, proclaimed that Mexico had begun. To be sure, the international boundary was seventy miles distant, and the largest city of Arizona lay only a mile behind us. Yet to all intents and purposes we were in Mexico. Few places in the United States are more foreign than southern Arizona, outside of the towns and mining-camps. All that day, and many another, we rode without meeting a single person who spoke English as his native tongue, and very few who spoke English at all. "No sabe," is what they all replied, for they were Mexicans, or else Indians who knew as much Spanish as English. The white man, in spite of his pride, has not subdued the country. He may govern it, and own it, and exploit it, but when it comes to living in it, he cannot hold his own except in the towns.

It is not the sandy desert of our child-



RUINS OF THE OLD SPANISH MISSION AT CABORCA, NEAR THE NORTHERN BORDER



THE STRANGE ARBOREAL DESERT OF SOUTHERN ARIZONA

ish fancy, with drifting yellow dunes, and five straight palm-trees standing beside a pool, to which an Arab horseman, spear in hand, stoops for a drink. Nor is it the barren, gravelly desert of Persia, most desolate of all the landscapes of the world; nor yet the drab sagebrush desert of Utah and Nevada. On the contrary, it is the most beautiful of deserts, the strange arboreal desert of southern Arizona. The traveler familiar with deserts in other parts of the world finds here a great surprise. He is accustomed to the jagged outlines and delicate shading which prevail in desert mountains. He expects that the hills will appear brown and barren close at hand, while in the distance range after range shades off into purple, dark blue, pale blue, and then a fairy tint looking as if a piece of the sky had been torn from the blue of the zenith and placed against the lighter blue of the horizon. He is accustomed to seeing every mountain range half smothered in interminable slopes of gravel which head far up on the flanks of the hills and sometimes cover the passes. Occasionally this rising tide of gravel fairly swamps a mountain, and leaves only a little peak standing far out from the main ranges like an island in the midst of a plain well-nigh as smooth as the sea. In Arizona, just as in Persia, one has only to look at the topography to know that for hun-

dreds of thousands or millions of years the country has been dry. If it had not been dry the topography would be like that of the Eastern States. The boulders, gravel, sand, and fine soil washed down by rain and flood from the mountains would have been slowly carried onward to the sea, and the space between the mountain ranges would be filled with small valleys where brooks would run among rounded hills well covered with soil. Because of the aridity, however, all but a few of the very largest streams have for ages dried up or sunk into the ground and disappeared soon after leaving the mountains. Hence the material which they have brought down has been deposited not far from its place of origin. The coarser parts have been deposited close to the mountains, and have formed steep slopes covered with boulders. The finer parts have been washed out farther to form vast coalescent fans of gravel. These "bajadas," as the Spaniards call them, sweep grandly out with ever-lessening slope for ten or twenty miles, to end in terraces overlooking alluvial bottom-lands, or in broad playas of naked soil where the finest materials are deposited when the waters of floods spread themselves in sheets and disappear. Almost none of the material from the hills is carried to the sea and lost. Therefore the plains and the great slopes of gravel are steadily rising

upon the mountains, threatening to entomb the source from which they were themselves derived.

The surprising feature of the desert of southern Arizona is the great amount of vegetation, not merely in the relatively moist valleys, but on the dry gravelly slopes of the bajadas. There one looks for nothing but poor grasses and little weeds. Instead of this he finds hundreds and thousands of square miles of gently sloping gravel covered with an abundant growth of large bushes and even trees. Other regions with an annual rainfall of only ten or twelve inches appear barren and brown, but here the general landscape is green throughout the year. For mile after mile we rode through great plains covered with the despised greasewood, or creosote bush. The nearer bushes usually appeared scattered, and the ground between any two was dry and bare, yet as soon as we looked away, beyond a distance of one or two hundred feet, the whole country seemed to be verdant. The creosote is a poor, useless shrub, from three to six feet high as a rule, with pudgy, sticky little leaves and an indeterminate half-spicy odor. Yet it can be

most beautiful when the low morning sun is reflected from the gummy green leaves, or bathes the abundant yellow flowers in glory and shines through the fuzzy seed-vessels, converting them into spots of gray surrounded by radiant white halos. Beyond the creosote flats we hastened past small mesquite-trees covered with a wealth of dainty leaves, like those of the locust in shape, but far more delicate, and of the purest green imaginable. They show to best

advantage in the early spring, when the yellow blossoms form hundreds of gracefully pendent catkins three or four inches long. Other trees grew here and there—the gray-green ironwood with its stern, unbending thorns, and the palo verde, greenest of trees. Its scanty leaves are merely circular leaflets scarcely a quarter of an inch in diameter. The plant seems to need no leaves, for all the trunk and branches are covered with soft-green bark. Now and again we found the less common of the two species of palo verde in blossom. It was enchanting when the filmy veils of soft yellow thrown over the green domes of the trees stood silhouetted against a background of reddish-black volcanic mountains with sharply serrated peaks and



A FLOWERING YUCCA AND A BUSH OF SCRUB-OAK

cruel precipices. As we rode through this strange green land we continually repeated Orlando's question:

"Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled?"

But we could not people it with tongues as Rosalind's lover peopled the Forest of Arden.

Man has tried to occupy the country and has failed. Frequently we rode twenty miles between one cattle-



CACTI IN FRUIT IN ARIZONA—CHOLLA, OR *OPUNTIA FULGIDA*, ON RIGHT, AND *OPUNTIA MAMMILATA* ON LEFT

ranch and the next, and fifty from one cultivated area to another. We marveled that a land which appears so prolific should so resist the efforts of man. The reason is not far to seek, however. Southern Arizona and northwestern Mexico lie in a region not only of deserts, but of monsoons. They resemble the provinces of Rajputana and Sind in northwestern India, where northeasterly winds prevail in winter and southwesterly in summer. In winter, when the commonest winds are from the north and west, the conditions of the temperate zone are prevalent, and a small amount of rain is precipitated by great cyclonic storms like those which furnish moisture to the greater part of the United States. As the winter is warm, with only a little frost, many plants begin to grow in February. If there were no other rains, all the vegetation would be of small types like those which prevail in most of the deserts of the world, where winter rains are the only kind. After a season of almost absolute drought, in the months of April, May, and June, however, a change takes place. The climatic belts of the earth are so bent to the northward by the heating of the great continent of North America, that the region with which we are dealing falls within the

domain of southerly winds, which come up from equatorial regions freighted with moisture. Through July and August and sometimes in September they give rise to heavy thunder-showers. These furnish more rain than the storms of winter, although it falls so rapidly that most of it soon runs off. During the dry spring the small plants of the winter type of vegetation die down, only to be replaced in summer by another crop of quickly growing grasses and flowers, which dry up in October or September. With trees and bushes the case is different. They cannot thrive unless the growing season is at least four or five months long. Hence ordinary deserts which have rain in winter and an absolutely dry season of five or six months in summer are treeless. In southern Arizona, however, the winter rains start the growth of the trees and the summer rains complete it, while various adaptations, such as widely spreading roots, diminutive leaves, and organs for the storage of water or for the prevention of evaporation, enable the plants to live through the hot, dry period from the beginning of April to the end of June. Thus the country has not only a winter and summer crop of small plants which last but a few months, but also a fairly dense

growth of bushes and small trees. The total amount of vegetation is far greater than in places which have the same amount of rainfall for the whole year but receive it all in winter. Unfortunately neither the winter nor the summer rains are abundant enough to make agriculture possible except where irrigation is practised. Hence the country is a desert in spite of its verdure.

The cacti are the most unique feature of the verdant arboreal desert. The man with a camera goes daft over them. Whenever I took a picture, I found myself skirmishing about to see if I could include a tall suhuaro, as the giant cactus is called. If I could not find a suhuaro with its stately branches like a huge candelabrum, it was usually possible to find at least a spiny, many-branched cholla, the most unmitigatedly vicious of all cacti, or a flat-leaved harmless opuntia of the prickly-pear species. At the time of our journey the cacti were in blossom, to our great delight. It would be hard to find any flowers more beautiful than those which form a coronet of white around the tops of the giant cactus, and produce a many-seeded fig-like fruit, one of the staples of the diet of the Indians. The slender bells, some three inches long, are not pure white, but of a slightly creamy tint. Heavy masses of yellow stamens form a pleasing contrast to the pale petals, especially when a shiny black bee is burrowing for honey. The petals have a peculiarly soft quality, not sticky, but as if the surface had actual depth. The low-growing prickly-pear is by no means so aristocratic as the suhuaro, but its wide-open yellow blossoms, shading sometimes to lemon and sometimes to orange, have a very friendly quality. In the flowering season no cacti are so interesting as two closely similar species which have no common name, but are known to scientists as *Opuntia versicolor* and *Opuntia spinosior*. They are scraggly, branching forms from three to six feet high, with stems of many shades from purple to green. Ordinarily they are unattractive, but when the flowers come out, one is tempted to spend hours in wandering from one to another to see what the color will be. Each plant has its own peculiar color, the same when newly opened or

when fading. On some plants the flowers are almost green, on others pale yellow, orange, or brown. And as if this were not enough, one soon finds plants whose blossoms are bright pink or purple, or varying shades of red. A single plant never has flowers of more than one color, but one may look at scores of different plants and scarcely find two bearing the same shade.

The cactus has a pronouncedly archaic appearance. It almost seems as if it were born with the wrinkles of age in its plump body. All its life it has a somewhat superior air, as if its hoard of water were some precious family heirloom handed down through countless generations. Perhaps it would seem less like a remnant of earlier days if its acquaintance could be made more readily; but who can really know a plant so armed with spines? Cattle would gladly eat it, but when they attempt to do so they are almost sure to get thorns in their tongues. Often we saw prickly-pears whose leaves they had gingerly nibbled in attempts to obtain something green and juicy to relieve the monotony of a diet of dry grass which a winter drought had forced upon the cattle from September till the following summer. The cholla and other branching forms are too thorny to be eaten at all by animals. Their loose-jointed branches often break off as the cattle brush past them, and hang from the neck or flanks, rankling for days.

But the archaic appearance is deceitful. The cactus family is no remnant of a far-past age. On the contrary, it is one of the newest of the great families of plants. No real cacti have ever been found in the fossil state. The family seems to have originated so recently that it has not yet had time to spread beyond the limits of America. From Mexico, which was probably its original home, it has spread northward and eastward, so that one energetic little species of prickly-pear is found far away on the sunny side of steep hills in rainy Connecticut; while other species have penetrated far into South America. Most families of plants are much more widely disseminated than this, and have representatives in both the Old World and the New. The cacti appear to have originated so recently that since they began to spread there has been



A FOREST OF GIANT CACTI OF THE SAHUARO SPECIES

no land connection of such a kind that they could migrate from one hemisphere to the other. To be sure, the Mediterranean countries are full of the prickly-pear. Every one who has been in Greece in the autumn has seen venders with two baskets, one full of plump succulent fruits of a yellow or reddish tint and three or four inches long, and the other seemingly filled with rotten fruit of the same kind. When a buyer comes along, the purpose of the second basket becomes apparent. The vender with a dexterous sweep of his knife strips the skin from a prickly-pear and throws it into the basket on his left, while the buyer takes the juicy fruit and wends his way homeward undisturbed by the fear of pricking his fingers on the clusters of minute little thorns which stud its surface. The prickly-pear, however, is not a native of the Mediterranean countries. It was introduced into Spain from Mexico in the days of the Spanish conquerors, and has now spread far and wide.

The cactus represents almost the acme of Nature's clever method of adapting living forms to difficult types of environ-

ment. Beginning with species of plants which inhabited the water, she made a tremendous step forward when a few plants learned to live upon the land. Since that day the progress of evolution has enabled vegetation to become more and more independent of a permanent and easily accessible supply of water. Our commonest plants take water from the soil even when there is so little that the human hand cannot feel the moisture. As the damper parts of the earth's surface became fully occupied, vegetation spread out into drier regions. In the last age of geological time Nature has outdone herself. She has produced a plant which can grow to the estate of a lordly succulent tree on mountain slopes so hot and sunny that for months it is painful at noon to touch the heated rocks which project among patches of the thinnest, scantiest soil. The cacti are far from archaic; they are the youngest and most highly developed among the families of plants—the most successful of living forms in the struggle with aridity, the masterpiece of Nature in the greenest of all earth's deserts.

Silver Poplin

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I HAVE a bad habit of reading in bed, by candlelight, in the old farmhouse where I live alone, my only companions being the whispers and shadows which are its only other inhabitants; and often when my book ceases to interest me, I turn to the quaint old patch-work counterpane instead, and strive to read its story, studying its old-fashioned botany, the almost forgotten flowers that used to grow on wall-papers and calico prints when our great-grandmothers were alive and rustled about the house so fragrantly in their spotless dimities—lavender and forget-me-not, tiny roses and yellow violets; and once, it seemed to me I saw the vanished hands of the woman who, piece by piece and thread by thread, stitched it together.

Her face, as I saw it one night, bent pensively over her sewing, seemed to be made of some brave and beautiful sorrow. Now and again she would raise her eyes and gaze with a long look through the window, where the autumn wind was rustling the seeded lilac boughs against the pane—a look that went beyond the world; and now and again she would answer back gently to a sweet but weary voice calling her, like the notes of a harpsichord, from the next room.

"Coming, sister," she would say, laying down her work; and while she was gone I would pick up the unfinished sewing and curiously eye the pretty, woven basket, overflowing with strips and remnants of poplin and bombazine, fragments of old wedding-gowns and morning wrappers, here a silken sleeve and there a figured scarf, all those odds and ends of feminine salvage that have been touched with the pathos and mystery of woman since Helen plied the distaff among her maidens or Penelope sat spinning at her wheel.

A fleeting glimpse, a picture torn from a lost book blown on the wind, a door half opened and then suddenly shut

again: many such glimpses and hints have come to me out of the past as I have lain thus in the silent night, drowsily studying the old counterpane, my lamp and I alone in the old house, surrounded by dark and silent rooms, where the old furniture creaks to itself, and the spiders weave among the old hangings—rooms from which sometimes muffled sounds, like unquiet breathing, seem to rumble forth and sigh along the passages. It is but the rising wind stealing under the uneven floors, or the squirrels that have made a home in the chimney, or the rats racing through the garrets; and yet . . . For the old house is a strange place; its walls are covered with invisible writing, and who knows what spiritual influences have not mysteriously passed into it from the lives that were once such ardent presences where now is but oblivion of their very names? This staircase was worn by many feet before ours went up and down and to and fro; and shall the feet of the dead leave prints behind them, yet their voices and the strong beat of their hearts pass without some immaterial record on the air they have breathed?

Such frail echoes and whispers of hushed voices I seem to catch sometimes in the silence; and about the old place, there are more tangible memorials of stories that are told, purposes and pre-occupations long since laid by, and even delicate dreams fallen to dust—or maybe still haunting the sleep I sometimes stand and watch over, the sleep of two who lie side by side in the quietest corner of the orchard, rained over by apple-blossoms, and happy with April birds.

Thirty years ago this particular April there was only one grave there; and up in the house might have been seen seated over their sewing, in the afternoon light, the gracious figures of a beautiful silvery-haired woman and a comely young girl of eighteen, Jane Lovejoy and her niece Hannah Bartram.

"Spring is late this year," said the older woman, raising her eyes from her sewing and looking wistfully down the gnarled old apple-orchard, just clouding over with a mist of coming green. Here was the face I had seen in the lamp-light bending over the old counterpane, but it seemed twenty years older, twenty years sadder, twenty years more beautiful.

"Yes, aunt, but it is on the way," answered the girl. "I saw a woodpecker and a blue jay running about among the apple-trees this morning, and the honey-suckle by the barn is full of buds."

"I must take a walk down the orchard," said the aunt, as she had said it just in the same way at this season of the year as long as her niece could remember, and her niece smiled gently to herself as the old lady added, what also she had never failed to add:

"I wonder what flowers your mother was gathering about this time?"

"Shall I get her flower-album, aunt?" answered the girl, as she asked every year.

"Yes, do. That's a good child . . ." and as her niece left the room she continued to herself, "Dear Lydia! She was so fond of flowers . . ." and her eyes gazed tenderly again down the orchard.

Presently the girl returned with a large portfolio containing stout sheets of yellowing paper, on which were pressed with dainty skill various wild flowers of the district, the name of each, in English and Latin, being written in a pretty old pointed hand, with the date of its gathering and the signature of its gatherer, thus: "*Hepatica triloba*—Round-lobed Hepatica. April 4, 18—. Lydia Lovejoy." Aunt and niece bent over this sacred picture-book of a far-off spring together, turning the fragile pages with tender care.

"How wonderfully they have kept their color," said the old lady. "They have been gathered for nearly fifty years. Your mother then would be just about your age, Hannah . . . Yes! you see: '*Viola pubescens*—Downy yellow violet. April 7, 18—.' Ah! how fond she was of yellow violets!"

"They are coming out already. I saw them this morning," said the niece, a softness in her voice hinting that she had seen them growing by her mother's grave.

"So soon?" said the aunt, and then added, "but it is very sheltered there."

Yes! it was very sheltered there. Jane Lovejoy's voice seemed unconsciously to give a secondary deeper meaning to the simple words, as though the shelter of that green peace seemed good and even fortunate to her memoried heart.

Presently, when they had come to the end of the flowers, she rose, and tying on her quaint New England bonnet, kissed her niece gently, and said, "I am going for a little walk in the orchard"; and her niece, who loved her, watched her tall, graceful figure pass down through the trees crimsoned with the setting sun.

Hidden away, as now, in a thicket of brambles and wild-rose bushes, at the far end of the orchard, was a little walled enclosure overhung by apple boughs and set thick with wild flowers and wandering vines. Nestling among these was a plain granite slab, bearing just a name and a date—"LYDIA BARTRAM: 18—." Though the lettering had been kept clear and free, nature had evidently been encouraged to make the sad stone a part of itself, and moss and lichen had softened its hard gray with patterns of tender green, and tiny bells of white-cupped flowers. And, yes! the yellow violets were lighting up the little enclosure with their delicate gold. As Jane Lovejoy passed in and knelt by her sister's grave, a robin broke out into song near by, that first sweet call of the awakening spring, so doubly sweet after the darkness and silence of winter.

"Dear Lydia!" cried Jane, softly, as she tenderly smoothed the lichened stone with her hand; and there she knelt a long time in reverie, till, the sun fading, the shadows began to thicken. Then, gathering some of the yellow violets, "Dear Lydia!" she said again, softly, and walked slowly back up the orchard, with a smile like starlight on her face.

When she returned to the house, she found that her niece had a visitor, a handsome lad, the son of a neighbor. He was home from Yale for the Easter holidays, and the two young heads were bent together over the old flower-album. Aunt Jane smiled gently to herself. Yes, spring was once more in the world. The old, ever-young flowers were blooming again, and a new generation of human



Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader

A TALL GRACEFUL FIGURE PASSING DOWN THROUGH THE TREES

flowers was there to gather them. But the reflection had no bitterness for her. For her the dried flowers in that old book were just as real and far more fragrant than those springing in the meadows. Indeed, year by year, they grew more real and more fragrant, for her faithful love had transplanted them into a spiritual garden where they bloomed in a perennial April, safe from the winds and frosts of time. Happy are those who have the key of such gardens; and for many years now Jane Lovejoy's life had been such a garden, the key whereof was a pure heart, which memory and faith filled with a passionate peace that only natures at once deeply human and sincerely spiritual can attain. Love for her was the more real because it had passed out of the light of the sun and ascended into an invisible sphere, and the so-called memories in which she lived were no mere shadows of the past, but radiant actualities, alive for her in a finer present of the soul. Those who said of Jane Lovejoy that she "lived in the past" used words without understanding, regarding her as a forlorn and singular survival, alone in a world in which she no longer had visible ties or interests, and waiting only the signal to "follow where all is fled." But this was to misconceive her, and entirely to miss the meaning of that light in her face, which, for those with eyes to see, meant a vivid life still being lived day by day on a finer plane of being. It would have been nearer the truth to say that the past lived in her, still went on living to finer issues, bringing to her ever rarer joys and satisfactions. For she was one of those for whom a great feeling once profoundly known is an immortal thing, a sacred fire kindled in the soul beyond the power of time or circumstance to quench; and for those whom she loved there was no such thing as death. Visibly withdrawn from her, maybe, they but took on finer embodiments in the creative ether of her immortalizing love. As we ask not visibility of perfumes, yet do not for that reason doubt their mysterious life and power, so with Jane Lovejoy's memories. They were to her as spiritual perfumes, evoking presences and experiences "more real than flesh and blood."

The sister whom she had loved, first

with a younger sister's poetic devotion, and afterward with a closer bond in which suffering had its part, was actually more real to her, this April day, though the yellow violets had flowered down there in the quiet orchard for nearly twenty years, than when she had filled the old house with her romantic bloom and conquering girlhood, more real even than when later their hearts had lain side by side in the union of tragic sorrow; and literally it seemed to her that, when the sweet, tired voice called her no longer from the next room (as I had heard it call to her that night as she sewed on my old counterpane), they had both passed through the valley of the shadow together, and that both had come out together into the light beyond, a light in which they were still walking—together: sisters still, sisters as they had never been when they went laughing through the spring meadows gathering those old flowers over which the two young heads were bending, with a hushed sense of an inconceivably remote "past and gone."

Past and gone! Aunt Jane smiled, with a sense of the pathos of youth, to think how shadowy indeed the world in which she lived must seem to those two young heads, who, doubtless, in their hearts regarded her and her memories with a pitying sense of the pathos of age. Yet perhaps the thought passed through her mind that both she and they were at one, in that both were living in a dream-world—they in youth's dream of the future, she in age's dream of the past. One was looking forward, the other looking back. That was the only difference. Neither, as the world regards it, was living in any actual present, on any plane of visible realized fact. And of the two, surely the so-called dreams of age had the advantage of reality; for the dreams of youth might never come true, whereas the dreams of age had come true, and were therefore true forever. Youth might find the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow, but age had found it. Hopes were elusive things, but memories were so much treasure safely coffered in the faithful heart, as real as the tangible symbols of them, making fragrant mahogany bureaus and lavendered wardrobes:—old letters still eloquent of their writers, who, after all, had but changed their address

and were possibly nearer to one now than then; shadowy dresses still rustling with coquetry and filled with disturbing sweetness; books their readers had but put down for a moment, with embroidered markers keeping the place; needlework still in progress, all ready to take up again, with the threaded needle anchored securely at the last stitch; lovely linen, true snows of yesteryear, flower-sweet in cedar presses for the honored guest—the dreams of age were no less real than these.

In all such old treasures of the heart Jane Lovejoy was surpassing rich, and though her daily life was lived in a conscious companionship with her memories, there were seasons of the year when she made it a sort of ritual to refresh her spirit by the devoted contemplation of her various riches, much as Holy Church on certain festivals makes solemn exhibition of her sacred relics for the spiritual regeneration of the multitude. Chief of these seasons was Easter, as was natural, being, as it is, a time when the visible world, in the green resurgence of its buried life, seems a parable of the invisible world, with its mystic resurrection of heart and soul:

“How sweetly blows the Resurrection horn
Across the meadows, over the far hills!
In the soul's garden a new sweetness stirs,
And the heart fills,
As in and out the mind blow the soft
airs. . . .”

It seemed to her, indeed, hardly a mere fancy, as she pulled out old drawers and threw open old cupboards, that the very relics themselves wore an air of vernal freshness, that the faded ink had a new brilliance, and that the old silks had taken on a new sheen; and, though she had all her treasures by heart, yet it seemed, each year, that she found something new, something that had escaped her before. New meanings came out in the old letters; she seemed to catch new glimpses into those hearts so long still for others, but for her yet warm and beating, to understand them better each year. Half-forgotten traits of character, little tricks of voice and gesture, would come back to her with new expressiveness. So a book we have read many times continues to surprise us with unsuspected touches, and a picture we have looked at all our

lives, lit by some tender ray of April sunlight, will suddenly bloom with a new significance.

Jane Lovejoy herself, too, seemed visibly to share in the rejuvenescence of the season, so markedly indeed that it had become matter of notice among her neighbors how she seemed suddenly to grow young again each Easter, and, as the year advanced, fade back again into a silver middle age, which, however, always retained a sort of wistful girlishness.

“How pretty you look this morning, Aunt Jane!” her niece would find herself exclaiming, with something of that accent of delighted surprise in her voice with which one discovers that a rose has suddenly opened overnight.

“When is Easter this year, my child?” her aunt would ask.

“As if you didn't know, you dear old thing!” her niece would answer, throwing her arms affectionately about her neck. And something like a secret blush would steal into the old cheek, the dainty skin of which was indeed still like a girl's.

So it was every year, and so this year again.

Now, Easter Day for Aunt Lovejoy was the occasion of a mysterious observance on her part, which had long piqued the curiosity and provoked the comment of the district. She had vouchsafed no explanation of it to any one, and it passed for what was called her “oddity”—the word applied to describe a certain quaint archaism which usually marked her mode of dress, her air of old-fashioned distinction and general look of “living in the past.”

Several days before Easter Sunday she would take from a wardrobe, where it had hung undisturbed since precisely the Easter before, a dainty gown of silver poplin, as fresh as though it had but just left the dressmaker, though it was actually in the style of some thirty years before. A new softness would come into her eyes as she spread the gay little frock out upon the bed to air, examining it here and there with feminine attention, its hooks and eyes and various mysterious fastenings, and making sure that the moth-balls had duly protected it during its seclusion. Satisfied that all was in good order, she would next unswathe from its tissue wrappings a bewitching bonnet of



Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

CHURCH GALLANTS NOWADAYS HAVE NO SUCH CHARMING THINGS TO SAY

the same period, and one by one lay upon the bed various other articles, which together had completed the Easter-morning costume of a young lady some thirty years before. In fact, this was the costume in which Jane Lovejoy had fluttered the hearts of the country dandies at morning service on an eventful Easter Sunday, precisely twenty-seven years before; and in this costume, each succeeding year, from some fancy which she had kept hidden in her heart, she had continued to appear at church on Easter morning. She never wore it on any other occasion, and always changed it for her usual costume immediately on returning home.

In the telling, it may sound as though the apparition of Aunt Lovejoy, on Easter morning, seated this year, as on other years, in the old high-backed Lovejoy pew, dressed as she had been dressed nearly thirty years before, would strike a painful note of a grotesque old-maidhood, pitifully parodying a bygone youth; but the surprising fact was quite otherwise—for with her girlish toilette her girlhood seemed veritably to have come back also. Though indeed the ringlet which escaped coquettishly from beneath her gray silk "cottage bonnet," an adorable creation setting her face in an oval of artful flutings and tiny pink rosebuds, and tied under her chin with voluminous pink ribbons—though that ringlet, once gold, had now changed to silver, the blue eyes that looked from under the bonnet were so full of light, the cheeks so radiantly fresh, and the figure so lithe and straight, that it seemed as though a veritable miracle had happened; as indeed in a sense it had, for youth is of the soul, and Jane Lovejoy's soul had never grown old. But of all the mornings of the year, it was on Easter morning that that indestructible spirit of youth in her glowed with fullest radiance, fed as it was at the hallowed fire of an immortal memory. Twenty-seven years ago, her eyes, looking up with a light hardly more liquid than now, had suddenly met the gaze of love. Demurely her eyes had fallen again—but the world had changed. It was all of man's love that Jane Love-

joy was destined to know, for those handsome eyes that had too carelessly lit a deathless fire in her heart had passed on to a fairer face—the face of the sister she loved; Lydia, so much more conqueringly beautiful than she—and from that face the eyes had roved no more till a soldier's death had closed them, and her beautiful Lydia had returned to the old home, broken-hearted, leading little Hannah Bartram by the hand.

Thus the love that she brought so faithfully to that grave among the yellow violets, as to an altar, was enriched by that other lonely love which had only existed in her own heart, and whose only joy could be the noble joy of absorption in another's happiness. In loving her sister she loved him, and in loving their child she loved both—and it was this unearthly love that had set so holy a light in her face, and transfigured her into a radiant dreaming girl again as she sat there, so lovely a harmony of pink and silver, in a cloud of poplin flounces, her black lace mantilla falling coquettishly from her graceful shoulders, and her eyes bent on the same little prayer-book they had looked up from so fatefully twenty-seven years ago.

At that moment two handsome young eyes were looking across at the Lovejoy pew with boyish worship, and, seated by her aunt's side, Hannah Bartram knew well that they were looking.

There were those in the church who had been there, too, that other Easter, and one of these, now grown to be an old philosopher, with a courtly air that seemed to belong to the same period as Aunt Lovejoy's poplin, had a charming thing to say to her as, the service ended, the little congregation loitered its way out into the spring sunshine.

"Jane," he whispered, for he was an old friend, "you remind me of a saying of Swedenborg's, that 'in heaven the angels are advancing continually to the spring-time of their youth, so that the oldest angel appears the youngest.'"

I fear that the church gallants nowadays have no such charming things to say.

Without Benefit of German

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

THE Illustrator pointed out to me that it was our duty to motor Lucilla from Carlsbad into France. She was his cousin, he said, and she was less apt to tumble into pitfall arms opened by automatic noblemen at the sight of an American girl if she went on with us instead of continuing with the party who had brought her into Austria.

This ruffled me. "Oh, we know a few noblemen," I replied. We were toiling up the hill after two glasses of Sprudel water with only a soft-boiled egg ahead of us, and I was blamelessly snappy.

The Illustrator, who possesses the sort of cunning apparent to a child, panted out something complimentary. Though blood is stronger than a wedding-ring, he was willing to admit that Lucilla was a sentimental idiot ready to fall in love with any other idiot, preferably a foreign one, and that my good common sense would be just the safeguard she needed to get her back to America unattached. The Illustrator thought that the girl, after two years of convent life in France, ought to have a look at our men, anyhow.

He spoke of the sight ahead of her as a privilege, and had I been sitting comfortably on a bench I should have agreed with him. But there was no top to the hill whatever, and its absence, coupled with the reference to "good common sense," which suggests everything plain and flat-chested, brought out the worst that was in me. The worst in this case happened to be the truth.

"You know you're only asking her because she speaks German and we don't," I gasped, hanging on to the railings while I delivered the blow.

My adversary stopped also and looked at me, hurt, but abandoned the expression after a few seconds' straining, as it was too dark for me to see. I moved on moodily, but a song rose to his lips, with which he filled the air. Indifferently he

treated it, almost unconsciously he sang, as one drops into the language he loves best. And no one will ever know the English or the German of it. At last the noise ended; he glanced at me for approval; the light of a lamp fell upon our faces; we saw each other in our weaknesses; we laughed, and straightway the top of the hill was reached!

Of course we didn't tell Lucilla, when we asked her to accompany us, that our polyglot chauffeur who spoke all tongues was not returning with us. The Illustrator feared she might believe she was needed only as interpreter, and I feared that she would not have the same faith in her cousin as a driver which we all instinctively enjoy in those who are hired to sit at the wheel. But the girl had small interest in such things when they were discovered.

"I adore motoring," was her statement. "I always feel that I am rushing on swiftly and more swiftly to the Great Adventure that is somewhere waiting for me."

One German baron arose and groaningly went his way, but her cousin treated the quest simply. "Oh yes, plenty of adventures, Lucilla. Every sign-post leads to one—especially if we take the wrong sign-post."

"There's something mystic about those fingers, isn't there?" said the young lady from school. "Always pointing, pointing—and toward what?"

"I'm afraid you'll find it a little dull," I suggested to her. She was a pretty girl, and I didn't want her to be disappointed on her first invasion into the world.

"It won't be dull," she assured me. "Something always happens when I am around that is unexpected. Besides, there will be the open country, you two dears, and my book."

This reference to literature brought the subject around to German. "Take

all your library," advised her cousin, with his usual uneasy facetiousness when he must touch on truths. "You know you'll have to speak a little German for us."

"One needs only Heine," answered Lucilla, vaguely.

Slightly suspicious, but not disheartened, we made ready for the start. The girl had one handkerchief to wave to her adoring swains—and one tear. She sat by the Illustrator's side, a charming picture of expectancy, and watched the long, white road like sister Anne from the tower. Though she saw no sheep, it was a matter of triumph to me, her duenna, that she could discover nothing more romantic than geese. There were geese until Elbogen, and children by the score begging for pennies, then there was the castle for distraction and Lucilla's first attempt at German.

"It's this way," said the Illustrator. "If there is no closing of the customs at the lunch hour, we won't be delayed upon reaching the frontier, and I might as well stay here and make a sketch. Just ask this gendarme, Lucilla."

His cousin opened her large eyes to look apprehensively at the man demanding so free a use of the future tense. "I don't know that I will find that in my book," she murmured.

"In what book?" we asked her.

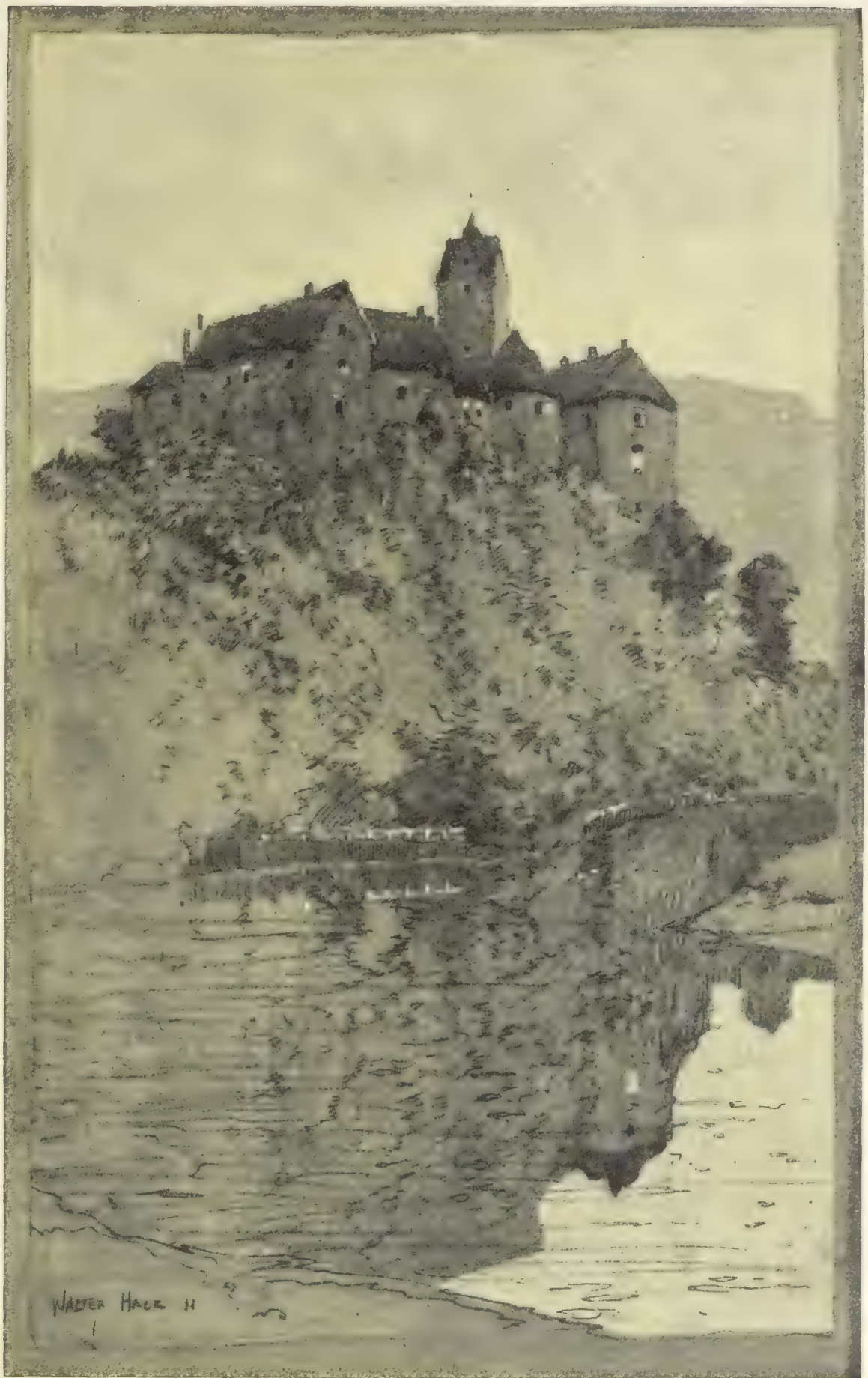
"Why, in my Heine," was the answer.

There was a cold pause. We looked at

her while from a pocket she drew a well-worn volume. It seemed Lucilla's turn to speak. She did speak. "You see, Heine's verse is beautiful, and I have what we call in school an interlinear, so anything of course that's in the book I can say."

The Illustrator sat down weakly on his muddy tire. I tried to catch his eye, but the coward dared not look my way.

Lucilla had opened the volume; small boys collected around us and asked if we would to the castle bekommen. The Illustrator stamped his foot at them, shrieking aloud, "Begonen!"



THE CASTLE OF ELBOGEN

"I had thought," said Lucilla, "that there might be some reference to customs and lunch under 'Pictures of Travel,' but there seems to be nothing about food at all except—oh yes! How would this do?"

This young man, so good and worthy,
Cannot be too much respected;
Oft he gives me wines and oysters,
Gives me liquors well selected."

Before she had completed the verse her voice had trailed off uncertainly. The situation was growing desperate; the Illustrator more so. "If we were only on shipboard we would be all right," he kept assuring us, until even Lucilla was a bit cross and asked him what that had to do with it.

"Perfectly simple," he asserted. "I studied a very good phrase-book all the way over on the boat so as to talk with the German captain, but I didn't get any farther than nautical expressions. Now I can say, 'She looks like a fishing-smack,' so that any one will understand me."

"Well, say it," scoffed Lucilla and I—for some reason or other, I had gone over to the cousin's side.

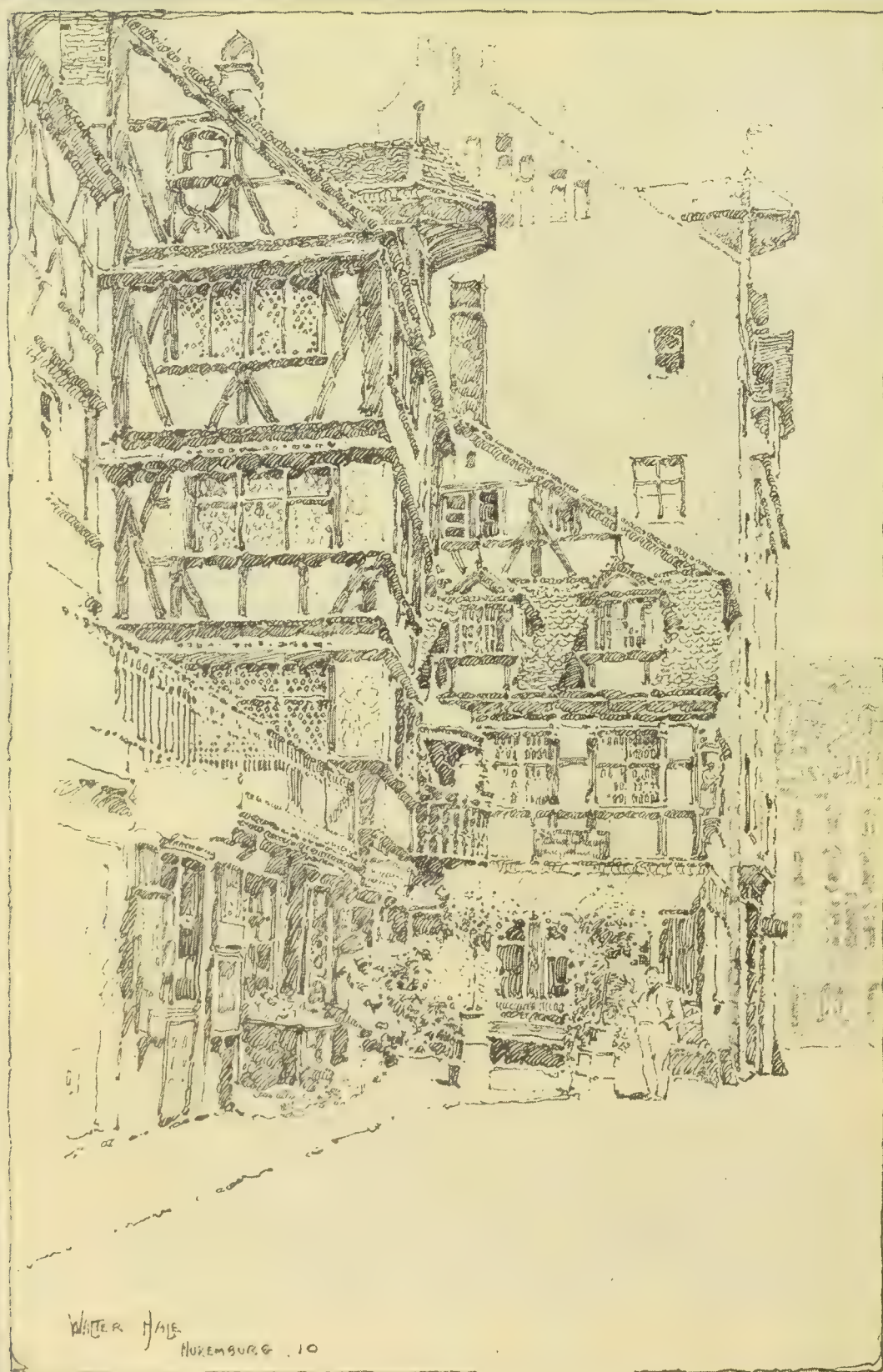
"Es sieht aus wie ein Fischer Boot," cried he to the multitude.

A large peasant woman who had joined the crowd advanced upon him and replied in a flow of choice words which we did not understand. The crowd felt that she could properly resent being likened to a fishing-smack and urged her on. We

all three climbed into the motor; the lady would climb also. "Halten!" rang out upon the air, and at the same moment an elegant young man on a motor-cycle shot into view. Lucilla looked back at me, and I quailed—her adventure had begun!

All prospective lovers are wrapped in mystery to the young girl; what is tiresomely plain to the disinterested outsider is seen by her through the seven veils of her romantic illusions. But the young man, whose timely arrival and native tongue adjusted our difficulties, remained enshrouded like a mummy even in our worldly eyes. He spoke not but understood our language; he wore English clothes, was without a signet-ring, and looked American; this last the Illustrator noticed, but his cousin said he was prejudiced.

We met the stranger at the frontier an hour later, and the Illustrator



OLD HOUSES OF NUREMBERG



ROTHENBURG, OF ANCIENT NAME, OF RECENT FAME

was very glad indeed to see him. The Austrian officer, who should have paid us a goodly sum of money which we had deposited upon entering the country, refused to give us back a heller. He talked a great deal about it and did not get angry, although the Illustrator called him a thief (in English). He flapped a paper in our face and we flapped one back. We turned to Lucilla and besought her to help us.

Lucilla went through her Heine diligently. "Here is something," she said, "but it has 'Kiss me, sweetheart,' in it, and I don't want to confuse him."

The Illustrator, who was caring less and less about family honor every minute, said if it would help at all to read the verse anyway, and we would see that he didn't accept her invitation. I interfered here. Lucilla remained surprisingly indifferent. She looked again and decided upon:

"O my golden ducats dear,
Tell me why ye are not here!"

The Illustrator was fearfully ashamed and walked away while she read it to the officer. She even showed him the book. The Austrian went into his little house and closed the door, and we could hear humiliating sounds like laughter. We were very much discouraged. As Lucilla admitted, it was the only time in his whole life that Heine had ever referred to money, and if this didn't get the officer nothing would. "And yet there must be a way," she continued, looking back over the road we had just covered. Indeed, we were all looking back, but with less hope than was in Lucilla's heart. But he came, although we thought he had run back to Carlsbad. He came, and I could have taken oath that the knapsack which was now strapped on behind had not been there before. I did not tell this to Lucilla.

The mysterious stranger was a man of parts. He could talk with the officer, who at once presented his flapping paper to our rescuer upon our yielding ours to

him; and for the document, which was only a sort of check, as the Austrian frontier had run out of French gold, the stranger gave him money. This was passed on to us. We all shook hands, talked at him, and swept away, leaving the chugging cycle far behind—leaving our leader in the rear.

Once did Lucilla protest. "You go so fast; how can he follow us!" was her unsophisticated plea. The Illustrator looked severe, I looked severe; but the man at the wheel knew that fresh tire tracks are unmistakable; and I had whispered to the stranger, "Nuremberg." I blushed as I did it, but the terror of the Germanless in Germany had made me bold.

Still, as the girl had confided to me while we loitered for a time in Neustadt, it was better to have him back of us than ahead, for sooner or later we could get into difficulties (yes, she said "could") and then he would catch up. Her viewpoint was not commendable. She offered no apologies for what the Illustrator called her Heinous German. Indeed, her chief contention, when we fell upon her with reproaches for not finding "oil" and "carbide" and such precious words, was that, had she known them, nothing so romantic as the stranger would have come into our lives. "There would have been no adventure," she concluded.

"But we don't motor for adventure," said her cousin in kindly bell-like tones.

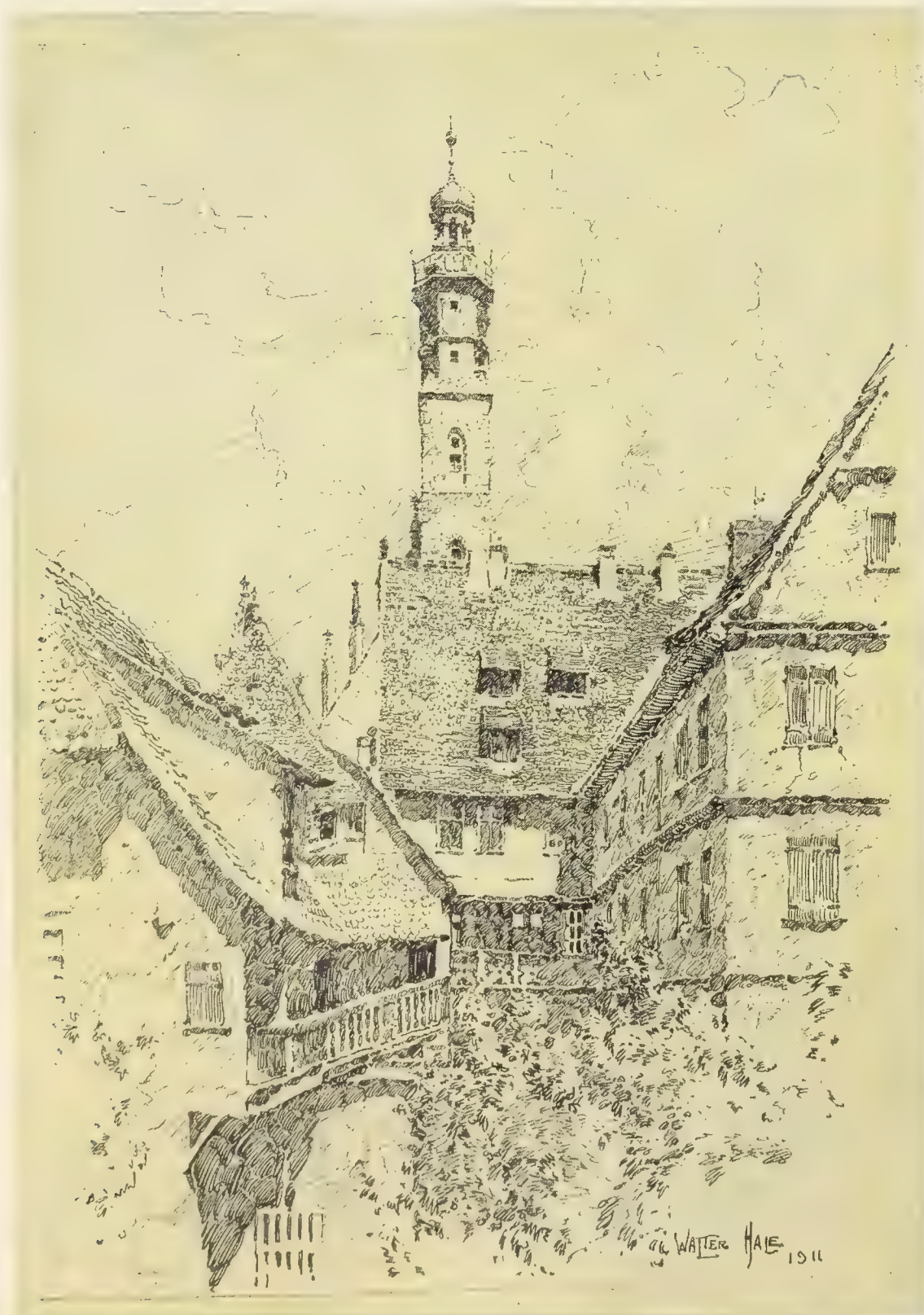
"Oh, of course not," replied Lucilla, looking at us with commiseration in her young eyes. "I forgot."

"Now, why 'of course not'?" fretted the Illustrator as we two aged ones tottered away from her. "Does she suppose that you and I can find no beauty in this world because we're over thirty? Aren't we both adoring this old street, these overhanging houses, these bursts of flowers at every window?"

I pinched his arm. "But we're adoring it together, aren't we?"

"By Jove! yes," he admitted. Then reflectively, with some of the compassion the girl had felt for us: "Poor Lucilla!"

Though our sympathies for the girl were awakening, we were conscious of our duty, which first and foremost was to



A ROTHENBURG "BACK YARD"

get her home for one look at our Young America. After Sulzbach the Illustrator grew almost impatient of this duty to his cousin. He made a grievance of it. If Lucilla were not along we could take this excellent courier with us, strap his motorcycle to our luggage, and talk to him all the way about ourselves without having to ask politely of himself. He pooh-poohed my suggestion that had there been no Lucilla there might have been no cycling guardian angel.

After Sulzbach, Lucilla took the back seat. She no longer looked forward for adventure. At Sulzbach we had been fortunately rescued from staying overnight by the mysterious stranger. We had stopped only for coffee, but, unobserved, the porters had taken off the baggage and there were no words for going on.

"Try, Lucilla, try," we urged the girl. She opened her book leisurely. I am convinced now that if Lucilla had tried harder and tried more quickly we need not have thrown ourselves once more upon the overtaking cyclist. "Tell them we expect to motor until late, but we must get to Nuremberg."

"I can't find Nuremberg, but here is something that might give them an inkling:

'We traveled alone in the gloomy
Post-chaise the whole of the night;
Each leaned on the other's bosom,
And jested with hearts so light.'

Of course," she added, hastily, "I needn't read the last two lines, and I can take



A RUINED CASTLE ON THE NECKAR

off that little past thing to travel and make it present."

I was very doubtful about it. "The Germans haven't as much humor as the Austrians, and you know what that fishing-smack did."

"Then I'll have something for the landlord immediately," she cried, turning to the next page and reading:

"'Art thou indeed so hostile,
Art thou tow'rd me changed so sadly?'"

"No," said the Illustrator, once more the man of honor. "You can't say 'thou' to an innkeeper. It is impossible."

"Then," said the girl, closing the book, "there is nothing for us to do but wait."

"I don't know what you mean by 'wait,'" said her cousin, peevishly, walk-

ing away so that she couldn't tell him. Three hours afterward we arrived in Nuremberg, and removed the evidence of travel from our weary selves.

"Only a day," said the Illustrator, "but it has seemed years. I look into the mirror and see an old man, an ignorant old man who wouldn't study German when a boy."

With my usual contrariness, I was feeling kindly toward motoring. I always did, after the run—a sense of gratitude that I was still alive, no doubt. I besought him to recall the pine forests, charming villages, cloud effects. He snorted me into silence. He wanted to know how one could enjoy the clouds when at any moment one might run over a goose. "And what could we have said to the policeman if we had run over a goose?"

I suggested that we could always offer money, but he waved this aside. "That is one of the terrible things about the Germans: you feel that they are honest. It is what makes the race so ill-favored and so superior. They know German and they are honest. No one could be good-looking and speak German; the sound of the language makes them ugly. And there is nothing left a homely person but honesty."

It was impossible to interrupt him in his rash deductions. "No, we shall drive hard," he continued, "until we reach France, corrupt France, homelike France. To France! will be our cry. I know that word 'to,' anyway. Nach France! Nach! Nach!"

"I did knock," came the gay voice of Lucilla through the door. "But you're in such a state you wouldn't hear Gabriel's trump on your own motor-car." She entered. "I've been looking from my window, and who do you think has just arrived?"

"The stranger," said the Illustrator.

"How did you guess?" she pouted. Her eyes were dancing; the corners of her mouth were turning up. "First he stopped at the hotel opposite and asked something, then he stopped here and asked something, and now he's sitting in our little garden drinking beer."

"If he could only go with us," I sighed.

"It wouldn't be fair to Lucilla," said her cousin, hovering about the door.

"Oh, I shouldn't mind," said Lucilla.

"Let us leave it this way," I decided. "If he asks absolutely outright to go along we can't refuse him, for he has been so kind. Now, remember—if he asks."

"Where's my hat?" said our guardian, leaping for it. There was the grim determination of Macbeth about him.

When we descended the two were in the little garden; they hunched up to each other at our approach as though they were old comrades. The first attack was through the medium of Heine. Lucilla, having the book, was obliged to sit beside the stranger. They ate Schweine Cotelett mit Eingemachten Gurken, yet Heine would have done the same. The Illustrator and I talked meaningless phrases to each other.

"We were sorry to have to go ahead of you to-day," the little cousin said. The stranger intimated by some good foreign shrugging that it could not be helped, and after a rustling of pages the poet also assisted:

"My carriage is traversing slowly
The greenwood merry and bright."

He read the German sonorously. Lucilla translated aloud. We insisted upon that—for propriety's sake.

"Yes, a motor-cycle is slower," agreed the girl, in a low voice, as though there were a death in the family. The stranger became very sorry for himself and scratched around among the leaves to make his grief plainer:

"The trees in the autumn wind rustle,
The night is humid and cold;
I ride all alone in the forest,
And round me my gray cloak I fold."

Lucilla thought it was dangerous for him to go alone. The cyclist looked bravery; life was nothing to him. Heine backed him up:

"Within my breast there sits a woe
That seems my breast to sever;
Where'er I stand, where'er I go,
It drives me onward ever."

As we rose I discovered that the Illustrator was making fearful eyebrows at our guest, at which the Teuton, after one despairing eyebrow back, leaned across the table and addressed us. His inflections were pleading, but it was

the Illustrator only who seemed to understand him.

"He is asking to go with us," he asserted, forcing an element of surprise into his voice.

I withered him. "What makes you so dishonest? You don't know a word of German."

"Ja, ja," nodded the stranger.

"See, he is saying 'Yes,'" cried Lucilla.

The Illustrator was torn with a happy thought. "I'll get the concierge; he can translate."

But the stranger seized him by the coat. "Nein, nein," he implored.

The Illustrator withdrew coldly. "Perhaps he isn't even speaking German," he suggested.

Fortunately our rescuer did not hear him, for Lucilla had thrust into his hand the book; she had opened it as one prays for a sign, and he read the sign aloud, while her pretty voice breathed out the English:

"Dismiss me not, although thy thirst
The pleasant draught has still'd;

Some three months longer keep me on,

Till I, too, have been filled."

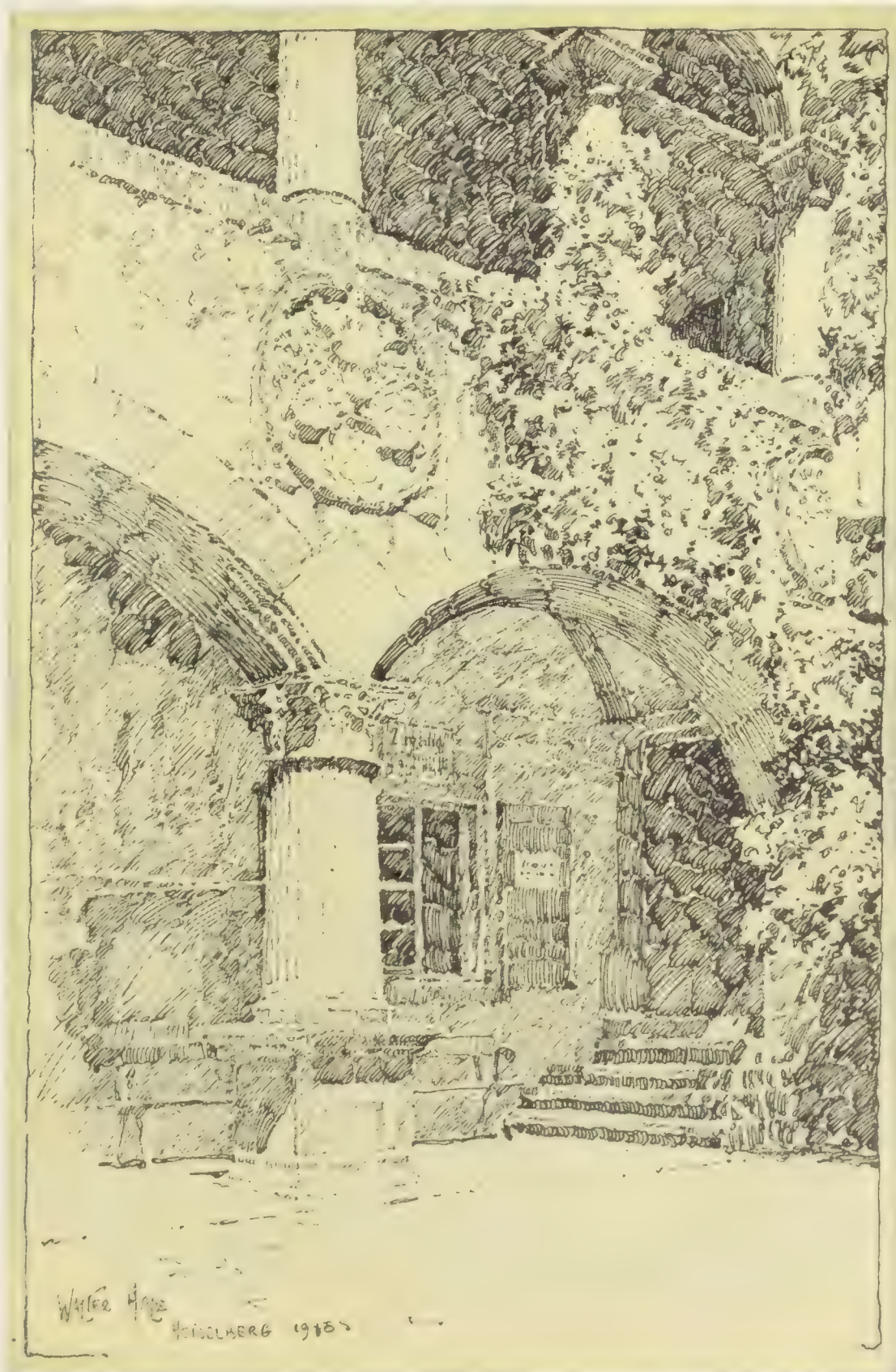
He kept his thumb over the next verse. "There," said Lucilla, "he's asked; now you make arrangements." Suddenly shy, she turned away.

There is no moral to this story. From the hour that we took the stranger into our circle we prospered. We grew normal and brave; we looked our Baedekers squarely in the face; we fought

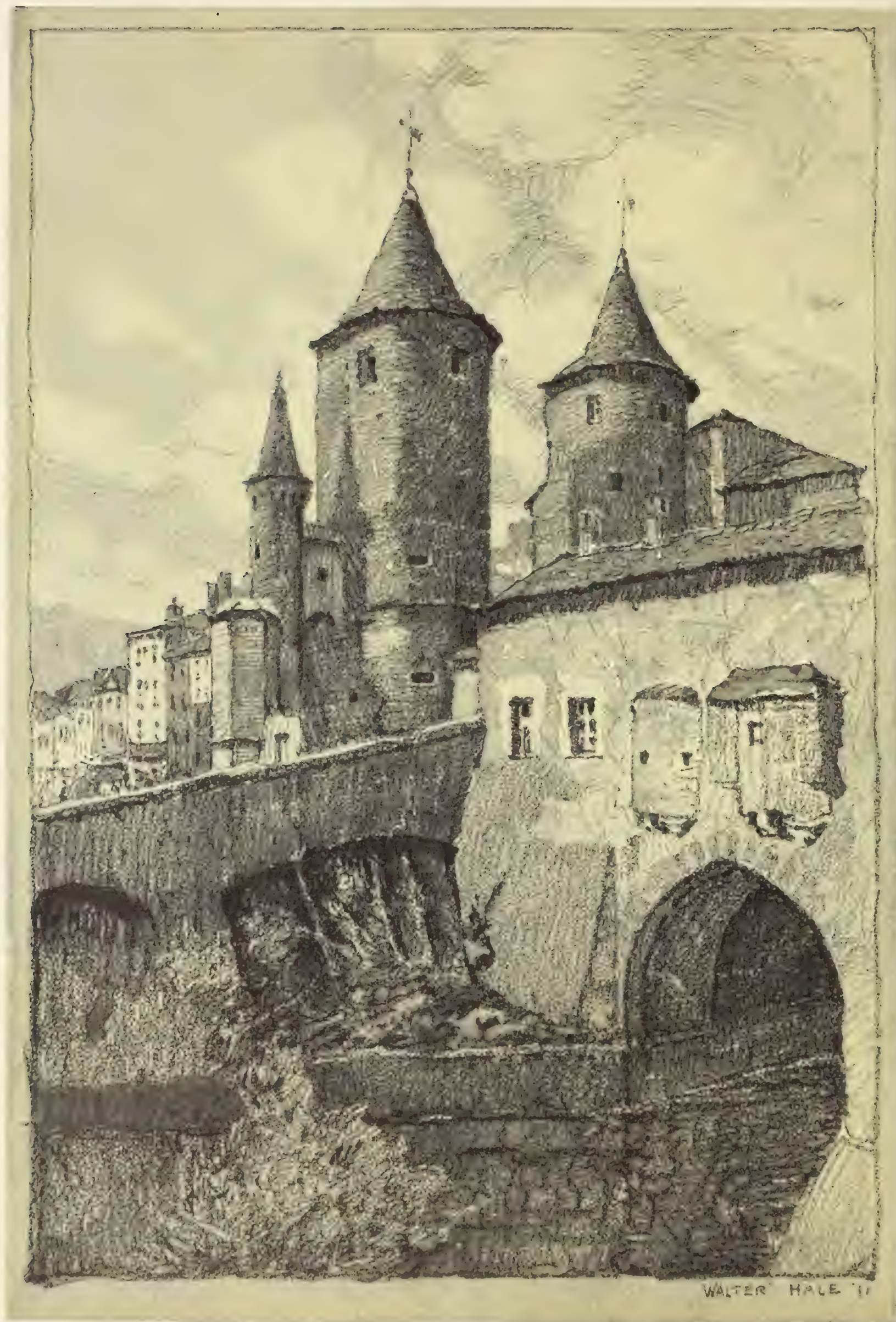
with cabbies. Nuremberg we criticised without fear of arrest.

Having sternly discovered the oldest house, the Illustrator sketched it. There was a lady inside the house who was almost as old. Inversely she took small delight in her aging premises, but showed a pitiful interest in her register, which contained some of the newest names in our United States.

It was by adding to her collection that we discovered the appellation of our guest. I had feared a count or baron; or, to be honest, I had hoped for such a title; or, to be fair to myself, I would have hoped for such a title but that this would have been bad for Lucilla. Having



A CORNER OF OLD HEIDELBERG



Drawn by Walter Hale

THE PORTE DES ALLEMANDS, METZ

everything we wanted in the way of an interpreter, the Illustrator and I now thought very often of the welfare of Lucilla. He was not a count or baron; he had no *von* to juggle with. He was Ludwig Baumgartner, at our service. Shortly after the discovery I was to be found whispering passionately to myself, "I don't believe it!" until Lucilla came out and joined in with me. She didn't believe it, either.

"But you must," I cried to her, angrily; "it's your salvation to believe it."

"I don't want to be saved," said Lucilla. And that made her a sinner, so I went off to tell her cousin.

The Illustrator was finishing his sketch and could allow himself to grow excited. "She'll pretend he is a prince or a grand-duke from now on," he said hopelessly, "and fade away to nothing over the prospect of a morganatic marriage." The Illustrator understood Lucilla.

"What shall we do?" I asked him. I could see the two in the distance looking over Heine. Herr Baumgartner could find anything he wanted to say to her when alone, apparently without difficulty. "Shall we go on without him?"

"No, indeed," hastened my consort; "that would be impolite."

"Well, what?"

"I've been studying the map. By easy runs we can reach the frontier, which is Metz, in three days. Now what can a slow German do in that time! Besides, it's only an adventure conjured by thought, and these lacerations of the imagination bear no scars."

I nodded. "Yes, dreams are dissipated with the morning, though I have known of dawns that break too soon."

The Illustrator yawned. "I never knew of any dawn that didn't break too soon—for me."

That afternoon was Rothenburg, of ancient name, of recent fame. It is what Nuremberg should be—was once, perhaps.

Lucilla did not treat me well in this place, and tried to get away from me. She and our guest had closed their Heine and walked around the walls in silence. I made flights from them to the Illustrator, who would not have left the subject he was sketching to check their marriage at the registrar's.

I dashed back to the couple. Lucilla was

saying awful things to him. "It is ridiculous," were her words; "but why is all this so like home? Why do I feel that way?"

Even I could get his answer. "Germany is home; my home, your home."

Once more back to the Illustrator. He was through. I rushed upon him. "Can we make Metz to-morrow night?"

"We can."

"Then we will."

"What's wrong?"

"They see a red fire glowing on a single hearth."

"They're sentimental fools."

"They're serious. I saw their eyes."

We slept that night at Heilbronn. My diary has little to say of it except that the town hall, the honey, and the waiters were excellent. I recall a sigh as I wrote that I must give so little space to the pleasant things that were happening to us and so much to this disquieting adventure. Always before, there was room to speak of towns and people and the condition of the road; now there was only Lucilla and Ludwig Baumgartner—Germany devoured by a little wobbly flame of love which we must quench. Divers ways have been employed for smothering a passion—pistols, poison, pillows; but I doubt if one ever before tried to outrun it in a motor-car.

As the Illustrator put it: "Get to Metz and say good-by to Ludwig before Lucilla says good-by to us."

I did my share. I sat with the girl in the back seat when we left Rothenburg. The two had looked at me dumbly, unprotestingly, as little ants must look up to us before our heels descend upon them. I was uncomfortable. After a while as we rushed into the blackness Lucilla slipped her hand in mine. "Never mind," she whispered; "it is too dark for Heine, anyway."

And I thought bitter things of the poet and had literary aspirations of outwitting him by my superior knowledge. I confided this to the Illustrator when the shades were drawn in Heilbronn, but he was unkindly sceptical. "You can't stop Heine," was his ultimatum, "but if you could steal the book, that would be a way to stop the Dutchman."

I grew dignified. "I wouldn't think of stealing," for at the time I saw no way of managing the thing; "but I might

borrow it, just for a time, yes, and—" I made for Lucilla's room. It was late before we slept, but neatly cut out with a penknife, and hidden underneath the cold, indifferent oilcloth, were certain scraps of definite pleading on the part of Heine. We were tired, and we found some comfort in the discovery that the poet seldom committed himself baldly.

At last Lucilla crept to the door and begged for the copy—to make her pillow higher. "If we must go so early," rose her soft voice, "then why not sleep a little?"

Guiltily we handed her our revised edition with all its honorable intentions laid to rest. Indeed, we were doubly guilty, for it was not until the morning, over the excellent honey provided by the excellent waiters, that the girl and Ludwig learned we were leaving Heilbronn early so as to reach Metz late. I dared only peep at her, though I saw the color beat in and out of her cheeks; but I have less sympathy for men—I stared at Herr Baumgartner. Then I stared harder, feeling in a tantrum, for Mynherr was delighted, plainly so. We all saw it and Lucilla's cheeks chose pale rose for the day.

Yet she played this grand game of "Adventure" which she had sought with no flagging of her spirit. And as for the adventurer (we called him that from Heilbronn—bitterly), he sat beside her with a caress in every guttural he uttered. By the river Neckar we steered our course to Heidelberg, villages for bell-buoys, ruined castles for lighthouses.

Before noon we came to Heidelberg, a city of excellent cuisine, scattered colleges, and lads in monkey-caps with faces seared or raw from wounds. They were not fine specimens; they were plump—inert; our traveling companion towered above them. We wheeled upon him with the common impulse to search his face for dueling cuts, but he bore no scars. A German with good manners and no scars—there was something questionable about Ludwig! "To Metz!" breathed the Illustrator, as one to whom a duty had become—strangely enough, for him—a pleasure.

We all felt the tension of that last ride together. It was long; it was rough; it was through cities where progress had planted a smoky finger and left the impress of bad manners. Our brother

motorists no longer waved a greeting, as was the custom of the country farther back. I gave a fleeting glance over my shoulder to Ludwig Baumgartner firmly sharing the back seat with Lucilla. I had thought that I might find her quite alone, that the romance was like this stuff that dreams are made of. But Herr Baumgartner was with us. Kindly, glowing, his eyes toward Metz, with one hand he grasped the Heine, while his other was hidden under Heine holding Lucilla's hidden hand!

I kept my secret from the driving Illustrator. My cheeks burned, but tolerance was in my heart and Metz was near. Already through the dusk was heard the sound of bugles, the beat of drums. Cavalrymen, swords clashing, rode by us; thick German soldiers stumped toward their barracks. French was heard with a German accent, German spoken with the timbre of the French.

At the Porte des Allemands we were halted for the passing of a troop of horse; smashing along with the air we took from England, they slipped from Germany. It served our purpose.

"My country, 'tis of thee," hummed the Illustrator.

"Sweet land of liberty," I continued.

"Of thee I sing," chimed in Lucilla.

Then something very splendid happened; for the anthem went on—in English—rumbled out in the fine barytone of our adventurer. And he knew all the words!

The Illustrator throttled down his engine and turned upon him. "Now will you tell me—"

"Yes," said Ludwig. "It was a wager; I was put on my honor that I wouldn't speak a word of English until I reached a frontier town—nor allow one who knew both tongues to help me out. Forgive me; you'll all forgive me, won't you?" But he was looking at Lucilla.

She was very pink, and her eyes shone. "You're an American?" she asked.

"Just that," he answered, simply.

"My name is Crandall. My home's in Orange."

"Why," smiled Lucilla, "my home's in Orange, too."

I pinched the Illustrator, and we leaped through the Porte des Allemands "nach France."

The Island

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT was not that I had been saving my island to show to Mr. Kent. But after I found it there wasn't any one I wanted to share it with until he came.

It was a very special island. The nose of the *Afterme* bumped into the little beach one day when I was paddling about in a pleasant sort of brown study. So I gave another stroke that sent her well up the shore and jumped out. I was alone, for I had been having rather a fad for my own company those first weeks. Every day before I started out I would put myself the question, "Whom do I want to have with me to-day?" And the answer was that I never took any one—and sneaked down to the float before the rest were through breakfast, if I saw intention in any one's "Good morning." Yet I wasn't exactly morose. I don't know when I have been in such a queer, solitary mood. I was tired out with the year's nursing; maybe that was the reason. At all events nothing at Berwick seemed particularly interesting that summer.

But on the day of the discovery I felt as if something were going to happen. And when I had pulled the *Afterme* up the one patch of sandy beach that wouldn't scratch her terribly, and made her fast, and scrambled up the rocks, my heart began to beat rapidly.

To begin with, from the bay nobody would have imagined that the island was different from the others that were scattered around. There were just the rocky ribs stretching down into the water, the patches of gray-green that looked like sere grass from the water, but were really moss and scrubby bushes, and a bit of forest at one end, worn jauntily like a bunch of aigrettes. I made for the trees. At the top of the heaped-up boulders they brandished their arms at me forbiddingly—gaunt arms that had yet been granted a sort of grace and

dignity from the hanging mist of gray moss that swathed them, hiding hollows, suggesting curves, accentuating the beauty of mere line and proportion—ghosts of veiling shrouding dowager trees.

I halted—a puff of wind came—every dowager extended an intrepid arm, hanging sleeves of silvery gauze dangling in my very face.

"Well, you nice old things!" I said aloud. "I like your spirit—I wouldn't let any intruding slip of a young thing in, either!" Gnarled gray-brown hands coquettishly drew their veils before their faces. I tried to push past them—spiky fingers caught my hair. I paused, discomfited.

"Dear ladies!" I said, softly. "Will you—of your grace? I am young and you are old. You know what's beyond—I wish to. And I'll guard your secret—indeed I will—unless you yourselves are willing to have it shared."

There were a stir and murmur of consultation, a swish and tumult of debate. I waited. There came a gust; slant lines of draperies rustled aside. And I went in.

There wasn't a path. My heart beat faster as I pleased myself by imagining that no one had been there before. At least there wasn't a cracker-box or gingerale bottle in sight. There were just ranks on ranks of sombre trees, the younger sisters of the sentry group, the clean springy floor of needles, nothing rank, nothing weedy; instead, the good tonic austerity of the northern forests, pine and balsam in the air, and the salt tang through all. For a time there was nothing louder than the far-away pounding of the waves except the padding of my own feet, and a whisper as each group in front of me bent to consult and waved arms in dignified consent.

Then I heard another sound, the murmur of a tiny stream. It seemed hardly to be believed, and I stood still to listen.

For a minute I lost it; it was drowned by the onrush of a heavier sea upon the shore. Then the sound came again, and, half knowing what it would be, I hurried forward to meet it.

The spring was on the farther side of the miniature forest; the grove opened to enclose a level space. It was all fresh green. Around the spring was a ring of deep moss and plummy fern; beyond it was a tangle of bushes and brakes; wherever the rock was hollowed out enough to have gathered a handful of soil, scarlet bunch-berries were bedded in their own green leaves—I had always loved to play with bunch-berries when I was a child.

But the spring! The water seemed so marvelously sweet as I drank from the cup of my hands; the placid welling-up of its brimming circle so noiseless beside the steady drone of the sea; the leap of its green-bordered outlet down the rocks so eager; the time so short before its tiny sweetness was lost in the vast salt. It all set me dreaming. It seemed like something within myself, something that veiled itself before the clumsy footsteps of the mind, that shrank with fear at the light and yet clamored to be free, until I felt that any one looking at the spring with me must know infallibly what that thing was, must read its mysterious murmur as I could not. It was then that I realized that the reason it all seemed so familiar was that it was the scene of my dream, the dream that had come to me again and again. Only here there wasn't the fire—and the queer thrilling fear.

I didn't care to go there again. Yet it was lovely somehow to have the island at the bottom of my consciousness during the weeks before Mr. Kent came.

"We may not be able to get home to tea," I said, on that first afternoon. I was waiting, paddle in hand, for Mr. Kent to take his seat.

"Oh, don't stay so long. I am never really happy about you when you are in a canoe." Mother tried to get the usual anxiety into her speech. But her mind was on the bridge appointment that she was late for. It was a contest that ran on indefinitely, with a four that had played its first rubber ten summers

before—and never, by any chance, admitted a new member. So the anxiety wasn't a great success.

"This is not the place for canoes." My brother Ned's disapproval as he made this stock speech was not as effective as it might have been did he not take the second Miss Reynolds out every morning after breakfast and every evening to see the sunset. This, too, was a game that had been taken up every summer since Ned's sophomore year at Harvard.

"All depends on the wind and tide, Mrs. Alyson." Mr. Kent's paddle slipped into the water with his easy, accustomed stroke. "We may have to make for harbor somewhere."

"It isn't hygienic to miss regular meal-times, is it, Nancy?" This was Ned's thrust at me because I had bored every one so during my training at Densmore. But as he spoke his eyes were directed meaningfully under the seat. And my face began to burn—for, to tell the truth, I had slipped down to the *Afterme* before any one else and put a box of lunch there. And I knew the corner of it must be poking out. I waited for Ned to proclaim it—feeling embarrassed, though I am sure I don't see why I should have been so; nobody ever stirred at Berwick without having food within reach. But I suppose they might have thought I wasn't quite frank about it this time—and it takes so little to make an enormous joke at a place like that. But for once Ned contented himself with an elder-brotherly shake of the head. So, as we pushed off, I wondered whether the affair with Miss Reynolds was really serious, after all.

It was all right for a few minutes, and almost what I had imagined it would be. The paddles went in rhythmically to a tune that I seemed to remember. We headed across the bay and skirted Hen Island. And then I realized that I ought to be tactful and get him to talk about the things he was interested in. So I said over my shoulder:

"Have you heard from the Rosenbaums lately?" That was one of the Russian Jew families whose woes he had been excited about. Mr. Kent was always trying to improve the condition of the toiling masses. It made his friends feel sometimes that he was more interested in the toiling masses than in them.

"'The Rosenbaums'?" he repeated, absently, bringing his eyes from the holes his paddles made to the back of my head. I could see that he looked exactly as if he were afraid of me—only, of course, that was impossible. "Oh, I thought we had decided they were better left alone. At all events I haven't seen them—since you left."

"Are the Whittemore people making expenses?" I asked this in a business-like tone. It was a lace-making concern that he had been instrumental in starting.

"Oh"—he dug his paddle into the water in a way that made the little *Afterme* wobble—"the head worker was sentimental. And just as we got her trained she married!" His tone was full of indignation. "Anyway, I have rather lost interest in the concern—lately. Been thinking about—something else." He raised his eyes and looked at me furtively an instant. It's absurd what indefinite things will seem to mean a lot to you at the time—you simply can't define your changes of mood. But I began to feel awfully cheerful.

"Have you seen Helen and Doctor Dietrich?"

He nodded impatiently. "I suppose they would have it that they're 'happy.' I know they're everlastingly uninteresting. I dined with them last Thursday. Dietrich's absolutely spoiled—unless he was always a silly ass." Really Mr. Kent's expression was savage.

"I think they're dear, both of them."

"Oh, I suppose so. But they have a way of making you feel—rather out of it." This time he looked at me squarely. I could see by turning around. And that seemed to make the red creep slowly to his face, even behind his ears. And I had only begun to notice him when I felt my face begin to grow hot, too. And it was foolish—and so unjust that he should make me feel uncomfortable, when there wasn't anything to feel uncomfortable about, that things began to go wrong. I gave a too-deep stroke with my paddle.

"Look out!" he called, in an entirely different tone—quick and impatient. "What are you doing? You just have to paddle. I guide!"

"You're heading out too much." I

knew perfectly well that my stroke had taken us too near the shore. But he had no right to speak to me that way!

He set his chin in the hatefulest manner. "I'm guiding! There! Do you see?" Of course I couldn't help seeing the jagged rock we had grazed! It was stupid to ask it.

"If we had kept on and not churned around in the water, we would have gone clear."

He didn't say anything, but looked away from me absently—as if he hadn't heard what I was saying. And that made me indignant. Before I noticed it I was paddling dutifully again. And the sun began to blaze down on us. Then I observed that he had on just the sort of green tie that they had been having in the shop windows before I left home. And it was so stupid of him to wear that kind of a tie. He had the skin that freckles, and there were four big ones on his nose already. And he was warm and his hair began to look stringy, and that made it look thin—and it really is thick. So I began to wonder why I had imagined it would be nice to have him up there—he was so different from the one I had been thinking about. And I winced when I thought of the island. Drops of perspiration began to trickle down his face. If there is anything that makes me uncomfortable it is to have any one get so unbecomingly and disgustingly warm. The worst of it was he didn't seem to feel a bit embarrassed, but just laid down his paddle and began to wipe his face—positively with gusto! It made me so unhappy to see him that I wanted to make him unhappy.

"Isn't it queer what a test out-of-doors is—in every way? I have seen girls"—I didn't want to make it *too* evident I meant him—"that were beautiful by gas-light that one couldn't *stand* in a boat."

"I suppose so," he said, indifferently. "I never thought about it." Were his gray eyes looking out to sea or at me? It was certainly at me. And then I suddenly remembered how my nose had been peeling steadily ever since I came to Berwick, and that that afternoon I had tried to hide it with cold-cream and with powder on the top of that. Evidently the horrid red, shiny skin had rubbed through and he was thinking about it. Undoubt-

edly he was, from the uneasy expression on his face. But he seemed to think he had to say something to keep up the conversation. "Fortunate, isn't it, that men don't have any beauty to lose? Simplifies things so."

Then there was a long time that I wasn't conscious of anything but a great, bitter wave of disappointment. Here was I who had been thinking for weeks about having Mr. Kent to do all the things that had seemed so empty when I did them alone. And now that he had come he was simply unbearable—absolutely ordinary-looking, callous, impervious to all the beautiful things around us, getting too warm and mopping his brow like a day-laborer—at the same time he was criticising my own nose and practically telling me about it. To prevent him from knowing what a blight had fallen over everything I began to be interested in the islands.

"Can you make out the hog on that island?" I asked, brightly.

"Please don't tell me I have got to waste minutes of this heaven-sent day looking for a hog, a hen, a cow, a goat, or the upper, lower, smaller, or greater edition of any barn-yard denizen. The paucity of imagination up here! Not a soul on the boat was doing anything else." He turned to me. "I really had another object in coming up here."

"It is a good place to rest," I said, politely, noticing that although his teeth were white, they were uneven. And I felt that, after all, he had come to Berwick only to get braced up for his winter's work—theorist, inhuman, always thinking of the class and never of the person. He stopped, laid down his paddle—took a long breath.

"Do you know what that object was, Miss Alyson?" His manner was so stiff and formal that it seemed antagonistic.

"No," I said, as forbiddingly as I could, too out of sorts to care what he meant.—"What was that? A rock?"

He flushed, bit his lips. "I suppose I moved my foot," he said, curtly.

He paddled for a time in silence. Then he wiped his face with his upraised arm. "I want to land," he said, doggedly. "There's something—"

"But we're not there!" I cried, in dismay.

"'There'? Where?"

I'm sure any one would have been vexed enough at being taken up like that and being made to appear to have planned things, to have said as I did, "Why, back at Berwick."

He looked so discomfited that I began to have some human feeling again. "Perhaps—" I had said, when he spoiled it all by spying the lunch-box. I saw his eyes on it before he spoke.

"But surely we don't have to head back now—you brought some supper?"

"That's not supper—it's just a lunch. People get so hungry here." I could have killed him! At the same time I wanted to cry. What children we were—and the beautiful moments going!

"I'm going to land," was all he said. He began to pull around the shore of Hog Island, looking for a landing-place—*Hog Island*, when I had expected—And he didn't say a word, either. Of course he was thinking that he had found out that I had prepared supper and had *planned* not to get back. He showed very plainly that he thought it—and that he was embarrassed.

When he had found a landing and had jumped out he held out his hand to help me. "I'm hungry," was all he said.

I couldn't have replied to save my life. He walked on ahead without turning his head back once. I always hated Hog Island—it is the least interesting of any of them. I followed on like an Indian squaw, while he looked around for a place to eat. He hit on a horrid spot, I thought. You could see the whole bay from it, of course, but it was sunny and windy both. I produced the lunch-box without a word. He was looking studiously away from me and rolling his sleeves down uneasily.

"Will you have a sandwich?" I asked him, indifferently.

"Thank you. What have you?" His tone was so formal it was silly.

"Chicken and lettuce." He took a lettuce sandwich, and we munched away in constrained silence. And I had taken ever so much pains with the mayonnaise—and it isn't easy to put up a lunch like that at Berwick without having any one know. No one but ourselves could possibly imagine how stupid it was. And I had thought of it as being so different!

"Got anything else?" This was after he had eaten *one* sandwich—when he had said he was hungry!

"Cake and fruit." I know Queen Eleanor must have used the same tone when she offered Rosamond her deadly alternative.

"I'll take some fruit, please." I had *made* the cake—baked it in a tin oven on a blue-flame oil-stove, after the others had gone to bed the night before!

There was another period of perfunctory masticating, while he looked constrainedly out to sea. When he had finished a pear he wiped his hands carefully on his handkerchief and looked at me a minute as if he had something he wanted to say. But I must have been looking pretty cross—I know I felt it. And I couldn't bear to have anything said—there. At all events all he did say was: "I'm thirsty. Where's a spring?"

That was my time of triumph. "There isn't any spring on this island."

"But you have a cup there?"

"You remember I didn't expect to land here. I brought it for a spring I know—"

"Back at Berwick, I suppose." His tone was too resigned to be gloomy. I nodded—only just enough to make him stop questioning—not distinctly enough to make it really a fib; and, anyway, I hadn't been *sure*.

When we had finished this banquet he arose and began to stalk down to the shore again—or rather to clamber down over the rocks in a manner that would have been stalking on level ground. He helped me in silence into the canoe. He headed her back to Berwick!

"I'm afraid it will be harder pulling back." I was particularly cordial to hide the feeling I had that the sky and the water and the islands were turning a somersault. He gave a few muscleless strokes. Then he stopped, glanced at me, reversed his paddle. "Tide setting out and wind too. Don't believe we can make it—now."

"But we've got to make it." Of course the afternoon was young yet, and the wind would probably drop at sunset. But I felt that I couldn't bury the day in the solitude of my own room too quickly.

He turned from looking at the sky and faced me squarely. And he set his chin. "I'm going on."

"Very well." I spoke with the utmost courtesy. I hate disputes. And then it wouldn't have been any use.

I paddled in silence. Every topic I brought up he disposed of in monosyllables, and every topic he started fell dead. And the water was a little choppy, so there wasn't much time, anyway, for talk.

"Where are you going?" I asked at last, drearily.

"That island over there." He waved his paddle toward the left. It was my island! That was all that was needed!

"I don't want to land," I said.

"We're going to."

"I don't want to scratch up the *Afterme*. She's just been painted."

"I propose to consider myself of more importance than the *Afterme*—"

"That's silly of you. It's only that she's easier to hurt—"

"Is she? I'm not so sure—"

It was hard work making the landing. It had been growing rough. The water was lower than it had been the day I was there; the patch of sand I had marked in my mind was 'way up-shore; the rocks below were treacherous. Every time we sent her in, a vicious wave came along and threatened to grind her nose on the rocks. At last Mr. Kent brought her alongside a shelf of rock and jumped out, holding on to her side. But he slipped on the seaweed and let go, so he had to wade out to get us again. Then he pulled her up to the best landing-place he could find; but as I got out a stone turned under my foot and I went into a nice little pool lying between the rocks. I got my feet and the bottom of my skirt wet. And he didn't know it or care—I will really have to be honest and say that was the way it seemed at the time. For he did ask me, but it was in such a perfunctory way that I said, "No." I didn't want any sympathy.

I tried my best to get in front of him as we scrambled up the rocks. He didn't give the old dowager trees a second look (and they had *nothing* to say to me), but strode on ahead to hold the boughs back so they wouldn't slap back in my face. One of them did hurt me, but I wouldn't tell him. He went on and I followed.

We were almost upon it, when I began to notice a strange burnt smell in the

air. There were shreds of floating ash everywhere. I brushed one off my hand and it left a trail of smut. And it was growing hot—or else it was because Mr. Kent was tearing ahead so. I was just wishing he would stop—but I wouldn't ask him—when I heard his voice, quick, warning:

"Nancy! Stay back!"

Of course I wouldn't pay attention to that, so I pushed forward. And when I reached his side he said:

"After all—there's no danger—the wind's the other way."

We stood and looked into my little secret trove together. And for a long time I couldn't understand what was the matter at all.

There was no more green. The spring had dried up. Around it ferns were brown and crisped. The springy moss that crimsoned boulders, and the deep-green moss that had carpeted tree roots and marked the course of the little stream, were alike brown and dry. The poor little red bunch-berries were shrivelled. There was no further sign of havoc except that puffs of gray smoke were curling upward here and there. And on one of the farther trees was a charred black ring.

"What is it?" I had hardly asked it when a sudden tongue of fire ran up the trunk of a tree not five feet away. I screamed—I must have run to him—I was in his arms—he drew me away—I was trying to shut out the sight with my hands—and he was kissing them—trying to draw them away.

"You don't understand," I cried. "Let me go! It's my island! I'm frightened. It's like a dream I have had so often—and there is always the creeping hidden fire—and the charred rings—and the puffs of smoke—and then that leaping flame. And always when I have dreamed that, I have waked in fright!"

Then came a voice in my ear, muffled because his lips were on my hair: "I've known it too—fire—creeping fire—hidden—eating out. And then the leaping flame! But—oh, Nancy—that's joy! Isn't it joy to you? Tell me—"

"How can you do that?" I sobbed. I felt—oh, dreadfully. But his voice sounded different—sure.

"Tears only add fuel. Don't you

know that, Nancy, with all your woodcraft? The way to fight fire is with—fire."

"Let me go!" I was angry now and let him see it.

"Why?" He sent the question right into my ear.

"I was frightened—"

"I know it—and you came to me—"

"That doesn't mean anything—I'd have come—to any one—" The voice hesitated for a moment, and then he said:

"Don't believe it! And, anyway, you'll never get another chance."

"This isn't right—it isn't the way I thought—"

"Then you knew it was coming. You deserve to be punished, then, for what you've made me go through—"

"Oh—don't—I only meant I thought you might—say something—it isn't the right way—"

"What difference does the way make? If you knew how glad I am it's over!"

"But it isn't over—*nothing*—"

"I'm glad you think it's nothing—neither do I—just wait!"

"You won't understand—I haven't said anything— You haven't— Nothing has been said."

"Lots more satisfactory to have something done."

"I—want to—talk this matter over—quietly and calmly." I spoke that time with emphasis so he would know that I meant what I said. There was a minute's pause. Then a tender, laughing voice—tender, but laughing:

"Well, I dislike to suggest it—I am incapable of moving, myself—but—if you really want to talk it over calmly I suggest—some distance in our relative positions!"

"I hate you!" I snatched myself away from him and stood blazing. Then it all flashed over me—how absurd it was—my arguing with him and—standing there like a lamb the whole time! So I burst out laughing, and so did he. And I couldn't be tragic after that!

"I'll tell you what," I said. "There isn't any danger here, is there, so far off? The wind is the other way. I'll sit on this stone—and you'll sit on that." His was a good long distance away. "And that small stone there is just about in the middle. You mustn't pass it."

"You mustn't pass it, either." He was watching me with an awfully beguiling sort of smile about his mouth. And he didn't look in the least disturbed.

"Of course I won't. And now we can talk it out."

"All right. You're the complainant." He was waiting, arms crossed, eyes on me. But there was nothing inactive in his pose.

"You were cross about my stroke."

"Was I? I didn't want you to get a ducking. Next?"

"You acted as if you thought I had planned to take supper out with you."

"Had you? Wish I'd known it. But I was too busy thinking about you to have any sense. Next?"

"You are so impersonal. You are too much absorbed in doing things for the toiling masses."

"I've known the whole thing was a mess for months. What right has a youngster to meddle in the affairs of others? It was just a kid thing—like your being a nurse. We need to learn something about ourselves first."

That reminded me: "I ought not to think of myself. They may need my help at home."

He just looked at me—and I had to laugh again. For there hadn't been a single month that I hadn't had to borrow from mother or father or Ned. Somehow earning my own money made me think of ever so many more ways of spending it. And I had never repaid all of it. And the Sub-Division was selling like everything, and everybody felt prosperous. So I really couldn't go on being a martyr after that. And, anyway, when his eyes were on me I felt as ignorant as though I had never nursed at all.

"Your mind was somewhere else. You haven't been thinking about me this whole afternoon."

"Yes, I was trying to think how I would say it."

"But you haven't said it—"

"Will you marry me—I love you—There! I'm glad that's over—"

"But this isn't the way I thought it would be." I was trying to bring up in my mind the other things that had worried me, about the freckles, and his hair and the tie—and the drops of perspiration. But everything had changed—and

the tie was becoming, after all. And I don't see how any of the girls could have found fault with the way he looked.

He watched me for a moment with a twinkle in his eye, and a sort of assured power that was irritating but awfully fascinating. Then he said slowly, "Suppose you show me how I ought to have done it."

That would be fun, I thought—and it—put things off. So I began:

"We would have cruised around dreamily. And you would have told me how intolerably lonely you had been since I left, and how empty everything was without me to share it with you." His eyes made me uncomfortable, so I hurried. "And, after a lo-o-ong time we would have found this island. And I would say, 'Let's explore it.' And when we landed I would have gone on ahead and led you to the spring—of course there wouldn't have been any fire. And you would have said, 'What a heavenly spot, hidden, secret—like—like'—but of course you wouldn't have said that, for you wouldn't have known. And—then—then we would have had supper. And you would have kneeled down—gracefully, and made a cup from your hands for me to drink from. And you would have said, 'Drink, my Sovereign Lady'—or something like that. And you would have said, 'What a *dear* little housewife!'—that would have been when we reached the sandwiches and you began to get serious. What delicious cake! I didn't know you could do that, *too*.' Then—" I paused.

"Then?" His tone was abrupt. But his eyes were still and—they made me feel fluttery.

"Then you would have arisen and come to me. And you would have taken my hand—so tenderly—and yet with respect—"

"Won!" He was on his feet—and I found I was in his arms again! I must have been so absorbed in showing him, that I passed the barrier.

"Once by fear, and once by strategy—*isn't that enough?*" His voice was laughing, triumphant. It made me glad and sad and ashamed all at once. And angry. I went away from him.

"That's not fair. You cheated."

"All right." He was back on his rock

again. "We'll try it once more. A free field. And then? If you come—of your own free will?"

I nodded.

There we sat. And he talked, gently, his eyes on mine, quietly, and yet my heart was not quiet. He told me about—I have forgotten now. But I know that at every word, at every instant, I knew how dear he was—how different. And all the petty childish game we had been playing—knowing all the time we were holding off what was real—seemed very far away. And at every pause I hoped he was going to come and *make* me. At last—I couldn't help it—I was on my feet—I don't know how I got there—and must have been almost at the boundary stone.

"Oh, you darling!" He was there, somehow, on my side—or had he kicked the stone from me? "I couldn't let you—I couldn't. I'll make you mine without *that*!"

All I know is that then—and now—there isn't any place for rest but in his arms. But then—it was so new—so strange—I hardly knew what I did. But I remember stammering:

"Oh, forgive me—what will you think of me? I didn't know I was going to do—that."

And then his voice, trembling, halting:

"My—darling—my darling! She's asking my pardon for letting me kiss her—once—when it's all I can do to keep myself from doing it a million times. Are women like—that? Oh, Nancy—my girl—teach me—show me how to love you and not—hurt!"

It was altogether different going home. He was in the stern—far off, and I didn't try to paddle at all, but had the lazy-back and the cushions in the bottom of the boat as Henry Kent put them. There wasn't anything disturbing at all. I could be myself. I could think how lovely it was to have somebody all to myself to care for and to do things for. Only just one moment, as I turned to look back at the island, I realized what I had left there. I loved its rocks and the moss and the little bunch of tree-aigrettes from which the smoke was now curling. But I thought that I should never want to go back there—never—I

could not bear to see the spring without its sheltering screen. And I turned to Henry Kent for comfort. But, of course, I couldn't expect him to understand. He was already looking—hawk-eyed—toward the other shore.

The sun was already going down. It slipped under a low-lying bank of clouds. In a minute it dropped from under them, and there was a solid metal bar lying right across the bay. That shortened and shortened. Soon the dusk began to fall.

"I won't paddle now, only guide—the wind and tide are with us." Henry spoke quietly and low—just as if he had known I wanted him to.

At last there was nothing but the placid water, the cockle-shell we were afloat in, a tall figure sitting very still in the stern, the paddle lifted now and then to make a rippling stroke. Each time he dipped it in there was a transparent little pool of phosphorescent green light. And the luminous drops fell gently from the paddle as he brought it to rest again across his knees. There was just a dim white blur for his face. But I knew the way his eyes were looking at me and the way his lips were set. I knew it from the way I felt.

Excepting for that it was all very peaceful. I was just saying to myself that this was the loveliest part of the day, when the *Afterme* grazed lightly against something. It was the float at Berwick.

"We're home," said Henry. And something in the way his voice dropped as he said "home" made me wonder what he had been thinking. But I couldn't ask.

Without another word he helped me to land. Then, quietly, according to our old custom, together we lifted the canoe from the water and laid her in her appointed place. Henry took out the paddles and one of the cushions, and I carried the lazy-back and the other cushion. He waited gravely while I did my share, for that, too, was a law that could not be broken.

We had climbed the steep steps to the wharf, when something made me look back. He was standing on the verge, immovable, his eyes on me. And as they met mine something stirred in me. For they waited, with the wistful longing of

a collie, for something lacking that only I could say. And, knowing this, my soul expanded to meet the patient nobility of their fixed desire. The dormant something leaped into my knowledge, a craving sweeter than any satisfaction that I had ever known impelled me while I laid down my burden and moved toward him. He sprang toward me—I was close against his breast, my cheek lifted with its deep heaving as he struggled for his breath.

“*My love—* You love me? *Say it!*” he said once, and then he could not speak.

For one deep moment that was all, and I could hear the water lap-lapping down below.

At last I felt the moment when I had to speak, and I said, in a voice that I had never heard, a poor voice, all broken:

“I know—I know—I can say it now—forgive me that I was so hard. But how could I know—nobody ever told me—I’ll say it now—shout it if you want it—No—better—close against your heart—I’m not afraid any more—nor shrinking—I am *glad* that it came—the fire!”

The Earth-Bond

BY J. JAMES BRITTON

IF we might keep the bond intact
We make with children, wife, and sire,
And kindred, round the winter fire,
Hands joined, and hearts, we trust, joined too,
So close that death may scarce undo:

If we might keep the sacred bond—
Close, close together bear the shock,
When round our guarded household’s rock,
And citadel—with Love the keep—
Death’s arrows in a hail-storm sweep:—

Not one by one to droop and fall
As flowers within a festal crown
When maidens dance the green grass brown,
That singly, sadly fall away,
Long ere the fête is ended—say!

If, when some solemn evening’s end,
To us, at last, the Scytheman comes,
Yet, haply with no beat of drums,
Or sound—together may we fall,
In that great Hand that shapeth all;
The earthly bond—our happy fate—
Unchanged, intact, inviolate!

Miss Van Lew

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

ON a bronze tablet set in the face of a great gray stone in the Shockhoe Hill Cemetery of Richmond, Virginia, there is carved the inscription:

Elizabeth L. Van Lew.

1818.

1900.

She risked everything that is dear to man—friends, fortune, comfort, health, life itself, all for the one absorbing desire of her heart—that slavery might be abolished and the Union preserved.

This Boulder

from the Capitol Hill in Boston is a tribute from Massachusetts friends.

Miss Van Lew, a Richmond woman, was a spy for the Federal government—the most important spy of the Rebellion, inasmuch as her work merited General Grant's tribute, "You have sent me the most valuable information received from Richmond during the war." For four long years, without respite, she faced death to obtain that information; day after day suspected, spied upon, threatened, persecuted, she worked with a courage far higher than the excitement-mad valor of battle-fields.

The greater part of the military information received from Richmond by the Army of the Potomac was collected and transmitted by Miss Van Lew. She established five secret stations for forwarding her cipher despatches—a chain of relay points whose farther end was the headquarters of General George H. Sharpe (the authority for these statements), Chief of the Bureau of Military Information, but the Richmond end of the chain was the old Van Lew mansion. There she received and harbored the secret agents who stole in from the Federal army; when no Federal agents could reach her she sent her own servants

as messengers through the Confederate armies. There, in the Van Lew house in the heart of Richmond, she concealed many of the escaped Union prisoners from Castle Thunder, the Libby, and Belle Isle; there she planned aid for those who remained in the prisons, to whom she sent or carried food and books and clothing; for their relief she poured out her money—thousands of dollars—until all her convertible property was gone. Clerks in the Confederate War and Navy departments were in her confidence; counsel for Union sympathizers on trial by the Confederacy were employed by her money.

These statements of General Sharpe's were made in a letter which was written to recommend that Miss Van Lew be reimbursed by the government to the amount of \$15,000. The money was never collected.

This is her story. It is written from the remains of her diary, which, because of its menace, lay for months buried in the ground; other manuscript of hers exists—more than a thousand pages, an unpublished volume, part history, part treatise, here and there personal memoir. The story here presented is written from old letters; from newspapers—Northern and Southern; from the Official Records of the Union and Confederate armies; from the statements of men and women who knew Miss Van Lew long ago.

There are faded pages which tell of her childhood, how she was sent North to school—to Philadelphia, her mother's early home. There, a schoolgirl, she accepted those principles which were to determine the course of her whole life; she went back at last to Virginia an unwavering abolitionist. She gave freedom to nine of the Van Lew slaves; others were bought that they might be

NOTE.—To Miss Van Lew's executor, John Phillips Reynolds, Esq., of Boston, acknowledgment is here made for his kind co-operation in the preparation of this article.



THE VAN LEW MANSION ON CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND

reunited with a husband or a wife already in the Van Lew possession.

There are tales of the state and splendor in which the family lived, in the now famous Van Lew mansion (which still stands on Church Hill, the highest of the seven hills of Richmond). There were balls and receptions in the great house, garden-parties in the wonderful gardens, journeyings in the coach drawn by six snowy horses to the White Sulphur Springs and other resorts of the day. Great men and distinguished families were their guests and intimates—Bishop Moore and Chief Justice Marshall, the Lees, the Robinsons, Wickhams, Adamses, Cabels, Marshalls, Carringtons; Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, visited at the Van Lew house and wrote of it and its household in her *Homes in the New World*; Jenny Lind at the height of her career sang in the great parlor; Edgar Allan Poe there read aloud “The Raven”; and, after an interval of years, there came the last great guest, General Ulysses S. Grant.

And so the time is passed over in a

great sweep of years; Betty Van Lew has become a woman of forty, a woman of delicate physique and a small figure; brilliant, accomplished, resolute, a woman of great personality and of infinite charm. For her the years of quiet ended when Colonel Robert E. Lee, then of the United States army, stormed Harper’s Ferry engine-house and captured John Brown. “From that time on,” she says, “our people were in a palpable state of war.” “We”—“our”—in all her writings the South is ever in the first person; it is the token that her love for Virginia never was forgotten.

It was at this time that she began her work for the Federal government; she wrote letter after letter to Washington describing conditions in the South—letters of warning, of advice; these letters she sent through the mails.

A year passed; winter came, and the South, State by State, began to secede. Sumter was fired upon; the first flush of fever—the John Brown Raid—had become the delirium of civil war.

The ladies of Richmond sewed and

knitted for the Confederacy, and shot with pistols at a mark; Miss Van Lew wrote despatches for the Union—specific information of Confederate troops, their numbers and their movements. She had ceased to use the mails; the despatches now went North by special messenger. So the hot tumultuous days of summer passed; Bull Run was fought, and Richmond for the first time filled with wounded Southern men and wretched Northern prisoners. Here at last was work to do; from one official to another she hurried, begging that she might nurse the wounded Union soldiers; until at last, from General Winder, Provost-Marshal-General of Richmond, she obtained "permission to visit the prisoners and to send them books, luxuries, delicacies, and what she may wish." Thus her four years' service began.

The Libby Prison was her special care; it stood at the base of Church Hill, almost beneath her very door. There, in command, she found Lieutenant Todd, brother of Mrs. Lincoln, and won his "kind feelings" for herself by gifts of buttermilk and gingerbread. Castle Thunder—"Particular Hell"—with Caphart, "Anti-Christ Caphart," in control; Belle Isle in its stockade lying like a bleached bone in the midst of the turbulent river—for four bitter years she was known at them all.

From the moment that she gained access to the prisoners her despatches to the government increased a hundred-fold in accuracy and value; for her hospital and prison ministrations were a cloak to cover her real mission: Miss Van Lew above all else was a spy.

The Federal prisoners furnished her with much more information than might be supposed possible; from the many-windowed prisons in the heart of the city and from within the stockade of Belle Isle, much that went on could be observed; they accurately estimated the strength of the passing troops and supply trains, whose probable destination they shrewdly conjectured from the roads by which the Confederates left the town; then, too, there were snatches of conversations to be overheard between surgeons in the hospital or between the prison guards. Mere scraps of information all, but of infinite value to Miss Van

Lew when combined with other scraps from here and there—some confirming, some setting an error right, some opening inquiry into fresh lines.

One deed of kindness at this time bore golden fruit twenty years after the war. Thirteen men accused of piracy had been tried in New York City, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged. They saved themselves by their claim that they were Confederate privateersmen and must be treated as prisoners of war; the Confederate government, to which they appealed, at once espoused their cause; thirteen Federal officers were thrown into a dungeon of Libby Prison to await the execution of these men; the thirteen officers were then to be hanged in reprisal. Miss Van Lew secretly communicated with them and with their families; she smuggled in to the hostages letters and money from home, gave them money of her own, and at last sent North the glad news that they had been restored to the footing of prisoners of war. Colonel Paul Revere of the Twentieth Massachusetts Regiment was one of these officers, and it was his relatives in Boston, the friends which he had made for Miss Van Lew, who long years later were to come to her aid in her greatest hour of need.

And so throughout the war there passed between Miss Van Lew and the prisoners an almost uninterrupted exchange of question and answer, by which was derived much of the information that Miss Van Lew furnished to the Federal armies. In the prisons the information was conveyed in a score of ways—whispered words, friendly little notes with hidden meanings in words harmless to a censor's eye, books which were loaned or returned with here and there a word or a page number faintly underscored, questions and answers that were concealed in baskets of food. There was one curious old French contrivance, a metal platter with a double bottom, originally intended to hold hot water beneath the plate to keep the contents warm. Its frequent use and clumsy appearance aroused a keen-eyed guard's suspicions; Miss Van Lew, turning away with the empty plate one day, heard the threat he muttered to a fellow guard. Within a day or two the platter was again presented at the prison door.

"I'll have to examine that," the sentry said.

"Take it, then," Miss Van Lew replied, and deftly slipping the shawl from around it, she placed the plate suddenly in his hands; that day the double bottom contained no secret messages, but was filled with water blistering hot, and he dropped it with a roar of pain.

Yet for the most part she had little trouble with the soldiery; "Crazy Bet" they called her, and let her wander about within the prisons almost at will; they laughed as she passed singing softly to herself or muttering meaningless words.

Now and then, indeed, the authorities, for one reason or another, revoked her permit to visit the prisons; then she would go to General Winder or to the office of the Secretary of War, and sooner or later win it back again.

And so, by flattery and cajolery, by strategy or by the charm of personality, she succeeded most of the time in remaining in the good graces of the authorities; to the minor officials and the soldiery she was only harmless "Crazy Bet," and they gave her little heed; but to the people of Richmond she was still Miss Van Lew, a Southern woman who had turned against her neighbors and against the South; and as the war lengthened and bore more heavily upon them, their resentment turned to implacable hatred.

"The threats, the scowls, the frowns of an infuriated community—who can write of them?" she wrote. "I have had brave men shake their fingers in my face and say terrible things. We had threats of being driven away, threats of fire, and threats of death."

Spring came, and, with its coming, McClellan at the head of the Army of the Potomac swept up the Peninsula to Richmond's very doors. The houses shook with the cannonading, and from their roofs the people could see the bursting of the shells. Then came the Seven Days, and the on-rushing Federal tide slowly turned, and ebbed, and drew away over the hills; and bitter disappointment and dead hope were locked in "McClellan's

room," which Miss Van Lew had prepared for him, and which was not to be opened again for many and many a day.

Richmond gave a great gasp of relief and joy—that turned to sighing, that ended in a sob; for night and day, for many days and many nights, the streets re-echoed with the ceaseless roll of wheels as Richmond's sons came home; "the air was fetid with the presence of the wounded and the dead."

Miss Van Lew worked on.

Through the stifling summer nights she schemed and planned and conferred secretly with the handful of Richmond's Unionists. Disguised as a common farm-hand (the buckskin leggings, one-piece skirt and waist of cotton, and the huge calico sun-bonnet were found among her effects and are in existence to this day), a little, lonely, unnoticed figure, she stole about in the night on her secret missions. Through the blazing days of summer she worked; in the ill-stocked markets she bargained for the food that sick men need—paying for it with money that, after a time, she could so ill afford to give; in the reeking prisons and the fever-ridden wards, in the unfriendly crowds of the city streets, among those of the Confederate officers and officials



MISS VAN LEW—A WAR-TIME PORTRAIT

themselves who still remained friendly despite the suspicions of the townspeople, she sought the recompense of her toil, the "information" that she required.

Her method of reaching President Davis in his least-guarded moments is evidence of her genius as a spy and a leader of spies. The Van Lews had owned a negro girl of unusual intelligence; several years before the war she had been given her freedom, sent North, and educated at Miss Van Lew's expense. This young woman, whose name was Mary Elizabeth Bowser, was now sent for; she came, and for a time was coached and trained for her mission; then, in consummation of Miss Van Lew's scheming, she was installed as a waitress in the White House of the Confederacy. What she was able to learn, how long she remained behind Jefferson Davis's dining-chair, and what became of the girl ere the war ended are questions to which Time has effaced the answers.

For many months Miss Van Lew was dependent solely on her own resources for sending her despatches to the Federal generals and receiving their replies; but it was accomplished in countless different ways by her cunning and ingenuity. It was seldom difficult for her to procure passes for her servants to make the trip between the town house and the Van Lew farm below Richmond, which was the second of the stations that she established for relaying the despatches between her house in Richmond and the Federal armies. Large baskets of eggs were brought in often; of each lot one egg was but a shell which contained a tiny scroll of paper—a message from some Union general. An old negro, shuffling in his clumsy thick-soled shoes, pressed with each step on a cipher despatch in a slit in his shoe sole. A little seamstress carried the implements of her trade to and fro from house to farm; the dress-goods and bewildering patterns were returned to her after but a cursory examination by the patrols and guards, who unwittingly had held a Federal despatch in their hands. Countryman, slave, and sewing-girl—humble agents whose very names will never be known—they bore time after time evidence that, if found, would have hanged them to the nearest tree.

As for Miss Van Lew, the likelihood of detection seemed inevitable. "From the commencement of the war until its close, my life was in continual jeopardy," she wrote. Morning after morning she awoke to a new day of suspense and threatening danger such as few men and fewer women can be made to understand. Night after night—and what must the nights have been! And for four years this lasted without respite.

There came one day a stranger, a country woman of the lowest class. She bore openly a sheet of letter-paper, folded, addressed to "Miss Van Lew"; inside was scrawled a request for immediate information as to the provender and stores in Richmond and where the sick of the hospitals were being taken; the note was signed by a Federal general. So ignorant was his carelessly selected messenger that when Miss Van Lew expressed surprise and horror at her having such an incriminating paper, the woman indignantly replied, "I'd like to see any one try to put their hand in my pocket!"—as though the loss of the paper had been all!

There came a letter from General Butler to be delivered to X——, of ——, one of General Winder's officers. (His name and residence and position are given in Miss Van Lew's manuscript.) In the letter General Butler asked this man to come through the lines and communicate with him—in short, to "tell what he knew"; also it contained promises of reward; had it fallen into Confederate hands the letter would have been the death-warrant of him whom it was to tempt and of her who bore the temptation. Miss Van Lew carried that letter straight to X—— at his post in the office of General Winder, commander of the city of Richmond; she coolly took it from the bosom of her dress, gave X—— the letter, and watched him as he read. Had she judged him aright? She had sounded him, had found him dissatisfied, approachable, and she had marked him for an Arnold to his cause. Against her estimate of character she had staked her life; was she to win or lose? In the next room were the detectives and armed guards, the machinery of the Confederate capital's secret police; X—— had but to raise his voice. . . . She saw his face blanch and



Painting by Howard Pyle

SHE WAS CONTINUALLY BESET BY SPIES

his lips quiver; as he followed her out he begged her to be prudent—if she would never come there again he promised to go to her. She had added one more to the weapons with which she was striking at the very heart of the Confederacy. Long years after the war X—— brought some of his friends to her that she might corroborate his story of what one woman had dared and risked.

There came a day when no messenger was at hand by whom to send a despatch to Grant—a message of supreme importance: he had asked of her that by a certain date she make a report of the number and disposition of the forces in and about Richmond. The cipher despatch was written, and, if it were to reach Grant in time, not one hour was to be lost in finding a messenger. Apparently no Federal agent was able to enter the city; she knew that just then no servant of hers might leave it. In desperation she took the great market-basket that had become so familiar a sight to the people of Richmond, and started in her customary manner for the market. As she walked she childishly swung the basket and softly sang and hummed her little songs and smiled her vacant smile into the faces of those who, as she passed, mocked at “Crazy Bet”—this woman who dared walk Richmond’s streets while in her hand she held—for the Federal army—a key to Richmond’s defences.

A man overtook her and whispered as he passed: “I’m going through to-night!” She gave no start of surprise, no look of curiosity; the man walked just ahead and she followed. Was the Federal agent come at last?—or was this another of the countless traps of the secret police? The man was an utter stranger to her, but the need was urgent, imperative—should she take the chance? She quickened her pace, and, as she in turn passed him, again came the whisper: “I’m going through the lines to-night!” In her hand she held the cipher despatch, torn into strips and each strip rolled into a tiny ball; should she commence to drop them one by one? In great perplexity and fear she quickly glanced back for a look at his face. And instantly some instinct, some woman’s instinct, said “No,” and on that inner prompting she impulsively turned into a side street and hur-

ried home. Next day she saw that man, a junior officer, marching past her house for the front with his Confederate regiment. By such hairs as these did the sword hang over her day after day, day after day.

What was the outcome? Was she able to contrive a means of sending the despatch to Grant by the appointed time? It is not known. Miss Van Lew’s story is difficult to tell; it is similar to a mosaic in fragments; here and there pieces may be put together to reconstruct a part of the picture, a figure, a group, an incident of the story. Though there is a great quantity of material, it seems to have been spread upon a wide-meshed sieve, through which there has sifted—and dropped into oblivion—most of the detail, the “when and where and how” of the story, leaving behind only great blocks of background—cold fact and vague and generalized statement.

The wide-meshed sieve was Fear; for forty years Miss Van Lew’s every written and spoken word was sifted through it. Long after the war was ended a Northern friend wrote of her and her mother: “Neither talks about themselves or ever answers a direct question.”

In her mutilated war diary, or “Occasional Journal,” as she called it there is written by way of preface:

The keeping of a complete journal was a risk too fearful to run. Written only to be burnt was the fate of almost everything which would now be of value; keeping one’s house in order for government inspection, with Salisbury prison in perspective, necessitated this. I always went to bed at night with anything dangerous on paper beside me, so as to be able to destroy it in a moment. The following occasional journal . . . was long buried for safety.

Was such extreme caution necessary? It was imperative. Confederate spies were everywhere.

“If you spoke in your parlor or chamber to your next of heart, you whispered—you looked under the lounges and beds. Detectives were put upon their* tracks by citizens and the government. Visitors

* In these excerpts from the manuscript of her unpublished book, Miss Van Lew frequently refers thus indirectly to her family or herself, but within a few lines slips back into the first person.

apparently friendly were treacherous. They were brought to the attention of the Grand Jury, by those they regarded as true friends, for trafficking in greenbacks, when they had none of them. They were publicly denounced, and walked the streets for four years shunned as lepers. . . . I shall ever remember the pale face of this dear lady [her mother]—her feeble health and occasional illness from anxiety; her dread of Castle Thunder and Salisbury—for her arrest was constantly spoken of, and frequently reported on the street, and some never hesitated to say she should be hanged. . . . I was afraid even to pass the prison; I have had occasion to stop near it when I *dared* not look up at the windows. I have turned to speak to a friend and found a detective at my elbow. Strange faces could sometimes be seen peeping around the columns and pillars of the back portico. . . . Once a lady and a dear friend staying with this family was sent for to General Winder's office, and requested to state if she could learn aught against them, but she replied that she was 'not with them as a spy.'" (The note demanding her guest's presence is to be found among Miss Van Lew's papers. "You need not see Mrs. Van Lew, nor will your name be mentioned to her," the note concluded, affably.) . . . "Once I went to Jefferson Davis himself to see if we could not obtain some protection. He was in Cabinet session, but I saw Mr. Jocelyn, his private secretary; he told me I had better apply to the Mayor. . . . Captain George Gibbs had succeeded Todd as keeper of the prisoners; so perilous had our situation become that we took him and his family to board with us. They were certainly a great protection. . . . Such was our life."

Summer came and passed and came and passed again; the third year of the war was drawing to its close in the terrible winter of '63-4. In February Miss Van Lew's only brother, John, was conscripted and, in spite of having been pronounced unfit for military duty because of ill health, was ordered to report immediately to Camp Lee. No previous mention in this story has been made of John Van Lew; in all his sister's and his mother's activities he re-

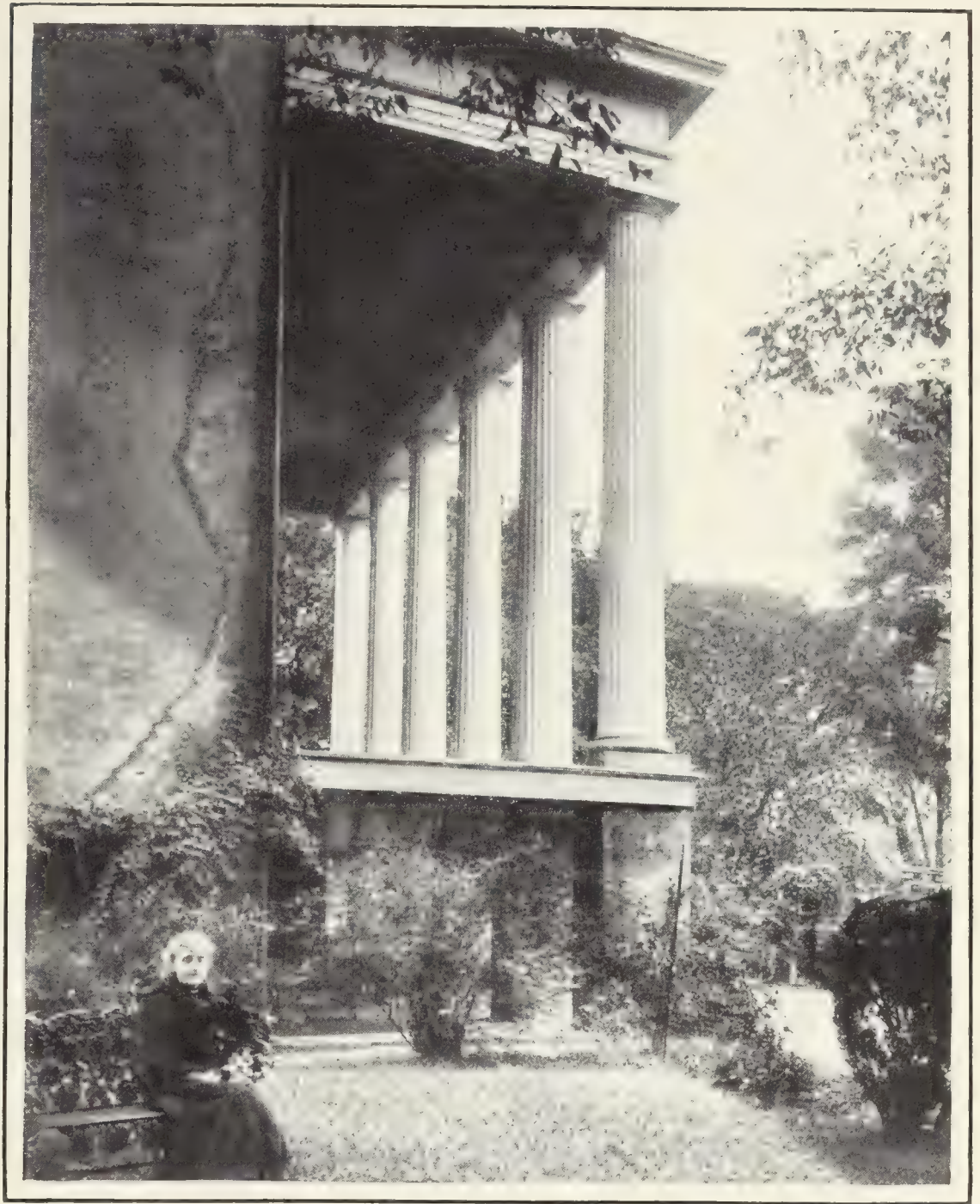
mained but the silent partner, quietly conducting his hardware business, and from its dwindling proceeds supplying much of the money used for the aid of his sister's secret operations. Now, when conscripted into the Confederate army, he immediately deserted and for a time was concealed in the outskirts of the city. While he still awaited an opportunity to escape to the Federal lines his sister (wearing her disguise, she says) visited him, on the evening of February 9th—the most unfortunate date, events proved, which she could have chosen. Her story of that night and of the next succeeding day is found among her manuscript.

"I went to the kind family where my brother was secreted; they were poor; and I passed the night with them. In the morning our driver came out with a basket of supplies. As soon as he entered he said that there was great trouble and excitement, and that brother was in great danger—that many prisoners had escaped during the night, and some had come to the outer door—the servants' room door on Twenty-fourth Street—and knocked and asked for Colonel Streight and begged to come in, but that he was afraid they were not prisoners—only our people [Confederates] in disguise to entrap us, and [he] would not let them in; that some had stood off by the churchyard wall and watched, and he was afraid." (Unfortunately these were indeed Federal officers; it was not until roll-call next morning that it was discovered that 109 officers had escaped through Colonel Rose's tunnel out of Libby Prison.) "Brother then had to give up all hopes of escape, because we knew vigilance would be redoubled, and we were in great trouble for the family he was with; for it was to be expected that their house would be searched, and it would have gone very hard with them had a deserter been found secreted there. We were greatly distressed, too, on account of the prisoners; we knew there was to be an exit—had been told to prepare—and had one of our parlors—an off, or rather end room; had had dark blankets nailed up at the windows, and gas kept burning in it, very low, night and day for about three weeks—so we were ready for them—beds prepared in there.

"I went home as quickly as I could, in despair. As desperate situations sometimes require desperate remedies, I determined to go to General Winder." And so the story goes on at considerable length to tell how General Winder personally made great efforts to induce the medical commission again to declare John Van Lew unfit for service; the general failed in that, but he did succeed in getting him into his own regiment, and there he was able to give such effectual protection that John Van Lew never wore a Confederate uniform, and only once shouldered a Confederate musket, to stand, on a great "panic day," a figurehead guard at the door of a government department. But at last, during the summer of '64, when even General Winder's protection could no longer save him from active service at the front, John Van Lew deserted again, and this time reached the Federal army, where he remained until after Richmond had fallen—and so passes from this story.

As for the fugitives from the Libby, it has been told in Richmond, and is told to this day, that Colonel Streight and a number of his comrades lay hidden for days in the secret room of the Van Lew mansion. The story that they were in the secret room is forever set at rest by the diary for Monday, February 15, 1864:

"I shall ever remember this day because of the great alarm I had for others. Colonel Streight and three of the prisoners . . . were secreted near Howard's Grove. After passing through the tunnel they were led by a Mrs. G—— to a



MISS VAN LEW IN HER GARDEN

humble home on the outskirts of the city; there Mrs. R—— received them. By request of some of their number she came . . . for me, and I went with her to see them. . . . We had a little laughing and talking, and then I said good-by, with the most fervent God bless you in my heart toward all of them."

The parlor—that "off, or rather end, room" with its blanket-curtained windows and its extravagant waste of gas is used by Miss Van Lew as dust to throw in our eyes for some unfathomed reason of her own; in none of her writings does she mention the true secret room; yet it was there then, and it is there—no longer a secret—to this present day.

It extends in a long, low, narrow cell just back of where the main roof slopes up from its juncture with the flat roof of the great rear veranda; the garret is squared, and between its west wall and

the sloping roof lies the hidden room. When it was built and by whose hand, whether it was designed for the purpose to which it was put, and how many men it may have sheltered during the war, may now never be known. Its existence was always suspected, and though the house was searched time after time for that very room it was discovered just once, and then by a little child; save for her it might have remained a secret till the old house should come to be torn down; for Miss Van Lew never told of the spring door in the wall behind the antique chest of drawers.

Long years after the war—after Miss Van Lew had died—she who had been the little girl visited the old house, and rediscovered the secret room; after more than forty years her fingers searched out and again pressed the hidden spring. And then she told of that other time when she had opened the door: how with childish curiosity she had stealthily followed Aunt Betty up through the dark, silent house to see where the plate of food was being carried in the night. She has never forgotten what she saw as she peeped fearfully into the attic from the head of the stairs—the shadows and the ghostly shapes of the old furniture around the walls; her aunt, shading the candle with her hand, standing before a black hole in the wall, from which peered a haggard soldier with shaggy hair and beard, his thin hand outstretched for the food. When she saw him looking at her, before he could speak she laid her finger on her lips and fled. But after her aunt had gone she stole up to the attic again, and called softly to the soldier; he told her how to open the door, and when she had done so he talked to her; she remembers that he laughed as he said, “My! what a spanking you would have got if your aunt had turned around!” Presently she shut him into the secret room again and crept off to bed; she never dared go to the attic after that, nor tell her aunt what she had seen.

There was at least one other secret recess in the house—the hiding-place for despatches. In the library there was—and still remains unchanged—an ornamented iron fireplace; on either side of the grate are two pilasters, each capped by a small sculptured figure of a

couchant lion. Accident or design had loosened one of these so that it could be raised like a box-cover; it was in the shallow cavity beneath that Miss Van Lew placed her despatches. There was no whispered conference between mistress and messenger—to be overheard by spies within the house, to be watched by those without. Miss Van Lew, perhaps with her back to the mantel, would deftly slip the cipher letter under the couchant lion; later the old negro servant, while alone in the room, dusting the furniture, would draw the message out, and presently go plodding down the dusty road to the farm, bearing some such tidings as that Lee was being reinforced by 15,000 men.

Of all the many despatches which Miss Van Lew sent through the Confederate lines there to-day exists but one. Inquiry addressed to the War Department shows that “all papers in this department relating to Miss Van Lew were taken from the files December 12, 1866, and given to her.” These papers—cipher despatches from Miss Van Lew and all reports in which she was mentioned—must have been immediately destroyed by her, for there is no trace of them. The one despatch must have been in some way overlooked when her letters were returned to her by the War Department, and so escaped being destroyed. It is a strange chance that it should have been the one to be thus preserved, for it is this despatch—so closely connected by time and circumstance with the Kilpatrick-Dahlgren Raid—which seems to establish the real motive which inspired Miss Van Lew and some of her fellow Unionists to take the desperate risk of stealing Colonel Dahlgren’s body. The despatch, like most of those sent by Miss Van Lew, was in cipher, but, though only its jumbled letters had been published, it nevertheless might now be translated and understood; for when Miss Van Lew died there was found in the back of her watch—where it had been constantly carried for nearly forty years—a worn, yellowed bit of paper on which was written the faded letters of the cipher code, here published for the first time.

Many years after the war the following translation of her despatch was published in the Official Records of the

Union and Confederate armies. (Series I; Volume XXXIII, Part I, page 520.)

HEADQUARTERS EIGHTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
FORTRESS MONROE, February 5, 1864.
HONORABLE E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

SIR,—I send enclosed for your perusal the information I have acquired of the enemy's forces and disposition about Richmond. The letter commencing "Dear Sir," on the first page is a cipher letter to me from a lady in Richmond with whom I am in correspondence. The bearer of the letter brought me a private token showing that he was to be trusted. . . . You will see that the prisoners are to be sent away to Georgia. Now or never is the time to strike. . . . I have marked this "Private and immediate," so that it shall at once come into your hands.

Respectfully your obedient servant,
BENJ. F. BUTLER,
Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

DEAR SIR,—It is intended to remove to Georgia all the Federal prisoners; butchers and bakers to go at once. They are already notified and selected. Quaker [a Union man whom I know—B. F. B.] knows this to be true. Are building batteries on the Danville road. This from Quaker: Beware of new and rash council! Beware! This I send you by direction of all your friends. No attempt should be made with less than 30,000 cavalry, from 10,000 to 15,000 to support them, amounting in all to 40,000 or 45,000 troops. Do not underrate their strength and desperation. Forces could probably be called into action in from five to ten days; 25,000, mostly artillery. Hoke's and Kemper's brigades gone to North Carolina: Pickett's in or about Petersburg. Three regiments of cavalry disbanded by General Lee for want of horses. Morgan is applying for 1,000 choice men for a raid.

Then, under date of February 4th, there follows—in the form of question and answer—the account of

the circumstances under which this letter was received. The messenger, in his answers to General Butler's questions, told how Miss Van Lew had asked him to take the letter, promising that General Butler would take care of him; how a man had been paid \$1,000 (Confederate money) to guide him, but had "fooled" him, deserted him at the banks of the Chickahominy River, how nevertheless he had got a boat, crossed, and kept on. He repeated his verbal messages: "They are sending the prisoners to Georgia. Richmond could be taken easier now than at any other time since the war began. 'Quaker' (that is not his name, but he says he does not want any one to know his name) said his plan to take Richmond would be to make a feint on Petersburg, let Meade engage Lee on the Rappahannock; send two or three hundred men and land them at the White House [Landing] on the other side of Richmond, so as to attract attention, then have 10,000 cavalry to go up in the evening, and then rush into Richmond the next morning."

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MISS VAN LEW'S CIPHER CODE

Did Miss Van Lew and "Quaker" and the other Unionists of Richmond hold themselves responsible for the ill-fated raid to release the Federal prisoners? Was it indeed the information in Miss Van Lew's despatch which inspired the raid? Thus, when the body of the crippled boy-leader, Colonel Ulric Dahlgren—he was not yet twenty-two—lay in secret among the ten thousand grassless graves below Oakwood Cemetery in Richmond, what was it which moved Miss Van Lew and the Unionists to risk their very lives to steal his body and send it through the Confederate pickets to a "friendly grave"—was it pity only, or was it that they felt that they had brought him there?

The Kilpatrick-Dahlgren Raid was primarily to release the Federal prisoners in Richmond. On February 28, 1864, General Judson Kilpatrick and Colonel Ulric Dahlgren at the head of 4,000 picked troopers left Stevensburg and made direct for Richmond. There was the feint—the simultaneous demonstration by Meade against Lee's left; there was the plan for Dahlgren to engage Richmond on the south with a small force while the main body was to enter on the north; there was to be the release of the prisoners who were so "soon to be removed to Georgia"—is there doubt that Miss Van Lew and "Quaker" saw in it all a responsibility that rested in a measure on themselves?

The raid—though it penetrated to within five miles of Richmond—failed. By a series of accidents—chief of which was the treachery of Dahlgren's negro guide—the two forces, after separating for the attack, lost each other and were never able to unite. Tuesday, March 1st, found both Kilpatrick and Dahlgren—widely separated—in retreat, and riding hard for the Peninsula. But that night, in the storm that raged, Dahlgren and his advance (about one hundred men) with whom he rode became lost from the remainder of his little command. In all the history of the war there is no more pathetic figure—with crutches strapped to the saddle, and in the stirrup an artificial limb to take the place of the leg lost but a few months before—none more dramatic than young Ulric Dahlgren as he led his handful of exhausted men through

the roused country. In King and Queen County—there came the end—the little band rode into an ambush, and at the first volley from out the thicket Colonel Dahlgren, who was in advance, was shot dead; some of his men managed to escape, but the remainder were taken.

In her manuscript Miss Van Lew tells the detailed story of the killing of Colonel Dahlgren and of what followed.

"A coffin was made, and the body of Dahlgren placed in it and buried, where he was killed, at the fork of two roads, one leading from Stevensville and the other from Mantua ferry. After a few days it was disinterred by order of the Confederate government, brought to Richmond, and lay for a time in a box-car at the York River Railway station. It was buried, as the papers said, at eleven o'clock at night, no one knew where and no one should ever know. . . ." No word of Miss Van Lew's reveals that the plan to steal the body was hers; it was she who incited the men to steal; her money purchased the metallic casket, which was concealed by her strategy.

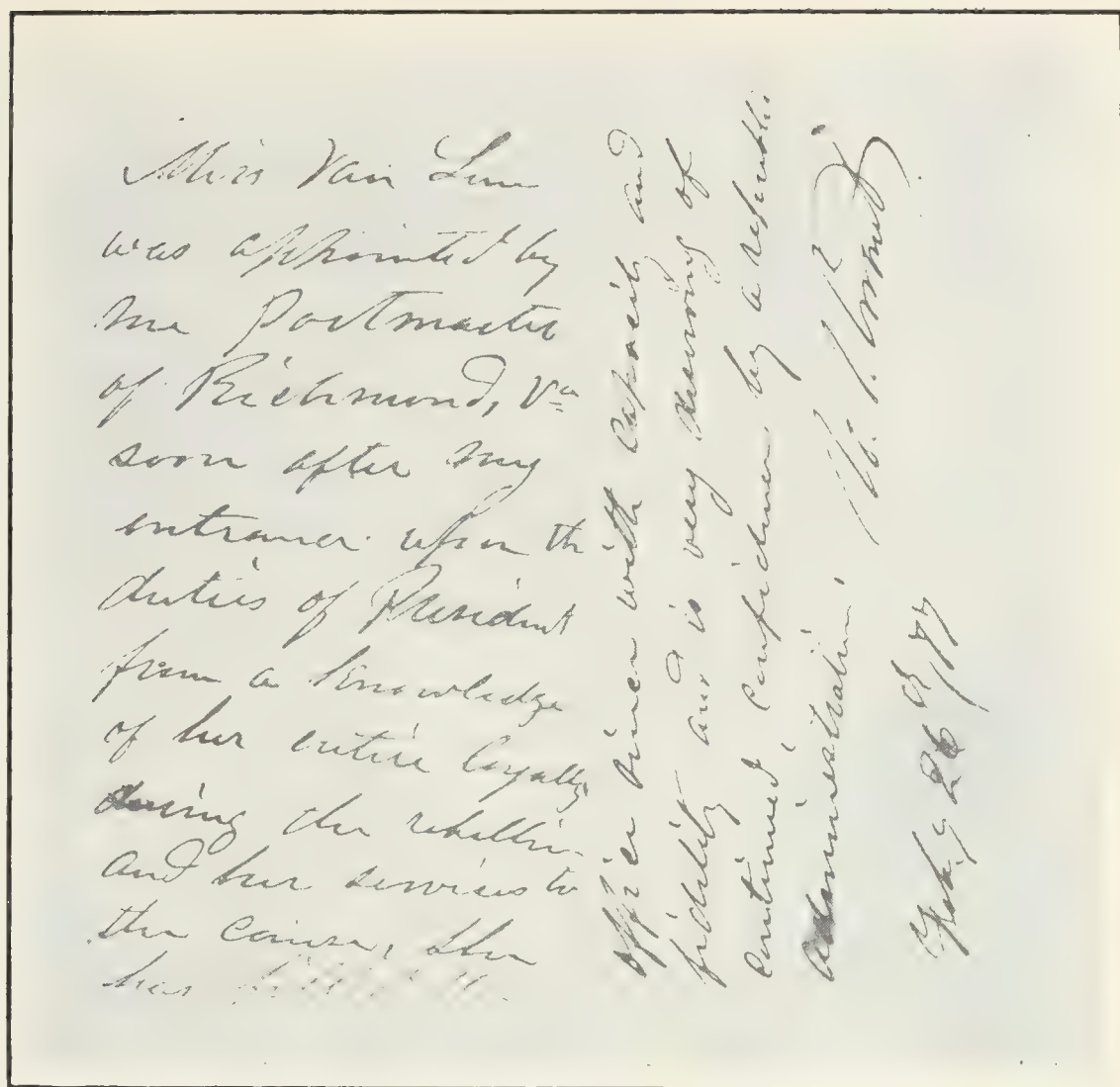
"Several endeavored to trace it, and Mr. F. W. E. Lohmann succeeded in doing so, willingly running the risk of its removal, which all knew here was perilous in no small degree. The discovery of the body was entirely accidental, or rather providential, would not have been made had not a negro been out in the burying-ground at midnight and saw them burying Dahlgren. . . . When search was made, this negro suspected that the person inquired for was sleeping in his care—and to this negro's [illegible word: intelligence?] it may be that Colonel Dahlgren's body was ever found.

"Arrangements had been made to convey it to the residence of Mr. William S. Rowley, some short distance in the country; and, accompanied by Mr. Martin M. Lipscomb, on the cold, dark, and rainy night of April 5th, Mr. Lohmann went to the ground, and with the aid of a negro took up the coffin, opened it, and identified the body by the missing limb—it having lost the right leg below the knee. It was then put into a wagon, and Mr. Lohmann drove it to Mr. Rowley's; the coffin was carried into an outbuilding—a kind of seed or work shop—where Mr.

Rowley watched the rest of the night beside it. In the morning a metallic coffin was brought out. A few friends saw the body. Colonel Dahlgren's hair was very short, but all that could be spared was cut off and sent to his father. . . . The body was taken from the rough, coarse coffin and placed in the metallic one, the lid of which was sealed with a composition improvised by F. W. E. Lohmann, as there was no putty to be procured in Richmond. This coffin was placed in Mr. Rowley's wagon, which was then filled with

young peach-trees packed as nursery-men pack them—the coffin, of course, being covered and concealed. Mr. Rowley took the driver's seat and drove all that remained of the brave young Dahlgren through the several pickets, one of which was then the strongest around Richmond; . . . at this very place the day before his death had Dahlgren fought for hours. Wary and vigilant were our pickets, and if one had run his bayonet into this wagon only a few inches, death would certainly have been the reward of Rowley."

Rowley was chosen well; Miss Van Lew's account shows him to have been a man of iron nerve and a consummate actor. At the picket post he listened without a quiver to the unexpected order that his wagon be searched; an inbound team drew up, and the picket, perceiving that Rowley gave no sign of being in a hurry, thoroughly searched it. The lieutenant of the post having re-entered his tent, and one of the guard at that moment having recognized in Rowley a chance acquaintance and recalled to him their former meeting, there at once commenced a lively conversation. More



FACSIMILE OF GENERAL GRANT'S ENDORSEMENT

Reproduced by courtesy of the owner, John Albree, Esq., of Boston

wagons came, were searched, and went on. The lieutenant, looking out from his tent for an instant, gave orders each time to "search that man." The suspense must have been terrible; it seemed now that nothing would avert the discovery of the casket.

"Your face is guarantee enough," the guard said to Rowley, in a low voice; "go on!" And so the body of Colonel Ulric Dahlgren resumed its journey to the farm of a German named Orrick, near Hungary (now Laurel Station). The grave was quickly dug and the coffin placed in it; two German women helped to fill it in and to plant over it one of the peach-trees which had so successfully prevented discovery.

It was perhaps unfortunate that the Unionists carried out their well-intentioned plan, for Admiral Dahlgren's recovery of the body of his son was thereby retarded until after the war. With Admiral Dahlgren's request for the return of the body the Confederate government made every effort to comply—an action which was a great surprise to the Richmond Unionists, who believed the Confederates to be too bitter

against Dahlgren ever to accede to such a demand. But the body was gone, and the mystery of its disappearance remained—for the Confederates—long unsolved.

Close upon the heels of the Dahlgren raid and its tragic ending came the opening of the spring campaign. "As the war advanced" (Miss Van Lew wrote) "and the army closed around Richmond, I was able to communicate with General Butler and General Grant, but not so well and persistently with General Butler, for there was too much danger in the system and persons. With General Grant, through his Chief of Secret Service, General George H. Sharpe, I was more fortunate." So "fortunate" that flowers which one day grew in her Richmond garden stood next morning on Grant's breakfast table.

Great gaps occur in the "Occasional Journal" for 1864-5; the personal element had been destroyed, and there is left only description of general conditions—save for the story of Pole, the Englishman, who, in February, when unseen Peace was but six weeks away, was piloted into Richmond from headquarters by a Federal agent to assist in obtaining information; Pole, the Englishman, who brought the shadow of death closer, blacker, more imminent than ever it had been before. For Pole, once he was in Richmond, immediately betrayed Babcock, who had brought him in, and White, with whom he was to have been quartered, and those Unionists by whom he and Babcock had been aided along their way. Miss Van Lew read in the newspaper of the arrests, and there followed hours of suspense, until it became apparent that Pole had been unable to incriminate her, and that she had indeed escaped again.

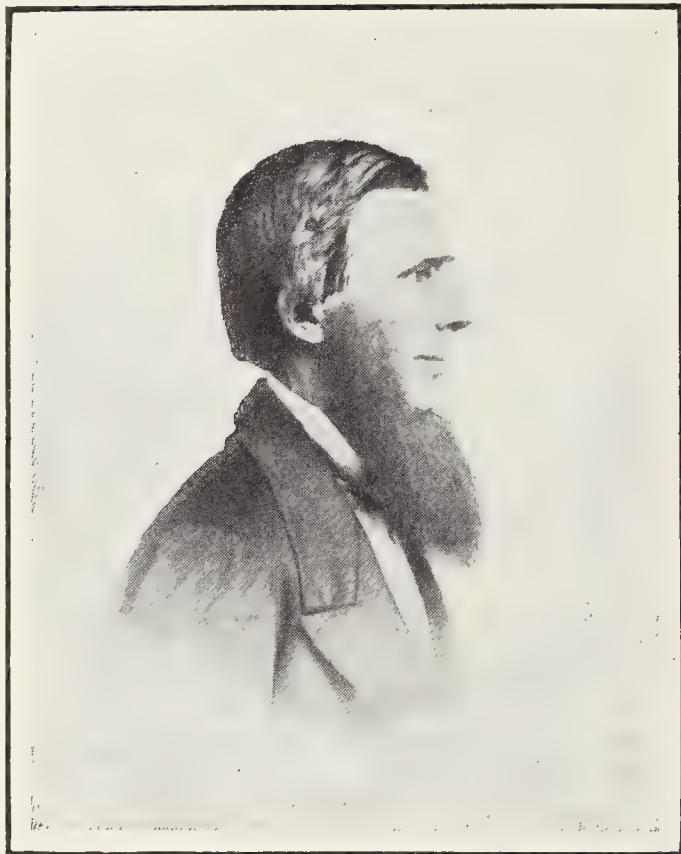
Winter was hardly over when Lee's veterans—more gaunt, more grim, immeasurably more heroic—recommenced the now hopeless struggle. The despairing Confederacy was ransacking the South to obtain horses to send to its fighting-men; Miss Van Lew hid her last remaining horse in the smoke-house, until, finding it to be unsafe there, she stabled it in the study of the house, its stamping being deadened by a thick-strewn layer of straw.

At last came the fall of Richmond. The special guard, under command of Colonel Parke, sent by General Grant for Miss Van Lew's protection, found her in the deserted capitol, seeking in the archives for documents which might otherwise be destroyed. President Grant, fifteen days after his inauguration, appointed Miss Van Lew Postmaster of

Richmond. She knew that it would be heralded that she had demanded the office in payment for services rendered against the Confederacy; but her family was in need of money, so for eight years she served as postmaster.

"I live—and have lived for years—as entirely distinct from the citizens as if I were plague-stricken," she wrote. "Rarely, very rarely, is our door-bell ever rung by any but a pauper, or those desiring my service. . . . September, 1875, my mother was taken from me by death. We had not friends enough to be pall-bearers."

After her removal from office there followed years of distressing poverty and unavailing efforts to procure any sort of government appointment. Her salary during office had been spent without regard for the morrow—chiefly in charities to the negro race—characterized by her neighbors as "pernicious social-equality doctrines and practices." Utterly unable



WILLIAM S. ROWLEY



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE SECRET ROOM

to dispose of her valuable but unproductive real estate, she was reduced to great distress—absolute need. “I tell you truly and solemnly,” she wrote, “that I have suffered for necessary food. I have not one cent in the world. . . . I have stood the brunt *alone* of a persecution that I believe no other person in the country has endured who has not been Ku-Kluxed. I honestly think that the government should see that I was sustained.”

And finally there did come the long-sought appointment—a clerkship in the Post-office Department at Washington. Then after two years the war party was overthrown, and the change brought bitter days to Miss Van Lew. Perhaps—as her superiors fretfully reported—she did owe her place to “sentimental reasons,” perhaps her “peculiar temperament” did make her “a hindrance to the other clerks,” perhaps she did “come and go at will.” It was recommended that she be reduced to “a clerkship of the lowest salary and grade”—and it was done; but she mutely clung to her only means of livelihood. Two weeks later there appeared in a Northern newspaper a sneering editorial. “A Troublesome Relict,” it began, and closed, “We draw the line at Miss Van Lew.” And *then* she wrote her resignation, and, a heartbroken old

woman, she returned to the lonely house on Church Hill.

There, in desperation, and stung by the taunt made to her that “the South would not have forsaken her as the North had done had she espoused the Southern cause,” she wrote to Northern friends for help. To send the letter, she was obliged to borrow a stamp from a negro. The letter brought a response that was quick and generous; those friends and relatives of Colonel Paul Revere—whom she had helped in Libby Prison—gave an ample annuity, which for her remaining years procured those comforts that money could buy; but there was that for which money had no purchasing power. And so, at last, in the old mansion with its haunting memories, Miss Van Lew died.

There is but one paragraph more to be written—to be copied from a torn scrap of paper among her manuscripts:

“If I am entitled to the name of ‘Spy’ because I was in the secret service, I accept it willingly; but it will hereafter have to my mind a high and honorable signification. For my loyalty to my country I have two beautiful names—here I am called ‘Traitor,’ farther North a ‘Spy’—instead of the honored name of Faithful.”

“And the Sea Gave Up the Dead”

BY MARGARET RIDGELY PARTRIDGE

ALL ye souls who for love or for plunder
In your arrogance sought to o’erride
The high seas, and have perished thereunder
With your treasure, your boasting, your pride—
Look ye up from your fathomless dwelling,
Gather strength to arise and behold
Through the billows’ fierce fall and upswelling,
A sign, as of old.

Oh! ye murmuring multitudes grieving
In the rack of those turbulent graves,
Who have striven in vain with the heaving
Of onrushing waves upon waves—
Carried forward by hope, and then cheated
By some glimmering vision of land,
Then flung backward, o’ermastered, defeated,
Like shells on the sand—

Ye are summoned! Awaken! Assemble!
From those sheltering wrecks underground,
The winds of the Lord are atremble,
And the ice of the North is unbound.
Through the rushing of river on river,
Though ye know not, nor harken, nor see,
There is One who has come to deliver
Your souls from the sea!

From the uttermost reaches of ocean
Lo! a way for the ransomed is made,
Though outwearied, and spent with the motion
Of waters, though blinded, afraid,
Ye are drawn by a Tide that is stronger
Than any your anguish has known,
At whose bidding the billows no longer
Can make ye their own!

Oh! ye onpressing numberless legions
Hastening upward, ye soon shall be free
From those lonely and desolate regions,
From the flowerless tombs of the sea.
And ye nations who one with another
Strove thereover, your anger shall cease,
And your spirits as brother to brother
Shall rise up in peace.

And all ye of the golden-oared galleys,
Whether hero, or captive, or slave,
Folden deep in those emerald valleys,
Ye were nought in the sight of the wave!
Ere the breath from your lips had ascended,
Whatsoever your venture might be,
Ye were levelled, united, and blended,
And mocked by the sea!

Take the seal of the seas from your hearing!
Shake the foam from your eyelids, and press
Toward the light that each moment is nearing
Those tempestuous tides of distress—
There's a Voice in the whirlwind, of thunder,
There's a Foot on the wave that is nigh,
Lo! the waters are riven asunder,
And are one with the sky!

The Extra Thousand

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

AFTERWARD the thing that followed Jimsie about like a grinning and sardonic shadow was the thought of the trivial causes that led to his undoing. The day it happened he lunched with Winslow.

"They tell me over at your place," Winslow said, "that you're doing good work."

"I'm sure hustling," Jimsie grinned. He leaned back in his chair. There was about him the atmosphere of a youngster who feels himself in as perfect training for the race of life as ever he had been for a game of baseball. One had only to look at him to see that he loved the special game he was playing. He had, of course, always wanted that vague thing called Success, which in business has its outward and visible sign in money. Just what kind of success he wanted had been obscure to him until a few months before; then it had come as definitely as falling in love. This poignant knowledge of his was as different as is the vague feeling that love is good, and the desire that some day it shall be yours, from the sudden and enrapturing finding in the world of one's own woman. It was as though he had been climbing up the side of a mountain, taking joy in the mere effort of the climb, but not seeing what manner of country he was coming on, and suddenly he had reached the mountain-top and from it saw the land which might be his.

And the Jimsie Bate who stood seeing visions on the mountain-top and to whom the great god of Opportunity had beckoned, and the Jimsie Bate who had started his climb upward in a dilatory fashion and who later had sweated up the path of routine, were two people. Winslow recognized this, saying:

"You used to be a lazy cuss, Jimsie. What struck you?"

Now Jimsie, being as sentimental as is the average whole-hearted and common-

place youth, had told himself that it was Louise who had sharpened his ambition and given new power to his courage. He told this now to Winslow, saying in a casual and offhand way:

"Oh, a wife to work for is a good thing for a man."

"Wife-to-work-for nothing!" grunted Winslow. "You're in it for the game, Jimsie. It's your only excitement. What you mean is that the regular hours and good grub every day and no excitement are fine things for throwing a man back on his work. Well, so long!" He went, leaving Jimsie to finish his coffee alone; and though he protested to himself loyally that Winslow was a cynical old bachelor, the heart of him knew Winslow spoke the truth. For the first time Jimsie realized he was working, as Winslow said, "for the sake of the game."

It had been just that morning he had learned definitely that the position he had been working for—racing for, one might better say—was to be his. A certain position was to fall open the first of the year and Jimsie and two other men in the business were rivals for it. Besides that was the unknown "dark horse" of a possible some one from the outside.

Jimsie had known he would get it. He simply had to have it. He had to have it because he had to win, since he had put all the latent force that was in him into proving he was the better man; but he had to have it also because he needed the extra thousand of salary for another sort of success. For that extra thousand, with what Jimsie already had, made it possible for him to go into Gregory's concern later on. And that in the end would mean a real share in Gregory's business—a chance to play the game one's own way. And though Jimsie had never contemplated the possibility of defeat, the physical effect upon him of assured success was to make him feel that for the first time in weeks there was again all

the air in the world to breathe that he wanted. Not since he had got his place on the ball team had he known such a sense of high achievement. No, not even when he had won Louise. It was a high moment.

That evening, with his spirit winging far away, he bought his evening paper and took his place in the Subway as usual. But for all the high moment he turned to the back of the paper, which was adorned with pictures of a humorous and cataclysmal family whose doings, in common with hundreds and thousands of other Americans, Jimsie looked at every evening. The lower part of him went through with this routine, while the higher part winged itself through the cold interstellar spaces. As he looked at these pictures he never smiled, for there was nothing to smile about; why they fascinated him he couldn't have explained any more than could the other thousands who nightly gazed upon the series of little characters who served their turn by pretending at being funny.

At one side of these pictures was an editorial, and at the other, "Advice to Husbands and Wives." In this column sense and thrills were deftly mingled. You walked along the even road of platitude to find unexpectedly at the end of a sentence a heart beating madly with human passion—defeated motherhood, love denied, thwarted ambition. The theme of to-night's advice pricked into Jimsie's higher consciousness. It was an appeal couched in terms of subdued fervor, one intended to keep to the commonplace note, but through whose measured sentences one felt the pulse of a vibrating passion. The motive was:

"Husbands! Tell your wives about your business! Does this woman with whom you have entered into a life contract know how you spend your business hours? Does she know your ambitions, the state of your bank account? If not, why not? She ought to know it. Are you treating her with confidence? How would you like it if you arrived at middle age, only to find out that forever her heart's ambitions had been cloaked from you?"

"Are *you* one of the men who live this way? Are you treating your wife like a dog? Is it the American woman's fault

that she does nothing but shop and spend money? Give people responsibilities and they will live up to their responsibilities. Treat them like irrational beings and they will remain irrational. Women in the United States marry young.

"It is for *you*, the man who reads this—the individual husband, to educate his wife.

"Wives! Why have you not been educated? Why have you not demanded your birthright? Are you your husband's toy or his helpmate? It is for both of you to decide!"

One gathered that the millennium would dawn in American domestic life and the divorce courts be cleared once for all could every woman but know correctly the details of her husband's business and the state of his finances.

In Jimsie's exalted mood the words took on a higher meaning and intertwined themselves curiously with his emotions. He hadn't been acting rightly by Louise. What did she know of his life? From to-night they would have a new partnership. He would explain everything instead of merely telling her he had Masters' place.

He went home and for the first time talked business to Louise. He had talked about ambitions in the abstract before, of course; about the fellows in the office; but in their little cosmography business had been a thing that kept two loving souls, Jimsie and Louise, inexorably apart during certain hours of the day. That this should have been so, he afterward told himself, bitterly, ought to have warned him.

Louise was waiting for him. She had run to the door as soon as she heard his key in the latch, and she threw her arms about his neck with engaging abandon. The return of Jimsie Bate to his home was always a glorious event to her. One gathered by her manner and the radiance of her that she had merely existed through the long waste hours of the day, and now for the first moment since his departure did she again live. If he had been older and with a profounder knowledge of women's hearts this would have touched him, but since in spirit Jimsie was a boy it was heart-lifting or vaguely annoying, according to his mood. There are moments of fatigue when one doesn't

wish to be greeted with triumphal music and fireworks.

To-night, however, her welcome was soul-inspiring, the crowning point of his already towering emotion. Dinner was soon on the table. And now that the moment had come for bringing Louise more definitely into his daily life, Jimsie found himself overcome with a curious shyness. Hang it all! he thought. There was nothing very portentous, after all, about telling the wife of your bosom about how you stood and what you wanted to do in the world.

"Say, Louise," he began, stifling an instinct to be didactic and portentous, "I've got a chance to go in with Gregory next year if I want to."

"*Have* you?" responded Louise. Her tone was vivacious; she always showed a flattering interest in anything Jimsie might say.

But Jimsie, with emotions all laid bare to the touch, felt that there was no deeper interest than if he had announced that he had tickets for the theater. He tried a deeper note.

"I don't think you know enough about my work, Louise. I think a woman ought to share as much of her husband's work as she can." His tone was flattering and ardent. It wasn't just a simple announcement.

"So do I," she agreed, with eager promptness.

He explained about Gregory's plan and was conscious of a gradual sliding down-hill of words and phrases caused by a tentative question here and there of Louise's. Jimsie, accustomed only to business talk where you only begin a sentence to be understood, where you get definite only when you have come to a question of actual dollars and cents, found his high mood sliding down-hill with his words. He wasn't used to talking business in words of one syllable.

To Jimsie's joyous "It looks good to me," she responded with a vague little—

"I'm awfully stupid. I don't know anything about business at all, you see." She spoke in her small voice, the voice of a very little obedient girl who was trying very hard to understand a lesson that is too difficult, not for any interest in the lesson, but because of her love for the teacher. It was gratifying to one's self-

love if one liked, but some way that wasn't how Jimsie had pictured their interview in his imaginary communion with Louise in the Subway.

"It would need capital," he went on.

"Everything needs capital," she agreed, brightly. Here she had her feet on firm ground again; she had heard her father say that. Then she said very thoughtfully:

"You would have to put all your father's money into it, wouldn't you, Jimsie?"

"I'd need a thousand more," he replied.

Her cue was, of course:

"Where will you get it, Jimsie?"

Then he would have told her the rest of the glorious news, but she only said:

"Oh, Jimsie! You want to be awfully sure where you are."

It was her first real note of comprehension. She might not know anything about business, but she had lived long enough in the world to understand the gravity of turning safe securities into a problematical business venture. Unknown to herself that little capital of Jimsie's had been a comforting thing. Moreover, the uncomprehended repelled her.

She sat silent, her pretty brows drawn in a thoughtful frown. She was a charming object to look at. The sweet and candid innocence of her face made its unfailing appeal to him. His spirits went up again.

"I've got the extra thousand all right," he answered. "I've got Masters' job."

"Masters' job?" Louise wondered.

The sluices were up. He told her everything; how he had tried, how he had hoped, how he had been sure, how he had been told definitely to-day. And here he was in the realms that Louise could understand. Her face reflected his own shining triumph.

"How splendid, Jimsie!" she cried, her arms around his neck. "All at once a thousand more a year! Oh, Jimsie! *Now* I can begin right away looking for a better apartment!"

With his arms still about her, with the flush of success on his face, Jimsie had the numbing sensation of one who has received a blow from a club. He found himself murmuring, doggedly:

"I told you I look on that thousand as

part of my capital," and he was conscious as he said these words that it hadn't got over to her exactly what he meant, but only that he was opposing her.

She slipped away from him, still smiling, still kind, still joyous. In her serenity and outward acquiescence he felt her stubborn inner resistance. This was no time for argument, she had realized with quick instinct.

The door-bell rang and friends came in. All through the talk with them there ran a subcurrent in Jimsie's mind. Louise wouldn't help him; Louise wouldn't see it; she didn't care. It was numbing; it shut him away from the sun of their love like a cold fog which searched the marrow of his spiritual being.

The next morning this feeling was still with him. As he looked at Louise, so cheerful, so pretty, so fresh, pouring out his coffee, it was as if in some subtle way she had become a hostile thing in his life. Exactly why or how he couldn't have explained. Through all the storm and stress of marriage, the inevitable misunderstandings, they had, after all, wanted the same thing. The feeling of unity and perfect understanding with each other had been their desire. To this end their roads may have differed, but they had suffered alike when this spiritual harmony had been broken, and had striven, each blindly and each in his or her own way, to re-establish it.

Now, for the first time, they were arraigned against each other. Her silence irritated him. He realized that she was using tact and deferring argument to a more appropriate occasion. And what is there more calculated to arouse the ire of a man than to know his wife is being tactful with him?

Inexpressibly troubled and profoundly irritated, Jimsie went to his business. Her astounding words, "I'll begin right away hunting for a new apartment," rang in his mind like a bell-buoy placed over a dangerous reef. Nothing had happened—and everything. In his path he had found unexpectedly an obstacle; he had stubbed his toe and had fallen headlong, but now that he looked at the tiny object that had sent him sprawling he tried to measure the importance of what had happened by telling himself that, since the cause of his fall was so small a thing, it

was his imagination that he was so incredibly shaken up.

What had caused the shaking was the attitude of mind of Louise; and what was a woman's attitude of mind? After all, she must have been joking. Not that her attitude could make the slightest difference, of course, he told himself, with a lofty security. It was just deuced unpleasant. He shut his eyes resolutely to the awful altering of values between them there would be if it indeed turned out that she was serious.

There was a little air of subdued triumph and happiness about Louise when he came home that evening. Her gaiety and good temper drew Jimsie along with them. That they could laugh together like children at play was one of the strongest points of their companionship. The good-tempered atmosphere of dinner crowded into the farthest part of Jimsie's mind the uncomfortable reflections that had accompanied his solitary lunch.

It was after dinner and Jimsie had lighted his pipe that Louise brought out, as casually as if she had said she had been out shopping, these words:

"I've been looking for the apartment to-day, Jimsie."

With real surprise Jimsie replied:

"The apartment—" For a second he had forgotten.

"Oh," said she, "I shall be so glad to get away from this little tucked-up place a thousand miles from anywhere."

The very real note of relief in her voice, the real detestation of things as they were, for the moment struck him more than anything else. It seemed disloyal, in the first place. Wasn't this "little tucked-up place" the one they had chosen together before their marriage? Hadn't they walked through the tucked-up, empty rooms hand in hand, shy all at once with the visible presence before them of what life in common meant? Hadn't they arranged every detail of the little rooms together? Hadn't it been Louise's choice? A thousand miles from anywhere! Why, it was Louise herself who didn't care how far she was from anywhere so that she had Jimsie. Now it seemed that while giving the impersonation of a happy and contented woman she had been cherishing all sorts of secret rebellions and discontents. He allowed himself to be



Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

"YOU'VE STOOD UP FOR IT ALL ALONG"

diverted from the real point at issue by this new phase in Louise's character. Instead of quashing the new-apartment idea he exclaimed:

"Why, I thought you liked it, Louise!"

"Well, I don't," she responded, crisply. And she entered on an indictment of its disadvantages. Small, noisy, dirty, and inconvenient; badly built, too, was every part of it.

"And you have hated it too, Jimsie," she went on, pressing her advantage into the enemy's camp. "You said you had just as soon commute as live here—*rather*, for then you'd get a seat. You've spoken about the horrid entrance a hundred times."

He had; he couldn't deny it. He, at least, had been honest. He felt deeply grieved with her duplicity and let this appear in the tone of reproach in his voice as he gave out:

"*You've* stood up for it all along."

"Oh, I made the best of things," she answered. "What's the use of grumbling about things you can't change?"

She crossed over to Jimsie, where he was sitting on the little divan, and nestled herself beside him.

"But now," she smiled, contentedly, "it's all over. I don't have to pretend to like it any more, thank goodness! I have found a perfectly lovely place—in the sixties between Park and Lexington." She clasped her hands together with the enthusiastic gesture of the little girl that Jimsie had always loved so much. A hostile tone on Louise's part would have stiffened his moral fibre. Her happy content unnerved him.

"But, Louise," he faltered, "I thought I explained yesterday. Don't you see, I've got to have that extra thousand if I'm going in with Gregory? He doesn't want any one in the business who hasn't a share in it. Every one's got a larger share than I'll have as it is; it is only that Gregory knows me and wants me."

In his eagerness to have her understand, to get her co-operation, he talked to her for the moment as though she were a man. Gregory was selling his plant and taking over a new one, and it was to be enlarged. For this he needed all the capital he could get. It would be a year before the new concern would be finished. The enlarged operations gave the place

for Jimsie. Ultimate partnership was what it might mean.

"So you see, Louise, my raise doesn't mean any real alteration in our circumstances."

The thing was so entirely clear to him, and so reasonable. He had thought it out so long. His chance to get Masters' place and his chance to go in with Gregory had come almost at the same time. It was as clear to him as two times two.

Louise only interrupted him to ask:

"What will Gregory give you?"

"Oh," Jimsie answered, as if it were a matter of no importance, "just what I am getting now, and I'll be in for my share of profits and get a big raise the moment the plant's paid for. Of course the first year I'll have to live near the factory to learn the details of the business, you know; and after that most likely I'll get the New York office."

As he talked he was conscious that Louise was slipping away from him. At the beginning of his little speech she had taken her head from his shoulder and was sitting bolt upright, rigid and attentive. By the time he had finished with "So you see, Louise," instead of a foot or two of space it seemed that she was looking at him from a vast distance.

"I do see," she answered, bitterly.

Her tone flicked him.

"What do you see?" he demanded.

His hostile tone was all that she needed to rouse the sense of injustice and humiliation that had been surging through her.

"I see," she said, slowly, in cold anger, "that I'm to be moved around like a table or a chair or any package of household goods. I see that you plan your whole life without finding out if it suits me—without a thought of me. I see that I'm to make all the sacrifices while you have all the fun; I am to continue to live up here where I don't see the face of a friend. That's what I see. You have gone and made your plans and matured them. Did you take me into your confidence? Did you ever think of my part in it? You haven't. Now you spring this on me."

It was as though a door had been opened and an icy and devastating wind had swept through a house, scattering ashes about and blowing out lamps, turn-

ing a warm and familiar place into a bewildering and dangerous disorder. All Jimsie found to say was:

"You call telling you a thing a year beforehand springing it on you, Louise?" It was totally inadequate.

She answered, promptly:

"Yes, I do. You've made up your mind to do it, haven't you? You've made up your mind what disposition you would make of your money, haven't you?" She had perfect self-possession. She hadn't even risen to her feet; she had hardly moved. "Even the little door of escape for a year you wouldn't grant me."

This, then, was what came of treating one's wife like a man and bringing her into the partnership of business. If he treated her like a baby and flattered her and offered her a bribe of a new flat, then perhaps she wouldn't have objected in this appalling way. It's an awful thing to see your road clear to success and find your wife standing in the middle of it crying, "No thoroughfare!"

He mastered himself enough to say:

"Don't you see, Louise, it's for you? Don't you see it's all our whole lives together?"

"No," she said; "it's just what I don't see. How do I know Gregory's going to be a good thing for you? You think so. But you're awfully headstrong and optimistic, Jimsie. New businesses are failing every day. You're rising where you are; you've got Masters' place now. Think how perfectly comfortable we could be on Masters' salary. I could live where we could see our friends and my family sometimes. There's nothing to tell me you wouldn't rise right on from Masters' place and perhaps be a member of the firm."

At the preposterousness of the last suggestion Jimsie shrugged impatiently, insultingly.

With an alarming *tour de force* the icy gale of Louise's anger turned into a molten indignation. Before this there had, of course, been differences between them. There had been inexplicable moments which had left Jimsie with the baffled sense of being in the presence of the unknown. "Darn women, anyway!" had been his phrase in the presence of the mysterious nature of the other sex. Tears there had been; tears that left him

irritated, bewildered, and sometimes vastly pitiful. Louise at such times had slipped outside the circle of sympathy where he could reach her and had there wept like a hurt child and he had been powerless to help. Then quickly, inexplicably, she had returned to him where he could comfort her.

But what one might call the social surface had never been broken between them. Through all their misunderstandings they had been good-mannered young people. Even in the abandon of tears, even in Jimsie's occasional suppressed surliness, a measure of decorum had been preserved—as though they understood that the code of gentle people prescribes a certain limit of emotion beyond which one may not go.

Now Louise turned her back upon this ruthlessly. A sudden lust for destruction gripped her, almost a sacred rage, to make the situation between them as irremediable as possible. There was something appalling about it. In this woman whom he had loved and who had given him so much of sweetness and affection; who had irritated him sometimes; who had been always so eager to make terms with him after some disagreement (almost as eager as he had been to make terms with her)—who would have suspected such a leaping primitive anger? As well suspect the suave New England hills of volcanoes.

Her anger took the form of accusations. It wasn't alone the flat that she had been dissatisfied with, it seemed. Jimsie, the light of her life; Jimsie, for whose homecoming she longed with such eagerness, was selfish, inconsiderate, and, more than that—didn't love her. That was the bottom of everything. He had proven it now once for all. And she, Louise, had had no pride and no self-respect. She had only wanted to do what would please Jimsie, whether it was right or not. But now she would stand out for her birth-right; she would see if she would be consulted. She wouldn't see Jimsie throw away his life and hers without a protest. And since Jimsie had planned to go alone to the country, he might go!

In all this overwhelming crash of the emotions, in this tearing to pieces of all the sure foundations on which their life was built, Jimsie was conscious

of a feeling of surprise that he kept his head.

The emotional anger of Louise's indignation came to an end as curiously and suddenly as it had begun. She had brushed aside Jimsie's little futile attempts to tranquillize her, and at his shocked and inadequate "Oh, Louise!" when the monstrous fact was revealed that he had proved to her eternally that he had never loved her, she went on:

"You don't care, Jimsie! You can't care! You don't know the beginning of caring! You couldn't have done this if you had!" At this she rushed from the room.

Jimsie made no attempt to follow her. He let himself down limply into the Morris chair. The little room was quiet and tranquil, as though no great catastrophe had passed over. It was amazing. He tried to bring his bewildered senses to bear on the situation. If his former interview with Louise had been like stubbing your toe and falling this was like being in an earthquake. And all because he, Jimsie Bate, had been seeing visions and because life and business and all his occupations had taken on a newer and larger meaning. To Louise this newer meaning, this larger interpretation, spelled selfishness. And yet, in all her blindness and injustice, he admitted large-mindedly that a little thread of justice was hers, too. That was what made it so hard. It isn't for nothing that one sees visions; it was only being without vision and without belief that gave Louise her thread of seeming justice.

Then slowly from the depths of him anger toward Louise swelled upward. Anger combined with a certain peevishness. Hang it all, he wasn't accustomed to bad-tempered women. This gave him satisfaction, as though some personal virtue of his had made this so. In his anger she seemed to him infinitely remote—something foreign and menacing in his life. A mad instinct for flight seized him. He would have liked to go out of this alien little flat, so full of unnecessary feminine adornments—the hated place was Louise's, after all; not his, Jimsie's. From the soul of him at that moment he would have liked to make an escape from this troubling, antagonistic place, from his wife Louise. No readjustment of these opposing views

seemed possible to him. She seemed to him not an unreasonable being, but one from its own point of view infinitely reasonable. He wanted to run, as one would wish to run from some country underneath whose calm and smiling appearance one has learned that awful and cataclysmal dangers lurk. He didn't analyze it, for that was not his nature; he just wanted to get out and go away; go away and sleep and wake up the next day free, with his life to do with as he chose.

Physically he felt bruised and beaten. A rest was what he wanted; rest from his own emotions; rest and a place where such things couldn't happen. The door of escape was open to him in a most unexpected fashion. Strange and dark are the ways of man—and of woman.

Louise appeared at the door; not the fiery creature who had vanished, who had left him so short a time before, but a broken, trembling little girl; she, too, wishful for escape; she, too, appalled at the wreck of things.

Now look at Jimsie and Louise: without a word of reconciliation, without either of them giving in or dreaming of giving in, they fled to each other's arms for protection from the sinister and uncertain world. It was:

"Oh, Jimsie, Jimsie!" in a half-strangled sob.

It was, "My poor little girl Louise!" in tones of deep sympathy.

One would have thought they had just found each other after a panic-stricken search for one another around a sinking ship. They had hurt each other cruelly and each sought from the other balm for the wound.

They parted from each other the next morning with the utmost tenderness and with the deepest sort of inward conviction of their individual rectitude. And, of course, when you know you are right and are absolutely sure of it, when you are young, you expect to convince others to your point of view. But how was any convincing possible when they had quarrelled on one of the fundamental differences of man and woman kind?

Louise, in her fight for a better home and for Jimsie's keeping his present position, was woman the conserver, woman the home-maker, woman who from the beginning of time has seen in the new

venture the possible wreck of present security; and since she must have a roof-tree over herself and her children, better by all means keep what she has and maintain it than venture her all on a problematical success.

And against Louise, against woman the conservative, was arraigned Jimsie, man the adventurer, who is willing to risk everything to conquer new countries—even his own hearth; man the perpetual optimist, the creator.

How make peace when two world forces such as these meet? Here you have the weakness of arbitration. Such fundamental strife is no mere difference of opinion. One steps out of the realm here of pure reason into that of instinct. Some one has got to be beaten in a pitched battle.

Though they avoided the subject for the next few days, it sat there between them at table; it went to bed with them at night; it dressed in the room with them in the morning. It grinned at them:

"Oh, Jimsie and Louise, you can play at lovers, but you know that both of you are ready to fight to the death. You, Louise, are merely an innocent Delilah, striving by pure sweetness to deprive your Jimsie of his strength. And you, Jimsie, the flowers you brought home to Louise are a blood-offering. You are biding your time and hoarding your strength."

They clung to each other tragically, pathetically; but when Louise was alone she was saying to herself:

"I will not go to a little town in Connecticut and spend a year to see him ruin himself. I will not! I will not!"

And Jimsie, when business gave him time to think, assured himself that in the end Louise would be grateful for his firmness.

One can't keep on the surface of things forever. The tension between them had to find its outlet. They had kept themselves prepared for battle so long that when the moment for fighting came it took the form of a dignified parliamentary debate. Jimsie kindly and simply, and with a dignity quite foreign to his easy-going manner, explained the whole situation over again to Louise. Both of them were too much in earnest to notice how absurd his touch of pompousness was. With great calm Louise

reiterated all her passionate statements. At the end:

"Do you really mean, Louise, that you won't go with me into the country?"

The hurt in his tone broke through her armor. With tears in her eyes she answered:

"Oh, Jimsie, how can you try to make me do a thing that I don't think is wise—"

They left it at that. But for all their mutual forbearance, it was the declaration of war. They both knew now where they stood, and that was irrevocably on opposite sides.

A week dragged along. They treated each other with cool consideration, from time to time discussing the matter over again, sometimes venturing on the outskirts of anger. For the most part, Louise entrenched her bleeding heart behind a mass of cool sarcasms. It was in this tone she called him up to inquire:

"In the preoccupation of your new business interests, Jimsie, have you forgotten that you have to meet your mother to-day?"

For the first visit that Jimsie's mother was to make had been swallowed up in the poignancy of their own affairs.

Jimsie's mother was a tall woman of erect bearing. She had Jimsie's good-tempered face that with age had developed into a twinkling shrewdness. She enveloped her new daughter in an embrace so motherly that it took all Louise's self-control not to burst into tears on her kind shoulder. But the thought in her heart was: "What will she think of me? What will she think when she knows I don't want to go and live in the country with Jimsie?"

When the older lady retired to bed she reflected:

"To-morrow I'll lunch down-town with Jimsie and find out what's wrong with these young people." For in spite of their care, it had got over to her that things were wrong between them, by means of that mysterious wireless that mothers have always had at their command.

And next day, at lunch, to her shrewd and good-tempered "Well, son, what's the matter?" Jimsie saw no use in beating around the bush.

Here was a woman who could understand business. Here was one who had managed her own affairs with irre-



Drawn by W. A. Kirkpatrick

IT TOOK ALL LOUISE'S SELF-CONTROL NOT TO BURST INTO TEARS

proachable sagacity during a long widowhood. Sure of her sympathy, he told her everything.

"And so you see," he concluded, "I've *got* to have that extra thousand."

She had gone over his figures with attention, and she looked up to say, smiling:

"Why didn't you come to me, Jimsie, for your extra thousand? Didn't it occur to you that you might?"

It had occurred to him, but he had put the idea from him as weakness. He muttered something like this now. He disliked the idea of debt, he told her.

"Besides," he finished, "I wanted to do it all myself."

"And you didn't care who paid," she smiled at him.

He hadn't expected this; he had been sure of her sympathy if of anything. Did she encourage recklessly squandering a thousand dollars, he demanded, when they were perfectly well off as they were now?

"But you see," she answered, "you aren't perfectly well off as you are now. Louise doesn't think so. Moreover, Jimsie," she went on, "if all this turns out as you believe, and barring any unlooked-for catastrophe, what will a debt of a thousand mean in a year's time? All your squandering, so far as I can see, is the interest on the thousand. It seems to me a small amount to pay to do the right thing by Louise."

It was the door of escape from the intolerable situation that she was offering him. It meant understanding with Louise and peace and comfort at home, the ordinary sweetness of life restored to him as well as those more intangible delights of spiritual harmony. And yet even his own mother didn't understand the price he must pay. On these terms he wouldn't be entering his new enterprise as Jimsie Bate the conqueror, who single-handed made his own success. He would be just Jimsie, rather a small boy whom an indulgent mother had helped out of something rather like a scrape. He couldn't put his sense of defeat into words just when gratitude was the only decent rôle to play, but he asserted:

"It's the principle of the thing I don't like."

"Principle fiddlesticks!" responded his

mother, briefly. "I'm going home to have a good visit with Louise."

He found them together when he returned. The atmosphere of his house had cleared miraculously. He was no sooner in the room than Louise threw herself around his neck, crying:

"Oh, Jimsie, I never meant I wouldn't go and live in the country! And since we're going, we may as well go the first of the year. I don't mean exactly the country," she hastened on. "I mean New Rochelle. I saw a perfectly lovely little house there to-day, Jimsie. And then I would be near my parents, and you always said you wouldn't mind commuting any more than coming up here . . . and I've always lived in a house and I hate a flat . . . and we would have to go out of town somewhere in the summer, anyhow. And then for the while you have to be near the factory you can go from New Rochelle, can't you, quite easily? It's only just over the Connecticut line. And the trains run so well. And then, Jimsie, I'll feel *settled* at last . . . flats make one restless; they're so temporary."

She paused expectantly. What could Jimsie do? His life had been planned out for him. His desire for consistency prevented him from complaining of his deep dislike for commuting. His mother approved. All the subtle forces of the feminine influence were arrayed against him. The awful discomfort of domestic strife had worn him out. He came down handsomely, shoving far from him the dismal prospect of two years of solid commuting.

"It's a fine idea, Louise," he said, in what he hoped was a tone of heartiness.

"And since your mother has explained everything and approves of it," Louise went on, radiant, "I think your scheme of Gregory is fine, Jimsie."

Jimsie grunted. His mother, it seemed, had been able to accomplish an explanation in a brief moment that he had been powerless to get over in two solid weeks. He had to say:

"I thought you were all against Gregory, Louise."

"Oh," she responded, loftily, "that was *principle*. You're so headlong, Jimsie. I couldn't bear to see you risking everything for perhaps nothing. But since your *mother* approves—"

The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XXV

NEARLY two months had passed since that dreadful day when David Richie had gone to his mother to be comforted. In his journey back across the mountains his mind and body were tense with anticipation of the letter which he was confident was awaiting him in Philadelphia. He was too restless to lie down in his berth. Once he went into the day coach and wandered up and down the aisle between the rows of huddled and uncomfortable humanity. Sometimes a sleepy passenger, hunched up on a plush seat, would swear at him for jostling a protruding foot, and once a drearily crying baby, propped against a fat and sleeping mother, clutched with dirty fingers at his coat. At that little feeble pull he stopped and looked down at the small, wabbling head, then bent over and lifted the child, straightening its rumpled clothes and cuddling it against his shoulder. The baby gurgled softly in his ear—and instantly he remembered the baby he had seen on the raft the night that he first knew he was in love with Elizabeth. When he went back to the smoking-compartment and sat down, his hands deep in his pockets, his head sunk between his shoulders, his hat pulled down over his eyes, he thought of that raft baby and wondered if it were alive. But such thoughts were only in the moments when his bruised mind could not steady itself on what had happened to him. Most of the time he was saying over and over just what he was going to do the next morning: he would get into the station; take a cab; drive to the hospital—a dozen times that night his thumb and finger sought his waistcoat pocket for a bill to hasten the driver of that cab—leap out, run up the stairs to the

mail-rack beside the receiving-clerk's desk, seize Elizabeth's letter— Here the pause would come, the moment when his body relaxed, and something seemed to melt within him: suppose the letter was not there? Very well: back to the cab! another tip; hurry! hurry! hurry! His mother's house, the steps, his key in the lock—again and again his fingers closed on the key-ring in his pocket—letters on the hall table awaiting him—*her* letter. Then again the relaxing shock: suppose it was not there? The thought turned him sick; after the almost physical recoil from it, came brief moments of longing for his mother's tender arms, or the remembrance of that baby on the raft. But almost immediately his mind would return to the treadmill of expectation: get into the station—take a cab—rush—So it went on and on, until, toward dawn, through sheer exhaustion, he slept.

That next day was never very clear in David's memory. Only one fact stood out distinctly in the mists: there was no letter. Afterward, when he tried to recall that time of discovering that she had not written, he was confused by the vision of his mother smiling down at him from the head of the stairs and calling to an unseen maid, "Bring the doctor a cup of coffee, Mary!" He could remember that he stood sorting out the letters on the hall table, running them over swiftly, then going through them again slowly, one by one, scanning each address, each post-mark; then, with shaking hands, shuffling and sorting them like a pack of cards, and going through them again. *She had not written.* He could remember that he heard the blood beating in his throat, and at the same time his mother's voice: "Bring the doctor a cup of coffee." . . . She had not written.

For months afterward, when he tried to recall that morning, the weak feeling in his knees, and the way the letters that were not from her shook in his hand, and the sound of his mother's joyous voice—these things would come into his mind together. They were all he could remember of the whole day—the day when the grave closed over his youth.

After that, came days of expectation, of telegrams back and forth: "Have you heard yet?" And: "No news." Weeks of letters between Robert Ferguson and his mother: "It is what I have always said, she is her mother's daughter." And: "Oh, don't be so hard on her—and her poor bad mother. Find out where she is, and go and see her." And: "I will never see her. I'm done with her." But among all the letters, never any letter from Elizabeth to David.

In those first days, he seemed to live only when the mail came in; but his passion of expectation was speechless. Indeed his inarticulateness was a bad factor when it came to recovery from the blow that had been dealt him. At the moment when the wound was new, he had talked to his mother; but almost immediately he retreated into silence; and in silence the worst things in his nature began to grow. First a poisonous suspicion of Elizabeth, which was so intolerable that it absorbed him to the exclusion of everything else, even of his mother's suffering in his suffering; and with suspicion of Elizabeth, came a contemptuous distrust of human nature in general. It was then that Helena Richie first noticed a harshness in him that shocked and frightened her, and a cynical individualism that began to create its own code of morals, or at any rate of responsibilities. But before he shut himself completely into all this misery, not only of loss, but of suspicion and indifference, he did say one thing:

"I'm not going to howl; you needn't be afraid. I shall do my work. You won't hear me howl." There were times when she wished he would! She wished it especially when Mr. Robert Ferguson wrote that Elizabeth and Blair were going to return to Mercer, that they would live at the hotel, and that it was evident that the "annulment," to which

at first David's mind had turned so incessantly, was not being thought of. "I understand from Miss White (of course I haven't heard from or written to Mrs. Blair Maitland) that she does not wish to take any steps for a separation," Robert Ferguson wrote.

"He *must* see her when she gets back," Helena Richie said, softly; but David said nothing at all. At that moment his suspicion became a certainty. . . . What! had she loved the fellow? It had been something else than one of her fits of fury? It had been *love*? . . . No wonder, with this poison working in him, that he shut even his mother out of his heart. But as he said, there was no "howling." He did his work in the hospital with exhausting thoroughness, but he gave his patients nothing but technical care. Whether they lived or died was nothing to David; whether he himself lived or died was still less to him—except, perhaps, that in his own case he had a preference. When Mrs. Richie remonstrated about overwork, he gave her a look—and she closed her lips. But work is the only real sedative for grief, and the suffering man worked himself callous, so he had dull moments of forgetfulness, or at any rate of comparative indifference. Yet when he received that note from Mrs. Maitland summoning him to her hotel he flinched under the callousness. However, at a little before eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, he knocked at her bedroom door.

The Girard House knew Sarah Maitland's eccentricities as well as her credit; she always asked for a cheap room, and was always put up under the roof. She had never learned to use her money for her own comfort, so it never occurred to her to have a parlor for herself; her infrequent callers were always shown up here to the top of the house.

On this especial morning she had come directly from the train, and when David arrived she was pacing up and down the narrow little room, haggard and disheveled from a night in the sleeping-car; she had not even taken off her bonnet. She turned at his step and stopped short in her tracks—he was so thin, so grim, so old! "Well, David," she said; then hesitated, for there was just an instant's recoil in David. He had not realized the

fury that would leap up and scorch him like a flame at the sight of Blair's mother.

"David, you'll—you'll shake hands with me, won't you?" she said timidly. And at the sound of her voice his anger died out, and only the cold ashes of misery were left.

"Why, Mrs. Maitland!" he protested, and took her big, beautiful, unsteady hand in both of his.

For a moment neither of them spoke. It was a dark, cold morning; far below them stretched the cheerless expanse of snow-covered roofs; from countless chimneys smoke was rising heavily to the lowering sky, and soot was sifting down; the snow on the window-sill was speckled with black. Below, in the courtyard of the hotel, ice-carts rumbled in and out, and milk-cans were banged down on the cobblestones; a dull day, an empty sky, a futile interview, up here in this wretched little room under the eaves. David wondered how soon he could get away.

"David," Mrs. Maitland said, "I know I can't make it up to you in any way. But I'd like to."

"You are very kind," he said coldly, "but we won't go into that, if you please, Mrs. Maitland."

"No, we won't talk about it," she said, with evident relief; "but, David, I came to Philadelphia to say that I want you to—to let me be of some help to you in some way."

"Help to me?" he repeated, surprised. "I really don't see—"

"Why," she explained, "you want to begin to practise; you don't want to drudge along at a hospital under some big man's thumb. I want to set you up!"

David smiled involuntarily. "But the hospital is my greatest chance, Mrs. Maitland. I'm lucky to have these three years there. But it's kind in you to think of giving me a hand."

"Nonsense!" she said, quite missing the force of what he said. "You ought to put out your own shingle. David, you can have all the money you need; it's yours to take."

David started as if she had struck him. "*Yours to take.*" Oh, that had been said to him before! "No, I can't! I couldn't take money. You don't understand. I couldn't take money from—anybody!" he said with a gasp.

She looked at him hopelessly, then stretched out her empty hands. "David," she said pitifully, "money is all I've got. Won't you take it?"

At that stab of memory he had turned away. When he looked back the tears were on her cheeks and those big, empty hands shook.

"I haven't got anything but money, David," she entreated.

His face quivered; he said some broken, protesting word; then suddenly he put his arms round her and kissed her. Her gray head, in the battered old bonnet, rested a moment on his shoulder, and he felt her sob. "Oh, David," she said brokenly, "what shall I do? He—he hates me. He said the only womanly thing about me was . . . Oh, can I make a man of him, do you think?" Curiously enough, she entirely forgot David's wrongs in her cry for comfort, a cry that somehow penetrated to his benumbed heart, for in his effort to comfort her he was himself vaguely comforted. He held her for a minute tightly in his arms, until he was sure he could command himself. When he let her go, she put her hand up in a bewildered way and touched her cheek; the boy had kissed her! But by that time she was able to go back to the purpose that had brought her here; she told him to sit down and then began, dogmatically, to insist upon her plan.

David smiled a little as he explained that, quite apart from any question of income, the hospital experience was valuable to him. "I wouldn't give it up, Mrs. Maitland, if I had a million dollars!" he said, with a convincing exaggeration that was like the old David. "But it's mighty kind in you. Please believe that I do appreciate your kindness."

"No kindness about it," she said impatiently; and then, grimly: "My family is in your debt, David." At which he hardened instantly.

"Well," she said, and was silent for a while, biting her finger and looking down at her boots. Suddenly, with a grunt of satisfaction, she began to hit the arm of her chair softly with her closed fist. "I've got it!" she said. "I suppose you wouldn't refuse the trusteeship of a fund, one of these days, to build a hospital? Near my Works, maybe? I'm

all the time having accidents. I remember once getting a fling in my eye, and—and somebody suggested a doctor to take it out. A doctor for a fling! I guess *you'd* have been equal to that job—*young as you are?* Still, it wouldn't be bad to have a doctor round, even if he was young, if anything serious happened. Yes, a hospital near the Works—first for my men and then for outsiders. It is a good idea! I suppose you wouldn't refuse to run such a hospital, and draw your wages, like a man?"

"Well, no, I wouldn't refuse that," he said smiling. It was many weeks since David had smiled so frankly. . . . A strange thing had happened in that moment when he had forgotten himself in trying to comfort Blair's mother—his corroding suspicion of Elizabeth seemed to melt away! In its place was to come, a little later, the dreadful but far more bearable pain of enduring remorse for his own responsibility for Elizabeth's act. But just then, when he tried to comfort that poor mother, there was only a breaking of the ice about his own heart in a warm gush of pity for her. . . . "I don't see that there's much chance of funds for hospitals coming round my way," he said, smiling.

"You never can tell," said Mrs. Maitland.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE morning Blair heard his sentence from his mother, Elizabeth spent in her parlor in the hotel, looking idly out of the window at the tawny current of the river with its slipping sheen of oil. Steamboats were pushing up and down or nosing into the sand to unload their cargoes; she could hear the creak of hawsers, the bang of gang-planks thrown across to the shore, the cries and songs of stevedores sweating and toiling on the wharf that was piled with bales of cotton, endless blue barrels of oil, and black avalanches of coal. She did not think of Blair's ordeal; she was not interested in it. She was not interested in anything. Sometimes she thought vaguely of the letter which had never been and would never be written to David, and sometimes of that message from him which she had not been able to hear from Miss White's lips; but for the

most part she did not think of anything. She was tired of thinking. She sat with her chin in her hand, staring dully out of the window. She was so absorbed in the noise and confusion of traffic that she did not hear a knock. It was repeated, and this time she rose to answer it, but before she reached the door it opened abruptly and her uncle entered. Elizabeth backed away silently. He followed her, but for a moment he was silent, too;—it seemed to Robert Ferguson as if youth had been wiped out of her face. Under the shock of it, he found for a moment nothing to say. When he spoke his voice trembled—with anger, she thought.

"Mrs. Richie wrote me that I must come and see you. I told her I would have nothing to do with you."

Elizabeth sat down without speaking.

"I don't see what good it does to come," he said, staring at the tragically changed face. "Of course you know my opinion of you." She nodded. "So why should I come?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I—I'm here. And you may come home sometimes, if you want to. Miss White will be glad to see you, I suppose."

"Thank you, Uncle Robert."

As she spoke the door of the elevator in the hall clanged shut, and the next moment Blair entered. He carried a loose twist of white paper in his arms, and when, at the sight of Robert Ferguson, he tossed it down on the table it fell open, and the fresh fragrance of roses overflowed into the room. Raging from the whip of his mother's words, he had rushed back to the hotel to tell Elizabeth what had happened, but in spite of his haste he stopped on the way to get her some flowers. He did not think of them now, nor even of his own wrongs, for here was Robert Ferguson attacking her! "Mr. Ferguson," he said, quietly, but reddening to his temples, "of course you know that in the matter of Elizabeth's hasty marriage I am the only one to blame. But though you blame me, I hope you will believe that I will do my best to make her happy."

"I believe," said Elizabeth's uncle, "that you are a damned scoundrel." He took up his hat and began to smooth the

nap on his arm; then he turned to Elizabeth—and in his heart he damned Blair Maitland more vigorously than before—the lovely color had all been washed away by tears! The amber eyes were dull, even the brightness of her hair seemed dimmed. It was as if something had breathed upon the sparkle and clearness; it was like seeing her through a mist. So, barking fiercely to keep his lip from shaking, he said: “And I hope you understand, Elizabeth, I have no respect for you, either.”

She looked up with faint surprise. “Why, of course not.”

“I insist,” Blair said, peremptorily, “that you address my wife with respect or leave her presence.”

Mr. Ferguson put his hat down on the table, not noticing the roses that spotted it with their wet petals, and stared at him. “Well, upon my word!” he said. “Do you think I need *you* to instruct me in my duty to my niece?” Then, with sudden, cruel insight, he added, “David Richie’s mother has done that.” As he spoke he bent over and kissed Elizabeth. Instantly, with a smothered cry, she clung to him. There was just a moment when, her head on his breast, he felt her soft hair against his cheek—and a minute later, she felt something wet on her cheek. They had both forgotten Blair. He slunk away and left them alone.

Robert Ferguson straightened up with a jerk. “Where—where—where’s my hat!” he said, angrily; “she said I was hard. She doesn’t know everything!” But Elizabeth caught his hand and held it to her lips.

When Blair came back she was quite gentle to him: yes, the roses were very pretty; yes, very sweet. “Thank you, Blair,” she said, but she did not ask him about his interview with his mother; she had forgotten it. He took the stab of her indifference without wincing; but suddenly he was comforted, for when he began to tell her what his mother was going to do, she was sharply roused. She lifted her head—that spirited head which in the old days had never drooped—and looked at him in absolute dismay. Blair was being punished for a crime that was more hers than his!

“Oh,” she said, “it isn’t fair! It isn’t fair!”

The indignation in her voice made his heart leap. “Of course it isn’t. But, Elizabeth, I would pay any price to know that you were my wife.” He tried to take her hand, but she pushed him aside and began to pace about the room.

“It isn’t right,” she said; “she sha’n’t treat you so!” She was almost like the old, furious Elizabeth in that gust of distress at her own responsibility for an injustice to him. But Blair dared to believe that her anger was for his sake, and to have her care that he should lose money made the loss almost welcome. When he saw her eyes brighten with tears—tears for him—he felt, through his rage at his mother, a thrill of purpose, a desire to be all he could for Elizabeth’s sake;—which might have comforted Sarah Maitland, sitting in her dreary bedroom with her face hidden in her hands.

“Oh,” he cried out, “dearest, what do I care for her or her money! *I have you!*”

Elizabeth was not listening to him; she was thinking what she could do to save him from his mother’s displeasure. “I’ll go to see her, and tell her it was my fault,” she said to herself. She had a vague feeling that if she could soften Mrs. Maitland she and Blair would be quits.

She did not tell him of her purpose, but the mere having a purpose made her face alert, and it seemed to him that she identified herself with him and his interests. His eager denial of her self-accusation that she had injured him, his ardent impulse to protect her from any remorse, to take all the blame of a possible “mistake” on his own shoulders, brought an astonishing unselfishness into his face. But Elizabeth would not let him blame himself.

“It was all my fault,” she insisted. “I was out of my head!”

At that he frowned sharply—“when you are eaten up with jealousy,” his mother had said. Oh, he did not need his mother to tell him what jealousy meant: Elizabeth would not have married him if she had not been “out of her head!” “She still thinks of him,” he said to himself, as he had said many, many times in



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"OF COURSE YOU KNOW MY OPINION OF YOU"

these two months of marriage—months of alternate ecstasies and angers, of hopes and despairs. As for her indignation at the way he had been treated, it meant nothing personal, after all. In his disappointment he went out of the room in hurt silence and left her to her thoughts of “him.” This was the way most of their talks ended.

But Elizabeth’s indignation did not end. In the next two days, while Mrs. Maitland was in Philadelphia making her naïve offer to David, she brooded over the situation. “I won’t have Blair punished for my sins,” she said to herself; “I won’t have it!” and her revolt at an injustice was a faint echo of her old violence. She had no one to talk to about it; Nannie was too shy to come to see her, and Miss White too flurried and tearful to be consulted. To Blair she said nothing of her purpose. But the afternoon following Mrs. Maitland’s return from Philadelphia she went down to see her. She found Nannie in the parlor, sitting forlornly at her drawing-board. Nannie had heard of course, from Blair, the details of that interview with his mother, and in her scared anger she planned many ways of “making Mamma nice to Blair,” but she had not thought of Elizabeth’s assistance. She took it for granted that Elizabeth would not have the courage to “face Mamma.”

“I have come to see Mrs. Maitland,” Elizabeth said. “Is she in the dining-room?”

Nannie quailed. “Oh, Elizabeth! How do you dare? But do go; and make her forgive him. She wouldn’t listen to me. And, after all, Elizabeth, you know that *you*—”

“Yes, I am the one,” Elizabeth said, and went swiftly across the hall. She stood at Sarah Maitland’s desk unnoticed for a moment. “Mrs. Maitland!” Her voice was peremptory.

“Oh—Elizabeth?” Blair’s mother put her pen down and looked up over her spectacles.

“Mrs. Maitland, I came to tell you that you must not be angry at Blair. It was all my fault.”

“I guess, as I told your uncle, it was the pot and the kettle, Elizabeth.”

“No, no! I was angry, and I was—willing.”

“Do you think it excuses Blair if you did throw yourself at his head?”

And at that Elizabeth, who had thought that no lesser wound than the one she had dealt herself could hurt her, did flinch. But she did not defend herself. “I think it does excuse him to some extent,” she said, “and that is why I have come to ask you to forgive him.”

“Oh,” said Mrs. Maitland, and paused; then, with most disconcerting suddenness, sneezed violently and blew her nose;—“bless you, I’ve forgiven him.”

“Then,” said Elizabeth, with a gasp of relief, “you won’t disinherit him!”

“Disinherit him? What’s that got to do with forgiving him? Of course I will disinherit him,—or rather, I have. My will is made, signed, sealed. I’ve left him an income of a thousand dollars a year. That will keep you from starvation. If Blair is worth more he’ll earn more. If he isn’t, he can live on a thousand dollars—as better men than he have done. Or he can go to the workhouse;—your uncle can take care of you. I reckon I’ve paid taxes in this county long enough to entitle my son to go to the workhouse if he wants to.”

“But, Mrs. Maitland,” Elizabeth protested, hotly, “it isn’t fair, just because I—I let him marry me, to punish him—”

Mrs. Maitland struck her fist on the arm of her chair. “You don’t know what you are talking about! I am not ‘punishing’ him; that’s the last thing I was thinking of. If there’s any ‘punishing’ going on, I’m the one that’s getting it. Listen, Elizabeth, and I’ll try to explain—you look as if you had some sense, so maybe you can understand. Nannie couldn’t; she has no brains. And Blair wouldn’t—I guess he has no heart. But this is how it is: Blair has always been a loafer—that’s why he behaved as he did to you. Satan finds some mischief still, you know! So I’m cutting off his allowance, now, and leaving him practically penniless in my will, to stop his loafing. To make him work! He’ll have to work, to keep from starving; and work will make a man of him. As for you, you’ve done an abominable thing, Elizabeth; but it’s *done*! Now, turn to, and pay for your whistle: do your duty! Use your influence to induce Blair to work. That’s the best way to make up for the

injury you've done him. And I hope the Lord will send you some children;—they'll make up for the injury Blair's done you. Now, my—my dear, clear out! clear out! I've got my work to do."

Elizabeth went back to Nannie's parlor, stinging under her mother-in-law's candor. That she was able to feel it showed that her apathy was wearing off. At any rate, the thought of the "injury" she had done Blair, which she took to be the loss of fortune, strengthened her sometimes wavering resolution to stay with him. She did not tell him of this interview or of its effect upon her, but she told her uncle—part of it. She went to him that night, and, sitting down on a hassock at his feet, her head against his knee, she told him how Blair was to be punished for her crime—she called it a crime. Then, in a low voice, she told him, as well as she could, just how the crime had been committed.

"I guessed how it was," he said. And they were silent for a while. Then he broke out, huskily: "I don't care a hang about Blair or his mother's will. He deserves all he gets—or won't get, rather! But, Elizabeth, if—if you want to be free—"

"Uncle Robert, what I want isn't of any importance any more."

"I talked it over as a supposititious case with Howe the other day, and he said that possibly—mind you, only *possibly*—a divorce could be arranged."

She sunk her head in her hands; then answered in a whisper: "Uncle, I did it. I've got to see it through."

After a minute's silence he put his hand on her soft hair. "Bully for you, Elizabeth," he said, brokenly. Then, to escape from the emotional demand of the moment, he began to bark: "You are abominably careless about money. How on earth a girl, who has been brought up by a man, and might be expected to have some sense in such matters, can be so careless, I don't understand! You've never asked me about that legacy. I've put the money in the bank. Your bank-book is there on my table."

Elizabeth was silent. That money! Oh, how could she ever touch it? But in view of Mrs. Maitland's decision it was perfectly obvious that ultimately she would have to touch it. "Blair can live

on it," she thought—for it was a relief to her to stab herself with words; "*Blair* 'can live on it for two years.'"

CHAPTER XXVII

OF course, after a while, as time passed, all the people who had been caught in the storm the two reckless creatures had let loose, shook down again into their grooves, and the routine of living went on. There are few experiences more bewildering to the unhappy human heart than this of discovering that things do go on. Innumerable details of the unimportant flood in and fill up the cracks and breaches that grief has made in the structure of life; we continue to live, and even to find life desirable!

Miss White had been the first to realize this; her love for Elizabeth, being really (poor old maid!) maternal, was independent of respect, so almost the next day she had been able to settle down into the old habit of loving with complete happiness. Blair's mother was the next to get into the comfortable track of routine; the very day after she came back from that trip to Philadelphia she plunged into business. She did, however, pause long enough to tell her superintendent how she was going to "even things up with David."

"I am going to give him a lot of money for a hospital," she said. "I'm not going to leave it to him; I'm only sixty-two, and I don't propose to die yet awhile. When I do Blair will probably contest the will. He can't break it. It's cast-iron. But I don't want David to wait until I'm dead and gone, and Blair has given up trying to break my will, and the estate is settled. I'm going to give it to him before I die. In a year or two, maybe. I'm realizing on securities now,—why don't I give him the securities? My dear sir, what does a doctor know about securities? Doctors have no more financial sense than parsons—at least, not much more," she added, with relenting justice. "No; David is to have his money, snug in the bank—that new bank on Federal Street. I told the president I was rolling up a nest-egg for somebody—I could see he thought it was for Blair! I didn't enlighten him, because I don't want the thing talked about. When I

get the amount I want, I'll hand David a bank certificate of deposit; and with all his airs about accepting money, he won't be able to help himself! He'll have to build his hospital, and draw his wages. It will make him independent of his outside customers, you see. Yes, I guess I can whip the devil round the stump as well as the next person!" she said, bridling with satisfaction. . . . So, with an interest and a hope, Sarah Maitland, like Miss White, found life worth living.

With David's mother the occupation of trying to help David made living desirable. It also made her a little more remote from other people's interests. Poor Robert Ferguson discovered this to his cost: it had occurred to him that now, perhaps, when they were all so miserable, she "might be willing." But she was not. When, a day or two after he had gone to see Elizabeth, he went to Philadelphia, Mrs. Richie was tremulously glad to see him, so that she might pour out her fears about David and ask advice on this point and that. "Being a man, you understand better than I do," she acknowledged meekly; and then she broke down and cried for her boy's pain. And when the kind, barking old friend, himself blinking behind misty spectacles, said, "Oh, now, my dear, *don't* cry," she was so comforted that she cried some more, and for a single minute found her head most unexpectedly on his shoulder. But all the same, she was not "willing."

"Don't ask me, dear Mr. Ferguson," she said, wiping her eyes when he began, haltingly, to "try again." "We are such good friends, and I'm so fond of you, don't let's spoil it all."

"I believe you are fond of me," he said, "and that is why it's so unreasonable in you not to marry me. I don't ask—impossibilities. But you do like me; and I—I love you—you dear, good, foolish woman; so good that you couldn't see badness when it lived next door to you!"

"Don't be so hard on people who do wrong," she pleaded; "you make me afraid of you when you are so hard."

"I'm not hard," he defended himself; "Elizabeth is her mother's daughter; that's all."

"Oh!" she cried, with sudden passion, "that poor mother! Can't you forgive her?"

"No," he said; "I can't."

"You ought to forgive Elizabeth, at any rate," she insisted, faintly; "and you ought to go and see her."

"Have you forgiven her?" he parried.

She hesitated. "I—think so. I have tried to; but I don't understand her. I can understand doing something—wicked, for love; but not for hate."

He gave his meager laugh. "If forgiveness was a question of understanding, I'm afraid you'd be as hard on her mother as I am."

"On the contrary," she said, vehemently, "if I forgive Elizabeth, it is for her mother's sake." Then she broke out, almost with tears: "Oh, how can you be so unkind as not to go and see her? The time we need our friends most, is when we have done wrong."

He was silent.

"Sometimes," she said, "sometimes I wish you would do something wrong yourself, just to learn to be pitiful!"

"You wish I would do wrong?" he said; "I'm *always* doing wrong! I did wrong when I growled so. But—" he said, sheepishly, "I believe I *have* seen Elizabeth. I—I believe we kissed and made up." At which even poor, sad Helena laughed.

But these two old friends discovered, just as Miss White and Blair's mother had discovered, that life was not over for them, because the habit of friendship persisted. And by and by, nearly a year later, David—even David!—began to find a reason for living, in his profession. The old, ardent interest which used to make his eyes dim with pity, or his heart leap with joy at giving help, was gone; he no longer cared to cuddle the babies he might help to bring into the world; and a death-bed was an irritating failure rather than any more human emotion. So far as other people's hopes and fears went, he was bitter or else callous, but the purpose of success began again to be of some importance to him.

Thus gradually the little world that loved Elizabeth and Blair fell back, after the storm of pain and mortification, into the merciful commonplace of habit and of duty to be done.

But for Elizabeth and Blair there was no going back; they had indeed fired the Ephesian dome! The past now, to Eliza-

beth, meant David's message,—to which, finally, she had been able to listen: "Tell her I understand; ask her to forgive me." And going back to that message was only a purpose of endurance for the future. In Blair's past, there was nothing real to which he could return; the reality of life for him had begun with Love, and notwithstanding the bite of shame and the constant dull ache of jealousy, he had madly happy moments that first year of his marriage. Elizabeth was his wife! That was enough for him. His circumstances, which would have caused most men a good deal of anxiety, were, thanks to his irresponsibility, very little in his thought. There was still a balance at his bank which made it possible, without encroaching on Elizabeth's capital (which he swore he would not do), to live at the old River House "fairly decently," as he expressed it. He was, however, troubled because he could not propitiate Elizabeth with expensive gifts; and almost immediately after that interview with his mother, he began to think about an occupation, merely that he might have more money to spend on his wife. "If I could only buy Elizabeth some jewels!" he used to say to himself, with a worried look. "I want to get you everything you want, my darling," he told her once.

She made no answer; and he burst out in sudden angry pain: "You don't care what I do!" Still she did not speak. "You—you are thinking of *him* still," he said between set teeth. This constant corroding thought did not often break through his studied purpose to win her by his passionately considerate tenderness; when it did, it always ended in bitterness for him.

"Of course I am thinking of him," she would say, dully; "I never stop thinking of him."

"I believe you would go back to him now!" he flung at her.

"Go back to him? I would go back to him on my hands and knees if he would take me."

Words like that left him speechless with misery; and yet he was happy—she was his!

When his bank account began to dwindle, rather than use Elizabeth's money he preferred to borrow; he had no dif-

ficulty in doing so; the fact that he was the son of his mother (and that, consequently, his bills had always been paid) was sufficient collateral. That he borrowed at a ruinous interest was a matter of indifference to a man who, having never earned a dollar, had not the slightest idea of the value of a dollar. At the end of the first year of his marriage, jewels for Elizabeth seemed less important to him than her bread and butter, and he began with real anxiety to try to find something to do. Again "Sarah Maitland's son" found doors open to him which the ordinary man, inexperienced and notoriously idle, would have found closed; but none of them offered what he called "a decent salary"; and by and by he realized that very soon he would be obliged, as he expressed it, "to sponge on Elizabeth"; for, reckless as he was, he knew that his borrowing capacity must come to an end. When the "sponging" finally began, he was acutely uncomfortable, which was certainly to his credit. At any rate, it proved that he was enough of a man to be miserable under such conditions. When a husband who is young and vigorous lives idly on his wife's money one of two things happens; either he is miserable, or he degenerates into contentment. Blair was not degenerating—consequently he was honestly wretched.

His attempts to find something to do were not without humor to his mother, who kept herself informed, of course, of all his "business" ventures. "What! he wants the Dalzells to take him on? What for? Errand boy? That's all he's good for. But I'm afraid two dollars and a half a week won't buy him many china beetles!" When Blair essayed a broker's office she even made an ancient joke to her superintendent: "If Blair could buy himself for what he is worth to Haines, and sell himself for what he thinks he's worth, he might make a fair profit,—and pick up some more old masters."

But she was impatient for him to get through with all this nonsense of dilly-dallying at making a living by doing things he knew nothing about! How soon would he get down to hard-pan and knock at her door at the Works and ask for a job, man fashion? "That's what

"I want to know!" she used to tell Mr. Ferguson, who was silent. He did not want to know anything about Blair; all he cared for was to help his girl bear the burden of her folly. He called it "folly" now, and Miss White used to nod her old head in melancholy agreement. It was only to Robert Ferguson that Mrs. Maitland betrayed her constant anxiety about her son; and it was that anxiety which made her keenly sensitive to Elizabeth's deepening depression. For as the excitement of sacrifice and punishment wore off, and the strain of every-day living began to tell, Elizabeth's depression was very marked; she was never angry now—she had not the energy for anger—and she was never unkind to Blair; perhaps her own pain made her pitiful of his. But she was always, as Cherry-pie expressed it, "under a cloud." Mrs. Maitland, watching her, wondered if she was moody because funds were getting low. How intensely she hoped that was the reason! "I reckon that money of hers is coming to an end," she used to think, triumphantly—for she had known, through Nannie, just when Blair had reached the point at which he had been obliged to use his wife's capital. Whenever she saw Elizabeth—who for want of anything better to do came constantly to see Nannie—she would drop a word or two which she thought might go back to her son: "We need an extra hand in the office." Or, "How would Blair like to travel for the Works? We can always take on a traveling man."

She never had the chance to drop her hints to Blair himself. In vain Nannie urged upon her brother her old plea: "Be nice to Mamma. Do come and see her. Everything will be all right again if you will only come and see her!" Nothing moved him. If his mother could be firm, so could he; he was never more distinctly her son than in his obstinacy.

"If she alters her will," he said, briefly, "I will alter my behavior. She's not my mother so long as she casts off her son."

Mrs. Maitland seemed to age very much that second year. Her business was still a furious interest; she stormed her way through every trade obstacle, occasionally bargaining with her conscience by increasing her donations to foreign mis-

sions; but there was this change of suddenly apparent age. Instead of the old, clear-eyed, ruthless joy in work, there was a look of furtive waiting; an anxiety of hope deferred, that grooved itself into her face. And somewhere in the spring of the third year, the hoped-for moment approached—necessity began to offer its beneficent opportunity to her son. In spite of experiments in prudence, in borrowing, and in earning, the end of Elizabeth's money was in sight; and when the end was reached, there would be nothing for Blair Maitland but surrender.

"I'll have to cave in," he said to himself. He was wandering off alone across the bridge, brooding miserably, not only over the situation, but over his helplessness to buy his way into Elizabeth's affections. "She ought to have a carriage; it is preposterous for my wife to be going round in street-cars. If I could give her a carriage and a pair of horses!" But of course it was ridiculous to think of things like that. He could not buy a carriage for Elizabeth out of her own money—besides, her money was shrinking alarmingly. It was this passionate desire to propitiate her, as well as the recognition of approaching necessities, that brought him to the point where he saw capitulation ahead of him. "If I don't get something to do pretty soon, I'll have to eat crow. I'll have to go to the Works and ask for a job. But I swear I won't speak to—*her*! It is damnable to have to cave in; I'd starve before I'd do it, if it wasn't for Elizabeth."

But before the time for eating crow arrived, something happened.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MRS. MAITLAND and Nannie were having their supper at the big, cluttered office table in the shabby dining-room—shabbier now by twenty years than when Blair first expressed his opinion of it. In the midst of the silent meal Sarah Maitland's eye fell on her stepdaughter, and hardened into attention. Nannie looked pale, she thought; and frowned slightly. It occurred to her that the girl might be lonely in the long evenings over there in the parlor, with nothing to do but read foolish little stories, or draw foolish lit-

tle pictures, or embroider foolish little tidies and things. "What a life!" she said to herself, with real pity; it was a shame Blair did not come in and cheer his sister up. Yes; Nannie was certainly very solitary. "I suppose I ought to do something about it," she thought; a little impatiently, for really it was rather absurd to expect a person of her quality to cheer Nannie! Still, she might talk to her. Of course they had only one topic in common:

"Seen your brother lately?"

"No, Mamma. He went East day before yesterday."

"Has he found anything to do?" This was the usual weary question; Nannie gave the usual scared answer:

"I *think* not; not yet. He is going to look up something in New York, Elizabeth says."

"Tell Elizabeth I will take him on at the Works, whenever he is ready to come. His belly will bring him to it yet!" she ended, with the old, hopeful belief that has comforted parents since the fattened calf proved the correctness of the expectation. Nannie sighed. Mrs. Maitland realized that she was not "cheering" her very much. "You ought to amuse yourself," she said, severely; "how do you amuse yourself?"

"I—draw," Nannie managed to say; she really could not think of any other amusement.

Then her stepmother had an inspiration. "Would you like to come over to the furnace and see the night cast? It's quite a sight, people say."

Nannie was dumfounded at the attention. Mamma offering to take her to the Works! To be sure, it was the last thing on earth she would choose to do—but if her stepmother asked her, of course she could not say no. She said yes, reluctantly enough, but Mrs. Maitland did not detect the reluctance; she was too pleased with herself at having thought of some way of entertaining the girl.

"Get your bonnet on—get your bonnet on!" she commanded, in high good humor. And Nannie, quailing at the thought of the Works at night—"it's dreadful enough in the daytime," she said to herself—put on her hat, in trembling obedience. "Yes," Mrs. Maitland said,

as she tramped down the cinder path toward the mills, Nannie almost running at her heels—"yes, the cast is a pretty sight, people say. Your brother once said that it ought to be painted. Well, I suppose there are people who care for pictures," she said, incredulously. "I know I'm \$5,000 out of pocket on account of a picture," she ended, with a grim chuckle.

As they were crossing the Yards, the cavernous glooms of the Works, under the vast stretch of their sheet-iron roofs, were lighted for dazzling moments by the glow of molten metal and the sputtering roar of flames from the stacks; a network of narrow-gauge tracks spread about them, and the noises from the mills were deafening. Nannie clutched nervously at Mrs. Maitland's arm, and her stepmother grunted with amusement. "Hold on to me," she shouted—she had to shout to make herself heard—"there's nothing to hurt you. Why, I could walk around here with my eyes shut!"

Nannie clung to her frantically; if she protested, the soft flutter of her voice did not reach Mrs. Maitland's ears. A few steps farther brought them into the comparative silence of the cast-house of the furnace, and here they paused while Sarah Maitland spoke to one of the keepers. Only the furnace itself was roofed; beyond it the stretch of moulding sand was arched by the serene and starlit night.

"That's the pig bed out there," Mrs. Maitland explained, kindly; "see, Nannie? Those cross-trenches in the sand they call sows; the little hollows on the side are the pigs. When they tap the furnace, the melted iron will flow down into 'em; understand?"

"Mamma, I'd—I'd like to go home," poor Nannie managed to say; "it scares me!"

Mrs. Maitland looked at her in astonishment. "Scares you? What scares you?"

"It's so—dreadful," Nannie gasped.

"You don't suppose I'd bring you anywhere where you would get hurt?" her stepmother said, incredulously. She was astonished to the point of being pained. How could Herbert's girl be such a fool? She remembered that Blair used to call his sister the "'fraid-cat." "Good

name," she thought, contemptuously. She made no allowance for the effect of this scene of night and fire, of stupendous shadows and crashing noises, upon a little bleached personality, which, for all these years, had lived in the shadow of a nature so dominant and aggressive that, quite unconsciously, it sucked the color and the character out of any temperament feebler than itself. Sarah Maitland frowned, and said roughly, "Oh, you can go home, if you want to; Mr. Parks!" she called to the foreman; "just walk up to the house, if you please, with my daughter;" then she turned on her heel and went up to the furnace.

Nannie, clutching Parks's hand, stumbled out into the darkness. "It's perfectly awful!" she confided to the good-natured man, when he left her at her back door.

"Oh, you get used to it," he said, kindly. "You'd 'a' knowed," he told one of his workmen afterward, "that there wasn't hide nor hair of her that belonged to the Old One. A slip of a thing, and scared to death of the noise."

The "Old One," after Nannie had gone, poked about for a moment or two;—"she noses into things, to save two cents," her men used to say, with reluctant admiration of the ruthless shrewdness that was instant to detect their shortcomings. Then she went down the slight incline from the furnace hearth to the open stretch of moulding-sand; there was a pile of rusty scrap at one side, and here, in the soft April darkness under the stars, she seated herself, looking absently at the furnace and the black, gnome-like figures of the helpers. She was thinking just what Parks had thought, that Nannie had none of her blood in her. "*Afraid!*" said Sarah Maitland. Well, Blair had never been afraid, she would say that for him; he was a fool, and pig-headed, and a loafer; but he wasn't a coward. He had even thought it fine, that scene of power, where civilization made itself before his very eyes! When would he think it fine enough to come in and go to work? Come in, and take his part in making civilization? Then she noticed the bending figure of the keeper opening the notch of the furnace; instantly there was a roar of sparks, and

a blinding white gush of molten iron flowing like water down into the sand runner. The sudden, fierce illumination drowned the stars overhead, and brought into clear relief her own figure, sitting there on the pile of scrap, watching the flowing iron. Tiny blue flames of escaping gas danced and shimmered on its ineffable rippling brightness, that cooled from dazzling snow to rose, then to crimson, and, out in the sand, to glowing gray. Blair had called it "beautiful." Well, it *was* a pretty sight! She wished she had told him that she herself thought it pretty; but the fact was, it had never struck her before. "I suppose I don't notice pretty things very much," she thought, in some surprise. "Well, I've never had time for foolishness. Too busy making money for Blair." She sighed; after all, he wasn't going to have the money. She had been heaping up riches, and had not known who should gather them. She had been too busy to see pretty things. And why? That orphan asylums and reformatories—and David Richie's hospital—should have a few extra thousands! A month ago the fund she was making for David had reached the limit she had set for it, and only to-day she had brought the bank certificate of deposit home with her. She had felt a little glow of satisfaction when she locked it into the safe in her desk; she liked the consciousness of a good job finished. She was going to summon the youngster to Mercer, and give him the money; and if he put on any of his airs and graces about accepting it, she would shut him up mighty quick! "I'll write to him to-morrow, if I have time," she said. At the moment, the sense of achievement had exhilarated her; yet now, as she sat there on the heap of scrap, bending a pliant boring between her fingers, the achievement seemed flat enough. Why should she, to build a hospital for another woman's son, have worked so hard that she had never had time to notice the things her own son called "pretty"? Not his china beetles, of course, or truck like that; but the shimmering flow of her own iron,—or even that picture, for which she was out of pocket \$5,000. "I can see you might call it pretty, if it hadn't cost so much," she admitted. Yes, she had worked, she told herself angrily, "as

hard as a man," to make money for Blair!—only to have him say that thing about her clothes which goose Molly had said before he was born. "Wonder if I've been a fool, after all?" she ruminated.

It was at that moment that she noticed, at one side of the furnace, between two bricks of the hearth, a little puff of white vapor; instantly she leaped, shouting, to her feet. But it was too late. The molten iron, seeping down through some crack in the furnace, creeping, creeping, beneath the bricks of the pavement, had reached some moisture. . . . The explosion, the clouds of scalding steam, the horror of the flowing, scattering fire, drowned her voice and hid her frantic gestures of warning. . . .

"Killed?" she said, furiously, as some one helped her up from the scrap-heap, against which she had been hurled; "of course not! I don't get killed." Then suddenly the appalling confusion was dominated by her voice:

"Look after those men."

She stood there in the center of the horror, reeling a little once or twice, holding her skirt up over her left arm, and shouting her quick orders. "Hurt?" she said again to a questioning helper. "I don't know. I haven't time to find out. That man there is alive!—Get a doctor!" She did not leave the Works until the two badly burned men had been carried away, and two dead bodies lifted out of the reek of steam and the spatter of half-chilled metal. Then, still holding her skirt over her arm, she went alone, in the darkness, up the path to her back door.

"No! I don't want anybody to go home with me," she said, angrily; "look after things here. Notify Mr. Ferguson. I'll come back." When she banged open her own door, she had only one question: "Is — Nannie — all — right?" Harris, gaping with dismay, and stammering, "My goodness! yes'm; yes'm!" followed her to the dining-room, where she crashed down like a felled tree, and lay unconscious on the floor.

When she began to come to herself, a doctor, for whom Harris had fled, was binding up her torn arm, which, covered with blood, and black with grit and rust, was an ugly sight. "Where's Blair?" she said thickly; then came entirely to

her senses, and demanded sharply, "Nannie all right?" Reassured again on this point, she looked frowningly at the doctor. "Come, hurry! I want to get back to the Works."

"Back to the Works! To-night? Impossible. You mustn't think of such a thing," the young man protested. Mrs. Maitland looked at him, and he shifted from one foot to the other. "It—it won't do, really," he said, weakly; "that was a pretty bad knock you got on the back of your head, and your arm—"

"Young man," she said, "you patch this up, *quick*. I've got to see to my men. That's my business. You tend to yours."

"But my business is to keep you here," he told her, essaying to be humorous. His humor went out like a little candle in the wind: "Your business is to put on bandages. That's all I pay you for."

And the doctor put on bandages with expedition. In the front hall he spoke to Nannie. "Your mother has a very bad arm, Miss Maitland; and that violent blow on her head may have done damage. I can't tell yet. You must make her keep still."

"*Make!*—Mamma?" said Nannie.

"She says she's going over to the Works," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders; "when she comes home, get her to bed as quickly as you can. I'll come in and see her in the morning, if she wants me. But if she won't do what I say about keeping quiet, I'd rather you called in other advice."

When Nannie tried to "make Mamma" keep still, the only reply she received was: "You showed your sense in going home, my dear!" And off she went, Harris, at Nannie's instigation, lurking along behind her. "If Herbert's girl had been hurt!" she said aloud, staggering a little as she walked, "my God, what would I have done?"

Afterward, they said it was astounding that she had been able to go back to the Works that night. She must have been in very intense pain. When she came home, the pain conquered to the extent of sending her, at midnight, up to her stepdaughter's room; she was red with fever, and her eyes were glassy. "Got any laudanum, or stuff of that kind?" she demanded. And yet the next

day, when the bandages had been changed and there was some slight relief, she persisted in going to the Works again. But the third day she gave up, and attended to her business in the dining-room.

"If only Blair would come home," Nannie told Elizabeth, "I think, perhaps, she would be nice to him. Haven't you any idea where he is, Elizabeth?"

"Not the slightest," Elizabeth said, indifferently. She herself came every day, and performed what small personal services Mrs. Maitland would permit. Nannie did not amount to much as a nurse, but she was really helpful in writing letters, signing them so exactly in Sarah Maitland's hand that her stepmother was greatly diverted at her proficiency. "I shall have to look after my check-book," she said, with a chuckle.

It was not until a week later that they began to be alarmed. It was Harris who first discovered the seriousness of her condition, and when he did, the knowledge came like a blow to her household and her office. It was late in the afternoon. Earlier in the day she had had a violent chill, during which she sat crouching and cowering over the dining-room fire, refusing to go to bed, and in a temper that scared Nannie and Harris almost to death. When the chill ceased, she went, flushed with fever, to her own room, saying she was "all right," and banging the door behind her. At about six, when Harris knocked to say that supper was ready, she came out, holding the old German cologne bottle in her hand. "*He* gave me that," she said, and fondled the bottle against her cheek; then, suddenly she pushed it into Harris's face. "Kiss it!" she commanded, and giggled shrilly.

Harris jumped back with a screech. "*Gor!*" he said; and his knees hit together. The slender green bottle fell smashing to the floor. Mrs. Maitland started, and caught her breath; her mind cleared instantly.

"Clean up that mess. The smell of the cologne takes my breath away. I—I didn't know I had it in my hand."

That night Elizabeth sent a peremptory letter into space, telling Blair that his mother was seriously ill, and he really ought to be at home. But he had left

the hotel to which she sent it, without giving any address, so it lay in a dusty pigeonhole awaiting his return a week later.

The delirium came again the next day; then Sarah Maitland cried, because, she said, Nannie had hidden the Noah's ark; "and Blair and I want to play with it," she whined. But a moment afterward she looked at her stepdaughter with kind eyes, and said, as she had said a dozen times in the last ten days, "Lucky you went home that night, my dear."

Of course by this time the alarm was general. The young doctor was supported, at Robert Ferguson's insistence, by an older doctor, who, if he was awed by his patient, at least did not show it. He was even courageous enough to bring a nurse along with him.

"Miss Baker will spare your daughter," he said, soothingly, when Sarah Maitland, seeing the strange figure in her bedroom, had declared she wouldn't have a fussing woman about. "Miss Nannie needs help," the doctor said. Mrs. Maitland frowned, and yielded.

But the nurse did not have a good time. In her stiffly starched skirt, with her little cap perched on her head, she went fluttering prettily about, watched all the while by the somber, half-shut eyes. She moved the furniture, she dusted the bureau, she arranged the little row of photographs; and then she essayed to smooth Mrs. Maitland's hair—it was the last straw. The big, gray head began to lift slowly; a trembling finger pointed at the girl; there was only one word:

"*Stop.*"

The startled nurse stopped—so abruptly that she almost lost her balance.

"Clear out. You can sit in the hall. When I want you, I'll let you know."

Miss Baker fled, and Mrs. Maitland apparently forgot her. When the doctor came, however, she roused herself to say: "I won't have that fool girl buzzing round. I don't like all this highfalootin' business of nurses, anyhow. They are nothing but foolish expense." Perhaps that last word stirred some memory, for she added abruptly: "Nannie, bring me that—that picture you have in the parlor. The Virgin Mary, you know. Rags of popery, but I want to look at it. No;

I can't pay \$5,000 for 14 by 18 inches of old master, and hire nurses to curl my hair, too!" But nobody smiled at her joke.

When Nannie brought the picture, she bade her put it on a chair by the bedside, and sometimes the two girls saw her look at it intently. "I think she likes the child," Elizabeth said, in a low voice; but Nannie sighed, and said, "No; she is provoked because Blair was extravagant." After Miss Baker's banishment, Elizabeth did most of the waiting on her, for Nannie's anxious timidity made her awkward to the point of being, as Mrs. Maitland expressed it, wearily, "more bother than she was worth." Once she asked where Blair was, and Elizabeth said that nobody knew. "He heard of some business opening, Mrs. Maitland, and went East to see about it."

"Went East? What did he go East for? He's got a business opening at home, right under his nose," she said, thickly.

After that she did not ask for him. But from her bed in her own room she could see the dining-room door, and she lay there watching it, with expectation smouldering in her half-shut eyes. Once, furtively, when no one was looking, she lifted the hem of the sheet with her fumbling right hand and wiped her eyes. For the next few days she gained, and lost, and gained again. There were recurrent periods of lucidity, followed by the terrible childishness that had been the first indication of her condition. At the end of the next week she suddenly said, in a loud voice, "I won't stay in bed!" And despite Nannie's pleadings, and Miss Baker's agitated flutterings, she got up, and shuffled into the dining-room; she stood there, clutching with her uninjured hand a gray blanket that was huddled around her shoulders. Her hair was hanging in limp, disordered locks about her face, which had fallen away to the point of emaciation. She was leaning against the table, her knees shaking with weakness. But it was evident that her mind was quite clear. "Bed is a place to die in," she said; "I'm well. Let me alone. I shall stay here." She managed to get over to her desk, and sank into the revolving chair with a sigh of relief. "Ah!" she

said, "I'm getting out of the woods. Harris! Bring me something to eat." But when the food was put before her, she could not touch it.

Robert Ferguson, who almost lived at the Maitland house that week, told her, soothingly, that she really ought to go back to bed, at which she laughed with rough good nature. "Don't talk baby-talk. I'm getting well. But I've been sick; I've had a scare, so I'm going to write a letter, in case— Or here, you write it for me."

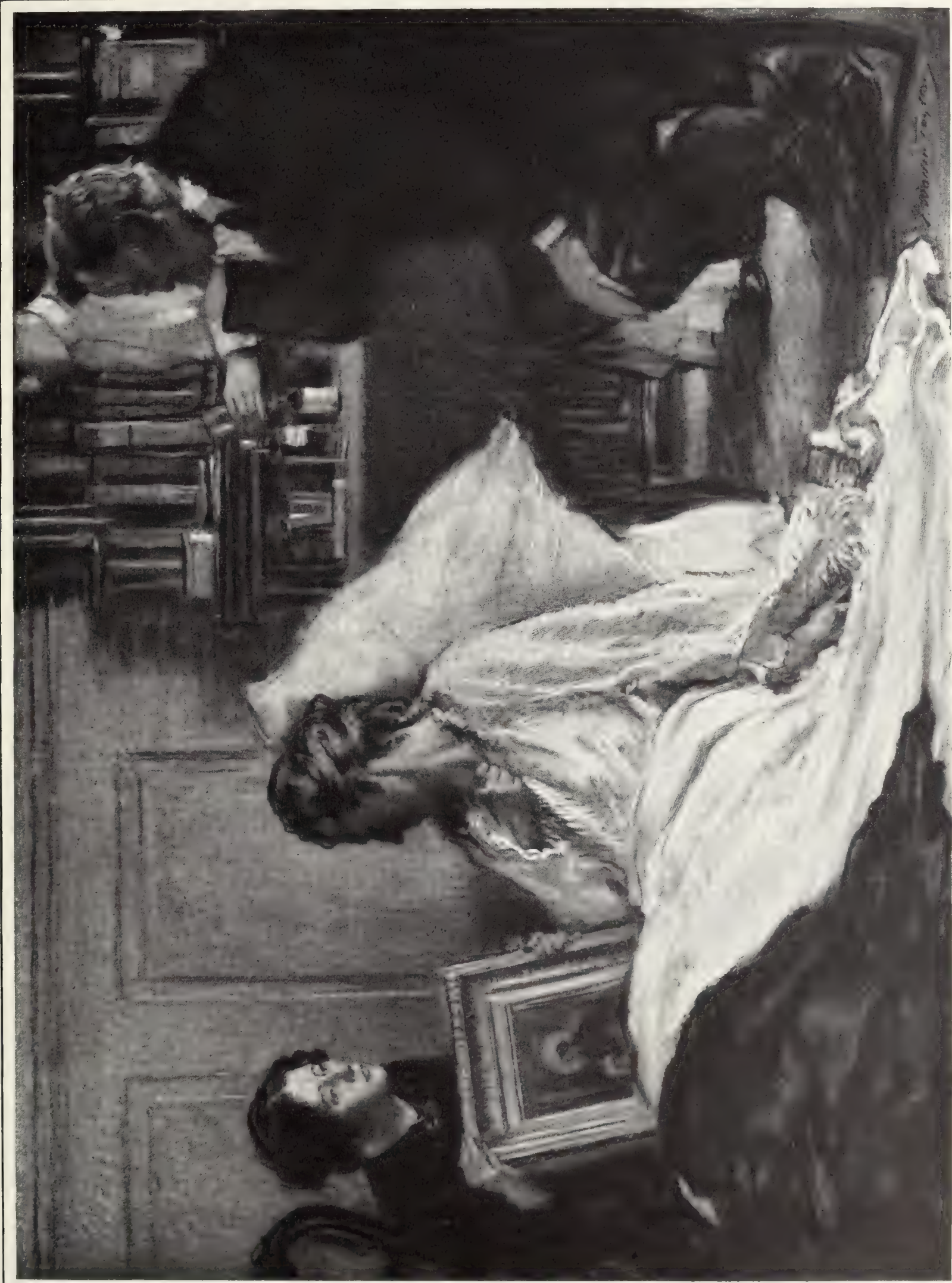
"To Blair?" he said as he took his pen out of his pocket.

"Blair? No! To David Richie about that money. Don't you remember I told you that I was going to give him a lot of money for a hospital? That I was going to get a certificate of deposit"—her voice wavered and she seemed to doze. A moment later, when her mind cleared, her superintendent said, with some effort: "Aren't you going to do something for Blair? You will get well, I'm sure, but—in case— Your will isn't fair to the boy; you ought to do something for him."

Instantly she was alert: "I have. I've done the best thing in the world for him; I've thrown him on his own legs! As for getting well, of course I'm going to get well. But if I didn't, everything is closed up; my will's made; Blair is sure of poverty. Well; I guess I won't have you write to David to-day; I'm tired. When I'm out again, I'll tell Howe to draw up a paper telling him just what the duties of a trustee are. . . . Why don't you . . . why don't you marry his mother, and be done with it? I hate to see a man and woman shilly-shally."

"She won't have me," he said, good-naturedly; in his anxiety he was willing to let her talk of anything, merely to amuse her.

"Well, she's a nice woman," Sarah Maitland said; "and a good woman; I was afraid *you* were doing the shilly-shallying. And any man who would hesitate to take her, isn't fit to black her boots. Friend Ferguson, I have a contempt for a man who is more particular than his Creator." Robert Ferguson wondered what she was driving at, but he would not bother her by a question.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

SHE SAT STARING INTO THE PICTURE FOR A LONG TIME

"What was that I used to say about her?" the sick woman ruminated, with closed eyes; "'fair and—' What was it? Forty? No, that wasn't it."

"Fifty," he suggested, smiling.

She shook her head peevishly. "No, that wasn't it. 'Fair and, and,'—what was it? It puts me out of patience to forget things! 'Fair and—*frail*!' That was it; 'fair and frail.'" She did not pause for her superintendent's gasp of protest. "Yes; first time I saw her, I thought there was a nigger in the woodpile. She won't marry you, friend Ferguson, because she has something on her conscience. Tell her I say not to be a fool; the best man going is none too good for her!"

Robert Ferguson's heart gave a violent plunge in his breast, but before his angry denial could reach her brain, her thought had wandered. "No! no! no! I won't go to bed. Bed is where people die." She got up from her chair to walk about, to show how well she was; but when she reached the center of the room she seemed to crumple up, sinking and sliding down on to the floor, her back against one of the carved legs of the table. Once there, she would not get up. She became so violently angry when they urged her to let them help her to her feet, that they were obliged to yield. "We will do more harm by irritating her," the doctor said, "than any good we could accomplish by putting her back to bed forcibly." So they put cushions behind her, and there she sat, staring with dim expectant eyes at the dining-room door; sometimes speaking with stoical composure intelligently enough; sometimes, when delirious, whimpering with the pain of that terrible arm, swollen now to a monstrous mass of agony.

Late in the afternoon she said she wanted to see "that picture"; and Elizabeth knelt beside her, holding the little dark canvas so that she could see it; she sat staring into it for a long time. "Mary didn't try to keep her baby from the cross," she said, suddenly; "well, I've done better than that; I brought the cross to my baby." Her face fell into wonderfully peaceful lines. She was thinking how she was saving her son by giving him his cross—for she did not

understand that The Cross was neither given nor withheld; it was chosen! And "her baby" had never yet chosen any cross. Just at dusk she tried to sing.

"'Drink to me only with thine eyes,'"

she quavered; "my boy sings that beautifully. I must give him a present. A check. I must give him a check." But when Nannie said, eagerly, "Blair has written Elizabeth that he will be at home to-morrow; I'll tell him you want him; and oh, Mamma, won't you please be nice to him?"—she looked perfectly blank. Toward morning she sat silently for a whole hour sucking her thumb. When, abruptly, she came to herself and realized what she had been doing, the shamed color rose sharply in her face. Nannie, kneeling beside her, caught at the flicker of intelligence to say, "Mamma, would you like to see the Rev. Mr. Gore? He is here; waiting in the parlor. Sha'n't I bring him in?"

Mrs. Maitland frowned. "What does he come for now? I'm sick. I can't see people. Besides, I sent him a check for Foreign Missions last month."

"Oh, Mamma!" Nannie said, brokenly, "he hasn't come for money; I—I sent for him."

Sarah Maitland's eyes suddenly opened; at the shock of understanding her mind cleared instantly. "Oh," she said; and then, slowly, "Um-m; I see." She seemed to meditate a moment; then she said, gravely: "No, my dear, no; I won't see little Gore. He's a good little man; a very good little man for missions and that sort of thing. But when it comes to—*this*—" she paused; "I haven't time to see to him," she said soberly. A minute later, noticing Nannie's tears, she tried to cheer her: "Come, come! don't be troubled. I can paddle my own canoe, my dear," she said, smiling kindly. After that she was herself for nearly half an hour. Once she said, "My house is in order, friend Ferguson." Then she lost herself again. To those who watched her, huddled on the heap of cushions, mumbling and whimpering, or with a jerk righting her mind into stony endurance, she seemed like a great tower falling and crumbling in upon itself. At that last dreadful touch of decay, when she put her thumb in her

mouth like a baby, her stepdaughter nearly fainted.

All that night the mists gathered, and thinned, and gathered again. In the morning, still lying on the floor, propped against all the pillows and cushions of the house, she suddenly looked with clear eyes at Nannie.

"Why!" she said, in her own voice, and frowning sharply, "that certificate of deposit!—I got it from the Bank the day of the accident, but I haven't endorsed it! Lucky I've got it here in the house. Bring it to me. It's in the safe in my desk. Take my keys."

Nannie, who for the moment was alone with her, found the key, and opening the little iron door in the desk, brought the certificate, and a pen dipped in ink; but even in those few moments of preparation, the mist had begun to settle again: "I told the cashier it was a present I was going to make," she chuckled to herself; "said *he'd* like to get a present like that. I reckon he would. Reckon anybody would." Her voice lapsed into incoherent murmurings, and Nannie had to speak to her twice before her eyes were intelligent again; then she took the pen and wrote, her lips faintly mumbling: "Pay to the order of—what's the date?" she said, dully, her eyes almost shut. "Never mind; I don't have to date it. But I was thinking—Blair gave me a calendar when he was a little boy; Blair—Blair—" And as she spoke his name, she wrote it: "*Blair Maitland.*" But just as she did

so, her mind cleared, and she saw what she had written. "*Blair Maitland?*" she said, and smiled and shook her head. "Oh, I've written that name too many times. Too many times. Got the habit." She lifted her pen heavily, perhaps to draw it through the name, but her hand sagged.

"Aren't you going to sign it, Mamma?" Nannie asked, breathlessly; and her stepmother turned faintly surprised eyes upon her. Nannie, kneeling beside her, urged again: "Mamma, you want to give it to Blair! Try—do try—" But she did not hear her.

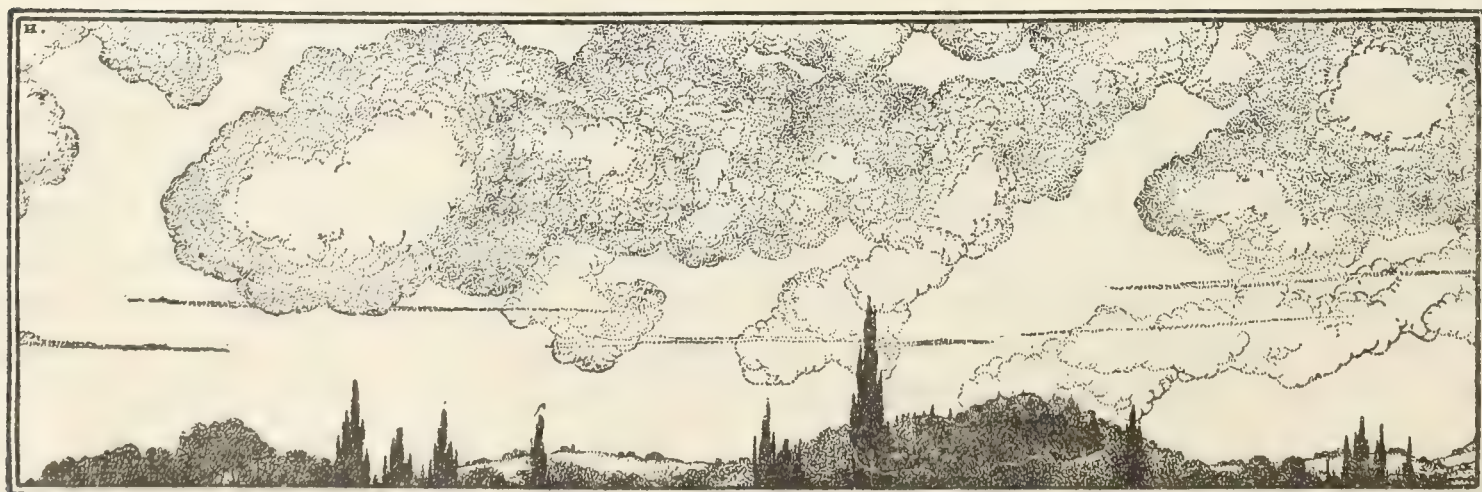
At noon that day, through the fogged and clogging senses, there was another outburst of the soul. They had been trying to give her some medicine, and each time she had refused it, moving her head back and sidewise, and clenching her teeth against the spoon. Over and over the stimulant was urged and forced upon her; when suddenly her eyes flashed open and she looked at them with the old power that had made people obey her all her life. The mind had been insulted by its body beyond endurance: she lifted her big right hand, and struck the spoon from the doctor's fingers. "*I have the right to die.*"

And then the flame fluttered down again into the ashes.

When Blair reached the house that afternoon, she was unconscious. Once, at a stab of pain, she burst out crying, with fretful wildness; and once she put her thumb into her mouth.

At six o'clock that night she died.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



The Carrier

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THE village women talked volubly; they stared, they gaped, they surrounded this native returned, and asked her a dozen questions without waiting for a single answer.

She broke off suddenly from them, the brittle splinter. She left them all shrilling and nodding there in the village street; they were made big by the brooding dusk; the moon was a clown, and its infrequent beams pulled their sharp faces out of shape.

She broke off—it was a fine, an considerable rupture—and at first they barely missed her. In the past, as a girl, and now, as a woman, suddenly appearing through the heavy cloud of more than a dozen years, she had always been unsociable, not to say queer.

They watched her go out of the village and down the hill, until she was lost to them in the autumn mist and the moon and the dusk. She had said she was going to the carrier's cottage—now that was strange, and just what you might expect of Georgina! One would have thought that the carrier's widow—if indeed you could truthfully say widow—was about the last woman in the world that she would wish to see.

Georgina jerked on down the steep hill, falling back upon her heels. She had a grand figure, obscured by careless clothing, and a strongly featured, masculine face, with an astounding scar upon the upper lip. Light from oil-lamps, dotted down the hill, turned it into shapes and colors. There was a mark upon a mouth that at once made you ask—why?

At the bottom of the hill and beyond the village stretched moorland, with here and there a cart track, crooked and deeply rutted, with irregular pools of rusty-looking water, with a few cottages. She took the track she very well knew, and it led her to the one cottage which her heart demanded as a lodgment to-night.

Yes—and for all nights! It was a little house all on one floor; there was a rich roof of thatch. Close to the wall was an old yew-tree grown taller than the house itself.

Georgina opened the gate and went up the path. Partly she could see, but much more she could delicately feel, that the garden grew rank and untilled. She imbibed some bitter draught of solitude and penury. All around the cottage twisted an orchard. You could see the bent forms of trees; you could hear the blowings and munchings of an old white mare that was turned loose. Now and then some belated apple thudded into the deep grass. All things were the same—the yew-tree was grown out of shape; nothing more. Once it had been cut trimly as a vast, uncouth umbrella. She could see Andrew with the shears. That was long ago; and to-night, beneath the low-lying clouds, beneath the moon with her troubled green glances, Georgina's heart grew warm again and took to gay young beatings.

You could have sworn that one straggly plume of the swaying yew-tree was some black cat getting ready to spring! She suddenly jumped and dropped back. Yet one never need be afraid of the yew-tree. Hadn't it seen? Was it not, therefore, the sweetest home and harbor that her soul could ever know?

Without troubling to knock at the little house door, she lifted the latch abruptly and stepped in. Inside was a dainty bareness and a silence that seemed sullen. Georgina stood, looking strong and abashed, on the bricked floor. She turned her scarred face toward a fire of smouldering sticks and peat. Above it was a high shelf that twinkled with a brass candlestick or so, and was gaudy with china figures painted green and purple. She looked into the depths of an arm-chair; a thing covered and cushioned with forgotten chintz—those print-

ed roses and bizarre color blendings that you do not see now. New patches of the stuff stood out vigorous at the arms, telling of some restless, frequent sitter in that chair; and the whole thing was bleared over and made beautiful by many a visit to the wash-tub and by the burning glance of summer suns.

In that chair sat a woman, with the air of meaning to sit there always. She was pink-faced and black-haired. Her blue eyes were hard, and her mouth was so thin that it wavered to an unskilled, indefinite pencil-streak. She was a pretty woman—to casual view; yet she might have been a tiger by the way Georgina, with her strong limbs and mystic bearing, seemed to dwindle as their glances met.

She was dressed in widow's weeds, and in every fold of her gown and every ghostly fluting of her cap was an air of aggressiveness. By her side, leaning against the padded chair, was a stick, and you could see by the ugly swelling of her folded hands that she was racked by rheumatism.

The room was bare and brilliantly clean; the very cat upon the bright rag rug was lean and of restrained tabby markings.

"So you've come back to the village, Georgina? I allus knowed you would."

As she spoke, her blue eyes fixed upon her visitor's disfigured mouth. It was a glance of slow, diabolical impudence; when at last she looked down it was to smile at her black skirt.

"Yes, I'm come back, Mary Ann."

"Well, then, set you down, I s'pose," was the grudging answer. "I'm glad to see you—as glad as I can be now-adays. I'm a widder, Georgina, as you sees, and I'll defy anybody ter goo about sayin' otherwise."

"I don't say it, Mary Ann."

"You'd best not; there's others what does. I'll be bound, as you come through the village—thet's right, draw close ter the fire—they telled you Andrew had run off from me."

"Some thought he wur dead an' some thought he mightn't be. Nobuddy knowed fer sure, Mary Ann."

Georgina took off her jacket and hat. She put them on the table, shivered, and looked sad.

"But I knows;" the widow leaned well

forward. "A man don't keep away from the wife he worships, not while theer's breath left in his body. We was a happy married pair. Never a wry word atween us, fust ter larst. Do you hear thet? An' then one day he goos off wi' the cart on his carrier's round jest as usual. I packs up his bit o' dinner; he kisses me farewell the same thet day as all days. It wur a pitch-black night what follered. They finds the empty cart aside o' the road, an' the white mare—a fool—munchin' at the naked hedge-row. Winter-time, an' fair-time, an' rough characters about. Andrew wur murdered, most like—an' me left a widder. Ten years ago, Georgina—you've bin gone fifteen. You went off the week arter me an' Andrew was married and as soon as you was fit to travel." She laughed, and they looked oddly at each other. "What hev you bin doin'? Why hev you come back?"

Then Georgina said, simply and with no expected air of halting, that she had been in service, sometimes at home in one's own country and sometimes in unfriendly foreign parts. She said that she had saved a little money, not very much; and at this the widow looked suddenly greedy and warm. She listened to every word and she watched the speaker. She wore the mocking air of not believing a single word. By her manner she betrayed the desire to fiercely rip up the other's narrative.

"You niver was one ter talk much," she said, dryly, when Georgina stopped. "It do sound summat as ef you'd larned it off by heart afore you come. Still, you'd best bide a bit; I'm lonely an' helpless. Lonely an' poor as a church mouse I be. I've purty nigh spent what feyther saved an' what Andrew saved. 'Twur a gurt thing fer Andrew marryin' me an' steppin' inter a ready-made carrier's business. Still, trade ain't what it wur in feyther's time. We didn't save much in our married life; takin's fell off wunnerful. But all theer was he left ahint him. Look 'ee, Georgina, ef a man wur gooin' off ter somebody else, wouldn't he hev took his savin's?"

"He's dead, Mary Ann, dead," said the other, starting up. "I can't set still no longer. Let me get a bit o' supper. I'm fainty-like wi' my long journey."



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

GEORGINA OPENED THE GATE AND WENT UP THE PATH

She moved about the room. Her eyes swept accustomed shelves and peered into cupboards. She felt a forlorn, far-away joy in even touching those things which once Andrew had touched. To be here, in this cottage, that was as near heaven as she could hope to get.

"You wun't find much victuals," said the widow, from her deep chair. "I crawls about, mostly on my hands an' knees, ter clean the place, but as ter workin', I can't, no sense. An' I ain't bin useter work; worshipped wives, they ain't." She laughed.

Georgina, faintly wincing, moved about. She found the bread, the bit of bacon, a penurious rind of cheese. She boiled the kettle and brewed tea. Over this brew by the smouldering fire, with the forlorn cat sitting bolt upright between them, they warmed their estranged hearts, and it was placably settled that Georgina should stay.

As to why she had once left the village, and why she now, by some undying impulse, had returned, they did not for the present speak.

Georgina settled down; she became the strong, sane woman of affairs. Simply, she stepped into the place of a husband. One year chased another, Andrew never returning. Now wasn't he, for certain sure, a murdered man, as Mary Ann said?

She revived the carrier's business; out of her savings while in service she had the cart repainted, and re-covered with tarpaulin. She had the garden dug and planted, the shambling outbuildings patched up. Outside and in, the cottage seemed to wanly smile once more.

Day following day, jogging along the lonely country roads, jolting over heavy cart tracks and into ruts, on her way to lonely farmhouses where she delivered parcels from the market-town, Georgina became more saturnine, more beaten about by the weather, more approximate to a man. Little children thought she was one, and people mostly spoke of her as George the carrier.

It was a life of cold and placid brooding; a life of empty peace. Her strongest dread became to be just this: that the old mare would die. When it did, she would have no money to buy another horse, for the business of a carrier was

not what it had been. Times and traffic had changed.

The white mare, to her, became more than a friend. It became the very shadow of her own strange spirit, and she seemed to view her in many moods, to invest her with others. Georgina would notice the way the light fell upon the shaggy white coat on different days. There were pensive mornings of early mist when the dirty white mare she drove glorified to new silver. Then she was a young queen in her coach, and you drove to meet the bridegroom. She jogged along the roads with her constant air of looking to the right and left.

So, years spinning round and past, Georgina became one of the accustomed figures of the countryside; she and her mare and her lumbering cart. Neighbors quite forgot that she was a woman still, and had once been a good-looking big girl, unscarred. All that faded away, and on market days, when she carried matrons into the town for shopping, they would sit behind her in the murk of the covered cart, whispering; for there were homely things that one does not mention before a man! Crowded together in the cart, beneath the tarpaulin cover, they would drive along the cold roads in winter-time; and peer out through the little windows at the side to see at what stage of the journey they were.

Georgina with her old felt hat, chocolate once and now enriched to claret color, with the sack across her shoulders, say the day was wet, would lean forward with her manner of peering as she drove and make affectionate, uncouth noises to her mare. When the women alighted at the town she, taking her sixpences and glancing at them with some gentle, far-away contempt, passed on, glad once more to be alone. For she had always her own thoughts; she was full of soothing fancies. Sometimes her creaking cart became to her a vessel, sailing far and strange. The tattered, flying tarpaulin cover was just some salt-drenched sail. When she had told Mary Ann of her travels, that had been true—although not a word that she said on the night of her return was believed. Mary Ann, brooding forever in the deep, chintz-covered chair, had her own solution. Some day she would give it.

Georgina now and then gave children a lift on the way to school. Then, the cart being gay and young and brim full, she would make believe that she carried a cargo of apples. Or was it little sweet red roses? Or she would help a vagabond on his road from one workhouse to the other. And always as she drew up, as he thankfully clambered into the cart and flung himself down, she would search his face. Yet Andrew was dead?

Taking all with all, she bore with winter weather best. In summer-time, look you, villages and hedge-rows were gay and everything seemed too small. Her constant sorrow pressed upon the landscape, and the landscape threw it off. The last kiss which Andrew had given her, kiss of farewell—prudence and passion—it had burned into her whole life. He had held her by the yew-tree; close—and, oh, so fierce! So had he drawn her whole being through the current of that long, wild caress. An old woman, in the cart, saturnine, sexless, she sat vested in unfading romance. And her sad eyes roamed her narrow world. Looking—forever looking! Yet, maybe, for a dead man.

At night, returning, she would touch the yew before passing into the house. Some nights were moonlit, some sown with stars. Through some the wind rode royally. Those she loved best were the misty, dank warm ones, when, as every lover knows, kisses are more marvelous than when taken candid under the moon. She was a young, tempestuous, merry woman—big and strong—each night; and just through the moment while she touched the yew and kicked the clay from her clumsy boots before going into the house, Andrew would seem to come close. Had he, living, stepped from behind the yew and laughed and held out his arms she would not have screamed. Nor would she have felt that in any sense he belonged to Mary Ann.

So the years went, and Mary Ann became more helpless, more complaining, more of a burden. Whatever Georgina did for her, by night or by day, she took it quite for granted and demanded more. She never forgot and she never forgave. You might call yourself a widow to the world; yet your world chuckled behind your back and called you forsaken. In

her heart of hearts she had never believed Andrew dead. And she hated the woman he had loved.

To cook and clean for Mary Ann, to help her dress, minister to her in the rigid dark night if need be, this to Georgina meant a forlorn sense of creeping close to Andrew. To have the recitative of her constant complaints—complaints of her breath and her bones, every wind tweaking her—wasn't it music of some fantastic, healing sort? She had been Andrew's wife, this old woman, and they had lived their hidden life together. To bear with the barbed taunts that issued through that cruel and faintly defined mouth of Mary Ann's; to say nothing, but just let them glance off—this was glory to Georgina, as all mute suffering must be glorious.

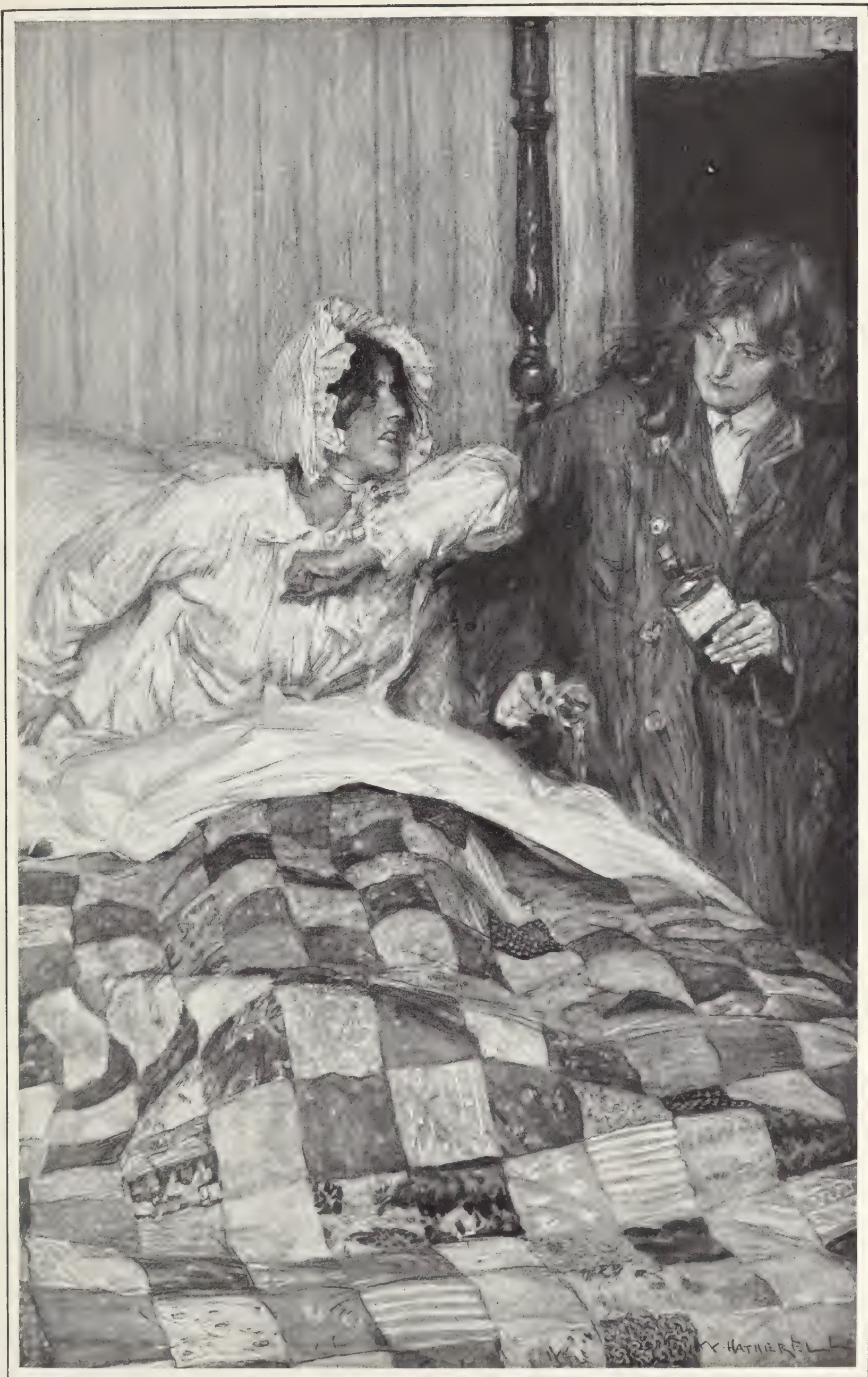
Days of toil and broken nights! Every waking hour full of service for Mary Ann, and of seeking for Andrew! Through it all blazed the fire of his desperate kiss, for certainly it had lighted her to some fragrant constant burning.

At night the two women lay in one room; the cottage only boasted two. Just two rooms and a little lean-to corner place where you scoured things and did the roughest household tasks!

Mary Ann would lie helpless and sunk deep in goose down. She lay in the big family bed, soft on the feathers. Her mother and father had slept in that very bed before her; taking each a decent turn, they had died there.

Georgina stretched herself out, healthy and hard and riddled through with that lovely longing for sleep which is born of hard toil and strong airs. She lay on a narrow new truckle-bed and a mattress of chaff. It was set beneath the square window looking east—a small window with old, diamond-shaped lights, and the glass greenish, so that at dawn you saw the world more haggard than it truly was. Georgina's wakings were always hopeless.

Very often Mary Ann, who was wakeful and teased by small pains, would lift herself in the middle of the night. With many twists of the face she used to prop herself upon her elbow and stare at that sleeper beneath the window. Georgina would be deep in that dreamless slumber of the toiler. Mary Ann would study



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WHEN GEORGINA BROUGHT THE GLASS SHE PUSHED IT SAVAGELY ASIDE

the heavy, regal lines of a face, the queenly rigors of a body lying under a poor, patched quilt.

What had Andrew ever seen in a hulking big hussy like that? She hated them both, living or dead. And she would call to Georgina sharply from the bed—wake her fully up, make her rise to relieve some grumbling little ailment—just to shake a pillow, hand a liniment, look to the night-light. They kept a light burning.

Georgina never once complained. She was instantly awake and out of bed, wrapped in her old coat, with the collar turned up. She was like a mother, soft with service. And as she moved about the room in the gaunt early airs she would stare out at the orchard and at the old mare. Its ribs looked very thin.

She would look from the mare to the four-post bed; its white dimity curtains and valances betrayed the stiff purity of a surplice or a shroud.

Well, then, at last—the last night came. It was just dawn and it was winter-time when Mary Ann really died. She had talked of dying often and for years. It was a livid young morning and the final hours drifted desolately by. Even Georgina shivered beneath her tattered old coat, with its cowl-like collar upturned. She listened to the wind; she watched her one true friend, the white mare, moving languidly beneath the naked apple boughs.

Mary Ann, propped up in the bed and breathing hard, looked anything in the world but a dying old woman. She looked pretty and pink and roguish and vengeful—all sorts of things. Her nightgown and her cap were very dainty; too dainty for a peasant woman, one would think. She had always insisted upon that, and Georgina, docile ever, had slaved with soap and starch and the iron.

She breathed hard and looked hot. When Georgina brought the glass of medicine to the bedside she pushed it savagely aside and slopped the nasty brown stuff upon the spotless quilt. She doubled up a hand, all twisted and knobably with rheumatism, and struck her old rival on the upper lip, where the scar was—the chameleon of a scar, which always would change with the weather or with a woman's mood.

"I gied 'ee thet," she chuckled wickedly; "I sp'iled your mouth fer kissin'."

Then she went on to talk of it, to ramble of it, to let loose her long hate and fever, now at the last. She touched on the topic which, all these years together, they had not touched upon.

"It was the night afore I married Andrew, an' me as good as a bride, when I cotched you two kissin' ahint the old yew. Years arter, say he starts cuttin' it inter shape, I'd up an' heave summat at un; anythin' what happened ter my hand. Wouldn't any wife?"

She turned in the deep bed. Her blue eyes were bright.

"I'd suspicioned you two long afore. Thet night you come inter the porch wi' a message ter my feyther from yourn. About the weddin' cider, so it wur. Andrew, he wur coortin' me proper through theer"—she pointed to the door leading to the living-room—"an' he ups wi' some excuse fer gooin' inter the orchard. I waits an' I watches. I looks through the winder. I steals out by the back, and, passin' the barn door, a-standin' open, picks up the faggin'-hook. I knowed I'd need a weapon. I come up an' I clove your lip clean, I did."

She stopped. Her head fell back upon the pillow. What a wheezing there was suddenly in the room with the travail of her fast-departing breath!

Georgina was standing rigid and uncouth, holding fast to the fat post of the bed. One hand was round the post, the other hand covered her mouth. Her eyes were terrific and gloomy, her weather-stained and crinkled cheeks were gloriously flushed. They stared hard at each other, the living and the nearly-dead. Through this passage they were young again. Love never dies; nor the thousand things that grow about Love.

She said quite simply, yet in the grand manner that commands attention:

"Andrew wur allus mine. He on'y married you fer the carrier's business, Mary Ann. Thet was nateral. A young man dursn't miss his chanst. An'"—she looked proud—"he was no fool."

She spoke in the way that was not to be brooked or denied; not that Mary Ann or any other peasant woman would ever deny this need for daily bread. For they were all toil-worn together, and all their lives they knew the eloquent, most bitter struggle just for bread: just to be sure

of it until the day they died; just to keep out of the poorhouse and away from the stigma of a pauper grave at the last. Andrew, in a sense, had been offered an heiress, for Mary Ann's father, the carrier, was a warm man, so the village said. Was it likely that Andrew would reject a life safety, just for kisses?

Kisses! Some a shade more glowing—yet what of that to compare with the certainty of bread!

"It was me as Andrew loved, on'y me," she pursued, triumphantly—and that fallen figure in the feathers never moved nor denied. Mary Ann, still pink of face and pretty, could only glare helplessly from the down depths of the family bed.

Yet presently, with a last flicker of life, she raised herself again and spoke. "When he left me, he run ter you," she gasped. "I've allus knowed it. You niver took me in wi' your yarn o' furrin travel an' respectable sarvice. You a respectable 'ooman!"

Georgina's massive face seemed to jump. Then she suddenly cried out, loud and uncouthly. The queer tears ran down her battered cheeks; they grouped about her unlovely lip.

"Thet's a lie," she said, with an awful sob. "As you're a dyin' crittur, Mary Ann, I niver set eyes on him since; not since the night you hit me. My mouth streamed wi' blood. I was glad. I wanted it ter hurt. He loved me."

That old woman in the bed—she changed and grew yellow. She crumpled up. She believed at last. The jealous illusion of the years—it was gone. Hate had kept her alive, and Love had kept Georgina.

She tried to speak—so hard she was trying. Yet not a word came. Then, nestling more deeply in the gracious feathers, so she died.

All was over between the two at last.

Georgina dropped, moaning and dazed, upon her knees: to your knees you come at the last, let spiritual joints be ever so stiff! She was lost, deserted, delivered, alone.

She was once more forsaken. Mary Ann had left her in anger. She had perhaps by now already joined Andrew. Yes—already! For what did a poor woman know of Death and its mysteries?

Sobbing, her sinewy arms flung out across the quilt, she groped for words in which to clothe her tremendous feelings.

Mary Ann had taken possession of Andrew, just as she had taken possession of him before. All through Eternity there Mary Ann would stand, getting forever between them. This she felt. For Andrew was dead. Yet—was he dead? The very doubt warmed this death-room all at once. If he lived! Say he stood, pulsing, in the world—and now! Say he returned. Say that the yew-tree once more watched them as they clung together, close!

She lifted her tortured face. She looked through the window—at the enlarging light, at the little old trees, at the lean mare. She looked back at that tyrant, dead in the bed. This for a long time.

Then, weeping in her frozen way, she arose and composed the poor limbs of her old enemy. The February day grew stronger and more savage.

She went out into the dawn later on, for there were things to do—those things that must be done, let people live or die. Happen what may, you must feed the pig if you have one.

She stepped through the terrible young anger of the day; moving about—as one in a palsy; going first to the sty, where she stayed a long time; then going to the poultry-run. Mary Ann had cherished those few fluttering fowls, and on sunny days she would hobble down the bit of garden with a bag of corn.

Georgina then went into the barn for dry sticks. She must make a fire. Sneaking in that far corner was the fagging-hook—a murderous thing. And likely the same one, since things in country places, among frugal folk, last forever. She felt along her lip.

She went out into the open again, her old skirt held up and full of wood chips. She touched the strong wind with one outstretched hand, feeling her way—as if day were yet dark.

Last, she went to the yew-tree. God up in Heaven, she was mutely feeling, tell me does Andrew live or did he die?

With her scarred face pressed into the green, plummy branches, once more she felt the blissful fires of that kiss and felt the sharp rapture of the blow.

The New Opportunity of the Small College

BY E. PARMALEE PRENTICE

“THE American college,” Dr. Woodrow Wilson says, “has played a unique part in American life. . . . It formed men who brought to their tasks an incomparable morale, a capacity that seemed more than individual, a power touched with large ideals. . . . Men were bred by it to no skill or craft or calling; the discipline to which they were subjected had a more general object. . . . The ideals which lay at its heart were the general ideals of conduct, of right living and right thinking which made them aware of a world moralized by principle, steadied and cleared of many an evil thing by true and catholic reflection and just feeling, a world not of interests, but of ideas.”

The great purpose of the old college was the formation of character. It did not draw within its walls the boys who after leaving school must turn attention at once to some art or profession. Colleges appealed to the comparatively few, whose conception of life so emphasized moral and intellectual standards in the estimate of success that they desired before undertaking a business or profession to know the value of learning pursued for its own sake. Most college students were of slender means, many working their way or being assisted by scholarship aid; and nevertheless, for over two centuries, the best instruction which the country could give to start these young men upon their path in life was directed to no more useful purpose than the intellectual and moral strengthening of the boy himself. Literary and classical courses were offered which had no advantage beyond training in the ability of continued concentration, and of constituting an introduction to the vast realm of books. History was taught that the student might know something of the influences which have been moulding the

thought of man for centuries. Above all, college teaching was stamped with the character of the Puritan movement—a movement whose doctrines of individual freedom and responsibility are so a part of our political institutions that the definition of the word liberty as now fixed in American constitutional law comes not from the legal history of the English term, but from the teachings of Calvin and the practice of Puritan church government.

The Puritan movement was essentially democratic, with this limitation, however, that it tolerated no notion of ultimate power as a property of popular will. Every individual stood without distinction of rank or fortune before his God, but his soul was “of infinite value and the possession of it was the subject of an everlasting struggle between the powers of heaven and the powers of hell.” In no smaller dignity, then, and with a claim to no less respect than was his in the drama of eternity did he stand before his fellows on earth. Here, and not in Rousseau or in the teachings of French philosophy, is the origin of the doctrine of the rights of man, and the establishment of government upon these principles was the beginning of a new social order, which Lafayette termed the American era. Such a lasting impression as followed the teachings of the Puritans could have been produced only as the result of a profound conviction and purpose in the minds of men. Their study sought to look into the nature of things, to learn man’s duty to God and man’s duty to his neighbor—the principles of religion and democracy. In this study, so far at least as concerns democracy, their success was notable, and perhaps the more easy because they understood that, like religion, democracy is something which we must not only work

to obtain, but which demands constant effort and watchfulness for its preservation. The history of Puritanism in this country centers about the establishment and administration of free government in towns, colonies, and States. To this purpose the reading of history was so largely directed, and public discussions were so occupied with ancient and modern precedents, that one might almost regard American democracy as no less marked by practical success than by the influence of classical literature in its establishment. A boy brought up among these influences found, both in the life about him and in the teaching of school and college, an excellent training in the principles of government.

Within recent years the advance of science into common operations of life has made a revolution in methods and purposes of education. In very large fields of work young men can no longer go directly from school to employment. Technical training has become a necessity, and with this has come a change in the relative position of educational institutions involving reappraisal of courses of study. The great State universities, now so important, take their students from high schools, offering in college and university courses a training as a preparation for some professional or commercial career, and so great is their support in men and money that one who has thoroughly studied the situation recently expressed the judgment that "the scepter has passed from the private school and is threatened in the privately endowed college."

The tendency of modern institutions, then—if we disregard their distractions—is to make breadwinners, to fit men to earn money. State universities are necessarily of this character, and the influence upon all institutions which compete with them is strong. Size itself almost irresistibly drives this away. The revolution, indeed, seems to have gone from one extreme to the other, and as the old system had little place for men who sought technical training, the new system has but scant place for those who desire learning for its own sake. In fact, the old system outlasted the period of its greatest usefulness, and when the change came offered but slight resistance to new methods.

It is becoming evident, however, that the change has gone too far, and that there were some features of former methods worth preserving. The country is too large and the demands of society are too complicated to be served by any single system. One of the greatest misfortunes in the education of a nation, John Stuart Mill said, would be the establishment of uniformity under the name of unity. There is room in this great country for institutions of every kind, and an increasing need that different colleges turn their attention in different directions. Moreover, the new system is beginning to disclose some defects. Classes are so large that there is comparatively little individual training, and at the same time the compensation of teachers is so low that the profession no longer draws into its ranks its due proportion of talent. While such conditions prevail it is inevitable that college and university work throughout the country should be marked as it is by lack of seriousness.

It is for these reasons that at Amherst, for example, the movement has arisen which seeks in some respects to return to the old purposes of education. History can be taught better than ever before. We have far ampler means for instruction in democracy and the principles of government, while the need for unyielding moral standards in public opinion was never greater. It is proposed, therefore, to make the moral character of the student the first purpose of the college; to teach concentration and application, making the college work real as work in a business or profession is real; to give individual training of the best character; and to create an environment of vivid intellectual life, a current where yielding shall be easy and resistance hard.

These purposes, it is urged, may be accomplished by adoption of a distinctive policy outlined in four propositions:

1. That the instruction given at Amherst hereafter be a classical course made up according to the demands of modern scholarship, emphasizing strongly the literary and historical courses, and including thorough scientific courses so far as science is part of a liberal education.

2. That to raise the standard of instruction and for its influence upon the compensation of the teaching profession throughout the

country the College adopt the deliberate policy to accept no gifts which involve increased expense, but to devote all its means to the indefinite increase of teachers' salaries.

3. That to secure individual instruction of the best character the number of students attending the college be limited.

4. And that to effectuate this limitation applicants for admission undergo some selective process—preferably, it is urged, by competitive examination.

"The colleges and universities of the United States," President Schurman recently said, "address themselves to the average student; and in a democracy there will always be a strong feeling, which is also perfectly natural and just, that higher education should be open to all the boys and girls of the country who are able to pass the requisite examinations. The practice of this theory necessarily tends to make the college and university of the country revolve about the average student with a strong pull in the direction of mediocrity."

But we need institutions of learning quite as much as institutions for the instruction of the average student. Upon this subject President Schurman's suggestion, made after the movement at Amherst had arisen, but before its publication, was that "A seminary for the aristocracy of talent would be the highest and noblest institution in the world. And no other service to a democracy could compare with this; for to form the mind and character of one man of marked talent, not to say genius, would be worth more to the community which he would serve than the routine training of hundreds of average students."

This is the function which it is proposed that Amherst shall undertake, and in doing so shall arrange its courses of instruction with direct reference to the public life of the nation.

It is increasingly evident that technical education does not answer all the needs of civilized life. "Among the ancients," Mr. Lecky said, "the Stoics, who regarded virtue and vice as generically different from all other things, participated actively in public life, and made this participation one of the first of duties; while the Epicureans, who resolved virtue into utility, and esteemed happiness its supreme motive, abstained from public life

and taught their disciples to neglect it." We have seen the repetition of this phenomenon in our own day, and in addition we have learned something further—that public life pursued for private ends is the degradation of politics. A system of education which teaches its students to work in order to be self-supporting and successful is praiseworthy and advantageous to the community only on condition that higher motives are given their place. The race for wealth becomes a mere exhibition of varied forms of corruption, public and private, unless there be some force in the community to maintain and defend an idealism remote from commercial motives. No society can long exist which recognizes commercial motives only. The savage in the forest with his bow and spear, conscious of duties of self-denial, courage, and self-sacrifice, must have looked with contempt upon those whose occupations called for no such virtues. Whatever may be the merits of individuals educated in commercial life—and in this country the ranks of commerce from the earliest days have furnished noble examples of high character and the greatest liberality—nevertheless commerce itself teaches but one motive. The moral standards of business life owe their existence to the fact that business training has never been permitted to stand alone. On the contrary, the religious teachings which had in this country such extraordinary effect in forming the standards of the nation, as well as the influences of the colleges, subordinated commercial success to the dignity of a place in the vast world of science and letters, where the standards of trade find no place whatever. The influence of college training, then, has always magnified the ideal. As society forms upon commercial lines and becomes more complex, the need for higher motives than those of trade becomes greater—not less. If office is sought only for what can be had out of it, as business is done for profit, if society educates no sense of honor, if it creates no restraining public opinion to judge of acts by some other standard than that of individual gain, democratic government becomes impossible, and the seeds of an overturning of some character are sowed.

The purpose of the college which

has been proposed, therefore, should be learning for the sake of learning itself. A nation without some schools devoted to this purpose is undermining its own foundation. We can hardly conceive of a national system of instruction based on the motive of utility only, nevertheless we see a system developing in which the technical schools are the dominating influence stamping their purpose upon college courses, upon high schools and grade schools. If this movement continues with its present force and direction, we may see the time when a national system of instruction based solely on the commercial motive will be well within the range of possibilities. Should that time ever come it will be found that this motive, standing alone, is inconsistent with the existence of organized society.

In our great democracy, the duty of a citizen to support himself and his family is no greater than the duty to support our form of society. Democracy is not simple, but extremely complex. We have been accustomed to say that when government is established upon the popular will the pyramid is set upon its base. Were this true, the history of the race would be a history of pyramids. Democracies once established, unless overcome by military or commercial conquest, would have endured. It would not have been true, as Rousseau says, that popular government, more than any other, strongly and constantly tends to change its form, and that there is therefore no government which demands more courage and vigilance for its maintenance. The course of history shows that government founded upon the popular will, so far from being in a state of equilibrium—a pyramid upon its base—in fact needs continual support, necessarily so indeed, for the popular will is but another name for popular power, and power alone is a wholly inadequate support for anything. What is needed is knowledge, patience, moderation, the perception of and adherence to sound principles. If the majority values the security of its rule, it must assume and follow a correct and consistent policy—must have perseverance. These are not qualities of the popular will, unless that will be guided and restrained, and they are not the

qualities which in political matters distinguish technical men. Technical education, which gives careful training in commercial affairs but no training in the history of institutions; which, so far as government is concerned, leaves its pupils to whatever devices business training may suggest, proceeds upon the hopeless assumption that there has been no progress in the past; that retrospect is not wise; that the task of statesmanship is forever to start afresh; and that in any difficulty we should consider not how we got there, but how we can get out—as if, said Edmund Burke, we should “consult our invention and reject our experience.” Here, indeed, is to be found one of the causes of the increasing excitability of American politics. Invention is the parent of Utopias, socialism, radicalism of all kinds. Experience is the parent of improvement, progress, conservatism.

It is therefore proposed that Amherst College shall select as its special field the subjects of history and literature, including the classic languages, and the history of the democracies of Greece and Rome. In this field the politics and literature of the past can be made the present life of the college community, free from the distracting influences inseparable from the life of a great university. Students can be made to live over again the old issues, to debate former questions, and so to recognize under the disguises of modern politics the forces which have been the makers and destroyers of government. With this instruction the teaching of science, so far as science is part of a liberal education, should be made as thorough and broad as possible.

In giving this instruction, it is proposed to raise the standard of work both among teachers and students, so that in the special fields which are covered, the instruction shall be the best in the country.

The profession of teaching is of vital public importance and dignity, and the compensation offered to teachers should be such as to draw into the profession men of the highest talents and effectiveness. That this is not so is common knowledge. To remedy the existing evil it is not necessary that teaching be made a conspicuously lucrative profession. What is needed in the first place is that the compensation be not conspicuously

low, and in the second place that the position of a professor in a prominent college be made to compare in dignity with the position achieved by success in other professions or occupations. No such condition now exists. The average salary of an instructor or professor is insufficient to support his family. The great injustice of this condition and its serious consequences to the national life need no demonstration. The evil is fundamental and calls for fundamental change. What is needed is not a slight increase of salaries, but a radically new standard of compensation throughout the country. It is proposed therefore that Amherst should adopt the settled policy to use all its resources for indefinite increase of teachers' salaries—to make unmistakably plain that it is uninfluenced by ambition for numbers; that it has no desire to use its students to magnify the institution, but, on the contrary, will use all the means at its command for the greatest advantage of every student. When this is done, Amherst will do something more than her share to restore the dignity of a great profession, and will represent a great public service which deserves support. There is no other force in the world so powerful in making individual character as personal acquaintance and association with a man of strong moral and intellectual purpose and accomplishment. For this there can be no substitute. More than anything else we desire for our boys that they should be thrown under such influences, and here is most evident the great disadvantage under which the large college works. Individual training and association is not possible when rooms are so crowded that a lecture of an hour a week must be supplemented by two hours a week when the class in small groups meets many tutors, hardly their seniors. Hence comes the suggestion of Mr. Charles Francis Adams that Harvard, "save in name and continuity, should cease to exist," and in its place should be a group of colleges, all independent . . . so limited

in size that individuality would not only be possible, but a necessary part of the system." Hence also the "quadrangle system," so called, the "preceptorial system," and whatever other devices may be used to make a large institution do the personal work necessary for education—in short, to secure for large colleges the inherent advantages of the small ones. All this is to offer substitutes where no effective substitution is possible.

At a small college there is no such problem. Here is individual training capable of unlimited development, and if, among its surroundings, only those students were accepted who had manifested a serious purpose of scholarship, there would develop in the college community that unequalled intellectual life and vigor which comes not merely from compulsion, but from the stimulus of the associations. "It is curious," Mr. Adams said, "to think how much the standard of classic requirements might be raised were not the better scholars weighted down by the presence of the worse." It is inspiring to think what might be the effect upon college standards and the life of the country if, even in but one institution, instead of being hindered by this drag of poor scholarship the better scholars were assisted by a living interest of their fellow workers.

In these four propositions there is contained the substance of what has been called the Amherst plan. It is an effort to use a single college as an instrument for a wide public reform, and, like other reforms, the movement depends in a minor degree upon the instrument, and chiefly upon the nature and extent of the public response. There is no college in the country at present which does the work and fills the place which has been described. Sooner or later, at Amherst or elsewhere, when the public demand shows itself, the college will be created. Nevertheless, the need for such an institution is present, and it is to be hoped that in such a matter the support will not be lacking.



The Real Birthday of Dorante

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

IT was the 15th of November. A fine rain had been falling all day, filling the hollows of the asphalt with shining pools and covering the sidewalks with a glistening surface of reflected lights. On account of this rain Inspector Joly had ordered a cab, for Madame Joly was wearing her best dress, it being the anniversary of their marriage, which they always observed by dining at The Fountain of Health. Twenty years before, on the 15th of November, the rain fell as it was falling to-night. It had not mattered then and it did not matter now, the 15th of November being still a door through which Madame Joly passed in a kind of trance, indifferent to the weather.

As it was always possible that some professional duty should interfere with this annual pilgrimage to The Fountain of Health, Madame Joly heard with relief her husband's key turning in the lock, as usual, at six o'clock. But at seven, as she was drawing on her gloves and M. Joly was about to put out the lights, the tinkle of the door-bell and a note left by a messenger filled her with alarm.

For three months M. Joly had been engaged in a relentless search for a band of counterfeiters who had given the Bank of France no small concern. Only the week before had he succeeded in locating their workshop in the cellar of the Restaurant des Tournelles, Place des Vosges; but as the chief of this band was absent from Paris, the execution of the plan formed for their capture was awaiting the information of his return. As luck would have it, this information arrived on the evening of the 15th of November, precisely as M. Joly was extinguishing the gas.

The note read as follows:

He has returned, and can be taken to-night at a rendezvous in the Restau-

rant des Tournelles—which is being watched. PICHON.

They were standing in the vestibule. The cab was at the door. It had been impossible for Madame Joly not to see the word "Urgent" written on the corner of the envelope, as it was impossible for M. Joly not to see that the unconcern with which she waited while he was breaking the seal was really the heroic determination to endure disappointment without complaint. She was looking exceedingly pretty in her new furs; a little less slender, but otherwise exactly like the woman of twenty years ago. One would as soon strike an angel from God as disappoint a woman waiting to be loved. One of the reasons for adoring this woman was her forbearance under circumstances which would have justified one of less patience and confidence in asking questions.

M. Joly folded the note, tucked it carefully in the pocket of his white waistcoat, and said:

"Come, let us be going."

At the foot of the three long flights of winding stairs, as he was holding the umbrella over Madame Joly while she was crossing the sidewalk to the cab, a passing policeman, his short cape dripping in the rain, recognized him and touched his hat. This simple gesture was like a hand placed upon his shoulder. Instantly awoke in him the instinct of the inspector, and under the uncontrollable impulse born of this sudden apparition of the symbol of authority and duty, he said to the driver:

"Restaurant des Tournelles, Place des Vosges."

Even before he had taken his seat this impulse, as short-lived as it had been strong, vanished, and he realized that he, Inspector Joly, the man of method and resource, had lost his head. In the vestibule he had put inclination before

duty, for the sake of a woman. On the sidewalk he had put duty before inclination, at the expense of one. These two irreconcilable acts plunged him in the depths of contradiction and indecision. If the first was a crime, the second was a folly. He was too gallant to lay upon the woman beside him the blame for yielding to inclination. He was too just to hold his innocent subordinate responsible for entangling her in the meshes of duty.

"The devil!" he said to himself, "I have made a mess of it."

Before turning into the Rue St.-Jacques it became evident to Madame Joly that he was thinking profoundly of something—and again she refrained. She also was thinking of something, and it was pleasant to believe that that something which absorbed him was that same memory which quickened the beating of her own heart. But when, after crossing the Pont d'Arcole, the cab turned along the quays to the right, she murmured:

"He is taking the wrong direction."

M. Joly was at that instant on the verge of confession. He was saying to himself: "After all, a date has no real importance. Why be a slave to a calendar? The year has three hundred and sixty-five days, but the three-hundred-and-sixty-fifth has no value not possessed by the others. Besides, there is leap-year, which disarranges everything. We might have been married on the 29th of February! Decidedly, anniversaries should be regulated by sentiment, not by Pope Gregory XIII." He remembered also that Madame Joly was as reasonable as she was pretty.

If she had remained silent a second longer, purpose would have been converted into action, and he would have confided to her these reflections. Unfortunately her interruption, in itself so natural and so innocent, like an unexpected jolt deranged so completely his mental process that he followed mechanically the direction of the cab instead of his thought, and said:

"We are going to another place."

Much to the dismay of the curé of St.-Médard, M. Joly had always contended that in order thoroughly to realize the meaning of any commandment of the Decalogue one must first break it. He now perceived that this reasoning ap-

plied also to proverbs. He saw clearly why the first step is so costly; "and the second," he thought, "is still more so—to a certain extent it is also imperative. In the automatism of the brain there is a kind of blundering logic—"

The cab had stopped.

"It is here," he said.

As Madame Joly stepped out under the arcade of the Place des Vosges, above the three lighted windows she read the words *Bibeault—Restaurant des Tournelles*. There was no doorway on the street, the entrance being through a side corridor, where she waited for her husband, who was paying for the cab.

"Ah," said M. Joly, to a man who stepped out from the shadow of a pillar, "it is you, Pichon."

"He is inside," whispered the agent. "We have four of ours within call."

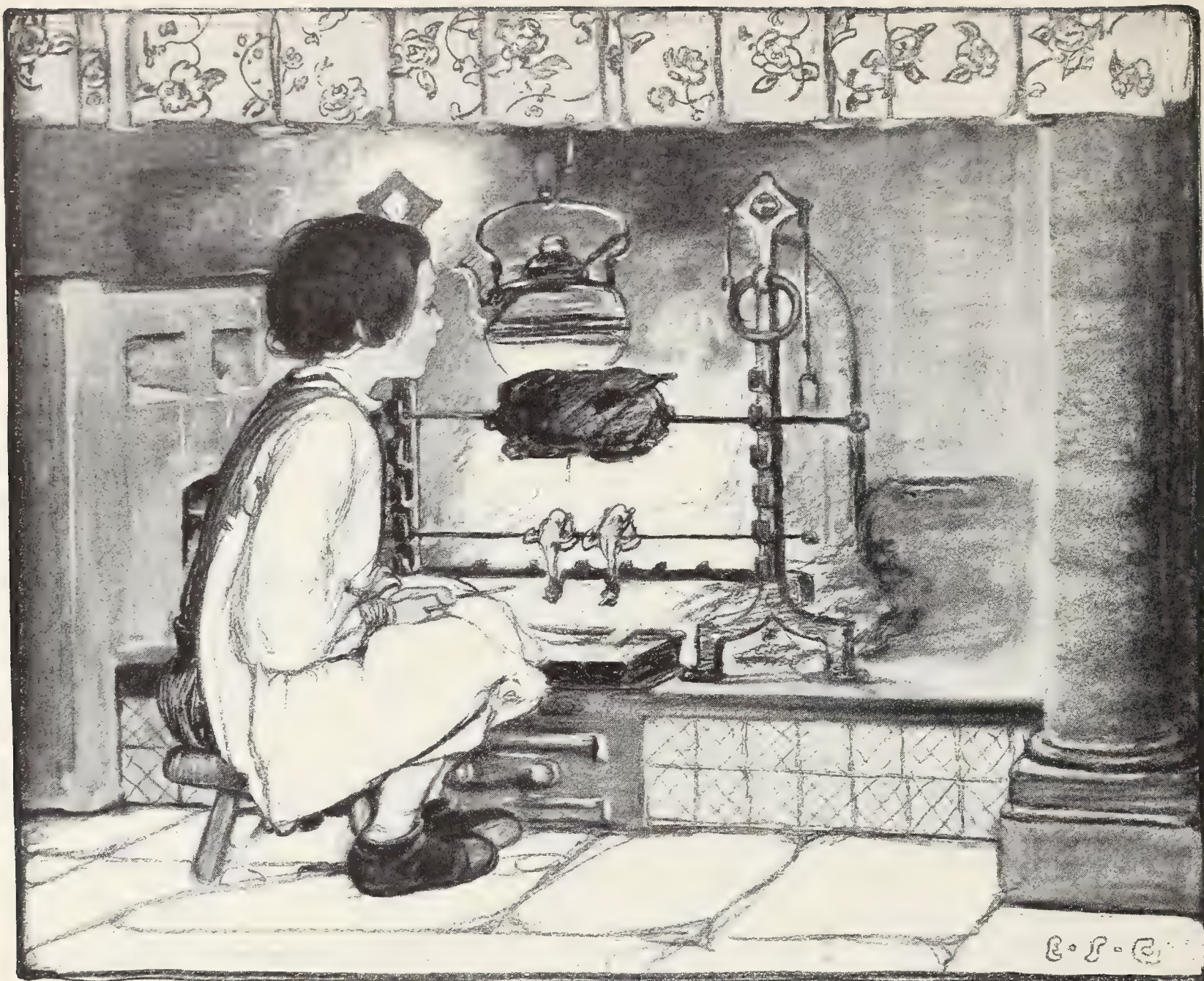
"Four! It is a small army you have." M. Joly counted out the exact fare, added fifty centimes, and dismissed the driver. "Pichon, if I tap once on the window you will know he is coming out. But do your work quietly. I am dining with my wife. Afterward, when I tap twice, you will come in."

"The old fox!" muttered the agent, "to bring his wife with him!"

When Madame Joly, on opening the door of her apartment, saw the messenger, she said to herself, "Something has occurred—our evening is ruined." But the words, "Come, let us be going," reassured her, and her fears vanished. At the Pont d'Arcole, however, her first conviction returned. The cab was taking the wrong direction. "I was right," she thought. "Something has occurred." Standing in the corridor waiting for her husband, she was now asking herself, "Why, since for some reason he is not dining with me at The Fountain of Health, am I dining with him at the Restaurant des Tournelles?" Yet once more she refrained. Nothing in all the twenty years justified the supposition that the reason was a bad one.

"It is disgraceful," said M. Joly, rejoining her. "The moment one puts one's hand in one's pocket a beggar appears."

"He seemed to me a very well dressed one," she replied. "You did well to give him nothing."



BEFORE THE FIRE A LITTLE GIRL WAS SEATED, TURNING A SPIT

In The Fountain of Health there was a little cabinet, always reserved for them on the 15th of November. On entering it Madame Joly invariably experienced that same delicious sensation she had known when in this very room she found herself for the first time alone with her husband. Behind the door was a hook, on which M. Joly had hung, first, her cloak, and then his coat; and this coat, thus deposited over her own garment, had been a symbol of possession, of something strange but infinitely dear, of something immediately realized in a more definite form when, between the closing of the door and the appearance of the waiter with the menu, she had abandoned herself to two protecting arms in a manner she had never dreamed possible.

There was no cabinet in the Restaurant des Tournelles. The iron stand on which the waiter hung the new furs was a poor substitute for the hook in The Fountain of Health. Nevertheless, the room was a pleasant one, resembling more an inn in

the country than a restaurant of the capital. A fire was burning on the hearth, before which a little girl, with brown hair drawn smooth above her temples, was turning a spit. More critical than on that night when she first dined tête-à-tête with her husband, Madame Joly noted with satisfaction that the linen was spotless and the glasses bright. She noted also with relief the presence of several of her own sex.

M. Joly chose a table near the window and began to study the menu. Always at The Fountain of Health he ordered the dinner which inaugurated their married life—a pâté d'Italie, sole au vin blanc, capon with water-cress, an omelette au confiture, and a bottle of Burgundy, followed by biscuit, cream-cheese, and green chartreuse, which latter Madame Joly had learned to sip with more confidence than she had exhibited on that evening when for the first time in her life she discovered the immense difference between vin ordinaire and Romanée.

It was not because there was no *pâté d'Italie* on the menu that M. Joly ordered a *potage Julienne*. Madame Joly accepted this substitution without surprise. It would have been a sacrilege to eat the dinner of The Fountain of Health in the Restaurant des Tournelles. At the same time her curiosity redoubled. But pride had now come to the assistance of confidence, and again she refrained. M. Joly saw this acquiescence, but not the curiosity. While completing his order he observed her attentively. To all appearances she was quite at ease. This tranquillity increased his admiration of her and also his irritation at himself. It would require all his skill to extricate himself from his dilemma without losing her confidence or his own self-respect. For confession of some sort, though postponed, was inevitable. He had already admitted that in ordering the *potage Julienne*. He decided, however, contrary to the practice of the curé of St.-Médard,

to eat his dinner first and make his confession afterward. It would certainly be easier after the Burgundy than before the soup. Moreover, between the soup and the Burgundy something might happen.

"My dear," he began, protecting the wide expanse of his shirt from mishap with his napkin, "we dine to-night on the spot where Henri II. lost his life in a tournament, and the three favorites of Guise had an argument of swords with the minions of his brother, Henri III. In that house over there died Rachel, and in this square lived Victor Hugo."

M. Joly had two manners of speaking, which his wife had long since learned to distinguish. One was his professional manner, in which he now addressed her, and which she loved because it differentiated so completely the outside world from their own; the other recalled The Fountain of Health, and had not changed in tenderness or deference since



"LIKE MONTAIGNE, I LOVE THIS CITY OF PARIS"

his coat embraced her cloak on the hook behind the door of the *cabinet particulier*.

"What you say is most interesting," she replied, looking out into the Square through the muslin curtain.

"Few people think of the past amid whose memorials they live," pursued M. Joly. "Like Montaigne, I love this city of Paris—even to the spots and blemishes on her fair body."

His voice had fallen into its second manner, and Madame Joly, suddenly afflicted with a fit of shyness, kept her eyes steadily fixed on the house of Rachel.

"One would not suppose this melancholy Square, with its low arcade and red brick houses, was once the court end of town. It is true, at that time it did not exist. Formerly there stood here that famous Palais des Tournelles, so called because of its vast assemblage of turrets, constructed under Charles V. But this Palace was destroyed by Catharine de Medicis in 1565. Not till 1604 was the present Square begun by Henri IV."

Madame Joly was well aware of her husband's passion for history, but never before on the 15th of November had he conversed upon so remote a past. The description of the masquerade which nearly proved fatal to Charles VI. interested her but moderately. To the account of the tournament held in honor of the marriage of Elizabeth with Philip II. of Spain she listened more attentively, for a marriage always excited her sympathies. The glimpse of a white dress in a carriage on its way to the *Mairie* always caused her to stop, and she followed its occupant in thought far beyond the point where the carriage passed from sight. But the little girl with the brown hair, who, released from her duties at the spit, was gazing wistfully at the basket of fruit on the table, interested her still more. Having no children, she had accumulated a store of affection which overflowed at the slightest provocation. She had even suggested to M. Joly the project of adopting what nature had not supplied. He also adored children, but the question which nature decides so arbitrarily had thus far proved an obstacle, the relative advantages of the sexes being still under discussion. Nevertheless, the project had not been abandoned, and in that sub-

urban retreat of Monrepos which they had planned for their old age, and of which they dreamed at night before falling asleep, playing in the imaginary paths between the imaginary flower-beds was an imaginary child of undetermined sex.

In one of the pauses of her husband's narration, Madame Joly beckoned the child nearer. In the pale-blue eyes was that devouring look which the sight of the forbidden engenders in one who is hungry. Madame Joly saw this look and made a second sign. The act which for the mother becomes commonplace, even irksome, was for her a precious opportunity.

"Would you like a peach?" she said to the small figure advancing timidly with a shy air of inquiry.

A peach, in November! Equivalent, as stated on the menu, to a whole franc. Casting a quick look behind her, the child held out her hand, seized the proffered treasure, and hid it in some mysterious place under her apron.

"You love peaches?" said M. Joly, encircling the slender waist with his arm and drawing the child to his knee.

A nod for answer.

"They do not grow on the trees of Paris," he added, encouragingly.

The child shook her head. Then, gaining confidence, "They grow in Cormontreuil."

"Ah, you are from Cormontreuil. I suppose, then, since peaches grow in Cormontreuil, you love Cormontreuil better than Paris?"

Another nod of assent, and after another silence, "In Paris there are no orchards."

"But," remonstrated M. Joly, "Paris is so gay, with people and lights."

The small fingers were playing with the curious pendant on his watch-chain—a Japanese gold coin set with green garnets.

"There are more lights in Paris, Monsieur, but not so many stars."

"That is true," admitted M. Joly. "I had not thought of that."

"Run away, Dorante," said the host, serving the coffee in person; "you annoy Monsieur."

"On the contrary, she amuses me," said M. Joly. "Have a care, Mademoiselle Dorante, I am about to strike a match."



"POOR LITTLE ONE!" SHE MURMURED, RESTING HER CHEEK ON THE BROWN HAIR

The child retreated to the skirts of Madame Joly, from which safe retreat she watched the short puffs of smoke from M. Joly's newly lighted cigar.

"It seems you adore Molière, since you name your daughter Dorante," he said, addressing the host.

"Pardon, Monsieur, she does not belong to me, but to my wife's brother—who is dead," he added.

"Ah, that makes a difference."

It not being clear what difference was referred to, the man was silent.

"More probably, then," pursued M. Joly, reflectively, "it was a whim of the mother."

"There is no mother," was the curt reply.

"So much the better," said M. Joly.

This time the man thought he understood. "You are right, Monsieur," he said, turning away. "One mouth to feed is enough."

Madame Joly had lifted Dorante to

her lap. Her husband's remark astonished her. To be an orphan, when there existed people who were childless, was a provision of Providence which tormented her.

"Poor little one!" she murmured, resting her cheek on the brown hair.

M. Joly moved his cup to one side and, leaning forward, crossed his arms on the table. Madame Joly in no wise resembled the Madonna of Botticelli in the Louvre, yet it was of this picture that he was thinking. Through the smoke of his cigar he saw a little girl with brown hair playing among the parterres of Monrepos.

"Marie," he said, softly, for Dorante's eyes were growing heavy, "you have been wondering why we are dining in the Restaurant des Tournelles."

Madame Joly looked up and smiled.

"I knew very well there was some reason," she said.

"Ah, you knew that?"

"Certainly. That note—it was so evident."

"To be sure. I had forgotten. So you thought—"

"That some duty interfered. It could be nothing else."

"And you were not disappointed?"

"I did not say that."

"Well, what did you say?"

"I said what I have just told you, that only some duty—"

"But," interposed M. Joly, "on this occasion might I not have set this duty aside? A woman loves the sacrifice, even of honor, for her sake."

"She forgives it, but she does not love it. Besides, you are incapable—"

"Let that pass," interrupted M. Joly, quickly. "The question is: why are you here? Have you asked yourself that?"

Madame Joly smiled again.

"Undoubtedly. But you could not imagine. Well, I am going to tell you. There are two men at the table behind you—do not move—you will wake Dorante—look in the glass above my head—the one with the monocle and the white hands. Those hands are clever ones. They have accomplished a miracle—since they have reproduced a note of the Bank of France, which experts have always declared impossible. Thanks to the amiability of the uncle of Dorante, this miracle takes place beneath our feet, perhaps on the very spot where a Queen of France of whom I was just speaking consulted the oracles of the astrologers. Well, those white hands will wear to-night an ornament not made in the Rue de la Paix. Wait; he is going."

The two men had risen and were pulling on their coats.

M. Joly tapped once on the window.

On reaching the door the man with the monocle passed out first.

"Monsieur," said M. Joly, crossing the room quickly and touching his companion on the shoulder, "you have dropped your change." In his hand was a two-franc piece.

"You are mistaken," said the man. "I have lost nothing."

"Pardon me, but I saw it roll under my chair."

"Come on; what are you waiting for?" cried a voice from the hall.

"In a minute — I am coming.

Thanks, but I repeat, you are mistaken."

"I insist only because I saw," said M. Joly, politely.

"Really, Monsieur," said the man, who was beginning to be irritated, "you insist too much. I tell you it is not mine."

In his embarrassment M. Joly blocked the passage to the door.

"But you must admit that this silver belongs to some one."

"Oh, go to the devil with your silver and let me pass. I am in haste—my friend is waiting," cried the man, brushing his tormentor aside and slamming the door behind him.

M. Joly shrugged his shoulders.

"If I am not mistaken," he said, resuming his seat, "and if that beggar, Pichon, who is outside, acts with his customary promptness, the gentleman will not overtake his friend this evening. Marie, Pichon will never get over it—to be mistaken for a beggar!"

Madame Joly, jealous of her husband's reputation for sagacity, refrained again.

"It is now the turn of M. Bibeault, Marie"—his voice fell again into its second manner—"does it not seem to you that for a man who is about to lodge at the expense of the state a child is a superfluity?"

Madame Joly's eyes opened wide. She understood, but she refused to believe. At the same time her arms tightened about Dorante.

M. Joly waited patiently.

"You do not mean—" she could not go on—it was too incredible.

"Why not?" said her husband.

Why not! Because it was so contrary to all she had imagined. Not in this manner had she thought to select the heir to Monrepos. For this selection she had prescribed certain conditions, and it was not in the Restaurant des Tournelles that one would look for their fulfilment. If Dorante had been brought to her for approval, she would assuredly have examined her critically. She would have required answers to a thousand questions. But Dorante was sleeping peacefully and wisely in her arms. A thrill akin to that which the mother knows when she first feels the touch of the morsel of humanity which the nurse lays at her side wrought in her a strange



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HE SAW IN IMAGINATION A LITTLE CHILD PLAYING ABOUT THE GARDEN

contentment and peace. Conditions, even the question of sex, were forgotten.

She made a feeble effort to protest.

"But we know nothing about her," she gasped.

"What does one ever know about a child until it is grown up?" said M. Joly.

Far beyond the need of argument or persuasion, Madame Joly was not listening. In truth she did not know of what she was thinking. Visions were succeeding one another, strange, incredible visions, and momentous problems—of what colors were becoming to brown hair, of what room Dorante was to occupy, and before the rising tide of this new life and joy, she forgot also to refrain.

"And this is why I am here—you planned this beforehand—"

"Marie," said M. Joly, diplomatically, "more is accomplished in this world by grasping an opportunity than by foreseeing one."

The room was empty. A solitary waiter, yawning, was leaning against the desk where Madame Bibeault was casting up her accounts.

"Monsieur Bibeault, the bill if you please."

"Instantly; I am coming."

"Monsieur Bibeault," said M. Joly, scanning the bill, "I see that you are a man of heart."

The man looked at him inquiringly.

"Since you provide for those in need," explained M. Joly, designating the sleeping Dorante.

"Dame! Monsieur," with a shrug of the shoulders, "one does what one must."

"Fortunately, you have here a good business."

"By no means, Monsieur. I have on my hands a bad affair. The situation is impossible. No one frequents this square but nursery-maids and babies."

M. Joly, thoughtful, leaned back in his chair.

"Why then do you not find some benevolent person to whom God has denied the blessing of children?"

The man laughed. "Such customers do not come to the Restaurant des Tournelles," he said, laconically.

M. Joly pulled a chair from a neighboring table.

"Sit down, Monsieur Bibeault. I wish to talk with you. I am such a person."

The man gazed at this singular customer good-naturedly. The joke was a good one.

"Naturally you are surprised. You do not know me. Here is my card and address. You will make inquiries at your leisure. This child pleases us. She is a burden to you. We offer to relieve you of this burden."

M. Joly had a way of forcing a conclusion.

"Monsieur—" the man stammered, dumfounded.

"But on certain conditions," continued M. Joly, imperturbably. "It is necessary that Dorante should be happy. Let us suppose that she remains with us for a week. At the end of that time, if she is contented, if she continues to please us, we will see. There will be some legal formalities."

M. Bibeault had ceased smiling. It was impossible to misconceive the seriousness of this proposal.

"It is true, Monsieur, I admit," he said, holding the card in his hand, "the child is a burden, but—"

"Go consult your wife," said M. Joly, peremptorily.

Madame Joly listened to this business-like conversation in a kind of stupor. Its rapid march brought her back from dreams to reality. She had been living in unreality ever since the cab had turned in the wrong direction. She hovered now between the two, oppressed by a twofold anxiety—doubtful of her happiness and fearful of its loss.

The man returned with his wife.

"What is this nonsense my husband is telling me?" she said.

At the sound of her voice Dorante awoke.

M. Joly repeated his proposition. The woman listened incredulously.

"Mon Dieu, Monsieur!" she said, evasively, "such an affair is not to be concluded in a moment."

"Every affair has a beginning," replied M. Joly. "Moreover, I give you a week in which to reflect."

The woman looked at her husband, as if to say, It is worth thinking of.

"Listen," she said. "As you say, there is a week. Suppose now, at the end of the week, we agree—I say that merely in passing. But Monsieur for—"



"I GIVE YOU ONE THOUSAND FRANCS—BUT ON ACCOUNT"

gets that till now—that is, for these eight years—there have been expenses. A child is not fed and clothed for nothing—"

"At what do you estimate these expenses?" said M. Joly, taking out his pocketbook and pencil.

Madame Bibeault exchanged with her husband another look, which said, Here is a goose to be plucked.

Profiting by this look, M. Joly tapped twice gently on the window.

"Let us see," he continued. "To-day is the 15th of November. Sixteen—seventeen—eighteen—nineteen—twenty—twenty-one—two—on the 22d of November—" To her amazement Madame Joly saw her husband count out one by one ten notes of one hundred francs. "I give you one thousand francs—but on account. On the 22d of November—"

The door opened and Pichon entered.

"Ah, Pichon, it is you!" cried M. Joly, joyfully. "What luck brings you here! And to think that you should arrive at the very moment— Pichon, I

am concluding a bargain. You will be a witness. I am making a purchase—by instalments. Here is the first, count them," thrusting the bank-notes into the hands of the astonished Bibeault.

But M. Bibeault's eyes were riveted upon the door, where two agents were regarding the scene in silence. Fingering the notes mechanically, a pallor crept over his face.

At the same time Pichon began to smile.

"They do not please you?" asked M. Joly, affably. "That is unreasonable—since they are of your own manufacture."

The man retreated step by step, like an animal, stupid with terror; then, turning suddenly, sprang toward the service door. Wrenching it open, he saw another agent.

Madame Bibeault uttered a scream. Dorante began to cry.

"You see," said M. Joly, rising and buttoning up his coat, "it is useless. Pichon, I am going home with Madame.

Ask one of your men to be so good as to get me a cab—it is raining. In an hour I will be back and make my report. As this is no place for the child, I charge myself with her. Meanwhile, you will examine Monsieur Bibeault's cellar—it is said to contain some rare vintages."

"Marie," he said, as the cab rattled over the pavement of the Place des Vosges, "I owe you a thousand apologies. But it is as you said. A man does not

sacrifice duty for such a woman as you. The woman for whom one sacrifices honor is not worth it."

Holding the weeping Dorante close to her heart, Madame Joly made no reply.

"You see for yourself it would have been impossible to leave this little one in such a den. As for The Fountain of Health," searching in the dark for her hand, "we will dine there just the same on the 15th of November—by the calendar of our ally the Czar of Russia."

The Earth Mother

BY RICHARD BURTON

THE wise old Mother lets man play a while—
Even as a child with toys—about the earth,
Ere she shall welcome back, with sweet, slow smile,
The foolish one to whom her throes gave birth.

Tug at his tether as he may, he knows,
Deep in his heart, that she is always by;
He feels her presence underneath the snows,
And in the rain of autumn hears her sigh.

The thrill of spring, and summer's tilth the same,
Remind him of her breathing breast; the sea
Is her unrest; and where the maples flame,
She goes decked forth in mood of pleasantry.

The more he strays, the longer battles grim
With foes or friends, playing man's shifting rôle,
The surelier doth there slow uprise in him
The yearning to come back and ease his soul;—

To take her hands and look into her face
And kiss her forehead, while he hears her say:
"Welcome, my dear, to the old wonted place,
Welcome to love, and sleep, and holiday."

Editor's Easy Chair

A BOOK which has made a very vivid impression in France within a few months past asks of its readers that vexed and vexing question of simplicity in the art of fiction which from time to time troubles criticism. It first asked this question of French readers, and then it began to ask it of English readers, and now it asks it of American readers. In a former day its appeal to Anglo-Saxon interest would have been by a different course. It would have been known here first, and would have sought the approval of the mother-country after it had become rather an old story to the daughter. Formerly nearly all the work of the Continental fictionists was translated into English after much earlier versions in our kindred dialect had appeared. But now the English have formed the taste for true work in that sort from the extremely good performance of half a dozen of their younger writers, while we have lost our taste for it through our preference for the inferior fiction which our popular authors have been giving us. So we wait now for the English approval of a French book, quite as if it were a new *La* in republic, and our literary commonwealth, like our political state, were governed by the imperial example.

It is a phase which may or may not pass; but in the meanwhile there is another aspect of the affair which is tempting the comment of the Easy Chair. This new French novel, whose striking character is "teasing out of thought" several contemporary civilizations, is that *Marie-Claire*, by Marguerite Audoux, which Mr. Arnold Bennett, in his preface to the London translation, so justly says "is not fiction," but "is the exquisite expression of a temperament." When he adds that "it is a divine accident," we wish he would explain, for we do not follow him so rapidly to his climax as we might like. What appears from all the rest that he says is that *Marie-Claire*

is the achievement of a Parisian seamstress, no longer very young, whose eyes have failed her from her work. In the long suspenses from her sewing she takes to writing, and she writes the story of her own life as the ward of a religious sisterhood, and then (when she is old enough to leave the convent) as a shepherdess, and afterward as a farm-servant, with a return to the convent as the cook's assistant. It ends with her going up to Paris to earn her living there.

"It is not a fiction," certainly, as Mr. Bennett says, whether "a divine accident" or not. It is self-evidently the history of the author's own life for the period given, and it is very, very interesting and very touching, as the story of any life, any unworldly life, faithfully told, must be. The child adores a Sister, Marie-Aimée, with whom she is passionately in love, as a pupil in a convent school always is with some nun. Sister Marie-Aimée is angelically good to her, and the Mother Superior, because she hates Sister Marie-Aimée, and is jealous of the friendship of M. le Curé for her, is cruel to her protégée, and sends the child off to be a shepherdess. But the farmer and his wife who receive her are kind people, and the wife's brother (whom it is dimly adumbrated that the girl, as she grows older, begins to love) is kind, too, and no one means her harm. Their successors, when she falls to them, prove merely dull, sordid folk, but not wicked (as they must once have proved in fiction), and when the brother of the new farm-wife offers his love to Marie-Claire it is his old mother who forbids the marriage, with no more harshness than suffices to crush her son's hopes. He is very like the first young man, in his mild, gentle type; and perhaps one real person stood for both.

Within these narrow bounds there is beautiful and pathetic study of the different nuns and children in the convent, whether they are good or bad; and espe-

cially there is that of the little deformed girl whose faith that a miracle is going to make her whole extends to all the other children and includes them in the wild grief of her disappointment. After Marie-Claire comes to live with the farmer, there is an adventure with a wolf, and there is her escape to the convent, and the pursuit of her by the farmer, and her return to the farm. The rest is detail of daily work in the field, in the house, charmingly given and interesting, as such detail always is if faithful and close enough; till it comes to the sweet and harmless love-making between the girl and the son of her mistress's mother, who forbids it. There is much good landscape, much honest love of Nature, and portraiture of her.

That is about all, and the civilized reader, not avid of thick passion or gross tragedy, will say it is enough. When Marie-Claire starts to Paris her story stops, and that of her autobiographer, Marguerite Audoux, begins. The literary life of the seamstress will appeal intimately but not so movingly to the reader, who, unless he is French, may be even a little amused by some phases of it. The French are very droll in some things, and like to take their pleasure in their magnanimity a little dramatically. In time, the invalid seamstress who was passing her forced leisure in writing little sketches and beginning to write her book was brought to the acquaintance of a circle of brilliant young literary men, not as a writer, Mr. Bennett tells us, but "on her merits as an individuality." When it became known to them that she wrote good things, they helped her place them. Her masterpiece, *Marie-Claire*, astonished and captivated them, and they resolved the public must and should share their astonishment and captivity. Then something that will strike our bashful civilization (bashful even in the present uproar of advertising) followed. Having resolved upon the flotation (which is the French for booming) of *Marie-Claire*, the circle chose Octave Mirbeau to flotate it. With his "feverish artistic and moral enthusiasm, his notorious generosity, and his enormous vogue, . . . he went to work, . . . with flames and lightning, . . . and *Marie-Claire* was launched in splendor."

That is, apparently, M. Mirbeau "saw" all the critical authorities, and primed them with favorable expectation; and it is at this point that we get off and prefer to walk with *Marie-Claire* rather than ride with the jubilant multitude of her admirers on the tide of her flotation. Many striking things are done in France, but we hope this is not one which will be materialized here. No matter what masterpiece was impending, we should not like to have the fittest celebrity among us going about and instructing our critics (poor, ignorant things enough) what to think and feel about it. The time was when the verbal praise of Gladstone would flotate a novel in England, and the time almost was when the praise of Lowell would do the like here. But these times have passed, and passed likewise have those unhappy hours when the invited applause of the over-amiably literary friends of a publisher would anticipate the glad acclaim of the new book which the premature advertisements heralded in its hundredth thousand.

Its flotation is almost the only thing we have against *Marie-Claire*, and the worst thing we have against her friends is the delusion of her "simplicity" among some of them. Mr. Bennett is too wise a head and too practised a hand to have any part in this delusion, and perhaps it's the natural surprise of the French at something innocent and decent in fiction, something observant of the modesty of nature, which has had most to do with deciding that the gentle purity of Marie-Claire is an effect of simplicity in the authoress. The translator of the book, who psychologizes himself somewhat for the reader's behoof in the "Afterword" (hateful word! As if we were Germans obliged to have English in a literal version!), which seems a sort of spent billow of the flotation, scarcely does, indeed, do more than claim for the interviewed authoress the habit of saying things "quite simply" in the expression of "her natural way of thought, which is simplicity and purity itself." But outside of the "Introduction" and the "Afterword" there seems to have grown up a superstition of simplicity concerning the book which we wish some really iconoclastic authority would deal with.

Simplicity is such a very easy thing to say that we idlers on the judgment-seat are tempted to say it of any book that seems honest, without reflecting that simplicity is really not desirable, if it were ever really possible in any passable piece of work. Simplicity is of the children and of the most artless of our few remaining savages, though children are now born so cultured, and savages are so much written up that it is doubtful whether even these have any simplicity left in them. Simplicity, in the large, loose sense of the admiring critics of a sophistically floated fiction, is an unconsciousness really quite beyond the reach of art. For in all save the most primary art the most elementary thing cannot be set down without the connivance of the author's consciousness that he is doing it with the hope of its effect on the reader, whoever the reader shall be. This in itself is an end of all simplicity of motive. A tale is not told for its own sake; it is not told for the sake of him who tells the tale; it is told for the sake of him who hears it. The child (we will leave out the savage), as soon as it has "made up" something, comes to try it upon its father or mother or doting grandparent. Like everything else of the literary kind, it is created to be published; and the conditions of its existence are three: the fable-stuff filling all space like an intellectual ether, the author who gives specific form to a portion of this ether, and the public which appreciates it. The very most primordial beginning of it is consciousness in the author, and consciousness is the end of that sort of simplicity which is supposed of *Marie-Claire* and other books praised for their supposed unconsciousness.

Consciousness, originaive and imperative in literary art, is of course to be controlled and disciplined to an effect of unconsciousness. Every one of us admirable and contemptible human beings is as absolutely conditioned in egoistic consciousness as in nakedness. But as the usages of polite society oblige us to refrain from talking about ourselves and to wear clothes, so in literary art we are obliged by the critical instinct to hide our consciousness, to hide it even from itself, lest it degenerate into that

really deplorable and all but impossible thing, simplicity. Without egoism, taken by the throat and pushed well into the background, or thrown off the stage and out of the action altogether, but really at the same time animating it all, there cannot be any effect of simplicity in literary art save from consciousness. The author of *Marie-Claire* seems to have known this as perfectly before the flotation of her book as if it were her twentieth instead of her first fiction or "divine accident." She is said to have written it four or five times over, and we may be sure that at each of these times she took something of her crude self out and put something of her refined self in. Yet it was always herself; it was the material which the literary consciousness appropriates from the personality of the author, or from some neighboring personality; for under our likeness we mortals are of the same mind and make as so many sheep, and the literary artist is always depicting himself when he is not stealthily snap-shotting his nearest friend or the perfectest stranger.

It was this self-consciousness, becoming more proof after each successive distillation, that made Mlle. Audoux recognizable in that sympathetic circle of brilliant young literary men in Paris as an artist of genuine and, in her new sort, unique quality, and determined them to float her book on the crest of the most towering decuman which their joint breath could upheave for it. In spite of all this, it is a beautiful book, full of real feeling and the insight that comes of experience in the things treated of. One learns from it (what one, to be sure, instinctively knew already) that French nature is not that inhuman nature which French fiction has so much delighted to show it; that men are not always looking on women to lust after them; that the peasants are not always like the obscene peasants in *La Terre*, but are often as good and kind as the farmer and his wife who bring their poor little shepherdess back when she tries to escape from them to her convent. They are not greedy and sordid, and most of the country folks are not shown so. With her admirable fourth-proof consciousness the author portrays each of her characters more and more simply, so

that the love of Sister Marie-Aimée is not more overdone than the hate of the Mother Superior. All those nuns and their little wards are studied with tireless patience and fidelity. There seems scarcely any one out of drawing in the book.

The book, therefore, is a masterpiece of consciousness working to an effect of simplicity. The simplicity is in the method; it is the skilled simplicity of the artist who has learned to make every touch tell, and it is by no means unexampled in the work of the most famous masters. We recall at random the beautiful early work of Björnson in *Arne*, and *Synnöve Solbakken*, and especially such a perfect little intaglio as *The Father*. We think of Tolstoy's *Polikoushka*, and his *Scenes of the Siege of Sebastopol*. Then there are Turguenief's *Notes of a Sportsman*, and his *Lisa*, and his *Dmitri Boudine*. Such a book as Verga's *House by the Medlar Tree* is of an unsurpassed consciousness working to a perfect simplicity. If we come nearer, or quite home, there is almost all the work of Sarah Orne Jewett (whose gentle hand shall work no more!), and the *Jane Field* of Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, and many a true and lovely story and study which we have our own life to test by; and the sweet and genuine tale of *True Love* by Miss Edith Wyatt, and all her exquisitely "simple" sketches of Chicago life in *Every One His Own Way*. Going afar again, there is Auerbach's *Edelweiss* (we speak from early recollection), with most of his tales, and his *Black Forest Tales*. There is not so much of this refined consciousness working to the effect of simplicity in English fiction; but we have it in a great deal that Mr. Bennett has written, and we have it in *The House with the Green Shutters*, lamentably first and last of its author's masterpieces. English fiction is so ingrain literary, so deeply dyed-in-the-wool literary, that there is very little effect of the refined consciousness in it, very little of the complexion of life; and the English like it so best, and not in the best Continental or American manner. Its triumphs are achieved conventionally, according to the customs of a cruder artistic consciousness; it is not taken seriously, and seems hardly self-respectful.

The pity of the floated acceptance of *Marie-Claire* is that it invites the reader to the contemplation and enjoyment of a phenomenon, while this story is not phenomenal but quite noumenal in its claim upon his sympathy. In her successive revisions the author has removed from it all miracle. She has told straightforwardly the story of her own life, say, without ostentation and without ornament. But this has not happened without the greatest pains in revision after revision; it is the final effect of conscious art that is given us, and not the effortless achievement of genius, a thing that really does not exist as it is commonly conceived. The diction is the most unaffected that taste can employ; the style is clear and frank, and wisely fearless of tautology. The story is told as children like a story told, with the repetition of nouns, and not the substitution of pronouns, or any poor tricks of pseudo-elegance. Nothing could be less involved than the method.

It is said that the author is writing another book, and it may imaginably be the life of some such country girl as Marie-Claire when she comes to be a seamstress in Paris. But quite possibly, and altogether preferably, it may not be, and will be a truer test of the author's powers than *Marie-Claire*. A surprise is something that cannot be enjoyed for long. It cannot be denied that the pleasure of it is very great; one feels as if in owning it delightful one were sharing in the merit of it.

Mlle. Audoux's next book will not be floated, and yet perhaps it will sorely need flotation, for it will not have to overcome merely inattention, but eager disaffection. Many who have liked *Marie-Claire* so much will grudge her younger sister a place in their hearts; all will scrutinize her character and manner, and be readier to condemn her for coming short than to applaud her for surpassing. That is a pity, but it is inevitable; it almost makes one wish that Mlle. Audoux would not write another book. Yet would not this relegate *Marie-Claire* to the realm of the miraculous, exile her from the realm of the artistic; and would not that be a still greater pity?

Editor's Study

AT the risk of repeating ourselves, we must recur to our plea for certain immunities of childhood, in the interests of culture.

The mistake almost always made in the appeal to the child is in holding out to him the wrong end of everything, in pressing upon him our ultimate attainment. If it were possible for us to succeed in this unnatural procedure, we should destroy all the values of childhood, for itself and for humanity. It is only in our power to torment, bewilder, or oppress.

The child is from the beginning surrounded by all our magnificent attainments, but fortunately they mean nothing to him for a little period of his existence. Nature, his wise and efficient nurse, withholds him from knowledge or part in the world about him, save in the close intimacies which enfold all unfledged nestlings; and the immunity she thus secures for him we cannot break down if we would. Yet she does not make it an absolute immunity from the world's stimulation—*that*, in gentle measure, she courts for him, and indulges his quick responsiveness, building a new annex to his brain, after birth, which shall serve as a bridge over the moat of infancy for his intelligent communication with our articulate, rational, and progressive humanity. She is not jealous of the world, but careful and patient, waiting upon childhood and claiming for it all its natural belongings.

We are wise if we learn a lesson from Nature in our treatment of young children. Her undisputed reign is very brief, and it is soon in our power to spoil her work, with abrupt and heavy handling. We need rather to provide more immunities, instead of violating those established and intimated by Nature. In the natural tuition there is a free and open field for the senses and for irrational play, while perception and reason are held in reserve. The child at first,

to use the pregnant phrase of Sir Michael Burke, in William Samuel Johnson's recent and very impressive novel, *Glamourie*, only "thinks things," and he knows no difference between "thing" and "think." He does not ask "why?" or "how?" but "what?" Quality is everything to him—color, taste, temperature, undetachable from the things themselves. Motion is for him only another quality, and his verbs are undistinguishable from his nouns. He does not measure, differentiate, or compare. In a word, judgment is denied him.

It is often said that the child is averse from concentration. Yet he has sometimes the long gaze. It is not attention that tires him, but the attempt to divide it, to define its separate moments, as when you ask him to count, and soon find his limit. You are imposing terms of the mind upon him, arresting continuity, breaking up his concentration.

Slowly but inevitably he develops a notional consciousness, becoming capable of inference, discrimination, judgment. He has a long way to go before he passes from observation to reflection and introspection.

It is just here, where he enters upon this difficult course and is on the way to become practically wise through rational consideration and self-control—on the way possibly to eminent achievement in great affairs, in science, in psychology, in literature, or in art—that his elders who are responsible for his tutelage must respect the difficulty, and wait upon him with at least as much patience as they would upon a tender plant, supplying the conditions of growth, without forcing it. As they would shade the plant from the too ardent rays of the sun, so they should shield the plastic child against a social environment which becomes with every successive generation more aggressively stimulant.

Some of those who have succeeded to Nature's tutelage, themselves being near

to Nature, especially mothers, are cautious, if not jealous, of the world's growing pressure, and their children have the happiness to grow into their fondness for the living things of the garden, the wild field, or the pasture, before mingling even with schoolmates. Nothing is more conservative of sanity than this genial fellowship with beast and bird and flower and tree; and one of the happy privileges of birth, as a condition of human existence, is that for a little time it brings the child near to the animate creation, upon almost a level therewith.

Stories for children, following old fables and folk-lore, abound in animal personations. Rudyard Kipling and Joel Chandler Harris, in such tales, adopt a fashion as old as totemism.

It is good for the child that he should "think things" and dwell in a world of qualities—for which he has so fresh a sense—as long as the urgent stimulation of his environment will, with our help, permit. Our catechistic plan of education, secular or religious, is not a wise one to begin with. Let him be rooted in his earthly dwelling-place before he undertakes notional aviation. The rustic child, in a comparatively provincial neighborhood, may have too little mental stimulation, as the urban child is likely to have too much, but he has compensating advantages in his early years for a lack which, in American families generally, is hardly noticeable, even in strictly agricultural communities. He has a free and natural development, robust enough to forestall precocity without lapsing into stupidity. If he has creative genius the limitations of his childhood, if not unduly prolonged, may prove to be fortunate for its security and integrity. Milton was born and reared in the city; but usually, since Shakespeare's time, the beginnings of genius have been indicated by the Birth Registries of country parishes.

The old-fashioned schooling did not begin too soon with the child, and was not complex enough to be confusing or an instrument of torture. It may have been too rigid in its discipline and too lax in its mental exactions; but the efficiency of its service was illustrated by creditable results in character and intellectual attainments, which, if not direct-

ly produced by the system, were at least permitted by it. In school, as everywhere else, there is the individual determination of achievement; only there are some educational methods which are more calculated than others to repress if not to destroy individuality.

The evils of child labor are obviously pathetic, but the injury inflicted upon the child in the primary and afterward in the high school by oppressive study—by undue urgency, by unreasonable exactions, by the overcrowding of the course, and by the imposition of unusual difficulties—are farther-reaching in their effects upon humanity. They counteract Nature and so countermand genius.

Our advanced ideas of education, as expressed by wise and experienced teachers, are excellent in their application to the higher courses of study. There we need a more creative and inspirational leading of the student and the encouragement of deep rational inquiry. As soon as the adolescent period begins, the student turns his face to the future, as something immediate to himself and to his generation. The past is for the most part remote and detached from his regard, cherished only for what in it is impulse and inspiration to his dream of things to come. To him information is secondary and incidental to creation. He repudiates static tradition; for him tradition must have a pulse, must be dynamic, front-facing. In the fervor of his mood conventionalism is relaxed, if not dissolved. Modernism—in the extreme case, ultra-modernism—has set in; if there should have been any earlier sign of it, it was unseasonable and unbecoming. It is for youth, at this stage of its unfolding, that the advanced and reformed curriculum is fit and necessary.

Childhood is the very opposite of all this, in itself and in its requirements. It has not a single aspect of youth—is indeed separate from youth by a more impenetrable wall than age is; for age has memories. The infant can never again be as really old as it is when it is first born, never so radically ancestral, with affinities so wholly of the past. Hope is dormant in the child, and his desires are to his elders. He unquestioningly accepts tradition and delights in forms and rites, seeking no reason for

or in anything, and pleased by vain repetitions, asking for the same story over and over again and stickling for the exactness of the iteration. Therefore he likes rhyme and meter, finding in these help to a familiar groove. In all this he is like the primitive folk—only with the modern child it is a short-lived fashion.

But it is a wise fashion in the first steps of his education. If at this early stage we attempt to awaken his reasoning faculty, it is simply a waste of time and effort. The easier course is the natural one, for such learning as is possible to him. If we let him learn by rote, not only will he learn much that is necessary, but this very method—as in the case of arithmetical tables and grammatical paradigms—will be an economy of time all his life, for what he learns thus he is least likely to forget. The metrical catalogue of the crowned heads of England imparts no knowledge of any consequence to one seeking a rational view of English history, but it will abide in the memory when many of the circumstances pertinent to such a view are forgotten, and it will be useful at need. How many references to the dictionary have been saved by the old-fashioned drill in spelling; how many exercises of the fingers by early and complete familiarity with the multiplication table! Sixty years ago the interior walls of a district school-house would be lined with Pelton's outline maps, and every day a half-hour would be occupied, one pupil with a long pointer going the round of them, while the whole school in concert would recite the names of the localities pointed out. One day it would be a catalogue of the great capitals of the world; another, of the principal rivers, and so on. The very singsong of the recital, as in the case of the spelling class, helped to fix indelibly in the mind this extensive geographical information.

It was only superficial knowledge, but indispensable and exceedingly helpful. In the case of geography the text-book supplemented the maps, giving something more than names—some glimpses of the humanity populating all these outlined areas of the earth. That also was superficial, but, in very simple terms, informing; and to the exceptional child it was alluringly suggestive. There was noth-

ing in this school routine to tax the mind—except in the case of those puzzling "sums" in arithmetic, apparently contrived for the pupil's torment.

In the early school years a valuable immunity is secured for the child by this routine, this "learning by rote." It is not a course of study; it seems more like play. The learning is not all by rote. Incidentally much information suited to a child's unstrained capacity is imparted. In reading-lessons there is something to be read, and here story and fable have their chance with him. The appeal is not to his reason through argument, explication, theory, or anything prompting critical inquiry, but to his imagination, through pictures and impressions. The lack of pressure in school leaves him free for much reading of imaginative literature, and in this his natural leaning toward past rather than present exemplars should be encouraged. The Bible has more for him than any other or all other books. The recent experiment of making the reading of stories to children an adjunct to both the school and the library—if the right stories are selected, and they appear to be—is to be commended. The teaching of young children need not be inspirational; its aim should not be to urge on the child, but to wait upon him, gently guiding his steps in the ways proper to childhood, and these are all away from what we call modernism.

It is good for the child that he is imitative and accepts without question old customs, traditions, conventions, and all sorts of rituals, and that he dwells long enough in the past to feel its pulse as one with its own. It is a past that we elders have more or less broken with. We have another and better ideal of heroism than the world has had hitherto. But we do our boys no good and only pain and bewilder them by telling them that Alexander and Napoleon were not really heroes. They too will have their revolt when they arrive at maturity and modernism. But it will better their modernism that they have cherished more backward ideals; and the future of our culture and of our literature will be brighter and stronger because they have once, for a considerable season, sincerely deferred to past masters who established the canons of an older art.

Full of Sentiment

BY GEORGE WESTON

MR. PUFFEY is a sentimental soul. He can find romance in the elevated structure and heartaches in a stone wall. I was once with Mr. Puffey when he stopped to watch a flapjack artist who was tossing buckwheat cakes in the window of a restaurant.

"Come along," I said.

But Mr. Puffey continued to gaze soulfully at the flapjack artist.

"What are you looking at?" I asked.

"I am looking at a man who is deeply in love," said Mr. Puffey, shaking his head. "See the dreamy way he puts the batter on the griddle? That is when he is thinking of her pretty eyes and her gentle ways. Then see how he watches those cakes. Observe his look of protection, responsibility, affection. Now watch him as he flaps 'em! See how savagely he does it? He is thinking of his rival; or maybe her folks are set against him. And then when the cakes have turned a beautiful shade of brown, see how tenderly he looks at them. I could bet you a dollar that her eyes are brown or her hair—maybe both—"

At this point I dragged Mr. Puffey from the window, but the next moment he was sighing his heart away at a barrel of oyster-shells which stood near the restaurant door. Oyster-shells look pretty prosaic articles to me, but not so to Mr. Puffey.

He picked up one of the shells, and as he walked along with me he soliloquized.

"Here's an oyster-shell," sighed Mr. Puffey. "A large oyster-shell. Now, so far as I know, there is a field of literature that has never been touched: the life and the love

of an oyster. Who knows? This oyster may have been rudely carried away from his wife, his friends, his family, his children."

Mr. Puffey's voice had fallen to a most pathetic pitch.

"Perhaps now," he continued, "at the bottom of some quiet bay his wife is sadly awaiting his return, disconsolate; her heart as heavy as lead. Every night the little ones ask where father is, but she can only shake her head and weep. I believe an oyster is a faithful creature. He has a tenacity of purpose, a grip, a strength of shell, all of which would seem to point to such a conclusion. I once heard of a man who made a pet of an oyster; it opened its shell when he whistled, and he fed it with meal and bits of fish. It lived for years, and at last it grew so tame that every night when its master came home they played to-



Peter Newell

"WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?"

gether. The man would gently poke at it with his little finger and the oyster would pretend to bite him. Sometimes it would catch his little finger in its shell. Of course it wouldn't hurt him—it would just give his finger a sort of an affectionate little squeeze—"

"Let us look in this pawnshop window," I harshly interrupted him. "Tell me why pawnbrokers make loans on second-hand meerschaum pipes. Does any one buy them when the pledges are unredeemed?"

"But times grew hard with its master," continued Mr. Puffey, looking in the pawnshop window with unseeing eyes. "He lost all he had, drifted from pillar to post, but through it all he clung to his faithful oyster. Once the poor man went without food for two days. Another man, in like circumstances, might have been tempted to eat his oyster, but the attachment between this pair was too strong, too beautiful, for such a thing to enter his mind. One night, in a scantily furnished room, he was sadly playing with his strange pet, when the landlady entered and told him that unless he paid his rent by ten o'clock the next morning he would be turned out in the street. It was a bitter cold spell in the dead of winter—"

"Look at that artificial limb in the corner of the window," I said, trying to turn the current of his thoughts. "Imagine a man walking into a pawnshop and pawning a thing like that!" Mr. Puffey gazed at the limb with hungry eyes, and for a moment I thought that my ruse had succeeded. But—

"The oyster stopped playing while the landlady was in the room," said Mr. Puffey. "Was it listening to what she said?

No one will ever know. Its master noted that his faithful pet was more than usually affectionate that night. It played till a late hour instead of going to sleep at its usual time. Once, too, in the night the oyster clicked its shell so loudly that its master lit the gas to assure himself that all was well, because his pet never clicked its shell except when it was hungry or wanted to play. He gave it some meal, but gently and firmly the oyster refused to eat. Did it want to play? He touched its shell with his finger; the shell opened and the oyster affectionately pressed its master's finger."

Mr. Puffey oozed sentiment and pathos at every pore.

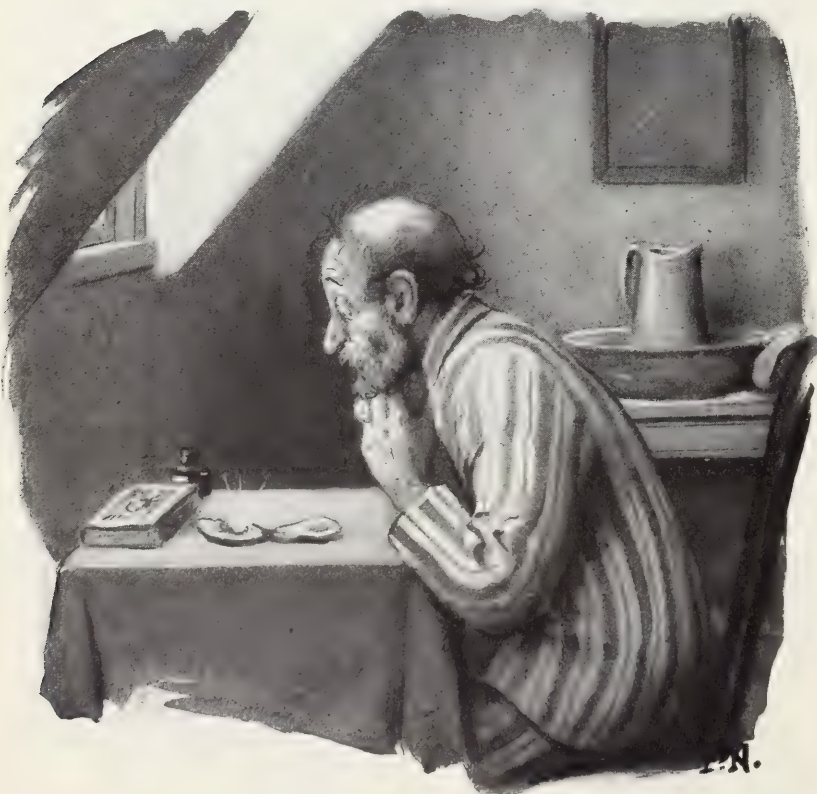
"Was this its last farewell?" he dreamily continued. "Was the oyster shaking hands? No tongue can ever tell. We only know that when the man awoke the following morning his faithful oyster was dead. Its shell was wide open, and in this open shell lay a large and beautiful pearl. The oyster must have been engaged on this secret labor of love for years. Had it heard the landlady's threat? Had it deliberately opened its shell to die so that its master might not suffer? No tongue can ever tell. We only know that the faithful oyster died and left behind it such a legacy that its master lived in comfort all the rest of his days, though mourning sadly and sincerely for his devoted little friend."

Mr. Puffey blew his nose like a trumpet, and, having paid this tribute to the emotions, he nudged me with his elbow.

"Look!" he whispered.

A man and a woman were approaching the pawnshop. They were talking earnestly together. Their clothes were poor but clean. They drew near to the door of the pawnshop with flagging steps. The man was remonstrating under his breath, but the woman was resolute. When they reached the door the woman drew a ring from her wedding-finger. The man reluctantly took it and passed through the door. The woman walked slowly on, and it was apparent that she was awaiting his return.

"Did you see?" whispered Mr. Puffey. "Her wedding-ring! Ah, my friend, there are many cruel moments that a woman has to bear, but none more poignant than when she draws her wedding-ring from her finger and gives it to her husband to



"IN THIS OPEN SHELL LAY A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL PEARL."

be pawned." Mr. Puffey rubbed his eyes.

"Thank Heaven, he was reluctant to do it!" he exclaimed. "Did you see how she kept it on until the very last moment? Poor souls! Think of the day when they were married. She was gaily dressed; the world looked bright; their friends wished them every happiness. They embarked on the sea of matrimony with light and courageous hearts. They dreamed of acquiring a competence, of being surrounded with a flock of merry little ones, of living to a peaceful and an honorable old age. And now so soon it has come to this. So soon. So soon. Look! She is coming back!"

Mr. Puffey looked at her with blinking eyes.

"How sorrowful she looks!" he sighed. "No one but herself knows how she has suffered—knows what she is suffering now. Her husband fell out of work. Their little hoard of savings was soon exhausted. Then one by one their household treasures were carried to the pawnshop: a pair of opera-glasses that was a wedding-present; her fur boa, her muff, the parlor clock, his watch, his rings, her earrings, her brooches. Finally nothing was left but one thing—and that: her wedding-ring! What a moment of tragedy!—of despair!"

Mr. Puffey drew a long breath.

"Who knows?" he sadly continued. "Perhaps there is a little one at home in its crib crying for bread. The father and the mother gaze at each other over the little one's crib. With a tragic gesture she points to her wedding-ring. He shakes his head. Tears well into his eyes—"

Mr. Puffey's voice broke.

"Charley," he said.

(Charley is my name.)

"Charley," said Mr. Puffey, "shall we do an act of Christian charity?" I was blinking my eyes myself; I could only nod my head. "How much money have you got?" said Mr. Puffey.

I had a dollar and a quarter. Mr. Puffey had a two-dollar bill.

"It's doubtful if he can get more than three dollars for the ring!" exclaimed Mr. Puffey, almost trembling with excitement. "Here he comes now!"

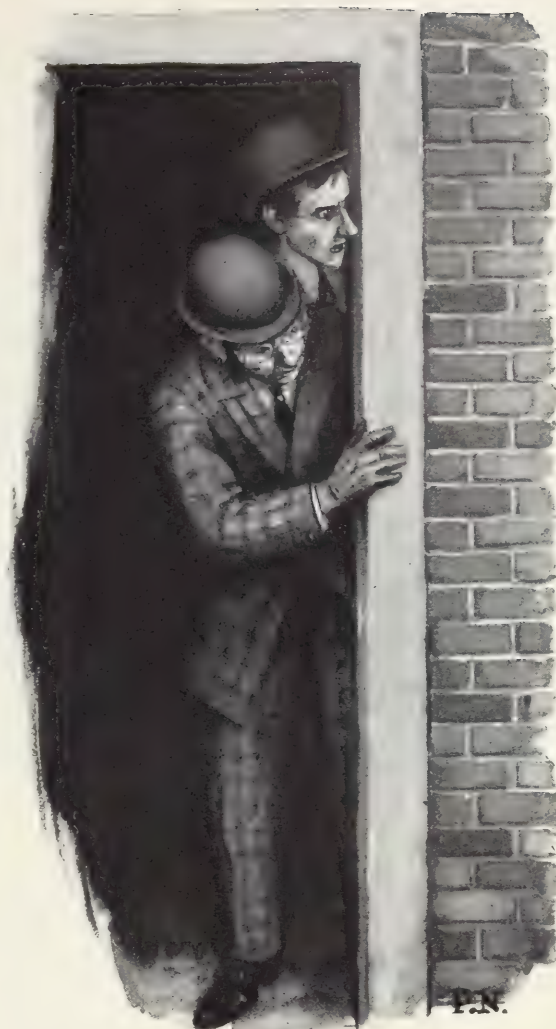
The man emerged from the pawnshop and Mr. Puffey hurried forward and touched him on the arm.

"My friend," he said, "will you wait here a moment? We will not be long."

And seizing me by the arm Mr. Puffey burst into the pawnshop.

"How much did you lend that man on his wedding-ring?" he breathlessly asked the clerk.

"Who?" said the clerk. "That man who



WE DESCENDED THE STAIRS AND
PEELED OUT INTO THE STREET

just went out? *He* didn't have a wedding-ring. It was a solitaire, and he wanted to know if the stone was genuine and how much it was worth. Some girl's engagement ring, I guess. They often get their brothers to bring the ring in here and see if it's all right. Sometimes the girls come in, too, but generally they stay outside."

"Was it a good one?" I asked.

"A dandy! I'd lend a hundred on it any day."

"Have you—have you a side entrance?" asked Mr. Puffey.

"Just behind you," said the clerk. "Leads out in the hall."

We went through the side door, tiptoed along the hall and climbed a flight of stairs. There we waited for half an hour in the dark, and when we descended the stairs and peeped out into the street we each drew a breath of relief to find that Mr. Puffey's friends had disappeared into the night.

Too Soon to Tell

TOMMY had been playing truant from school, and had spent a long, beautiful day fishing. On his way back he met one

of his young cronies, who accosted him with the usual question, "Catch anything?" At this Tommy, in all the consciousness of guilt, quickly responded: "Nope—ain't been home yet."



Following Little Boy Blue

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

ACROSS the meadow sweet with morn
I hear the sound of a silver horn;
Little Boy Blue, with heart so true,
I will awake and go with you.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn
Over the hills where day is born;
Over the heights of bay and broom,
Over the clover and through the wheat,
Down the fields where the daisies bloom—
Lead, and I'll follow with willing feet.
Here by the hedge where the posies blow
Is a path that leads to the long ago;
Here where the throstle pipes of June
We'll learn the lilt of a fairy tune
That I will follow, and you will play,
Over the hills and far away.

Oh, Little Boy Blue, your music
Summons a motley train—
Out of the days forgotten
It marches down the plain:
A warrior bold, a hermit old,
A queen and palfrey pass—
A weary minstrel lies a-dream
Upon the dappled grass.
A priest his beads is telling,

A knight goes riding by—
On yonder hill a steeple
Is reaching to the sky;
With treasure richly laden
Behold the merchant men—
(A lurking band in Lincoln green
Is stealing through the glen)—
A group of lambkins gambol,
A shepherd unafraid
Forgets his flock a moment
To kiss a milking-maid.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn,
A martial note on the summer morn,—
And lo, we follow the climbing sun
Over the heights of Huntingdon.
Down where a shining river winds
Under the walls of a castle high,
Where matted and old the ivy binds
Gray battlements that touch the sky—
Little Boy Blue, a glint of steel,
A clash of arms and the shouts of men;
A drawbridge clanging over the moat—
Voices of battle that upward float—
Then lower the hawks of silence wheel
And all is quiet and gray again:
(The Lady Lenora is left forlorn)—
Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn.

Oh, Little Boy Blue, what magic
 You blow in your silver strain,
 To conjure the days of old romance
 Back to the world again!
 Oh, Little Boy Blue, my Little Boy Blue,
 The Land of the Used-to-be
 To the lilt of that witching music
 Opens to you and me!
 Under a hawthorn-tree we sit,
 Watching the sky, until
 A king, a fool and a ragged boy
 Come over the morning hill.
 Over the morning hill, Boy Blue,
 Early to meet the sun,
 And the king he strides and the fool he skips,
 And the ragged boy doth run.
 And the king he smiles and the fool he
 laughs,

And the boy doth shout with glee
 When you wind your horn in the scented
 morn
 Under the hawthorn-tree.

Little Boy Blue, come blow your horn—
 A silver note on the dewy morn—
 Summon the scenes we used to know
 Out of the lands of long ago;
 Blow for the world as you blow for me,
 Bring back the years of the Used-to-be.
 Oh, Little Boy Blue, the days are long
 When the heart is sad and the world goes
 wrong,
 And to hear the voice of a Little Boy Blue,
 And to hold the hand of a lad like you,
 And to travel back to the Long Ago
 Is the sweetest grace that a soul can know.

The Sagacious Hogs

DISCUSSION was rife at the village store touching the veracity of old Joe Boggs, when in slouched a neighbor of his, the venerable Jim Mooney.

"Oh, Jim!" called out some one. "What do you think about it? Would you call Joe Boggs a liar?"

Jim gave the question considerable reflection, all the time regarding the store stove most gravely. "Well, gents," he finally observed, "I don't know that I'd go so far as to call Jim a *liar* exactly, but I do know that when feedin'-time comes, in order to get the hogs to come, Jim has to have somebody else call 'em for him."

How To Do It

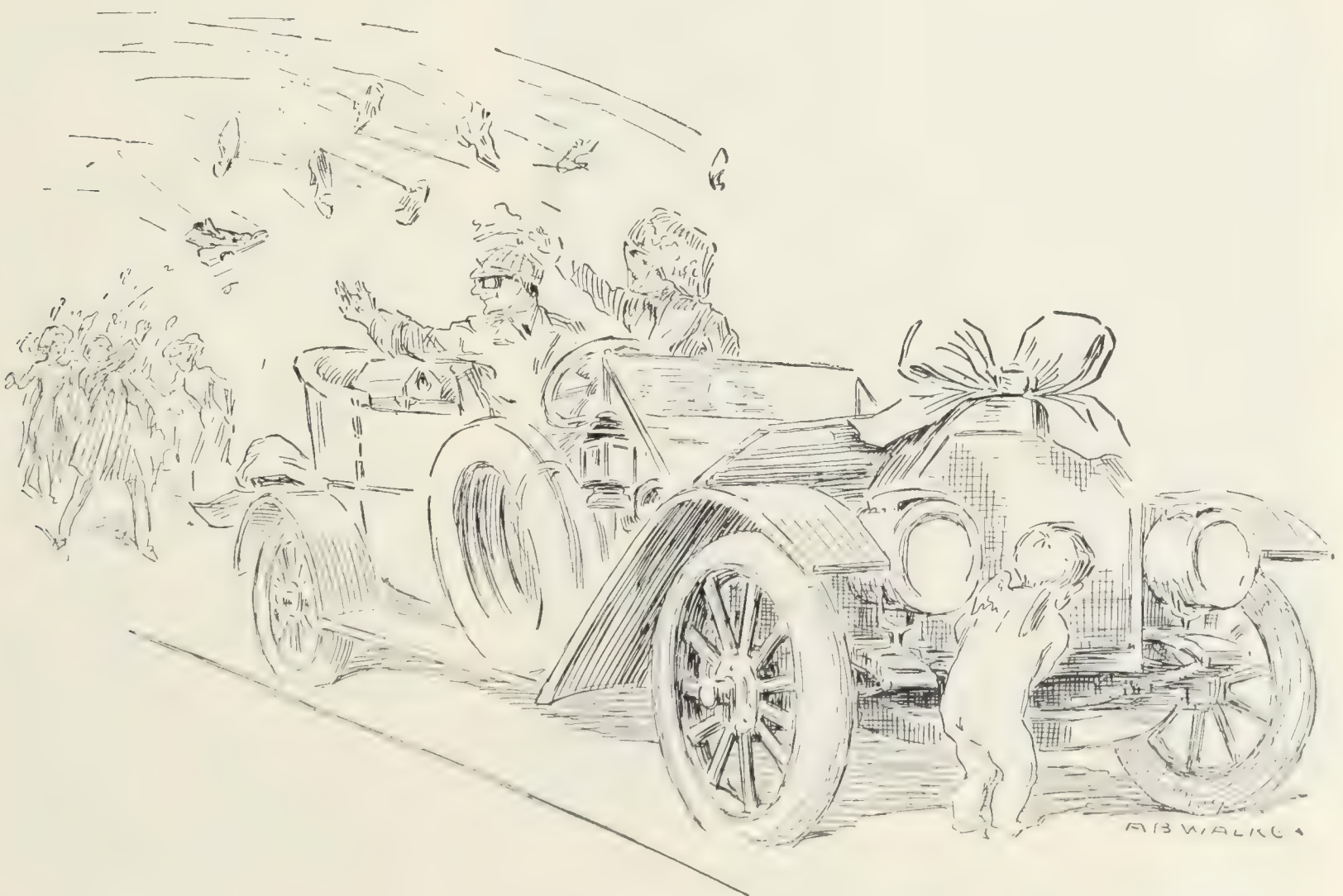
A GENTLEMAN attached to our Embassy at London tells this story of Sabbath-breaking north of the Tweed

One brawny Scot was hammering away at the bottom of his wheelbarrow when his wife came to the door.

"Mon! Mon!" she exclaimed, "you're making much clatter. What wull the neebours say?"

"Never mind the neebours," returned the busy husband, "I maun get ma barrow mendit."

"Oh, but Donal', it's vera wrong to wurk on Sawbuth!" protested the good woman. "Ye ought to use screws."



Cranking Up

A Fitting Selection

KATE, aged five, went to church with her parents. After the offertory, she said:

"Mamma, may I say my prayers now?"

"Certainly, if you want to; but we are about to have the sermon."

"Yes, I know," replied Kate, and bowed her head for a minute, then cuddled under her mother's arm and remained quiet.

After the service her father asked her what prayer she had said.

"Oh, I just said, 'Now I lay me.'"

Domestic Fractions

LITTLE Tommy evinced inordinate pride in his knowledge of "fractions," and not long ago an opportunity was afforded him to demonstrate the fact.

His mother asked whether the little neighbor was an only child.

A look of triumph immediately came to Tommy's face, as he replied: "He's got just one sister. He tried to fool me by telling me that he had two half-sisters, but I knew too much of fractions to be caught that way."



"Aunt Mary, if you'd like me to put Mr. Spooner in my prayers, there's room for his name next to yours."

To Carolyn Wells

On reading her lines "Those New Poets," in the April Drawer.

YOU do right well, O Lady Fair,
In all the verse you see
Behind the name that's written there
To look for little me.
And if you seek the prettiest
Of all my magic spells,
The wisest and the wittiest—
Read those I sign
Just "Carolyn

Wells!"

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

The Long-Suffering Conductor

IN a train that daily makes a round trip between two points on a certain division of a Maryland railway a number of traveling men were sitting together in one coach. One of the drummers not only monopolized the conversation, but endeavored to exhibit his wit at the expense of the conductor, a very quiet sort of man.

As the train approached one station the traveling man turned to the conductor, who happened to be standing near by, and shouted, noisily,

"Say, Bill, what made them locate the station so far away from the village?"

"I really can't say," gravely responded the conductor, "unless they thought it would be more convenient to have it down near the railway."

What Held 'Em Up

IN a certain "boom" town of the West there were two builders, of a type too familiar, indeed, everywhere, who were said to be the most extraordinary of their kind.

One day, when the two met and fell to talking of their respective ventures, one remarked:

"Bill, you always did have better luck than I. Look at my last lot of buildings—collapsed before they were finished. That wind that put them out didn't seem to harm yours. Yet both your houses and mine were built the same—same materials, same workmanship."

"That's true enough," replied the other builder, "but you forget one thing—my houses had been papered."



"What is your favorite composition?"
 "I prefer a bark-a-role."

The Barnyard Budget

SO great is the vogue of certain plays of birds and animals that it has become necessary to publish a paper concerning the doings of barnyard people. It will doubtless achieve an immediate success, and fill a long-felt want. A few advance sheets are here printed from which the reader may glean an idea of the importance of the undertaking.

PERSONAL NOTES

Mrs. Cochon China was seen at a late supper at Mrs. Biddlebank's on Thursday night. She was beautifully dressed, and was presumably the guest of honor, as she was placed at the host's right hand, and was served first.

Mr. Chant Leghorn became engaged in a skirmish with a farmhand a few days ago. When interviewed later the assailant remarked in his slang way that Chant was in the soup.

Two eggs, said to be poachers, were captured at Houston Farm recently. They soon found themselves in hot water.

Gay Cockerel was seen at luncheon yesterday in a well-known restaurant. He seemed to be in an awful stew.

While at market yesterday morning we saw Mrs. B. Leghorn in a stall. She looked quiet and well dressed.

The two Misses Chicks had a narrow escape from a motor accident on the city road on Tuesday. Only their presence of mind saved them at the last moment.

Mr. John Farmer has just set up a bed of eggplants. As milkweed grows luxuriantly near by, we may look for a fine crop of cup custards.

SOCIETY NOTES

The Hens' Historical Club met as usual

on Monday afternoon. Subject for reading, "The Diet of Worms."

As the moulting season commences we note many changes in the fashions. Feathers are going out. But according to the various ladies' journals we notice many new styles of dressing fowls.

P. Rock was calling on Miss Bantam recently and stayed very late. He said "Chanticleer!" and she said she wished he would. Oh, Plym!

A TRAGEDY IN OUR MIDST

We regret to announce the sudden demise of Mrs. C. China. She had just returned to her home after a barn dance, when a dreadful villain armed with a glittering axe entered her boudoir. Egged on by his murderous impulse he attacked her and she, greatly flustered by the sudden appearance of a stranger, completely lost her head.

C. W.

Observing the Proprieties

WHEN Albert was about seven, his colie that had grown up with him, and to which he was devotedly attached, died. Albert's father, trying his best to console the boy, suggested getting a new dog, a puppy, which, as he said, would soon take the place of the former pet.

This was too much for Albert. "Papa," said he, stifling his sobs for the moment, "do you think it would be right for me to have another doggie so soon after Jack's leaving us?"



SERVANT (to little girl): "Miss Ethel, Johnny Taylor's at the door. He wants you to go out and play."

ETHEL: "Oh, bother! Tell him I've got a sick-headache an' I'm lying down."



A Tragedy of Moving-Day

The Art of Elocution

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE noble songs of noble deeds of bravery
or glory
Are much enhanced if they're declaimed
• with stirring oratory.
I love sonorous words that roll like billows
o'er the seas;
These I recite like Cicero or like Demos-
thenes.

And so, from every poem what is worthy I
select;
I use the phrases I like best, the others I
reject;
And thus, I claim, that I have found the
logical solution
Of difficulties that attend the art of elocu-
tion.

Whence come these shrieks so wild and
shrill? Across the sands o' Dee?
Lo, I will stand at thy right hand and keep
the bridge with thee!
For this was Tell a hero? For this did
Gessler die?
"The curse is come upon me!" said the
Spider to the Fly.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
said, "Boatswain, do not tarry;
The despot's heel is on thy shore, and while
ye may, go marry."

Let dogs delight to bark and bite the Brit-
ish Grenadiers,
Lars Porsena of Clusium lay dying in Al-
giers!

Old Grimes is dead! Ring out wild bells!
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen are
comin' thro' the rye!
The Blessed Damozel leaned out,—she was
eight years old, *she said!*
Lord Lovel stood at his castle gate, whence
all but him had fled.

Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! Only three
grains of corn!
Stay, Lady, stay! for mercy's sake! and
wind the bugle horn.
The glittering knife descends—descends—
Hark, hark, the foeman's cry!
The world is all a fleeting show! said Gil-
pin, "So am I!"

The sea! the sea! the open sea! Roll on,
roll on, thou deep!
Maxwelton braes are bonny, but Macbeth
hath murdered sleep!
Answer me, burning shades of night! what's
Hecuba to me?
Alone stood brave Horatius! The boy—oh,
where was he?



A PICTURE FROM THACKERAY—THE VIRGINIANS

HARRY WARRINGTON AND THE BARONESS DE BERNSTEIN

Painted by Howard Pyle for Harper's Magazine

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCCXXXIV

The Knights of Borsellen

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

With Notes by his Daughter, Lady Ritchie

NOTE BY LADY RITCHIE.—My Father used sometimes to speak to us of a mediæval romance that he had intended to write. There is Mr. Motley's record of hearing him say, "that he was thinking about a novel of the time of Henry V. which would be his *capo d'opera*, and in which the ancestors of all his present characters, Warringtons, Pendennises, and the rest, should be introduced." "It would be a most magnificent performance," he said, "and no one would read it."

I have already said how before finally starting on the novel of *Denis Duval* he was turning over another story in his mind. It was never written, after all, but there are some notes which concern it in the same MS. volume containing those for *Denis Duval*. The story which was never written belonged to the days of Henry V., and we had seen him reading for it from time to time in Monstrelet and in Froissart.

This novel of my Father's did not reach beyond the opening chapters, which are printed here for the first time; they seem to date from about 1841, when he was living and working in Paris. In this early fragment one is constantly struck by the resemblance to some of his later work, such as *Esmond* or *Pendennis*; there is the same chord in the sentences, the same methods are used to create the impression of actuality. A friend suggests that in old Castel-Sarrasin we have the original of Major Pendennis, who was not to be born for some four hundred years, and no wonder we are reminded of him, since the Pendennises and the Castlewoods had the blood of these mediæval ancestors flowing in their veins. Though the story of Franck de Borsellen was not continued by my Father, we can see what use he made of his early studies in *The Legend of the Rhine*, *Rebecca and Rowena*, and *The Prize Novelists*.

The description of the Knights in *Barbazure* will be remembered by readers of *Punch*, especially that of Romané de Clos Vougeot, the stately warrior mounted on his *destrière* traveling from Aquitaine through Berry, Picardy, and Limousin. He and his companion are described as "caparisoned in the fullest trappings of Feudal War. The arblast, the mangonel, the demi-culverin, and the cuisard of the period glittered upon the neck and chest of the war steed, while the rider with chamfron and catapult, with ban and arrière-ban, morion, timbrel, battle-axe and diffard and the other appurtenances of ancient chivalry, rode stately on his steel-clad charger, himself a tower of steel."*

Mediæval records and MSS. had a great attraction for the author of *Barbazure*, as indeed for many other great authors and poets of his generation and that which preceded it. The chronological list here given belongs to this particular phase, and we have more than one old record, evidently concerning the story of the Borsellens,

* We have consulted the highest authority on Heraldry, from whom we learn these details are peculiar but possible.

for which he had read up so carefully. My Father's heroes, Jehan and Franck de Borsellen, belonged to the times chronicled by Shakespeare, when the English invaded France in those stirring days of Monstrelet and Froissart. We used to see him in his study reading the big volumes, which were kept on the lower shelf of his bookcase. At the end of his life, just before writing *Denis Duval*, he hesitated, as we have seen, as to whether he should not revert to the story for which he had once read up so carefully and of which he had written the opening chapters. The one fact concerning this novel which is most vividly impressed upon my mind is that he told me how his hero, a simple knight, he said, was to come into the battle of Agincourt riding on a cow, as the knights did in those days when even cows were chivalrous. He finally decided for that story of the eighteenth century which he did not live to finish. Perhaps he thought the early fourteenth and fifteenth centuries too remote from daily life to suit his purpose; and yet those distant times seem very near as one reads of Jehan and Franck de Borsellen and their foes and their friends, living in that strange, pedantic, bygone and yet most present hour, as it is here described.

Knightly romances were in people's minds in the beginning of the last century, evoked by mighty wizards of the North and of the South, whose spells could raise the past again from the past. Tradition lives its own life. What are a few centuries more or less compared to Time? The days of Henry V. are spoken of still by the peaceful inhabitants of Fontainebleau as if they were yesterday. "That bridge was broken down by the English," a driver said as he pointed with his whip. "It has never yet been restored. No, madam, I am not speaking of the Germans," he insisted; "the bridge was destroyed long before they came by the English who were here and who did such great damage in the days of Jeanne d'Arc."

Over here what a wave of past prowess and stately achievement is still recorded by the ancient shrines among which we habitually live and move! We pass along the Embankment, from the Abbey to the Temple, to the Tower where any day you may watch the river flowing on with its freight, or listen to the Beefeater describing the Regalia, perhaps, and quietly telling of hair-breadth escapes, of desperate fights, of splendid festivities; and as he points to a glorious ruby, shining peaceably in Edward VII.'s crown, we listen as he tells us how it was in the helmet worn by Henry V. at Agincourt and by the Black Prince before him. It was given to the Black Prince, so I am informed by a kind student of ancient lore, by Peter the Cruel, who had taken it from the Moors.

We have an old sketch-book, shabby and battered, which was my Father's. Out of this old sketch-book, sadly defaced by ruthless children, we reproduce some of the notes and sketches which evidently belong to the unfinished story of the Baron de Borsellen and his companions.

He was studying at the Louvre, and his notes are a medley of old and new, of now and of then—slight sketches are there labeled Callot, Hollar, C. Vernet; and, besides the sketches, we find heraldic things—items concerning early costumes and armors and shields and stately casques. Here is a pencil sketch labeled "Louis de France, son of Philip III., died 1319"; another of "Robert, Comte de Clermont," in his coat of mail with his great sword and heavy iron legs; there is the slightly indicated figure of Agnes de Loisy and a memorandum: "Her gown is quartered with her arms and her husband's in lozenges"; and then again comes a map, rather than a drawing of Philippe de Valois, on whose trappings the fleurs-de-lis are just indicated. Romané de Clos Vougeot himself may have been one of the two knights encountering each other. The men-at-arms are evidently carefully copied, as must be the helmet with its kingly crest. We have the knights in all their ponderous dignity and the sketches of the foot-soldiers with their piques and crossbows. There is also a note referring to "*Les Tournois du Roi René d'après le manuscrit et les desseins, par Champollion Figeac*." The reproduction of these drawings may interest the readers of the adventures of Franck de Borsellen.

As for two of the pictures (pp. 173, 179), they seem to concern the actual events which are here chronicled. Some such impression must have been in my Father's mind when he wrote of the rise of that campaign which ends this fragment of the story, and in which little Franck de Borsellen realizes for the first time the terrors as well as the pomp of the fields of glory he had dreamt of.

To these notes should be added grateful acknowledgment to a student of the past, who from his peaceful precincts elucidates the ancient truths which we living offshoots of those strenuous times are too apt to confuse. Mr. Henry Newbolt has kindly read the incompleting chapters, and added two quotations from Monstrelet which explain the course of events. He sought for the books in the London Library and found in the volume of Monstrelet belonging there certain pencil marks which showed that the actual course of this story was pointed out for quotation. Can my Father himself have made them? It is an interesting problem—that he possessed certain volumes of Monstrelet I have already stated, but he may have consulted others.

A. I. R.



DUEL
Sketch by Thackeray

I

THE BARON DE BORSELLEN FRANCK I.

AT the battle of Najara, among the scaly men of mark that fell into the hands of the English, along with the redoubtable Du Guesclin, was a Flemish knight by name Franck de Borsellen, who was making almost his first campaign.

The men of mark were ransomed by their captors at exorbitant prices, except Du Guesclin, their chief, who considered that he was paid a very high compliment by the Black Prince Edward because the latter refused to yield him up at any fine whatever.

Although among the chivalry of those days it was often the fashion to allow the captured warrior to fix the price of his own release, young Borsellen would never have thought of valuing his own bravery at the price of ten thousand crowns—which nevertheless was set on it—and would very probably have escaped at a much humbler rate had he not unluckily found some friends in the English camp who knew, or thought they knew, perfectly the value of his estates, and estimated the cost of his freedom

accordingly. The fact is that very many of the English knights now fighting under the banner of their liege lord, the Prince of Aquitaine, and aiding Peter the Cruel, his ally, had been a few months before in the service of Peter's adversary Henry, to whom Bertrand du Guesclin had brought a great host of warriors of all nations anxious to fight under so renowned a leader.

When the Black Prince took up the quarrel of Peter and invaded Henry's kingdom, he recalled the English and other soldiers who owed him obedience from the latter's service; and it was one of these Englishmen, to whom Franck de Borsellen had often (as is the fashion of young cavaliers) boasted of the wealth and splendor of his lordship of Borsellen, that now took his old companion of arms prisoner and fixed the above-named price for his ransom.

Franck had nothing for it but to yield, and when the Black Prince returned to Bordeaux was compelled to send from thence letters to his mother and the intendant of his little domains in Hainault, who, after melting all his plate, selling all his precious jewels, his armors, his horses and hawks, nay, his fields and

villages, brought at length the ten thousand crowns to Franck's captors, and left him quite free, but as near a beggar as any nobleman might be who had a horse and sword, two or three stout fellows at his back, and a stomach that regularly twice a day called out for its portion of beef and strong drink.

There is no doubt but that in our days a gentleman of six feet high, who could not write and read, and who possessed for all his fortune the above-named appetite and encumbrances, would be a beggar, or at the very most a private in the Life Guards. In the year 1370, however, men of noble birth were not ruined so easily; and three-and-twenty years after the fight of Najara, which cost him everything except a few acres round the bare old walls of his castle of Borsellen, Franck was back in the halls of his fathers again, with plenty of wood blazing in the old chimney, a reasonable store

of silver flagons on the table, wine-butts in the cellar, cooks to dress the beef, brave soldiers to eat it, dogs to gnaw the bones, horses in the stables, hawks on the perch, and, moreover (but she sate all day spinning with her maidens in a turret up-stairs), a lady of Borsellen, who had brought the Baron a sufficient dower, and afterward a daughter and two fair sons; the daughter (whom out of politeness we have named first, though she was the second born of the family) was called Isabeau; the eldest son was christened Jehan, or John, after John of Gaunt, whom the Baron had served; and finally the younger son was called Franck after himself.

Borsellen was not in the bloom of youth when he married his lady. After losing the chief part of his patrimony in the manner above described, he had taken service with John of Lancaster, or, as he was pleased to call himself,

the Lord of Spain; and, after battling through the hundred conspiracies in which that turbulent Prince was engaged, had been rewarded by his master with the hand of pretty Alice Poyns, the daughter of one of the Duke's intendants who had amassed a fortune in his service. Some young squire of her own country had, it was said, already won the heart of this poor girl, but Franck was not of a disposition to consider this prior attachment as an obstacle, and set on some of his free companions to waylay and well-nigh kill the squire, and carried off the young lady and her dowry, and carried them together to his castle of Borsellen, to make bombance and good cheer for the rest of his days. For he

1340	J of Gaunt born. d 1399.	Dates from Tyler.	3
1366	H. Bolingbroke (b. 1313)		
	Hotspur b.		
1367	Ric II. b. + 1400		
1376	B. P. died. (b. 1330.) (Cicely '46. Poitiers 56)		
77	Ed III. d.		
Aug 9. 87	Henry of Monmouth b.		
1390-2	Bolingbroke in Barbary & Prussia		
1398	B. banished after quarrel with Norfolk.		
1399	Richard in Ireland. Young Henry knighted.		
	Bolingbroke lands July.		
	Richard lands August. resigns October		
	13 October. Henry IV crowned.		
	15. Henry of M. created Prince of Wales.		
1400	14 Feb. Richard's death.		
1403	Battle of Shrewsbury.		
1413	Henry IV died. Henry V crowned.		
1415	October 25. Agincourt.		
1418	Siege of Rouen.		
1420	Marriage of Henry.		
1421	Birth of Henry VI.		
1422	Death of Henry V.		

DATES FROM "TYLER"

Facsimile page from Thackeray's Note-book



STUDIES FOR THE FASHIONS CIRCA 1400

Sketch by Thackeray

did not care for fighting as long as he could live in peaceful plenty, hunting of mornings and getting drunk of evenings as a bold baron should.

The young Baron John de Borsellen was in every way worthy of his amiable father. At eight years old he was not afraid of the biggest dog or man in the household, and would lash one or the other with his whip or his belt as he had seen his father do. At six he had beaten his nurse first and then his mother, and his father laughed when he heard the story, and swore by St. Ives that the young rogue had served them right. He had from that time quitted the women's apartments, the tender mother, the silly nurse, and the prosy old chaplain, and had taken his place in the hall in a little chair by his father's great one, and had had a little cup that was filled out of the Baron's big silver flagon, and used to sing:

"Duc de Bourgogne,
Que Dieu vous tienne en foie,"

with a lusty little voice; nay, had ridden many and many a long hunt behind Franck de Borsellen on his great trotting Flemish stallion when it pleased the Baron, as it did almost every morning,

to ride out and hunt the buck or the boar. When he was nine years old he had a little pack of dogs of his own, and a pack of little varlets still more obedient than the dogs, and he used to go out on foot and hunt hares and rabbits in the commons and copses, badgers in the morasses and along the rivers, on his own account. Woe betide the young serf who thwarted Messire Jehan in any way! He had one day tied up one on to a tree and was taking very good aim at him with a crossbow, and would have killed him, too, had not his father chanced to ride by, who in a fit of compassion released the lad. However, the Baron vowed that it was the best joke he ever knew, and told his friends a hundred times over what a spirited mad wag his son and heir was.

Isabeau, the second-born, came into the world six years after the young Baron, and it is never known that, from the day of her birth to that of his death, her father took the slightest notice of her. He had no fortune to give her, and proposed at a proper age, unless some neighboring nobleman took a fancy to make her his wife, to place her in a convent and dedicate her to Heaven. Many a comely and tender young damsel was

in those days doomed to bury her youthful charms in the cloister and accommodate herself as best she might to that lonely and unnatural servitude.

At last came Franck, a sickly puling child for the first years of his life, who was frightened like Astyanax at his father's nodding plumes and frowning crest the only time when the Baron, about to ride out on a war party, deigned to embrace him, and who remained with his mother for many years after. She—a gentle Andromache—was not perhaps ill content, but Franck de Borsellen was no Hector, out of the field at least. He had never been bred to dawdle in lady's bower, and twangle guitars and sing songs in their favor, as some high-flown gallants of the Courts were wont to do in those times: he was an honest country noble. Du Guesclin had knighted him on a field of battle, and he would have dashed his armed fist into the face of any man who dared to say, except in joke, that he could read or write. The only time when he was sober in his wife's company was when he rose in the morning to leave her bed, and many, many days and months in the year was he away from it and her. The poor slave did not repine at his absence, as she should perhaps have done: but she was not of knightly birth herself, and could not appreciate the honors to which her husband had raised her. As we are upon the family chronicle (very necessary for the understanding of the rest of this book) we may as well say that Franck de Borsellen's youngest son was born in the year 1394, his sister a year previous, and his brother, the representative of the ancient and honorable race, in the year of grace 1387. Alice Poyns, the intendant's daughter, was twenty years old when she married the noble husband who was exactly twice her age.

This is no great disparity nowadays, when a nobleman after coming home from an evening party puts his feet into warm water, and when he takes off his shawl nightcap next morning rubs his hair with the bear's grease until it curls and glistens as it did when he was a lad at Eton; it is not the mature gentleman who suffers so much as the budding young lady in her teens, who loses her best hours of precious sleep in whirling

round a ballroom, and becomes preternaturally old at five-and-twenty. It was the men who grew old in the good old times, not the women. Their bodies were worn down by the weight of heavy arms and maimed by wounds gotten in spite of all their steel; doctors were there few or none to heal the wounds, and such a plenty of strong drink was given to inflame them as a score of men in our degenerate days would try in vain to discuss.

War and liquor, then, had made great havoc upon the stout frame of Franck de Borsellen, and when Franck's hour came for dying it came after a gallant inroad into the neighboring English county of Calais, where he burned three villages, took twoscore of horses and cattle, which were driven home in triumph to Borsellen, and set very many farmers and country people to ransom. When Franck's last hour came, he had no prickings of conscience for a life of near sixty years passed in robbery, debauch, and murder, but went out of the world comforted by his chaplain's absolution, and fully convinced that his whole tenor of life, though stained by a few peccadilloes here and there, was such as became a gentleman and a knight. And his last words to his son Jehan were to remember that he, Franck of Borsellen, had been held to be a warrior of such repute as to be compelled to pay ten thousand crowns for his freedom.

"My son," said he, "remember this, and keep up accordingly the honor of your name. Treat well your mother, Jehan—a good woman, though coming of a poor house. Take Franck, your brother, out of the hands of the clerks and the women, and make a man of him if thou canst. Care for your sister: she bids fair to be handsome, and may light upon a rich husband at Court."

In a very few hours after this speech, old Franck de Borsellen's boisterous spirit and great war-worn body were at rest forever; the latter was carried with decent state to the chapel of the castle, and Messire Jehan reigned over the little barony.

II

MESSIRE JEHAN

He behaved upon the occasion of his bereavement with a piety that drew down

general admiration. He gave a vast deal of wine and metheglin to all such mourners as came to the funeral, and his very first public act afterward was to harry and plunder those Calais villages according to his sire's dying injunction.

Messire Jehan's mother was not a little proud of him, for he was her son and a handsome cavalier; and the lad was not ill-natured, and of a kindly easy temperament, and during the first days of his mother's widowhood tolerably attentive to her. The poor thing had been so unused to kindness and attention that Jehan's behavior endeared him to her very much. For a while she came down and presided at the table, bringing her younger children with her. Isabeau was, as her father said, growing to be a comely damsel: in a year or two Jehan promised to take her to the Court of my lord of Burgundy, and the young woman was nothing loath. Little Franck at meal-times occupied the small chair which Jehan in his youth had filled by the side of his father, and John meanwhile worthily filled that huge oaken throne.

This family intimacy, however, did not last very long, for the company which her son kept was somewhat too boisterous for the widow and her young children, and many jokes passed among Jehan's young companions and much talk was held which made the lady blush to hear, so after a short space she retreated to her own apartments again, carrying the young people with her. Little Franck adored his mother, but returned not without a pang to the women's apartments and jurisdiction once more. He thought his big brother Jehan the greatest man in all this world, and longed to imitate his virtues. As for Jehan, he had acquiesced in his mother's retreat with a perfectly good grace and got drunk even better without her.

Franck now began to be a little restive with the old priest and his long lessons, and he wished to go a-hunting and fighting like his brother. The latter in the first days after his father's death, when the habit of patronage was new and pleasant to him, had promised his brother a little horse and had taken him to the falconry and given him a hawk. He would have taken Franck out hunting with him too; but when the lad was out

of the way, honest Jehan never thought a whit about him, so that Franck's taste for field sports was not gratified as yet.

However, the lord of Borsellen was speedily called to service in some of those interminable feuds in which his patron was engaged; and leaving his castle in the care of his mother, guarded by two or three old men who were left behind precisely because they were so infirm as to be of no use in a campaign, went away with all the able-bodied males whom the barony could muster. Franck could not ride then, as he had hoped, for the only steed left in the stables was an old mill-horse; but the forester took him out and showed him some little sport with the hawks, and initiated him into the mystery of trapping and springeing. Franck became a decent shot with a bow, too, and brought home to his mother with great pride a very large old owl that had been stricken to death by a shaft from his quiver.

In the matter of war Franck's instructor was the old porter who had served the late lord in many campaigns, and told the boy brave stories concerning them. The chaplain had a rare budget of these tales too, and Franck listened to him with all his ears.

There was in the courtyard a grim wooden figure of a Saracen, against which Franck used to tilt lustily, to the great delight of his sister and not a little to the pleasure of his mother and the old priest who kept his company. The lady of Borsellen in the course of her meek life had known but little happiness, and these days she often thought were the happiest of her existence. When the old castle was left to herself and her children, and the old vacant hall and courtyard echoed with their innocent laughter, what fierce blows did doughty young Franck deal upon the battered old figure of the Saracen! By the names of all the wicked magicians and enchanters he ever heard of he used to call it, rescuing his sister from their fell clutches; and sometimes the chaplain and the old porter were made to figure in the play, and performed the parts of kings, emperors, or felon Paynim knights with grinning good grace.

Such progress was Franck de Borsellen making in his education in the years

1406 and 1407 during the time that his brother was following his liege lord the Count of Hainault, who was following that redoubtable Duke of Burgundy, nicknamed, by the age in which he lived, as "John without Fear." Jehan's namesake, the Duke, pretty soon distinguished a young fellow who was as brave and as unscrupulous as himself, and Borsellen came back to his castle a much greater man than he was when he left it.

He had seen, too, a great deal of the world since his departure. He had been at Paris and had seen the mysteries as they were enacted to the great delight of the poor King in his moments of half sanity; and brought back some of the newly invented cards, which were the rage of the Court then, and over which Messire Jehan and his friend would sit and gamble all night. He had danced, too, at the Queen's hotel of Saint Paul—nay, carried his gallantry so far as to bring back for his lady mother a robe and head-dress just such as her Majesty wore. Poor Alice was wonderfully delighted with the giver, though she blushed as she wore his gift. The gown had an immense train that her two women laughed as they carried. It was embroidered with the great green griffin of the Borsellens and her own arms alternately; above it was a tight velvet jacket trimmed with ermine, having big light sleeves which trailed to the ground, and cut so exceedingly low at the neck as to make an honest country matron blush with good reason. But the marvel of all was the head-piece. It was of red velvet of the shape of a huge crescent, or pair of horns (not an ox in the farm-yard had such a pair of horns), from which hung two streamers of gauze or lace that should properly have been left to flaunt in the air behind the noble wearer, but which the lady insisted upon tying round her throat, for all the fashion.

What stories had Jehan to tell of the balls and galas at the Court, of the magnificence of Berri, the prodigality of Orleans, the wild pranks of the King of Navarre, and, above all, of the splendor of his old lord of Burgundy, who eclipsed them all. And then the poor devils of citizens—what a life they led of it! Messire Jehan brought back with him

a whole wardrobe of linen bed-furniture that he had procured at Paris at the cheapest rate. As an officer of the Duke, he had but to enter any citizen's house and take what he fancied—a parcel of napkins and sheets, or a *pièce* of claret, a sack of oats for his horses—nay, a horse for the oats, if it so minded him. Every prince of the blood, and every officer of a prince in consequence, had this privilege of robbery, and availed himself of it accordingly.

There was the Duke of Orleans—one of the best jokes ever heard had been perpetrated by him. The Duke for many years had received in his own hands half the taxes of the kingdom, and never paid one farthing of his own debt. Riding out one day, his horse took fright, well-nigh plunged him into the Seine, and set my lord into such a tremor that he thought a judgment was coming upon him, and vowed he would pay every one of his creditors. Next day his intendants called them together, and they came to the number of eight hundred; but his greatest fright was over, and he thought of paying no more. When the varlets began to remonstrate, the Duke ordered his men out with sticks and offered the knaves the choice of a beating or a retreat. These stories were told by Messire Jehan in the simple way in which the chroniclers of the time record them. His mother and sister listened to them with wonder, as good simple mothers and sisters will do, but his young brother was lost in delight at the tales and respect for the accomplished teller of them.

One part of the story, however—the last and most important part of it—Messire Jehan did not tell. Was it that he was ashamed of his share in the action, or that it was too grave a subject to talk of with little boys and ladies? It was this: His master, the Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke of Orleans, after their long quarrel, had been reconciled, and great festivities had taken place in consequence of their peace. But both knew how hollow the truce was, and assembled their men about Paris to the number of many thousands, and each prepared to resist or to overcome the other.

Then took place, as the chronicle says, "the most woeful and piteous adventure

that had occurred for a long time in the Christian kingdom of France. On Wednesday, being St. Clement's day, November 23, 1407, eighteen men who were lodged in an hotel having the sign of Our Lady near to the gate Barbette of Paris, in which city the Duke of Orleans then was, sent forward a certain Thomas Courthame, valet de chambre of the King, to the said Duke, who had gone to visit the Queen, then residing in her hotel near the above gate of Barbette. The which Thomas, coming before the Duke as from the King, said to him, 'Monseigneur, the King orders that without delay you come to him, as he would speak with you hastily in regard of matters that nearly concern you and him.'

"On which the said Duke, wishing to obey the command of the King (as he fancied it), did incontinently mount on his mule, having in his company only four or five varlets on foot, carrying torches before and behind him, and two squires; for thus did he go abroad privately, although there were at that hour in Paris six hundred squires and knights in his pay.

"The night was rather dark as he came to the above-named gate of Barbette, and eighteen men who had armed themselves privily placed themselves under cover of a house near the gate, and as he passed rushed suddenly out upon him, crying loudly, 'Kill! Kill!' One struck him with an axe, so that his hand was cut off clean at the wrist. Whereon the Duke began to cry, 'I am the Duke of Orleans.' 'That is what we want,' replied they, striking him, and beat him off his mule and struck him in such a manner on the head that his brains were scattered over the pavement. With him was most piteously slain a young man, a German by nation, who had been the Duke's page, who, when he saw his master down, laid himself upon his body to save him, but



THE FALCONER
Sketch by Thackeray

helped him nothing. The two squires were riding upon one horse, which, when it heard the tramping and clattering of arms of those upon it, began to snort and to run and ran a long space before they could stop it. And when they stopped it, the Duke's mule came up without their lord. . . . And those who had done the murder began incontinently to cry 'Fire!' and set fire to the hotel in which they were, and escaped on horse or foot as best they might, some of them going to the hotel of Artois, where their master, the Duke of Burgundy, was, who, as he afterward publicly confessed, had commanded the murder.

"The next day the body was buried in great state, the Duke of Burgundy holding the pall. But at the council after

the burial the Duke, being troubled, confessed the action of which he had been guilty, which the lords hearing were in such wonder and sorrow that they could scarcely give him an answer. But the day after, the Duke going as before to the Council, Count Waleran of Saint Paul's forbid him to enter; hereon in great doubt the Duke returned to his hotel, and there without a moment's loss taking horse rode away with only six of his men out of the gate of Saint Denis and rode without stopping at any place, but changing horses frequently, until they reached the Duke's castle of Bapaume. When he had there slept a little, he rode away until he reached Lille in Flanders, and the people whom he had left in Paris in great doubt lest they should be taken and arrested, speedily followed him. Especially Raymond d'Actonville and his accomplices, who quitted the city in various disguises and came all together to lodge at the castle of Sens in Artois by order of Duke John of Burgundy, their master and lord."

It does not appear that John of Burgundy, after performing this act of vengeance and flying from the consequences of it, abdicated for any considerable period his title of "John without Fear." As soon as he arrived in his own country he summoned his lieges and councillors about him, who as in duty bound took his side in the quarrel, and he hired a famous theologian and special pleader of the day, Master John Petit, to compose and publish that famous apology for murder which may be found in the *Chronicles* entire.

It is a curious monument of the learning of the age—a kind of learning which has passed out of vogue luckily in every country but ours, where Dr. Petit would be the distinguished head of a college, no doubt, and, after having lectured on Aristotle and edited a few Greek plays, might look forward to a bishopric at the very least as the reward of his piety and learning. Petit's scholarship was considerable for his time. He adduced all the instances of homicide recorded in Holy Writ—how Moses killed the Egyptian; how Joab "the constable" of King David slew the prince his son; how Athalia caused Achab to be murdered on the steps of the altar. From Scrip-

ture the Doctor passed to the Fathers, of no less authority in his eyes; from the Fathers to the Greek and Latin classics; and showed by major and minor, by twelve subdivisions and arguments in honor of the twelve apostles—first that it is proper to kill tyrants; second, that the Duke of Orleans was a tyrant; and therefore the reader may draw the conclusion for himself, if he chooses but to admit the premises.

The reply to the harangue is not less curious, for the Duchess of Orleans hired her advocate Sevisy, who solemnly in presence of the Queen and the Lords of the Council pronounced a defense of the slaughtered Prince, and exculpated him from the charge of sorcery, of which Petit and the Duke of Burgundy accused him.

He proved the absurdity of this accusation first from Solomon and next from Ovid: and concluded by declaring that "Master John de Bar himself, so skilled in that cursed art, and who had been burned with all his books, declared at his last confession that the Devil had never appeared to him, and that of his invocations and sorceries no effect had ever come, although he had declared the contrary in order to get money from the great lords." Dr. Sevisy in the same manner upset other misstatements of Dr. Petit. Valentin Visconti, the Duke's widow, a woman beautiful and of high spirit, who in spite of all his excesses had been most tenderly attached to her lord, stood by Sevisy as he made his discourse before the Queen. She gave him the document with her own hands as if to authorize every word of it, and was surrounded by her relatives in deep mourning like herself, who demanded justice upon the murderer.

The Queen promised that right should be done.

A herald, a secretary, and the Dauphin of Auvergne were sent off to the Duke of Burgundy, and found him surrounded by his army—"that is to say, by those of his duchy and county of Burgundy, of Flanders, of Artois, and the marches of Picardy, who had assembled in great numbers and noble apparel!"

NOTE.—To him was also come his brother-in-law, the Count of Hainault, with many noble persons of his counties of Holland,

Zealand, Ostrevant, and other places. There were knights and squires to the number of about twelve hundred basnets, and two thousand well-appointed men on foot. Also the Count of Mars and the Scots were with the host, which was, furthermore, furnished with a vast number of chariots containing provisions and munitions of war. The Princes of Hainault and Burgundy had assembled the army for the purpose of succoring Bishop John of Liège, who was besieged at Maestricht by the turbulent commons of the former city.

III

THE MESSENGER FROM THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY COMES TO THE CASTLE OF BORSELLEN

When the braying of the trumpet without and of the emulous animal within the court was concluded, old Hans had had time to unbar the gate and give admission to the personages who had signified their presence by sound of horn. First there came a little old man that was so nearly being a hunchback it was a wonder to think how he had escaped. He rode gallantly, his hand on his hip, looking at the porter and all the castle windows for heads to greet him; he was placed in a very large saddle on the back of a huge, raw-boned, white-nosed bay horse, with enormous legs and the hair hanging in ringlets at the fetlock. The mane and tail of the steed were decorated likewise with ribbons, the rider wore a dingy chaperon of red velvet, cocked on one side of his old withered yellow face; his hair was thin and gray, but parted down the middle accurately, and falling on his shoulders in a curler; the sleeves of his coat were scalloped and hung a yard from his elbows, and on his spindle legs were a pair of poulaine shoes that dangled at least two feet beyond the stirrup. He it was who had been playing the horn: it hung at his waist by a chain, and near it was a dagger and a purse; a sword hung by this warrior's side, and a mace was placed at his saddle.

Behind this gentleman came a lad on a little horse, bearing on his arm a helmet surmounted by a huge crest of a Saracen's head, almost of the natural size, and he was followed by a squire, a servant, a stout weather-beaten fellow, that was mounted on a tolerable hack, and was leading a mule which carried

the knight's luggage and armor. The page had a bag, too, at his saddle, which contained, as afterward was found, the knight's library and his harp.

"Make way for my lord of Burgundy's ambassador!" cried the little knight in a cracked voice.

"Ha! It is old Castel-Sarrasin," said John of Borsellen, who was by this time away from his cups, and staring from the hall window. "Go down, Franck, and hold his stirrup, and make him welcome."

"Welcome, welcome, Messire Tristan," shouted out John from the window; "you come in good time, for the capons are smoking hot."

Franck went out, cap in hand, to receive the visitor; but the knight examined him very fiercely, and haughtily folded his arms across his breast, said a few words, and, much to Jehan's surprise, his brother came blushing back into the hall again and said, "Messire Tristan de Castel-Sarrasin greets Messire de Borsellen, and says that he comes to him with missives from his liege the Duke of Burgundy, which Messire Jehan of Borsellen should receive as befits." So, growling and cursing, Jehan was obliged to leave the hot capon, and to come down to the court with half a dozen of his people, and to help Messire Tristan to alight; which done, the newcomer produced a letter from his bosom, that Messire Jehan received on one knee.

"Your poor servant Tristan of Castel-Sarrasin is the humblest knight of Christendom," said the little warrior, "and would never think of ceremonials with such a famous gentleman as Messire Jehan, his old friend; but, as ambassador from the Duke's Grace of Burgundy, I must claim all the honors that are done to him, and which I beg this worthy company to witness."

"Well, Messire Tristan, they are rendered heartily; and now will it please you to enter and dine? Meanwhile, I shall send for a clerk to examine the letters," said Jehan.

The knight made no ado, but accepted the invitation, bidding his groom look to Roderick and himself, and leaning upon the arms of Franck, as they went up the stairs: he pronounced Franck to be a gracious damoisel, and the lad

looked with awe and wonder at the Prince's envoy with his strange fantastical figure and garb, and his strutting, dignified manner.

On entering the room he greeted the ladies with a solemn stare which made Isabeau giggle and her mother blush; and when, without further apology, he seated himself in Jehan's own chair, Franck looked as much stricken with wonder as if the end of the world was come; and as Jehan, far from resenting the insult or annihilating the little creature, actually brought him a silver basin and water to wash, Franck finished by thinking the new guest was one of the greatest men in the world. Instead of using the napkin that was offered to him, the little man waved his long lean fingers to and fro gracefully in the air, staring at the ladies all the while. Franck had heard from his brother that such was the mode at Court; though Jehan, more simple in his ways, either dried his hands in a cloth, or maybe forgot the ablution altogether and ate his meat without purification.

The meal was a good and substantial dinner served at ten o'clock (indeed, except in the names of the repast, the

French have scarcely changed for these four hundred years); it was plentifully accompanied by wine and honey-beer; and after it, the lady of Borsellen, retiring, concocted a cup of rich spiced wine with her own hands, which she served to her guest, who received it with many polite speeches. As the chaplain was not in the way, Jehan, with something of a sneer, bade the clerk, his brother, read the letter addressed to him, which Franck, blushing as usual, did; but he was delighted to receive many commendations on his learning from the knight, who told him that all the great lords of France, nowadays, were scholars as well as soldiers, and witnessed the Duke of . . . taken prisoner at Crecy; and he was going on to speak of the Prince who lately died at Paris, but here he stopped, for both he and Jehan de Borsellen were Burgundy's men, and the knight knew perfectly well Jehan's share in Orleans's death.

The Duke of Burgundy's letter was a summons to Jehan, one out of many score that the Prince had sent out, calling upon all the knights and gentlemen of his following to join him by a certain day in the marches of



DUC DE BOURBON
Sketch by Thackeray



AGNES DE LOISY—PHILIPPE DE VALOIS
Sketch by Thackeray

Picardy preparatory to a descent upon the men of Liège, and the intruder, as the new bishop was called, whom they had elected. Against these men of Liège the Duke preached a sort of crusade: they had turned their rightful lord out of his bishopric, had taken his towns, had slaughtered his knights and nobles, had laid waste the Brabant country with fire and sword; and high time it was to avenge these injuries.

Jehan said he desired no better sport, and added that he knew very well that these Flemish commons possessed unheard-of riches, of which he longed to have a share; and the knight of Castel-Sarrasin, though he professed not to fight for wealth, but for honor only, showed, nevertheless, that he should be by no means averse to the plunder, which might justly be taken from these low-bred knaves who had used the nobles and forsaken their princes so abominably. In fact, he was of opinion that it was quite a holy war in which they were about to engage, and that plunder in such a case was lawful.

Jehan frankly gave his guest to understand that he did not care whether

the war was holy or not; and that as for plunder, it, in his notion, was *always* lawful.

IV

TABLE TALK

"... A pretty robe, Madam, and in the true Paris fashion; but if you will give me leave, the toes of your boots are not half long enough—why, they are not six inches above the foot, and should, upon the faith of a knight, be an ell long at least. The Queen, though, between ourselves, Madam, she is fat, inordinate fat and gross about the leg, wears the point of her poulaine tied by a chain to her knee—a filigree gold chain it is, prettily set with turquoise."

"I warrant Messire Tristan has seen it," cried Jehan, with a hoarse laugh.

"Manners, my good host of Borsellen, manners and discretion. Suppose I have seen it, that is no cause why I should tell—kiss and tell. Oh, fie! We never do such things, fair demoiselle—by Venus we never do."

Isabeau only laughed as the little ugly man threw a leer across the table to her, which was destined to take her heart by

storm! Franck listened and wondered; he was too simple in the ways of the world to know as yet that people of Sir Tristan's nation very often tell *without* kissing, and took his stories for gospel. Jehan, who had set up for a gallant too, on his return from Court, was rather sulky at being so completely put in the shade by his little talkative guest, and sate with one leg thrown over his arm-chair, dipping his nose into his great silver flagon every now and then, and looking as important as possible.

"You don't drink, Sir Tristan," said he; "the wine is good Gascony, I warrant you. Since the time when the lord my father—peace to his soul—was in those parts, he could abide no other drink."

"My poor house of Castel-Sarrasin must have been fully known to him then," continued the knight—"a mean mansion, ladies, but it has lodged fifty knights and their train in its time. Did your honored sire never tell of it?"

"Never; and yet he knew the country well, sir, when he was for two years a prisoner of honor to the Black Prince of Aquitaine. He was a doughty knight, Messire Tristan, and ransomed for ten thousand crowns by Hugh Calverley, who took him at Najara."

This story was told twice at least every evening by Jehan, who gave it at present in a very solemn voice, looking round at his family for approval, and then full in the face of the Frenchman.

"My father was a famous knight," said Isabeau, tossing up her slim neck.

"Ay, truly," cried Franck. "Look at his sword, Sir Knight, yonder great two-handed one; no one could wield it but he."

"Jehan can," said his mother, looking at her big son.

"That I can," growled John. "My armor weighs thirty pounds more than those of my father, Sir Franck. I am an inch broader in the chest than he was, and am much longer in the leg." Messire de Castel-Sarrasin, however, did not take the slightest notice of this family boasting, but continued rattling on about his castle and two miles of vineyards that he possessed on the banks of Garonne, that yielded him three hundred tonneaux of claret, that brought him three thousand silver marks yearly.

"But," said John, "Picardy wine is a good drink: and though we make no wine in Flanders, they brew rare metheglin at Bruges."

"I would ship you a few tons from Bordeaux, but for the wicked English cruisers."

"Hang the English!" answered Messire de Borsellen. "The men of Liège have taken a parcel of their cursed archers into pay. I wish I was among them with my two-handed sword! I should have been rich but for them; they robbed my father of ten thousand crowns, or my lands would have been as big as your own, Messire de Castel-Sarrasin."

"And will be again, I am sure, if merit and polity can win them back," said Sir Tristan. "Look at the man, ladies—what a champion! What a chest! What a fist, to hold a war-axe! What a leg!" (John grinned.) "It would be held a thought too thick at Court," continued the knight, glancing complacently at his own spindle shins, which were cased in party-colored breeches of red and yellow. "By the way, why continue that odious fashion of buff? It's not decent—positively not decent; motley is your wear, sir, or blue, or what you will. A man in those odious tight buff hose looks like a wild Hirishman (I have lived three years among the kernes, Madam)—a wild Hirishman, who has no breeches at all—their very kings have never such a thing."

"Oh, tell us about the wild Hirish kings without breeches," burst out Franck in eager delight. "I have read in the legend of Saint Patrick, and long to know more of them."

"More, child," said the simple lady, kissing him. "Why, I believe thou hast read every book in this world—the boy has Latin at his fingers' ends, Sir Knight, as our good chaplain here can vouch; and for English, it is his mother's tongue, and he knows it as well as his father's."

"Is it so?" said the knight. "Then I shall lend him the books of Chaucer and jolly Master Lydgate. My harp-boy carries them in my trunks, and I never travel without them. For of all the tongues in the world for song and pleasant wit, commend me to the English."

"I never would learn it," said Jehan, sulkily. "I hate 'em so."



"I PRAY YOU, SIR, WALK IN"

Sketch by Thackeray

"You are a great noble and a man of war, Jehan, and have no need of such book-learning, but Franck is a man of peace—is it not so, my Franck?—and shall be a great clerk or a cardinal, mayhap."

"His father said he should be a clerk," said the widow, timidly, "and so I taught him our old Saxon tongue, sir"; and herewith the widow fell a-musing and thought of fair Avon, where she was born, and old Bristol town, and the green pastures of pleasant Somersetshire.

"Tell us about the Irish," continued Franck, who did not like the turn that his mother's conversation was taking.*

"I passed six years with them," continued the knight, "going over to the country with my good lord King Rich-

ard, whom the felon Lancaster," said he, clenching his little fist, "basely murdered; but let that pass; one of these days I, Tristan of Castel-Sarrasin, promise to make him pay it. We set out from . . . sirs, in the year of grace 1394, a gallant army as ever was led by a king: ten thousand men-at-arms were we, and thirty thousand archers and vassals on foot. Ah, you should have seen the fleet making ready, and the stores of wine and provender that were put on board, and the minstrels that flocked to the host and made it merry, and have heard the trumpets ringing night and day, and the great war chargers neighing! Ladies were there too, and very fair ones, too; but of such we will not speak in the presence of this chaste lady and damoiselle. Never was such a gallant sight seen as that of our ships sailing in a fair sunshine into Waterford Bay. A dirty town it is, Madam, and inhabited by a ragged

* The reader very likely knows the delightful poem in the *Archæologia*, from which the knight's narrative has been taken. The last incident is from Froissart.

people, but King Richard made the place splendid with his camp, and all the Irishry came down and wondered. More than his father, the Black Prince, had ever done, or his stern grandfather, the lord of Ireland, our good King Richard did by his state and splendor, and by the beauty and grace of his person. When Oneil the King and the Ulster lords saw our King, they flung themselves straightway at his feet and swore homage to him. To my lord of Mowbray, Earl Marshal, Macmore and the chiefs of Leinster did the like, taking off their knives, caps, and girdles, and swearing themselves to be King Richard's liege men.

"Fancy to yourselves in what a state these wild Irish chieftains were, and how they ought to thank us for teaching them the ways of honor and the glorious practices of chivalry. All their lands and seignories they bound themselves to yield up to our King, the rightful lord of such savages; they promised to aid him with all their swordsmen in the wars against those rebel kernes, who dared to hold out. In return for which service the King took them into his gracious pay, and made over to them all the lands which they might conquer from the rebel chiefs. Pretty lands, God wot, and a pretty people! Ride through the country, and you shall find nothing but great water, forests, and marshes. For miles you shall see no town nor person to speak withal. For the men fly to the woods, and dwell in caves and huts, and hollow trees like wild savage beasts as they are, or were, until our lord King Richard came to benefit them.

"Thanks to his Grace, the Ulster and Leinster chiefs learned Christian manners from him, and bless his name to this day. For you must know that when we first came among them, they sate at table with their jesters and bondsmen against all the practices of chivalry, which beastly custom we caused them quickly to forswear. And in matters of dress they were habited in long yellow gowns and mantles of woolen, which we could with difficulty cause them to change for our French doublets and cloaks of satin and miniver. All this did great King Richard, however, effect for them, knighting their sons and them (albeit they pretended to have some rude heathenish

chivalry of their own), and making courteous gentlemen of those who had been brutes before. Will it not make this noble company blush when I tell them that these rude monsters—these kings, forsooth—would not for a long time consent to the wearing of breeches, without which no serf or villain, honorable gentlemen, let alone a majestic prince, duke or king, can be, as I need scarcely say, fittingly and decently equipped.

"And here it was with one of the aforesaid savage dukes or princes that a strange adventure befell me, the poor knight of Castel-Sarrasin in Gascony, who have the honor in this glass of wine to pledge this noble company. For, riding one day with my falcon on my fist, the prickers and huntsmen being on before, and my unworthy self plunged in thought composing (if the truth must be known) a little *virelai* or *chanson d'amour* in honor of Lady Blanche, my lord Marshal's mistress, who loved such trifles of my composition, and vowed I sung them prettily to my rebeck—riding, I say, musingly along, and rhyming Blanche, haunch, it chanced that in this pursuit my horse took fright and ran away with me, in spite of all my efforts, into the midst of the enemy. My friends could never overtake me, and in passing through the Irish one of them, by a great feat of agility, leaped on the back of my horse and held me tight with both his arms, but did me no harm with lance or knife. He seemed rejoiced to have made me prisoner, and carried me to his house, which was strong, and in a town surrounded with wood palisades and stagnant water. This gentleman, by name Brien Costeret, gave me one of his daughters in marriage."*

V

FRANCK DEPARTS WITH HIS BROTHER TO THE WAR

. . . Farewell, O gentle mother, and peaceful haunts of childhood. The old Chronicle spelled at sunset in the hall window, the old tales of knight and fairy told at night by the great hall fire which made every banner and helmet on the

* Cristal in Froissart.

wall cast gigantic shadows round about the little trembling, wondering listeners, who sat at the knees of the old almoner. Good-by, Don the greyhound, and Boris the old toothless mumbling wolf-dog, who could do nothing but bay of nights and sit lazy in the sun watching Franck and Isabeau as they played in the court or busied themselves in their little garden under their mother's window. How pleased and silent and tender used she to sit and watch them from it! How carefully she will tend Franck's flowers when he is away, and clip and water his rose-tree! Isabeau is growing to be a young woman now, and will soon care for other things besides childish pinks and rose-bushes; other hopes and desires will swell that fair bosom of hers, and carry her heart far away. But here in this lonely place is all the poor mother's world, and all her little store of happiness is shut in by the old castle gate. How she has treasured up all the lad's sayings; how she will look wistfully of nights at his little vacant bed, and lie awake long hours thinking of him, her

gentle heart full of thoughts inexpressibly sad and sweet. Many a risk and danger has he to run in this wild world, so full of snares and temptations; but err and forget as he will, there is one who always remembers, and night and day is praying and yearning for him.

The days in which Franck lived had at least this advantage over our own times—that if a man felt any particular passion for good or evil there was nothing to hinder him from expressing it, and that he was not bound to adopt the rigid stoicism which is considered as manly among us. The friendship of men for one another was extraordinarily warm. We read of brothers of arms riding the same horse, as Charles V. and Savoisie going to see the Queen's entry into Paris; sharing the same bed like Harry of Monmouth and Lord Scrope, who betrayed him; and upon occasions bursting out into the most extraordinary fits of tears as Richard II. did, for instance, at Conway, when he was seized by Lancaster, and swore while weeping at the most piteous rate that as soon as



MEN-AT-ARMS
Sketch by Thackeray

he made his peace with Henry he would have him put to such a death as "should be spoken of even in Turkey," and that as for his attendants "he would have them flayed alive." When Harry of Monmouth again had offended his father he appeared before him with a gold dog's collar on his wrist and a gown "embroydered with oylets," with the needles hanging by the silk from the oylet-holes, and, taking his knife from his girdle, begged the King repeatedly to stab him, as he could not live without his good graces. What would George the Third have said of such a request from his son? It would have passed as the act of a madman, or as an insolent joke at best—so different are our ways from those of our ancestors.

Let it not be then considered as a mark of weakness on the part of Franck de Borsellen when it is stated that for the first day of his journey from home he wept and cried *moult piteusement*, and was not considered by his companions a whit the less manly for this exhibition. He would not take a morsel of supper that night, but went to his bed at the village where the cavalcade stopped, and slept well, after making many vows to keep his mother's injunctions faithfully, and say his prayers twice a day to Our Lady and Saint Lambert, and fast and confess him regularly, as a true gentleman should. Next day he rode on without breakfast, very dismal and pale; but at the halt of noon he had found his appetite again, and a few cups of wine drove the sorrow well-nigh out of his heart. The old knight Messire Tristan had taken, too, an especial fancy to him, and entertained him as they rode along with choice stories of the Court, and lays of the minstrelsy, and other matters of the day.

Although they were in the Duke of Brabant's own country, after they had advanced about a couple of days upon their march they found the village utterly deserted, which made the optimist Sir Tristan say that they had better choice of quarters at any rate, and describe the straits to which he and other noble knights had been put in former campaigns; the country, too, was laid waste far and near, and the party could scarcely find a grain of corn, whereon

Messire Tristan vowed that it was very lucky they had brought a store of forage with them.

VI

CONCERNING THE MEN OF LIEGE AND PERIVOIS THEIR LEADER

John of Bavaria, called the Pitiless, brother of Duke William, although Bishop of Liège, refused to take orders, and even spoke of marrying. Not being inclined to keep his promise toward them, the Liègeois, strong in their numbers and always remarkable for their independence, turned out their Bishop and took to themselves a new one—a young man only eighteen years of age, a cousin of Saint Lambert of Liège, by name Thierry de Herries.

The real government of the bishopric, however, rested with Thierry's father, Henry lord of Perivois, a very skilled and prudent warrior, whom the Liègeois elected as their maimbourg and captain. The nobility and some of the towns of the Liège territory still held out for John of Bavaria, but Perivois marched against them and took them one by one, putting John's garrisons to the sword. Especially in the town of Bouillon which John had fortified, the commons of Liège took it and the castle by assault, and slew all those that were found within.

John by way of revenge entered into the Liège country, which he sacked and ravaged, carrying back with him a great booty into Hainault; on which the Liègeois, with their captain at their head, pursued him back into that country, ravaged, burned, and sacked more pitilessly than ever John had done; and though the Hainault noblemen and chivalry assembled all their forces for the purpose of punishing the commons of Liège, the latter were too powerful for them and retired back into their own country with all the booty they had made.

Meanwhile the Liègeois neglected no means of establishing the claims of their new Bishop. They exposed their case to the King of France. They sent an embassy to Pope Gregory at Rome beseeching him to degrade John of Liège from his Episcopal rank, which he still persisted in holding, though not in orders; and when that Pontiff would not comply with their request, being of the party

of the Duke, they forthwith sent to Pope Benedict at Marseilles, who agreed to all their demands and despatched his bulls accordingly in their favor.

Now when Bishop John found himself in danger, having lost the greater part of his good towns and fortresses, he retreated to Utrecht, which still held for him, and sent message to Duke William his brother, and Duke John his sister's husband, piteously beseeching them to give him aid. Those Princes were naturally wroth at the insolence of the low-bred citizens of Liège, and were not slow to give their brother aid.

At the approach of the Dukes, the Liègeois acquitted Maestricht, which they were besieging, and went back to their city—that is about five leagues from the former place. A great parley was held by the town councils whether or no they should attack the Dukes, and the lord of Perivois was strongly of opinion that they—being unused to the art of war—should remain in their towns and fortifications, where they were well lodged, fed, and defended, and leave the army of the Dukes to separate and disband, as it must do from famine, when the Liègeois would have easy work in destroying it. But the citizens were puffed with pride at their former successes and determined to come to blows with the men of Duke John and Duke William. “In their vaunted chivalry,” said they, “in the year 1406 we offered them battle, and we were only twenty thousand then, and they fled from before us; and now we can bring threescore thousand into the field. In all our combats with them we have had the advantage: let us destroy these proud nobles now and forever at one blow!” It was all in vain, therefore, that their captain argued prudence: they determined to go out and meet the Dukes; and Perivois, seeing that his advice was disregarded, did the next best thing he could for his people, and made all the provisions for the coming contest that a brave and prudent captain should.

The deliberation being over, he gave his orders that on the morning of the 13th of September in the year of grace 1408 all the citizens should be armed and ready to issue out of the city at sound of bell. Accordingly at the appointed time they marched out to the number of at

least fifty thousand, as any one might see, having among them five or six hundred horsemen well armed in the French fashion, and five or six score of English archers, who had come to serve in their pay. With the hosts went great multitudes of carts and chariots, with culverins, ribaldequins, and all the munitions necessary thereto. So prepared, the men of Liège marched out as far as Tongres, five leagues from Liège, where the enemy was now come. The men of Liège were full of spirit and longing for battle; and their captain rejoiced to see them in this warlike mind, but exhorted them above all to keep discipline and be of one mind, as the troops on the other side were. It was Saturday evening they came to a field called the field of Hasbain, where they gallantly took up their ground, having the banner of Saint Lambert and those of the trades planted on the top of the hill. Although my lord of Burgundy very well deserved the title of *Sans Peur*, which he gained for his actions on this famous day of Hasbain, a great prince, be he ever so fearless, must be prudent too; and seeing the great force of the men of Liège, and knowing the valor and skill of their commander, Duke John was for delaying a little, either to make an arrangement with the commons, or, if possible, to withdraw from them their leader; or, at any rate, he was minded not to fight until the succors which he expected came up. There was his brother of Nevers who was marching to him with four hundred lances; Amé de Very was on the way from Savoy with three hundred basinets: the Duke looked out, too, for the Lorraines and the men of Count Waleran de St. Pol, and when he saw his own small army, and thought of that immense host of the commons that was coming against him, the heart of this great Prince was not without anxiety. For woe betide those who were to be conquered in the battle! The robbers and murderers, pillagers of Liège, would give no quarter, nor in their turn would noble knights think of sparing base citizens and workmen who had put such insults upon chivalry.

Perivois would fain have negotiated too; but in truth he was not free of his choice, and, though leader of the men of

Liège, could only lead them whithersoever they chose. Did he refuse to do their will, he risked to be murdered by them; were he to fight and be beaten by the enemy, there was a certain gibbet before him. Meanwhile he was condemned to have his counsels disregarded and his knightly experience made light of by boors and tradesmen; to have his prudent voice drowned by their noisy clamors.

VII

THE DUKE OF BURGUNDY IN HIS CAMP

"May it please your Grace," said the Gascon knight, "your servant has accomplished his vow. Lo, here is the big warrior of Borsellen."

"My liege knows me well enough," said Jehan, going down on his knee.

"Welcome, Valentin and Orson," said the Duke, graciously.

"Welcome, Giant and Dwarf," said Claus, his fool; but Messire Tristan was too polite to notice this reflection on his person at a moment when he was occupied in doing his duty to so great a prince as John of Burgundy.

The Duke was surrounded by some of the men of the highest rank in his dominions, and those of Duke William his brother-in-law: there were the Counts of Namur and Delamarek, the Prince of Orange, the Counts of Clermont and Fribourg, the Seneschal of Hainault, the Sire of Croy, and others whose names may be found in the lists of the Burgundian Herald Saint Remy.

When Jehan of Borsellen fell back into the crowd he was very kind to his young brother Franck, who stood amazed at the splendor of the presence in which he stood; and indeed Jehan was by no means sorry to show the cadet on what terms he stood with the greatest prince in Europe.

Before he had finished his catalogue, a cry was heard without to make way for the King's ambassadors; and accordingly three of them, Messires Guichard Dolphin and Guillaume de Trignonville, and a secretary of the King's, were admitted into the presence of the Duke of Burgundy, and delivered the message of the Sovereign. Charles forbade the Dukes solemnly to make war upon the men of Liège, and called upon both

parties to "submit their quarrel to the arbitration of the King's Council."

Indeed, the summons came somewhat too late. The Princes were hot for the contest, and had with them the best chivalry of Picardy, Burgundy, and the Low Countries, as eager as their lords to attack the trading rebels of Liège.

"My knights and gentlemen will scarcely thank the King," said the Duke of Burgundy. "Here is Hue de Launoy has ridden four hundred miles, and brought forty lances."

"Forty-five, may it please your Grace, and two brothers, and sixscore fellows on foot. And we well-nigh starved as we came through the Liègemen's country, and if you send us back again the Lord help us. If your Grace deserts us we must take to the woods and help ourselves."

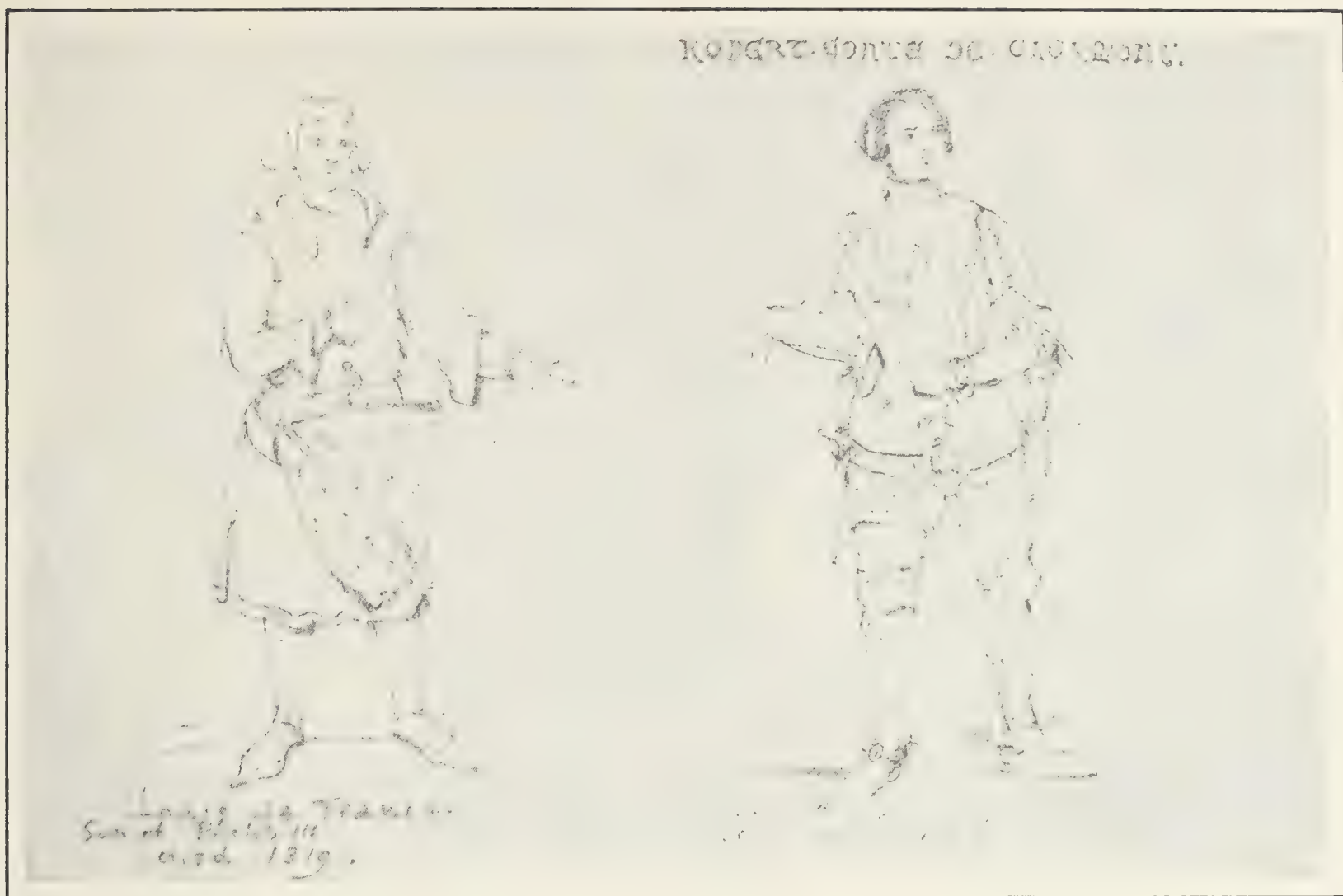
"Did I not always stand by you?" said the Duke; "and is there any man that ever served our family who can say I was ungrateful? Look you, Messire Guichard, here is one man who speaks that has broken his fifty lances, there are men round our tents, ten thousand more, all come at my bidding to put down these cursed brewers and weavers of Liège. Who is to pay my honest men-of-arms and gallant gentlemen? Not I, in faith. They must have their pay out of the pockets of the Liègers, and fill their bellies from their wagons."

"I hear say there are a good ten thousand wagons loaded with all sorts of stores," here grumbled an old knight.

"But shall we let our prizes pass by? Speak to us now, Messire Guichard. You have had your say as ambassador of the King—now tell us, Guichard Dolphin, how would you act were you in my place?"

"In faith, sir," said Messire Guichard, "if I were the Duke of Burgundy I would have my rights and fall upon the rogues to-morrow"; and when he had delivered himself of this sentiment Monsieur Guichard smiled grimly and felt a great load off his conscience.

"Hear the Dolphin, gentlemen," said Monseigneur; and, indeed, all present clapped their hands and applauded. "It is the best speech I have heard to-day. And will you join us and break a lance or two with us?" continued the Duke.



LOUIS DE FRANCE--ROBERT, COMTE DE CLERMONT
Sketch by Thackeray

"Yes, truly," answered Dolphin, "as every gentleman should against these low-bred smiths and coalmen—his duty to his Prince being always done."

"Well said, well said," cried the Duke; "and as you and your train, Sir Guichard, have come as peaceful men, you will need arms, with which my people shall furnish you; and so choose for yourself and St. . . . be with you to-morrow."

Upon this Messire Guichard confessed, not without some shamefacedness, that, foreseeing the probabilities of war, he had brought his armor secreted in his baggage. At which admission (the reader will find the whole story in the *Chronicles*) all the company laughed, and vowed that Messire Dolphin was a noble knight; and the knight of Castel-Sarrasin especially took occasion to pour into his protégé's ears a long dissertation upon the excellences of knighthood and the duty of gentlemen to stand by one another.

The little knight in the course of their march had so imprinted upon the mind of his new acquaintance, John of Borsellen, the propriety of obtaining a still

higher rank of knighthood than that which he held, and as it was the custom for the Prince to make on the eve of a day of battle a number of knights, bachelors, and basinets, John signified that he should demand to be admitted into the latter rank, or, in the phrase of the day, asked to raise his banner.

How proud was Franck to ride as his brother's squire, and to think that he was going on the morrow to be present at his first battle! He asked leave to ride at his brother's side, and the permission was accorded to him; and, as in duty bound, he and the simple Gascon gentleman, a great stickler for all the practices of chivalry, went to a priest and shrove themselves, and passed many hours devoutly over their beads before they lay down to get rest for the morning's encounter.

Jehan made himself ready for fighting by joining a set of jovial fellows over the dice, and drinking whole gallons of claret wine to the confusion of Liègeois and Orleanists, and to the health of the Flanders Dukes. He was quite drunk when he reeled to his bed; but brisk and

ready at daybreak, the whole array of the Dukes did not show a stouter or better appointed soldier.

VIII

THE BATTLE

"Hark," said Jehan; "those cursed guns are beginning to fire!"

The sentence was scarcely from his lips when an immense stone discharged from the artillery of the Liègemen knocked down a horse and man of Jehan's troops. Franck turned a little pale, and perhaps reined up a little closer to his brother.

"You had better have remained with your mother, Franck," said Jehan, who at the prospect of a battle became quite good-humored.

"That is right, man; stick close by me. They won't fire again for some minutes, and I make no doubts that ere a couple of shots more are over we shall receive orders to fall on them."

Indeed, as Jehan said, orders were soon brought to the troops in advance—consisting of about five hundred men—to take with them a thousand big varlets on foot, as Monstrelet calls them, and to turn the flank of the enemy's column and attack him in the rear.

The Chroniclers have preserved a curious account of this not very complicated manœuver. When the men of Liège saw the direction that the Burgundian body was taking, they thought they were flying, and were for breaking rank and setting on them at once.

But the old Seigneur of Perivois, like a wary old knight, said to them: "My friends, yonder body that is marching to the right of our columns, and that arrows and guns cannot reach, will come round and attack us on the flank while the main force of the Burgundian lances presses us in front. Keep you firm here where you are well defended, and budge not from your lines; your pikes and arrows will drive off the knights and their lances. Meanwhile, I will take our horse and go round and meet and charge yonder column. We are as many as they, and by the help of Saint Lambert as good or better men."

All the old soldiers about the captain of the Liègeois saw that his advice was

good; but the people and citizens yelled out, "He is a coward—he flies"; and the lord of Perivois, seeing that there was no help for it, said, "Well, I will show you to-day that it is not my intent to fly; in Heaven's name let us stand close and bear the charge, for here it comes."

[He hastily commanded the army to be formed into a square; in the front of which was a body drawn up in the form of a triangle, and the carts and baggage were toward the rear, on the right and left of his army, handsomely arranged. Their horses were in the rear, on one of the wings, intermixed with their archers and crossbows; but these were of little value—except the English archers, who were better disposed of in other places. The Seigneur de Perivois, accompanied by his son, the Bishop, and some of his best companions in arms, posted himself, like a good commander, at the head of his army, fronting the enemy.

During this time the two Dukes began their advance, gaily exhorting their men to bear themselves gallantly against the enemy, a rude and ignorant people, who had rebelled against their lord, and who confidently trusted in their superior numbers for success; telling them that if they acted as their leaders expected, victory would be theirs without fail, and they would gain everlasting honor. When the Dukes had made such-like speeches, they retired to their posts, under their banners, and advanced slowly toward the enemy, who kept up a heavy fire against them with their guns. . . .

When the two armies met, the conflict became very severe on each side, and lasted for upwards of an hour, wherein many deadly blows were given by both parties. At this moment, the detachment on horseback, with their infantry, according to their orders, advanced toward the rear of the Liègeois; but from the position of the baggage-wagons they had much difficulty in forcing their way. At length, by dint of courage, they succeeded, and having gained an entrance, began to lay about them so vigorously that the army of the enemy was cut in two, and they saw full six thousand Liègeois quit their ranks, with their guns and the banners of their guilds, and take flight with all speed toward a village half a league from the field of battle. When the detachment perceived this, they left off the attack they had begun, and pursued the runaways, whom they charged, not once but several times, beating down and slaying them without mercy; and, in short, routed

them so effectually that through fear of death they fled here and there into woods and other places to hide themselves.—MONSTRELET.]

Franck, after perhaps a little thrilling mixture of pain and pleasure such as a man feels in his first combat, sang out presently, "Our Lady for Borsellen," as loud as the rest, and laid about him with his sword, striking and stabbing and demeaning himself like a gallant young bachelor.

A thousand big varlets on foot, and the five hundred horsemen, had altogether despatched this flying body of Liègeois (there were about six thousand of these unhappy men, nor did their adversaries lose a score of theirs in killing them), and the enemy being despatched, horse and foot were falling to plunder, when the Seigneur de Croy rode up to the leaders in a great heat, shouting to them: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, we have lost much precious time; our business was not with this column of fugitives, but with the main body that still keeps its ground yonder, and that we were bidden to take in flank. Set upon them, then, in the name of all the saints, and leave the plunder until the day be over."

"Messire de Croy says true," said the knight of Castel-Sarrasin; "gather your lances, Messire de Borsellen; and you, my young bachelor, make ready to kill some more of those hogs of Liège."

"Here is a very fat one that I have stricken down," said the young man, whose courage was up and who felt himself longing for more blood. "Look what a blow I have dealt the knave across the neck: as mine is a good sword, Messire Tristan, and my horse has as much courage as his master."

"In faith the boy struck about him like a man," said Jehan, clapping his brother on the shoulder.

"He need not be a Hector of Troy," answered Sir Tristan, "to stick runaway boors and tailors in the back."

Here one of the men that Franck had cut down, and who was lying close by the gentleman with a great gash in his throat from which issued a stream of gore, turned suddenly round and flung out his arms wildly, and cried out "Jesus!" and fell back stark dead.

The Gascon gentleman, seeing his

case, bid a varlet get him a gourd of water that one of the slain men wore at his back, and as Franck drank from it he said to him: "My worthy young bachelor, it is ill for young men to boast of their deeds of arms; let them only speak of them who have good reason to boast. See now, you can kill this poor tailor, and yet cannot bear to see him die: keep your sword, Messire Franck, for nobler enemies. See you now, here, I have never drawn mine from the sheath."

"A peace to your talk, Sir Knight," shouted Jehan, "and don't dishearten the boy; he has acted to the best of his power, as he saw his brother do. I have slain to my own hand seven of these dogs, and if I or the rest of our troop had ridden with sheathed swords I should like to know where would these caitiffs have been now?"

"They would have fled as they were minded, and we half an hour since on the backs of the Liègeois, as we were bidden."

"In faith, sir, you say right," answered John, who was a good soldier; "and so let us get our people together and do as the Sire de Croy orders."

"It was he that led us into the scrape," muttered Sir Tristan, "and would not listen to the word of an old soldier."

The troop was gathered together as well as possible; those of the other commanders were assembled in a similar way; and all set forward to attack the main body of the Liègeois that they could see on Hasbain hill a mile distant, with their flags still planted where they had been when the action began. The cannon were, however, silent; for the men of Burgundy were hand to hand with the men of Liège, and it was impossible to fire without wounding indiscriminately one and the other."

As Franck rode on with his brother, he felt as if he would willingly give up his sword and return to that cloister that his mother designed for him, for the dead man's eyes were still staring at him, and his last word of despair ringing in his ears.

But in ten minutes they came within arrow-shot of the men on the hill . . .

[. . . Who, it must be said, defended themselves courageously. In truth, the event of

this battle was some time doubtful, for during one half-hour it could not be known which side would be victorious. The noise of their war-cries was frightful: the Burgundians and Hainaulters under their banners shouted "Our Lady for Burgundy!" "Our Lady for Hainault!" and the Liègeois in their turn shouted "St. Lambert for Perivois!" The men of Liège would perhaps have conquered if this detachment on horseback, when returned from the defeat of the runaways, had not again fallen on their rear, and behaved so marvelously well; then those who opposed them were pierced, and all attempts to check them were in vain. A great slaughter was made by them in a short time, for none were admitted to ransom; and by their vigor, whole ranks fell, one over the other, for now all the weight and power of the infantry were also brought against them.

The defeat once begun, there were such heaps of dead and wounded that it was melancholy to behold, for they were in many places thicker than stooks of corn in harvest. . . . At this period of the battle, and near to the banner of the Duke of Burgundy, where the conflict was the strongest, fell the Seigneur de Perivois and his two sons—namely, the one who had been elected Bishop of Liège, and his brother; they were instantly put to death. Many other knights and squires to the number of upwards of five hundred, all the English archers, and about twenty-eight thousand of the commonalty, were left dead on the field, and more perished by arrow-shots than by any other weapon. . . . I have no need to describe particularly the great courage and coolness of the Duke of Burgundy, nor how he galloped to different parts of the army, exhorting them to act well, nor how until the end of the battle he most gallantly behaved himself; for in truth his conduct was such that he was praised and spoken of by all knights and others; and although he was frequently covered with arrows and other missile weapons, he did not on that day lose one drop of blood. When he was asked, after the defeat, if they should cease from slaying the Liègeois, he replied, "Let them all die together, for I will not that any prisoners be made, or that any be ransomed." In the like gallant manner did Duke William, the other Princes, and in general the whole body of the chivalry and nobility of the two Dukes, behave themselves. There were slain from five to six hundred of their men. . . .

On Monday, the morrow of the battle, about the hour of twelve, John of Bavaria, Bishop of Liège, . . . came to the camp of the two Dukes, and most humbly thanked

them for the succor they had afforded him. He and his party were received with much joy, and he was presented, on his arrival, with the head of the Seigneur de Perivois, which had been found, with his two sons, among the dead, and was fixed on the point of a lance, that all who pleased might see it.—MONSTRELET.]

NOTES NOT USED BY MY FATHER

A truth it is that Charles the Well-beloved, son of King Charles V., began to reign and was crowned at Rheims on the Sunday before the Feast of All Saints, in the year of grace 1380, and was then but fourteen years of age, and right grandly did rule his kingdom, and at the commencement of his reign, by advice of his noble Council, he undertook many fair voyages, wherein he comported himself according to his youth, with prudence and valor enough. In Flanders he gained the battle of Rosbecque, by which he reduced the Flemings to his obedience and overcame the Duke of Gueldres, and also collected a great host wherewith to pass into England, making himself by such enterprises much to be dreaded by all persons who heard of him. But fortune, which turns against those in high places as well as those of mean estate, showed her fickleness toward King Charles, for as he was coming in the year 1392 to his city of Mans, with intent of passing from thence into Brittany and punishing the Duke of Brittany for giving shelter to Messire Peter de Craon, who wickedly attacked and waylaid Messire Oliver de Clisson, a most piteous adventure befell the King, and one which brought the greatest sufferings upon his kingdom.

After commencing his chronicle in this way, Monstrelet proceeds to describe the sudden madness which fell upon Charles, which threw the government of his kingdom into the hands of the princes of the blood royal. And as we shall have much to say in this history with regard to this unhappy Charles the Well-beloved, and of the reasons wherefore during his reign the lords of the royal family were at strife, it will be as well to set down their names here before we come to the facts of their history.

The kingdom of France during this monarch's illness was governed by a Council of which the nominal head was his Queen.

Isabella of Bavaria brought the King three sons and five daughters. The first son, called the Duke of Aquitaine, married a daughter of Philip, Duke of Bur-



gundy, his father's uncle, and died without issue. The second son, John, Duke of Touraine, married Jacqueline, daughter of the Count of Hainault. The third son is known in history as Charles VII. the Victorious.

Of the daughters, the eldest, Isabella, married first King Richard of England, and at his death the Duke of Orleans. Michelle married Philip, Duke of Burgundy; Jeanne, the Duke of Bretagne; Marie was a nun at Poissy; and Catherine finally married Henry V.

Besides the Queen in the Council was the King's uncle, the Duke of Berry, the only surviving brother of Charles V., who had been a member of the Regency during his nephew's minority, and Louis, Duke of Bourbon, the King's maternal uncle. With them sat the Duke of Orleans, the King's brother, the Duke of Burgundy his cousin, with the Count of Nevers and the Duke of Limbourg, his brothers, the King of Navarre, the King of Sicily, certain other great lords of the royal blood, and some of the chief officers of the State.

During Charles's minority, and afterward during his illness, every one of these great lords, his relatives, was at strife with the rest, conspiring with one another against one another, making treaties and breaking them at convenience, and not often hesitating at murder when the opportunity fell in their way. Collectively and individual-

ly they were occupied in robbing the country; and as to do so it seemed necessary that they should have the formality of the King's signature to their acts, the object of each party was to seize and keep possession of the Sovereign as long as he might.

The Dukes of Burgundy and Orleans were the most powerful lords of the family, and gradually the other princes joined one or the other's faction. As they had adherents in all parts of France, in all parts plunder took place, and from Bordeaux to Calais the fair realm of France was a scene of civil war. Ah! famous times were those for brave knights and warriors, and such as in our economical days are scarce likely to return. . . .

There were so many lords governing France at the time, and the claims of each were so various and so complicated, that it is no wonder mistakes were made, and parties continually plundered and robbed by Burgundy's men, by Orleans's men, by the King of Navarre's people, by the followers of the rival Dukes of Brittany, by the English English, by the Calais English, by the Gascon English, by the Free Companies that wandered through the country and served anybody or nobody, or by the men in the pay of the chief towns who had guards, captains, and immunities of their own that were, of course, to be supported. Through the hands of all these passed

poor Jacque Bonhomme. So much for his politics. As to his religion, there were, during the period of this tale, always two, and once three, Popes, who each expected his absolute obedience, and excommunicated him if he refused it. Gunpowder had not blown chivalry out of the world as yet, and the latter, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, may be considered to have reached its highest pitch of glory. What Englishman is there that does not kindle at the name of Harry V. and love to think of the great victory he won on the Feast of Crispin Crispinian? Harry at this time was not the great conqueror that

he was destined to be. His father and he had enough to do to keep their own (as they called it), and were fighting for their lives on the Scotch borders or the Welsh Marches with Hotspur and Owen Glendower.

The picture [page 189] with which we would end this fragment is, perhaps, a peaceful foreshadowing of Franck de Borsellen's future life on earth, or is it only a memorial design? A distant Heaven seemed nearer than now in men's daily thoughts. Now even Heaven is sought for here by many who leave the hereafter to the Great Dispensation.

NOTE.—“The Knights of Borsellen” will be published concurrently in England in the *Cornhill Magazine*. This departure from our custom is made because the *Cornhill* could scarcely be denied the pleasure of printing the last-found words of its editor.

To This Complexion

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

COMING up the lovelit way,
Morning soaring to midday,
I sang all my heart would say
Of love and laughter and delight.
Blue the sky burned height o'er height,
Music made the echoes gay,
All hands locked, the young folk flocked,
Joined the singing no one mocked,
The wild bird warbled in his flight,
The wild rose reached an eager spray,
Bee and bloom made roundelay,
Coming up the lovelit way.

Day draws down to dusky eve,
Shadows half the sunshine thief,
Clouds in gauzy showers grieve.
Slow the song forsakes the lip,
Hushed the frolic and the quip,
No swift feet their dances weave.
Who that's gay would come this way?
Noontide calls to holiday
Where brooks bubble, sunbeams dip,
And hills a purple shoulder heave.
Heigho— No one will believe
Day draws down to dusky eve.

A Survival of Elizabethan Speech

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D.

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PERHAPS nothing illustrates better the vicissitudes of pronunciation in English than a study of what is called the "Irish brogue"—that method of pronouncing English which distinguishes people born in Ireland from those in other English-speaking countries. It is more than mere pronunciation, however, that differentiates Irish English. There are many quaint forms of speech and some expressions and usages that are distinctive. This lingual mode, for it is scarcely to be called a dialect, is usually presumed to be a deterioration of language due to lack of education and contact with legitimate sources of English. It proves after a little study to be a preservation of the old method of pronouncing English, which has come down to a great degree unchanged in Ireland from Shakespeare's time.

It was during Shakespeare's life in Elizabeth's time that the English language first gained a firm foothold in Ireland. The neighboring island had been annexed under Henry II., and a number of Anglo-Normans had taken up their residence in it; but instead of introducing their own language they had adopted that of the Irish; and indeed, as has been often said, these families, who include the Burkes and all those whose family names begin with Fitz and many another that is now thought distinctively Gaelic, became more Irish than the Irish themselves. Even much later immigrants from England adopted Irish as their spoken language.

In Elizabeth's time, however, it came to be realized that if there was to be any real affiliation of the two countries, then the Irish language must be supplanted by English, and a definite effort in this direction was made. This change of speech, resented and resisted, was nevertheless successfully accomplished all over

the island, except in the west, within a decade after Shakespeare's death. Mr. Douglas Hyde, in his *Literary History of Ireland*, says that "in 1627 one Connla Mac Echagan, of West Meath, translated the Annals of Clonmacnois into English. In his dedication he states as the reason for the translation that 'many families now choose rather to put their children to learn English than their own native tongue, so that their posterities are like to fall into more ignorance of many things which happened before their time.'" When the very annals of ancient Ireland and its educational institutions were being translated into English lest the rising generation should not know them, it is easy to understand that there must have been a widespread absorption of English in the sister island. This fact takes on a new significance when we study what we now call the Irish brogue in connection with what is known to have been the pronunciation of English at that time. The two are found to conform in practically every respect. Irishmen pronounce English as their forefathers learned it; and have preserved its pronunciation because they have been away from the main current of English speech variation ever since.

To take the vowel sounds first, perhaps the most characteristic Irishism, and what is usually presumed to be the most flagrant example of ignorant mispronunciation, is the way that the Irish, especially in the country districts, say *yes*. Almost invariably they pronounce it *yis*, as if it were spelled with an *i* instead of an *e*. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, and indeed for two centuries later, all English-speaking people pronounced this word just this way. In his charming little book on *The Standard of Pronunciation in English*, several of the chapters of

which readers of *Harper's* will remember as having been originally published in this magazine, Professor Lounsbury says: "Nearly all eighteenth-century orthoepists pronounced *yes* as if it were spelled *yis*. Indeed, Walker took the pains to assure us that while it was a mark of incorrectness and vulgarity to give to *yet* the sound of *yit*, the best and most established usage gave to *yes* the sound of *yis*. *Yit*, thus reprobated, was undoubtedly a survival of what was once good usage. The triumph of *e* over *i* in its pronunciation merely preceded its later triumph in *yes*."

This encroachment of the sound of *i* upon *e* was very common in all English words at that time, nor indeed have we entirely got away from the influence of this tendency at the present time. Examples are not hard to find. Of course we all say a young woman is *pritty*, except some very affected people who insist on declaring her *pretty*. No one would think of pronouncing the very word *English* with an *e* sound at the beginning of it. Now as of old we talk about *Inglish*, of course. Most people say *wimmin* and not *wimmen*, though the latter sound is asserting itself more and more. It is not surprising, knowing as we do about the encroachment of *i* on short *e* in the olden time, that Irishmen continue to say *min*, *pin*, and *sind*, instead of *men*, *pen*, and *send*. They do so not from ignorance, however, but conservatism.

The preservation of a similar tendency to the encroachment of *e* upon *a* is to be noted in many Irishisms, some of which are shared by most English-speaking people. An Irishman is likely to say *ketch* for *catch*, and in proper names he says *Welch* for *Walsh*, and, with the rest of the world of course, says *reddish* for *radish*, though the *a* sound is said to be coming into use as the more elegant pronunciation of the word. On the other hand, the *e* sounds by a sort of compensation, as it were, were often changed to *a*, especially when they occurred before *r*. An Irishman still says *clark* for *clerk*, and *clargy* for *clergy*, but all the world did that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; and some of these *a* sounds for *e* are still retained in such words as *Derby* and

Berkley. Only the Irishman, however, still says *sarpent*, though with the history of English pronunciation before us it is easy to understand why.

Other characteristic vowel sounds used by the Irish can be traced far back in our English speech. For instance, the Irishman from the country districts of Ireland still talks about *goold* for *gold*. This is supposed to be a significant index of degeneration of speech and ignorance on the part of the speaker. This very pronunciation *goold* was so common in England when Walker wrote his pronouncing dictionary that that lexicographer, in the words of Professor Lounsbury, "looked upon it as a disgrace to the language that indolence and vulgarity had thus been enabled to corrupt the *o* into the sound it then had. Still, he deemed it too firmly entrenched ever to disappear." This curious sound of *o*, as it would seem to us, will not be so surprising, however, if we recall that even the word *Rome* was in the olden time pronounced as if it were spelled *room*. In "Julius Cæsar" Shakespeare represents Cassius as punning on the word *Rome*, using *room* for the other term of the pun:

"Now is it Rome indeed and room enough."

Walker in his dictionary declared, though as in the case of *goold* it manifestly pained him to make the admission, that the *o* of *Rome* seemed irrevocably committed to the sound represented by the *o* in the word *move*. The *oo* sound of *o* is not nearly so unusual as we might think, and was very common in many words in the seventeenth century.

It is with regard to the diphthongs, however, that the Irish sin most mortally if we are to accept the modern canons of pronunciation as absolutely final. Every self-respecting Irishman is likely to say that he *resaves* a favor instead of *receiving* it, and in every other word in which *ei* occurs after *c*, and is usually pronounced long *e*, he utters the long *a*. As a matter of fact, *ei* is normally in English pronunciation, so far as anything can be normal in so changing a mode, long *a*. No one ever thinks of pronouncing *rein* or *vein*, or *feign* or *reign*, or any of a dozen other words that might be named, in any other way than with

a long *a* sound. This was true also in the words *receive*, *deceive*, *conceive*, etc., until the eighteenth century, when, to the disgust of a number of very intelligent people, some simpering city folk began to change the fine old-fashioned long *a* sound for the long *e*. In spite of the opposition of those who thought they knew better and who set themselves firmly against the new movement, the simpler maintained itself, and all the world now indulges in it, except the Irishman, who, having been out of the current of vicissitudinous English pronunciations, still maintains the habit of his fathers and of all the English forefathers.

Another flagrant example of Irish pronunciation, a very stigma of the brogue, is the Gaelic custom so well represented by the anecdote told of the Irishman who, being asked which he preferred, *neether* or *neyether*, said that *nayther* would do. At least in this combination the pronunciation of *ei* as long *a* would seem surely to be quite out of the question on any good English grounds. In this regard it is interesting to revert to what Mr. Richard Grant White had to say many years ago with respect to the pronunciation of just these words. He considers that the Irish pronunciation has complete warrant in the history of the language. He said: "The analogically correct pronunciation of these words is what we call the Irish one, *āther* and *nāther*; the diphthong having the sound which it has in many words in which *ei* is, and apparently has always been, so pronounced—*weight*, *freight*, *deign*, *vein*, *obeisance*, etc. This sound, too, has come down from the Anglo-Saxon times, as we have already seen, the word in that language being *ægther*; and there can be no doubt that in this, as in some other respects, the language of the educated Irish Englishman is analogically correct, and in conformity to ancient custom. His pronunciation of certain syllables in *ei* which have acquired in English usage the sound of *e* long, as, for example, *conceit*, *receive*, and which he pronounces *consayt*, *resayve*, is analogically and historically correct. *E* had of old the sound of *a* long, and *i* the sound of *e*, particularly in words which came to us from or through the Norman French."

Other diphthongs can be illustrated

quite as strikingly. Of course the Irishman says *tache* and not *teech* when he wants to imply that he is talking about the giving of instruction. Even in Pope's time, however, *ea* was very frequently if not commonly pronounced long *a*. We have the well-known couplet:

"And thou, Queen Anna, whom four realms obey,

Dost sometime counsel take and sometimes tea" (tay).

There are many other examples that show that this was the common pronunciation of the *ea* during the preceding century. Shakespeare's tendency to make puns has enabled us to know just how vowel and diphthong sounds were rendered in his time. One of them helps us in this matter of *ea*. In the speech of Leontes to Paulina, when in the second scene of the second act of "The Winter's Tale" she fails to persuade him to give up his foolish jealousy of his wife and recognize her child as his, Leontes calls her

"a callat,

Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat
her husband

And now baits me—"

The force of the manifest play on the words *beat* and *baits* would have been entirely lost only that the two diphthongs were sounded in the same way.

In Mr. Ellis's table of vowel and diphthongal pronunciations in Shakespeare, as quoted in Fleay's *Manual of Shakespeare*, *ea* is said to have been pronounced commonly in the time of the dramatist as *a* in *mare*, rarely as *e* in *eve*, very rarely as *a* in the French word *chatte*, and occasionally as *e* in *met*. With regard to *ei* Mr. Ellis says that it is usually pronounced as *ey* in *they* or as *a* in *mare*, and only rarely as *ay* (*eye*). To revert to *ea*, there are of course two vowels in it, and the question that has always disturbed pronunciation has been which of these should predominate. Long ago the *a* predominated, and even at the present time the *a* sound is much more heard than is the *e*. For instance, in such words as *heart* and *hearth* the *a* is persistently maintained. During the seventeenth century the rules for pronunciation were quite unsettled, but the tendency was rather to emphasis on

the broader vowel sounds than on the slenderer ones. Fleay says, "The fact of the matter is that especially during the last quarter of the sixteenth and the first quarter of the seventeenth century the English pronunciation was less fixed than almost at any other time in its history." Spelling also was very uncertain, and men spelled and pronounced with no idea of following rules, but quite satisfied if only they were understood. There are some among us at the present time who might sigh for that precious era when one could pronounce as one pleased and spell as one pronounced.

With regard to the Irish pronunciation of the consonants, practically the same thing is found to be true as for the vowels. Certain consonantal differences in Irish English, that are usually set down as due to ignorance or at least to provincialism, are really vestiges of the Shakespearian pronunciation of English. The most prominent of these are concerned with the addition or the suppression of *h* in the middle and end of words. The Irish have very little difficulty with *h* at the beginning of words. They occasionally drop it in the middle of words or at the end, while occasionally they insert it following a *t* or a *d* where it does not exist. A typical example is *murther* for *murder*, and another *shoulther* for *shoulder*. For this usage there is excellent warrant in Shakespeare, and it is generally conceded that this was the accepted pronunciation in Elizabeth's and James's time. For certain omissions, as for instance in the word *nothing*; often pronounced *nawtin* by those of the Irish who have most faithfully preserved the old-time pronunciation and who have most of the brogue, there is also justification in the old time. Without some such suppression of the *h* the pun that is well known to occur in the title of Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," which is also Much Ado About Noting [*i. e.*, Hero's actions] would be lost.

At the end of words the omission of *h* is well illustrated in the familiar Irish expression "the old earth," which means the old land, a term that is often affectionately used by the Irish in speaking of their native land. One old Irishwoman refused to believe that she could

go to heaven in happiness unless the road thither led through what she called in her pronunciation the "owl dart." Her expression illustrates a number of phases of Elizabethan pronunciation. In the first place the *o* of *old* was pronounced *ow*, for *o* was very unsettled in its pronunciation, and before *ld* usually took this *ow* sound. Richard Grant White, for instance, does not hesitate to say that *soldier* was pronounced *sowldjer* at this time. Secondly, when two consonants occurred at the end of a word and the next word began with a vowel sound, in old-fashioned speech the final consonant was carried over to the next word, so that it was rather hard for one unused to the language to recognize just where the division of words really was. This has made this colloquial expression "*the owl dart*" a puzzle to even many of the Irish themselves. As for the pronunciation of *earth* as *art*, it is only an example of the *a* sound predominating, as in *heart*, and the final *h* is suppressed. This suppression of final *h* was rather common among the Irish, who, for example, said and still say *wid* for *with*, and even *widout* for *without*.

Another consonant that is often suppressed by the Irish is the *l* in certain words. An Irishman is likely to say, "Well, it is your own faut." In this, however, he is following the genius of the language rather than modern customs. There are many words in which *l* is thus suppressed normally in English, and Professor Lounsbury notes that in such words as *half*, *folk*, *calm*, and *walk*, as indeed practically whenever *l* is followed by *f*, *k*, or *m*, it is suppressed. Everybody suppressed it in *fault* until the end of the eighteenth century. As a matter of fact, the *l* had been originally absent from the spelling, for our word came to us directly from the French *faute*. During the seventeenth century the *l* was adopted into our spelling, but did not get into our pronunciation for a full century later. Pope and Swift regularly rhymed it with words like *ought*, and *brought*, and *thought*, and *taught*. Even so late as Doctor Goldsmith's time we find such rhymes in the *Deserted Village* (1770) as *ought* and *fault*, and at that time it was probably a perfect rhyme. Doctor Johnson in

his dictionary says that (in his time) "the *l* is sometimes sounded and sometimes not. In conversation it is generally suppressed."

There is another interesting feature of the pronunciation of English by the Irish which recalls the changes that have taken place in the vocalization of our English speech as a consequence of certain changes in the habits of many people in our more matter-of-fact modern times. There is a distinct tendency of late years to throw the accent back as far as possible in the pronunciation of long English words, thus making it more and more difficult to use the language to advantage in public speaking. Oratory has gone out among most of the English-speaking people, and this is doubtless the principal reason for the ready acquiescence in the unfortunate habit of throwing back the accent, which makes it so trying to the public speaker to secure at a distance the facile hearing of the ends of his words. The Irishman is still a born orator, however, and so he has not yielded to any great extent to this tendency. He still accents many words on the penultimate syllable which we Americans and the English accent on the antepenultimate. In so doing, however, the Irishman is maintaining the old-fashioned pronunciation. He says *contráry*, of course, but so did Shakespeare.

The Irishman, of course, says *demonstrate* and *contémpate*, but he also accentuates the penult in cases where most of us are accustomed to hear and to use the antepenultimate accentuation. It must not be forgotten that in this case he is following the old-time method of pronunciation. There are some very surprising things to be found in this matter. Professor Lounsbury calls attention to what the poet Rogers had to say with regard to the throwing back of the accent in these long words. Few men were better situated than Rogers to know how the intellectual people of England pronounced their own language. At his table most of the wits and writers assembled, and he was familiarly acquainted with them. He was quite indignant over the antepenultimate accentuation in words that now seem to us almost impossible of pronunciation any other way. He said: "The now fashionable pronunciation of

several words is to me, at least, offensive; *contémpate* is bad enough, but *bálcony* makes me sick." Professor Lounsbury adds: "At the present time it would produce a similar nauseating effect upon many to hear the accent fall upon the second syllable of this last word, as was once the usual practice." Rogers's expression, however, should form ample justification for the Irishmen who insist on clinging to the accent on the penult in so many words.

The Irish have some rather interesting peculiarities in the use of verbs, which, like everything else in their speech, are prone to be considered stigmata of degeneration, at least, if not worse. These peculiarly Irish verbs and favorite Irish forms of verbs are really representatives of good old English expressions. Most unsophisticated Irishmen will use the expression *afeared* instead of *afraid*, though contact with English-speaking people of other countries soon diverts them from it because of the ridicule that attaches to its use. *Afeared* is, however, the most familiar form of the verb meaning "to be afraid" extant in Shakespeare's time. It is to be found in most of his plays, occurring altogether some thirty times in them, and no fewer than four times in "The Tempest," Shakespeare's latest and perhaps most studied composition. The same thing is true of a number of other Irish verbs which are not so familiar. A very common expression among the Irish is, "It is mizzling," meaning that it is drizzling. The verb to *mizzle* is a good English word that was in very common use two centuries ago.

There are certain tense forms employed almost exclusively by the Irish now, so that they are supposed to be characteristically Gaelic, though they really represent fossil forms of English tenses no longer in common use. Some of them, indeed, are very significantly expressive, so that it is too bad that they have been allowed to drop out of usage, because they helped to express shades of meaning which otherwise demand roundabout phrasing. A single example will suffice to show what we mean. How often has it not been said in academic circles that we have no equivalent for the Greek aorist, and how often has this poverty of tense expression in English not been

deplored. This tense deficiency is, however, true only as far as English English goes. In Irish English the lack is not felt. Any one who has ever tried translating most of the forms of the Greek aorist after the model of the Irish expressions, "I am after doing it"—with the curious present sense that the aorist sometimes has—or, "I was after doing it," or, for certain aorist forms that have a future quality, "I will be after doing so and so," will usually find that he has a better equivalent for the Greek meaning than can be obtained by any other circumlocution, however studied it may be.

The Irish enjoy certain distinctions with regard to the use of auxiliaries as well as of verbs themselves that are worth while tracing to their historical source, because the investigation makes it clear that it is not because of any fault that their usage is different, except in so far as the clinging to old-fashioned forms, which were eminently correct in their day, can be attributed to them as a fault. For instance, there is a rather well-grounded impression that Irishmen find it much more difficult to maintain the correct usage of *shall* and *will* than do most other English-speaking people. According to one well-known anecdote, all of the London papers are edited by young Irishmen, only an Englishman must be kept on the staff "in order to keep the *shall*s and *will*s straight." Now it so happens that if Shakespeare himself were to be brought before the bar of a modern strict grammarian he would probably be found guilty on many counts in this matter. The present usage of *shall* and *will* had not as yet developed at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Shakespeare was writing English and the Irish were learning the language. Our greatest of writers, then, does not follow the rules which were only made after his time, and most Irishmen still talk Shakespeare's English.

In the same way, many other words that are supposed to be characteristically Irish corruptions, introduced into English by the failure of the uneducated Irish tongue to get around the peculiarities of English words, prove on closer examinations to be irreproachable old English. A few examples will suffice to

illustrate this, though a great many might readily be given. Most Irishmen, for instance, say *drouth*, and not *drought*, which is now the more generally accepted English word for thirst or for a season of dry weather. The Century Dictionary notes, however, that *drouth* is etymologically the more correct spelling. *Heft* is a word which is sometimes thought to be an Irishism. English-speaking people, as a rule, in England itself or in America, talk of the weight of a thing rather than the heft of a thing, but *heft* is good English and has an excellent warrant in etymology. An Irishman will sometimes talk of taking a man by the thrapple, or thropple, instead of throat. *Thrapple* is a good old Anglo-Saxon expression, and is much nearer to the old word *throat-boll*, the prominent part of the throat, than our modern mutilation which employs only the first syllable. *Throte-bolle* is to be found in Chaucer in the *Reeve's Tale*, showing the comparative antiquity of the original form of the expression in that "well of English undefiled."

Certain words that occur frequently in the mouth of the Irish, much more frequently than their use by others who talk English would seem to justify, prove to have an interesting history when investigated. Irishmen use *again* much more commonly than most people, and this is usually set down as an Irishism, a corruption of proper English. It is, on the contrary, a reversion to the best days of Elizabethan and Jacobean English, as may be readily illustrated by quotations from the writers of these periods. Ben Jonson in "Every Man Out of His Humour" says:

"Bid your fellows get all their flails ready again I come," using an expression that now seems almost hopelessly Gaelic. Lord Bacon frequently says, "As much or as many again," "Half as much again," and similar phrases. Any one who thinks that the frequent use of this word by the Irish is at all due to any influence of theirs, or indeed to anything else than their preservation of the modes of English taught them in Shakespeare's time, need only look up the word *again* in a Shakespeare concordance, and see how many times and in how many different ways the great English

"master of them that know" has employed it. In Bartlett's Concordance it will be found to occur altogether some five hundred times.

Since we are talking of the peculiar use of *again* as an adverb, which now seems to many to be a hopeless Irishism, it will be as well to take up the other sense of the word in which it is used as a preposition. The word is very rarely so employed now by English-speaking people in England or in this country, though it is very commonly used in this way by the Irish. What more familiar expression among them, for example, than "He fought agin us," the *i* rather than the *a* being emphasized in the pronunciation. The almost universally used form of the preposition "against" is practically never employed by them. The Irishism is, however, actually purer speech than that which has taken its place. Prepositions ending in *st*, such as *against*, *amidst*, *amongst*, Professor Lounsbury notes, are corrupt forms that have crept into use in spite of the protests of the educated and the guardians of language. Some claim of euphony, real or supposed, in the terminal consonants *st* has enabled them to subsist. These words belong in the same etymological category as *onest*—if that is the spelling by which the familiar colloquial sound *wonst* may be conveyed. This latter is frankly recognized as a vulgarism. Its recent popularity seems to portend, however, that it will become in time that nondescript thing, good English, as its analogue *against* and other words have become. Doubtless even then the Irish peasant, especially from the country districts, will cling to the more correct form "once" as he has done with regard to "again," and will very probably be laughed at for his conservatism—which will perhaps be stigmatized as ignorance or incapacity.

It is evident, I think, from what I have said, that the Irish brogue, far from being a degeneration of language or a

token of ignorance, as it is so often presumed to be, is really only a nice exhibition of a clinging to old-fashioned ways and modes of speech, all the more admirable because clinging to anything old, no matter how good it may be, is so rare in our day. The term brogue is said to come from the word used for the coarse shoes worn by the Irish peasantry. Their dialect, like their shoes, was supposed to be rough and suited only for themselves, a thing by itself that no one with any sense of propriety could be expected ever to use. Instead of this it proves to be fine old-fashioned English, somewhat out of date, it is true, but not the less interesting for that. It is like a good old pair of hand-made shoes which its owner may cling to even though they are unfashionable, because there is so much of comfort in them, and it is bothersome to adapt oneself to the newfangled ideas in foot-wear. While the many changes have been occurring in our English speech, the Irish have gone on enjoying the privilege of using the old form and preserving it for future generations to study in the life.

When the Wife of Bath in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is represented as talking with something of a brogue, many people of the modern time are inclined to think that this must be because characters such as she, when put upon our modern stage, are almost invariably represented as using this broad pronunciation. There is a much better reason than this, however. It is probable that this mode of speech reproduces, more closely than any other that could well be devised, the actual fashion of talk of herself and the company. It should not be limited to her, moreover, but all the others should also have a touch of brogue.

If Shakespeare were to come back to us talking as he did in his own time, his speech, not only in pronunciation, but in many more essential characters, would be better represented by what we know as the Irish brogue than in any other way.



The Dust of the Wheel

BY RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

OFF Alligator Shoals, where the intermittent wink of the light shot out toward the steamer and lay for a second on the water like a red snake swimming in oil, the rudder-chains began to creak; the body of the big steamer trembled, and with painful slowness pointed her nose into a new groove of the empty sea.

Then a woman who that first afternoon had been strolling aimlessly about, leaning over the rail in the sun, wiping her moist face with a perfumed handkerchief and reading a red-backed novel nervously at intervals, came and sat down among us, brazenly, overlooking the fact that the others there were men.

A little, red-faced, freckled, almost effeminate Canadian, who had made a failure of mine-prospecting in Yucatan, was one. Another was a professional bribe-giver from New York, with fat hands, who had been educating the Cubans in the art of representative government, and who always exhaled the odor of spices. The third was an irrepressible, eternally happy creature who had put all his money into land on the Isle of Pines, *viâ* Indianapolis, was ruined, and did not seem to mind it; and the fourth was an auditor of the International and West-Indian Cigar Company, who would not play poker because he was bonded with a security company that always conditioned against "all gambling or other forms of changing temporal losses against temporal gain." The woman leaned back in the chair, looking from one to the other of us as if she challenged each to comment on her joining the company, or ask her where she came from or where she was going or whether she were flesh or spirit.

It must be confessed that she was lacking in some tenderness of eyes and mouth that men like to see in a woman's expression. The light from the saloon falling through a square window illuminated

her figure, which was too compact, inanimate, and stiff. Women who have done steady labor, but by a change of fortune become idle and gluttonous with vehicles and rich piquant dishes, acquire this peculiar grossness. Yet, in spite of this, there was something unreal and romantic about her. As she sat there in the yellow light, with men at her right and left, and drummed on the arms of the steamer chair with her fingers, she impressed us all as being a woman of inferior birth, wide experience, some wealth and some display; a woman of uncertain age who had become hardened and toughened not by weakness, but rather by strength. She would have made an admirable trainer of wild beasts, or overseer of charities in an administration of retrenchment. She waited calmly for one of us to speak, and as the moments slipped by we had opportunity to notice for the first time that she wore informal mourning and a single diamond ring.

"I joined you gentlemen," she said finally, and in a peculiar, distinct, but reflective voice, "because of the things you were saying. The car strike in Philadelphia was what you were arguing about, and I understood you were agreed that all ill-will would be marked down in a book and charged against the responsible ones."

The auditor leaned forward quickly. "My dear madam!" said he. "We have said not one word—"

All of us knew that he was about to state the truth, which was that none of us had uttered even a syllable about strikes or Philadelphia or ill-will; but the Isle of Pines victim shook the auditor's sleeve and whispered: "Keep still! Can't you see the woman isn't just right?"

"Oh!" said the auditor.

"You will pardon me, gentlemen, for joining you. But I am a convert," she said, sweetly. "I am a believer in goodwill—oh, so very thoroughly—in goodwill and forgiveness. You see, I have



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

'I JOINED YOU GENTLEMEN BECAUSE OF THE THINGS YOU WERE SAYING.'

had so extraordinary a life, in a way. You will say it is a marvelous story. You will hear it, if you like, and it will be so terribly short. You will listen because it is short and easy to understand—just a little matter between strangers.”

She laughed.

“I have an engagement in the saloon,” the little red-haired prospector muttered, nervously, but the woman touched him with her finger-tips as he started to rise in his chair. He settled back as if she had touched him with the cold barrel of a firearm.

“I say nothing of my childhood,” she began, in a cold, dispassionate tone. “I want to tell of facts and only a few facts. We lived in the suburbs. I see now, since I’ve taken to reading so many books, one after another, faster, faster, faster, that we must have been rather low-class people, you understand. The world was small to us. So what was in it—my mother, my father, and my brother Will—was all the more to be loved. The poor and ignorant have concentrated affections, don’t they? Well, we were not poor exactly, for there was a cottage and Will had a bicycle and I had a piano when I went to high school, and when I get to wondering if my father went without new shoes to buy the piano I am nearly mad with regret. . . .

“How still this tropical sea becomes at night! Thick like warm molasses. . . . Mother died in a very commonplace way. She had pneumonia. About a year afterward the furnace flue sprung apart. I was eighteen years old then, and was just beginning stenography at a commercial college. Oh, it set fire to the house, and Will, who was a year or so older than I, woke me up to see so much light and smoke! But father ran back to get an album of postage-stamps he had been collecting all his life, and somehow he never came back, out through the door. It is terrible how quickly we get over those awful losses—so dreadful how soon a person gets where he is forgotten most of the time. So many millions of people have died, and here we sit listening to the beat of the steamer’s engine and never know who they were or what they looked like or even think of them at all or their last struggle to stay—their last gag and choke and smile of peace.

“Will and I were left alone. I must say there was nobody to help us. It was necessary to work just as my grandfather had worked at labor—any kind of labor. We had been going *up* till then. Grandfather had worked hard for forty years, like a man pumping water out of a leaky boat. He worked so hard that father was able to have a kind of business education which made him a clerk, and then father took his hand at the pump and knew that he must keep right on, never stopping—pumping, pumping, pumping—to get a little ahead of the flood that always threatens to swamp the humble workers if the pumping stops a moment. I think he would have lifted Will and me a little higher if he could have kept on, but as soon as his everlasting pumping stopped, we children went straight back to where grandfather started.

“Will had never worked hard. Little shiftless ways! But he was a lovable boy—so healthy and full of romping and cheerfulness, and in love with every girl, one after another. He was so young and strong and nice and not grown-up or prepared for anything at all. And I was such a poor help to him. I couldn’t scold Will—I simply could not scold him. I thought he was wonderful. I remember we were sitting on the Macnaughtons’ fence a month after the fire. The Macnaughton twins had just gone into the house. And Will said to me, ‘Leah, quit looking so frightened.’ I can hear him now! ‘Leah,’ he said, ‘I can support both of us easy.’ Why, I thought he could! His hope was so convincing. He seemed a hero. I kissed him. . . . Dear me, that was fifteen years ago.

“We both got jobs in a water-proof textile mill in a little Rhode Island town. Both of us had to work, as it turned out; for Will could hardly earn enough himself. My father’s lawyer was a friend of Mr. Hoggson, who owned that mill and several others, and he wrote a personal note about me; but somehow I didn’t get a chance to go into the office, but began as a hand watching the selvage on the biggest loom in the mill, and I got seven dollars a week. How I remember it now—the trembling of the floors, the noise, the smell of lubricating oil and ammonia, the boarding-house with its long line of

heavy white china coffee-cups on a stained, red table-cloth and so many tired women, and my hands that couldn't be washed clean. . . .

"I was pretty. My figure was girlish and slender then. I used to be proud of my skin. It was perfect. My black nails worried me. I cried. . . . But that is nonsense. It has nothing to do with the story at all, and a person gets used to anything. They get used to it—used to poor food, poor clothing, poor manners. God stupefies those people. They are drugged. They don't care. Some don't care, and are crazy for the day to end so as to go to the moving-picture shows. Their whole heart is set on seeing a new film—as if it were the Kingdom of Heaven. And others are glad of ruin. It creeps up slowly behind, and some that see it and know it's there scream, and others laugh in its face, the way a person would laugh at something that thought it was foxy and stealthy and disguised but is plain enough to see and really not hidden at all. . . . So then—

"So then I got Will his job, almost at once. He had the most wonderful notions of what he could do—a picture of plowing his way from the bottom to the top—confidence in his own strength, which is the wonderful part of youth—isn't it?—the confidence in strength and love and the belief in everlasting inspiration and hope. Yet he was one among a great many. He soon saw it was not so fast—this climbing. And he was awkward. He was put to work in the machine-shop. There was a damp, concrete cellar, and no planks on the wet, cold floor. All the men had colds—he among the others. And he was awkward, I suppose. He dropped an iron casting off a—what did they say?—a lathe. It fell on a man's foot—the man was helping. It was too bad, because he had just begun to learn to come to the mill on time. He had just begun to learn to wake up and dress early in the morning. It was so hard for him because mother had been so indulgent and all of us had been indulgent—I, too—for we worshipped Will. Truly he was an attractive boy!

"So the foreman of the repair gang, Henry Mewell—such a weasel-faced

man, so careful of his position and the impression he made—such a whisperer—such a ferret!—he put Will to work sharpening the cutters. The mill was dulling the edges and Will was sharpening them *always*—nine and ten hours a day. But his pay was raised. They paid more for men to sharpen cutter-knives. I wondered why. It was astonishing. I remember—oh, I remember—how I tried to account for it in my girlish mind, while the shuttle came over and went back—whee-ee, click, clack, whee-ee, click, clack—with a sound just like that. Yes, they put him to work sharpening knives on the—on the—Excuse me, gentlemen; I must admit that I am gagged. Can I say the word? I think so. I will try. . . .

"Wheel! It was a wheel. It was an emery-wheel. Believe me it whirled so fast that one must believe it stood still. It was near the window, and I used to stop, when I could, to look in. Will and I lived in different places, because I helped with the dish-washing at the boarding-house, and no men were allowed to live there, but only girls, in rooms with white water-pitchers, and roller curtains that had been stained with mill smoke and rain and soot. I used to stop there outside the concrete wall in that muddy place—but all places were muddy about the mill, and the sanitation was dreadful, and people died—and I used to see the little darts of fire fly from Will's emery-wheel like sifted electric sparks—white and yellow, but mostly white, and Will holding a cutter-blade and doing the work so earnestly. It must have been six months before I noticed how pale and strange-looking he had become. A person's senses get that dulled! Poor boy! . . . How still the ocean is! Just look! . . .

"You do not know the emery-wheel, sirs? No, you do not know it. The dust. The dust. The dust. It flies unseen. And ever and ever it catches in the good red lungs. It is a murderer. For an hour, a day, a week? Oh, that is harmless. But day after day, day after day, slowly it works. I thought it was the cold and the damp of the cellar. Men had had pneumonia. Two men died who worked there. I must have been very impulsive. I made up my mind I would

speak to Mr. Hoggson when he came down again to inspect the factory.

"I thought he must be kind. He had a firm, shrewd face, but calm and contented like the face of a monk. His clothes were nice—not stylish, but so clean—and he was a trustee of the largest college in New England, and of hospitals, and made nice speeches. Will used to see the speeches in the Boston papers. Mr. Hoggson was his hero. 'He is the fine conservative type,' he used to say, and I laughed, because I knew that Will had read that phrase about some other man in a book. But Mr. Hoggson, so far above us, was Will's hero. No less than that. I think he worshipped him, in a way.

"I saw Mr. Hoggson. I saw him the very next time. I saw him in the mill office. I was a girl and still young, but a person gets hard, hard, hard. So I was not any longer modest or afraid. I didn't even tell him my brother was working there. I just told him how wet and damp the concrete floor was and how bad the sanitation was, and he was really surprised.

"He said he had never had a girl complain before, except when one complained about herself. He was fatherly—that expresses it. He was fatherly and kind.

"'Why, what would you suggest?' he said, smiling in that way that cultivated people can smile.

"'A dry plank floor on top of the concrete,' I said.

"'My dear girl,' said he, 'this mill is run quite separate from my others. It isn't on a paying basis yet. We must have profits before more expenses. All those problems have been considered. It would cost five hundred dollars at least. If men have fallen sick, it shows a need of more care of themselves—more hours of sleep, less shiftlessness. I see that you are intelligent enough to understand. They needn't work there. They are not bound. I can hire other men for less. *That* is something that is always forgotten!'

"He must have seen the doubt on my face. I think I blushed. I really think I blushed.

"'I contribute as much to the sick-benefit fund as the men themselves will

put in,' he added. 'I do what I can. But I cannot invite ruin. Nevertheless, I appreciate your coming to me so frankly,' he said, and wiped his evenly parted gray hair with a thin, firm hand. That ended it. He nodded.

"Just as I turned then I met Henry Mewell—such a ferret look, so careful to bow and scrape and talk cheerfully to Mr. Hoggson! I met him in the yard the next day.

"'Why, even I have spoken of that wet floor,' he said to me. 'And the lack of guards on the mangling-gears. Lots of men have been hurt in those cogs.'

"'But still,' I said, 'we must all wait until the mill is paying.'

"Mr. Mewell laughed and showed his pointed teeth. 'See,' he said, and gave me a newspaper.

"It was an account of a ball given by Mr. Hoggson at Winterbury Hotel for a Western girl, a girl from St. Paul, a daughter of an old friend. The paper spoke about the pretty tribute to old comradeship. 'The feature,' said the paper—how well I remember!—'the feature of the occasion was the entire remodeling of the well-known Louis XIV. ballroom. In the new decoration, which was conceived by the brilliant and much-sought Miss Hoggson, well known as an accomplished exhibitor of Arabians, the classic note was uppermost. Miss Hoggson wore a delicate marquanderie of a clinging mauve color.' I read it and read it over. It fascinated me. Such brilliance—such brilliance out of my reach. I stood that night before the cracked mirror and pulled my gown down and looked at my shoulders, still young, still beautiful, and pictured them emerging from raiment of dreams. I forgot that Mewell, speaking so like a weasel, had told me that the ball must have cost at least four thousand dollars. I forgot it. My shoulders were beautiful! And I knelt then and prayed God to snatch the *envy* out of my heart. . . . How long ago!

"Will came to me after that, one day. Suddenly he had broken. He was trembling. His hand shook as it took mine. I forgot about my black nails. He was frightened. His skin had so suddenly grown yellow.

"'It was the dust of the wheel,' he said.

"'Dust of the wheel!' I cried.

"'The emery dust,' said Will—oh, my brother!—and he coughed. 'I had the pains—pains in here. I went to the doctor at last. I didn't know at first. And then I was afraid they'd fire me if I didn't stick to it. I hoped every day they'd take me on to some other work. I didn't know. It came so quick! That's why they pay the man on the emery-wheel better, sister. It has used up three others since the mill started. I will never be well again. I'm done for. I can't do a day's work any more.'

"Should I have thrown my arms about him? But I did not. 'Go away,' said I, stupid, and with my arms hanging limp. 'I must think. Go away.'

"He did. He went away. He stuffed paper in all the cracks in his miserable little room, and he turned on the gas. Do not shrink, sirs. It is all true, and turned out well, after all!

"So he died—my brother—and then the second chapter begins. . . .

"I asked Mr. Mewell. He told me. He told me that men took chances with the emery-wheel, and each one was selling for his wages everything—even life. Did Mr. Hoggson know? Yes, he knew.

"'Ah, he knows, then?' I said, in a ladylike way. 'Is there anything he can do?'

"'Yes,' said Mewell, squinting his ratty eyes. I've since wondered if Mewell were the devil. 'Yes,' said he, 'he could put men on in shifts, one man for a week and so on with fifty or more shifts, or he could install a shield with an air-blower and exhaust.'

"'Ah, there is something he *can* do?'

"'But how can he spend on those things and give the balls too?' asked Mewell, speaking so I could barely hear him above the rumble of the machinery.

"Just then a voice from nowhere whispered in my ear. It was from nowhere. I swear it. 'A reckoning is sure—when it comes—who shall say in what way?—by God's will, how *swift*!'

"I repeated aloud, 'A reckoning is sure—by God's will, how *swift*!'

"'You are a strange girl, and a peach for looks,' said Mewell, scratching the black stubble on his ferret chin, and he went off.

"That week I got a job in the office—the office of Jason Phipps, the superintendent. My days on the machines were over. . . . It is hard to tell it. It seems so cloudy. I feel . . . Well, I must finish.

"In the office I kept track of the work slips and product reports. The girls beyond the glass windows of the office envied me. I was an exception—a wonderful exception, like a miracle—I had been promoted. My nails began to grow clean again and I was glad, but the stupidity a person gets from watching the shuttles did not disappear. It is like being numb with cold—body and brain, and even memory does not seem like memory at all. I used to work on the red and yellow progress-tags, and I remembered out of the past the things at home—the tiniest things—like sunlight falling on the old dining-room wall and reflecting on the glass of a picture. It was a picture of a stag with snorting nostrils. He had been chased into a lake by dogs. But it seemed, when I remembered it, as if I had read it in a book, a fancy of some writer. . . . Smoke if you like, gentlemen. I do not mind. It is better than the oily, fishy smell of this sea. . . .

"He appeared in the office door one morning when winter was coming on again. Now isn't that *funny*?—I haven't explained *who*! Why, it was Ned. You shall hear of him. You shall see how it goes with everything except goodwill and love. How swift—how strange!

"He was a fine-looking young man. I thought I had seen him somewhere before, but until that next Christmas night I never knew why I thought so. He came in the door and asked for a job. That was his errand. He talked easily and in a tone that attracts a woman—do you understand? His clothes were a little shabby, like some one's who has known better days. He talked to Jason Phipps in that easy, direct way. But he looked at *me*. His eyes were like his voice. Who knows what makes up that frightful gift of the conqueror? Who knows? He looked at me. There was no art in him—no miserable tricks. You would have to have seen Ned to understand. He was always honest, always good at heart, care-free, careless,



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

MY GIRLHOOD WAS GONE. IT HAD BEEN THROWN AWAY

reckless, forgetting self. But the strange quality of power! . . .

"He was put on the repair gang under Mewell. I used to see him when he came for his pay envelope. He had an awkward way of trying to make a friendship with me. A friendship! He was large—large shoulders, a muscular neck. And as the weeks went by, the work improved his body. I thought he was more graceful in movement, if that could be. His face grew firmer and perhaps more shrewd and good-natured—like the face of a monk. But the old ring in his voice was there that set a young girl's heart into delicious fright.

"He would blush over his words—over his awkward, commonplace words. Once he took my hand. It became powerless. I could not move it. And that time he left me silently. As he went away that day, though, he almost danced—like a child. We had never spoken of ourselves. Did we love each other? Who can say? Nothing had been said of it. Not a word.

"Finally he came into the office at dusk when the sky was gray like the concrete in the mill and the wind swept across the brown and muddy valley. He said that he had tried to forget me. My heart leaped. He saw it, I believe, with that strange clairvoyance of his. There was no one else in the office. He pressed me close to him. It was with irresistible gentleness! He kissed me. . . .

"It was over. He had touched my cheek so gently. He had heard my torrent of angry words. He had hung his head and walked out like a whipped school-boy. And I went back to the boarding-house and found myself, after the meal was over, staring into my thick white mug until the coffee had become cold.

"He did not ever act so again. He hardly said anything for weeks. So I talked to him. He listened always with his eyes on mine, and smiled and nodded as if agreed. Christmas Day was coming. But I had nobody—not one single person. It was a sad enough season—the night wind at the eaves talking of old times. I wished he would say more. I wished he would seize my hand. Sometimes I let it rest on the edge of the counter where he could reach it if he chose.

"Christmas Eve there was moonlight.

I walked out beyond the farthest cottages. I was miserable. He overtook me.

"‘To-morrow I am going home,’ he said. ‘I have been trying to make up my mind whether I really love you.’

"‘And do you?’ I gasped, like a foolish girl.

"‘I think I must,’ he said, standing in front of me. ‘It is hard to account for it. Who wants to, anyway? Why should we care? Phipps told me about you once. It is enough. I’ve chased around with girls—those in my sister’s class of life—and they do not satisfy me—they bore me stiff—and others of other classes too—who are amusing. But this is new—a new feeling. I must tell you.’

"I tried to speak. I could not. Finally I managed to say in a teasing voice, ‘Do you expect me to be fond of you?’

"‘Wait,’ said he. ‘Wait till I tell you who I am. I’ve always been rather wild, I guess, and not serious, and I shirked everything at the university. So my father said he would see what was in me. He wanted to test me by the test of any other man. It was a sort of a foolish performance. He wanted me to get a job here and go up against the world hard, without money or pull—a test—a training, or whatever he called it. My name isn’t Gregory, Leah!’

"Just then I thought again I had seen him before—’way back in the past. ‘What is your name?’ I said, laughing, because he looked so serious.

"‘Hoggson,’ he said. ‘You mustn’t tell. I’m the son of the old man.’

"Why did I laugh? I cannot say. I was lonesome. I wanted humanity, petting, kindness, love, and I wanted *his* most of all, perhaps. I do not know. I was mad. I laughed and laughed. I left him.

"I did not see him for three days. But Monday he was back. How sly I was! I was afraid he had changed. I feared he would not say anything more. But he waited for me. He was solemn—waiting on the road for me and solemn.

"‘Leah!’ he said. He had such a quality in his voice.

"‘Yes?’ I answered.

"‘Can’t I say anything to change you?’ he said. ‘I’ve been so used to having my way with women.’ Then he laughed, as if he were frightened. ‘Will you promise to be my wife?’

"'Certainly not,' I said, choking. He looked so much like his father! I was thinking of my brother Will, and my eyes felt red and hot as balls of metal.

"'Why not?' he said. 'What can I do to make you?'

"I laughed again. I don't know how I did it. But positively, sirs, I laughed.

"'I like you. But how can I pretend to love you?' said I. 'You have come here, unknown and without any influence. I guess that much is true, because even Phipps doesn't act as if he knew who you are. But what have you done to show that you are a man? Truly nothing!'

"'I have worked with the lathemen,' he said.

"'It is no test,' said I. 'Do you suppose I don't know that you have stopped whenever you had a headache? You have been playing—not working. I am peculiar. I cannot love any man that hasn't endurance and courage. I have a horror of men like you who have been warmed and softened by luxury. They can't stand the real thing.'

"He looked at me with admiration.

"'Leah!' he exclaimed, 'you are a marvel. You are more wonderful than ever. I could do anything to get you. What sort of a job? Tell me. I will work ten hours a day, sick or well, Sundays and holidays, for any number of months. Would you be satisfied then?'

"'Yes,' I said, writhing inside. 'Then I could let loose my love for you.'

"He caught up my hand. 'What is the job? What do you think takes the most courage?'

"I had it on my tongue's end. I could hardly say it. I feared I would fail. Then I saw Will, my brother. I saw his face. I saw his landlady picking the paper out of the cracks of the door and the window. I saw the dust flying in sparks from the wheel.

"'Tell them,' I said, 'that you want a job sharpening the cutter-knives in the machine-shop. They will try to scare you, perhaps. Laugh at them! Tell them you want to work on the emery-wheel. Six months, day in and day out—listen to me!—six months will be enough!'

"I could hear the shrillness of my own voice.

"'If I do it, will you be ready for me?' he said. 'Promise! Promise!'

"'I promise,' I cried. 'Now let me go! Come to me in six months—not before! Come to me six months from now to the day—to this hour. Do not let me see you all that time. I will be waiting for you in the office. Come to me then!'

"I turned. I went from him. I almost ran. And my brother Will ran along in the gathering dusk before me. . . . There is a breeze, isn't there? It must have sprung up suddenly. You can hear the water splashing at the bow. . . .

"I did not see him for six months—that is true. I passed the window in the basement every night. I was not near it, but if it were before the whistle I could see the sparks fly. The little wheel was going around so fast. I knew it. The dust of the wheel!

"I kept a calendar on the wall of my room. I marked off the days. Sometimes I would look in the cracked mirror. I would look at my bare shoulders. They were still beautiful, and I wondered why—I wondered what they were made for. I marked off the days. The spring was coming. Each morning—each night brought me nearer to June. The leaves came out on the trees outside the town. Grass tried to grow out of the mud around the mill. Mr. Jason Phipps told me the fall orders were large. 'The profit,' he said, 'will show a big increase!' And spring was almost gone. At last. . . .

"At last I had scratched out all but one day. I was mad. I was in a nightmare. I was not responsible. I was stupid. My girlhood had gone. It had been thrown away. I had scratched off day after day on the calendar, and each scratch had torn my soul, I think. There was one day left.

"I telegraphed to Mr. Hoggson. I said: 'Your son has been working for six months sharpening cutter-knives at the emery-wheel. You had better come. You will understand.' I signed my name—the name my mother chose for me. I thought of it as I wrote it down.

"Oh, he came. He understood. He came in a motor-car. He could not wait for a train. He understood. He had said that the mill was not on a paying basis. He remembered the emery-wheel. He came. Oh, he came. He arrived the next day late. He came to *me*. His face

was not firm or shrewd or good-natured. It had fallen into different lines, I can tell you!

"He came to *me*. He was frightened—not himself.

"‘Telephone for my boy!’ he said.

"‘He will be here in a minute. He has an engagement with me,’ I whispered.

"There! You see I was right. The door opened then and Ned came in.

"Oh yes, he came in. He was thin. He was yellow. He was like Will. He coughed. He made that motion—so—as if something hurt him inside.

"‘What’s this, Ned? What’s this? Where have we made our mistake here?’ said Mr. Hoggson. ‘Speak up, Ned. What have you been doing?’

"‘Working at the same old emery-wheel,’ the poor boy said. You could hardly hear him. His voice was like one behind a thick wall. ‘It is a dangerous occupation,’ he went on, in his dull way. ‘You know that, Dad, don’t you? You know how two others have gone. Mewell just told me last week, after I’d seen the doctor. He said you knew. He said, ‘What difference do you suppose you make to Mr. Hoggson?’ Of course he didn’t know. It is rather amusing, isn’t it? The wheel? Huh! A murderous little thing—worse than that damp concrete floor in the machine-shop—now, isn’t it? Anyhow, I’m done for.’

"I was holding on to the corner of the desk. I could scarcely stand. I saw Mr. Hoggson bite his finger. That was all he did—bite his finger. He could not speak.

"But Ned was not excited a bit. He turned to me. He pointed at the clock. ‘Look,’ he said. ‘Five-thirty! Just six months. What’s the matter? Am I too yellow for you?’

"He came toward me then. He held out his arms. He caught me to him. He had the same irresistible gentleness. He held me close. He kissed me again and again. I knew—I knew then—I loved him—that I had always loved him and always would love him—alone—no other man!

"‘Poor little girl!’ he said to me. Behind all the hoarseness there was the ring that stirred me beyond all descrip-

tion. ‘Poor little girl! You lost your brother. I didn’t know that. It is too bad.’

"‘Poor old Dad!’ he said, turning his head. He was looking at Mr. Hoggson, sitting huddled up in the dark—in the squeaky old desk chair. ‘How badly it has turned out for you!’ he said. ‘You must *forget* it all. There’s no use to cry over spilt milk. The others may hate you. I don’t blame ‘em. But I’m your son, and it doesn’t make much difference to me. If it hadn’t been me, it would have been somebody else—some poor devil that couldn’t go to Florida and loaf. Come, let’s be cheerful—all of us.’

"I mustn’t say too much. I find it affects me more than I thought. . . . Wait; I will go on.

"We were married. It was all like a dream. Then it was Palm Beach and all the Florida east coast and Europe and Italy and Corsica and Japan. We went *so many* places! I got *so fat*, too! He used to laugh at it. He used to laugh as he grew weaker and weaker. We had five years together.

"He never reproached me. He never let me speak of the past. He never took me near his own people. He was just Ned.

"Finally, when we both knew it was ended, he said to me—he made me bend my head down—he said to me: ‘You must tell people not to hate, Leah. It is so foolish to hate, so foolish to forget the unimportant people. They aren’t unimportant, do you think?’

"And then he said: ‘Listen! There is Something or Some One behind the scenes that reaches out with an iron hand—so strange, so swift, so mysterious!’ . . . Will you laugh at his words, sirs? Will you call it preaching? . . . Please do not laugh. I know you will not. Because I was *not* always myself, and at last I gave everything to him—positively all I had, and now I wish good things for everybody, all—everything—that lives.”

The next day we saw this woman on deck. She was in a steamer chair. At intervals she raised a red-backed novel and read in it. And the rest of the time she looked out across the vast and empty sea.

Some Aspects of Vegetarianism

BY A. D. HALL, M.A., F.R.S.

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IT is, perhaps, not unfair to the large and militant community of vegetarians to say that their actions are dictated more by sentiment than by science. And by sentiment we do not so much imply the shirking of facts in favor of feelings, but rather seek to include in one term all motives which ignore questions of profit and loss to the individual or community in favor of considerations possessing a purely emotional sanction. A certain number of people will not accept the doctrine of "killing, no murder" even when applied to food, but so far as conditions of existence permit they will inflict no death in order that they themselves may live. We may disagree profoundly with this principle; we may even regard it as philosophically absurd, because death is only a phase of the cycle of being, and the plant is no less alive than the animal. We may regard such a belief as incompatible with the conditions of existence in this world, but we cannot argue with it, and we cannot help according it a certain amount of respect, so closely is it bound up with some of the finest elements in human nature.

Such a motive is never likely to be operative among any large proportion of mankind, and the race which attempted to push it to its logical conclusion must cease to exist; but in this respect it may be paralleled by other doctrines, like celibacy, which are practised against all argument by certain sections of the community, although they would result in the destruction of mankind if universally adopted. More potent as a motive, perhaps, and more befitting the term of sentiment, is the repulsion which most vegetarians express at the mere act of preparing animals for food. To a sensitive mind the messiness of it all, the spilling of blood, excites abhorrence to an extent that prevents any calm examination of what actually takes place. There are people to whom all interiors

are ugly, whether of men or animals, houses or minds, and such people will sacrifice something to preserve their ignorance. The same kind of sentiment associates whiteness with weakness, and cannot be led to believe that white bread can be so nutritious as brown, even though the brownness is only caused by introducing a little of the wrapper in which the wheat plant packs the material it has selected and concentrated for its next generation.

But man is a reasoning animal, however secondarily and unwillingly, and vegetarians have always tried to provide a scientific basis for their belief, though their actions proceed from emotions rather than from reason.

Now the science of diet belongs to one of the most difficult and unexplored fields of knowledge. It must be admitted from the outset that little more than the rudiments are positively known, that we are only beginning to realize the extraordinary complexity of the processes involved and the insufficiency of our equipment for dealing with some of the most obvious problems. Dogmatism is, therefore, impossible; for, however sure we may be of the truth of certain facts and principles, we are forced to realize that in their application to the delicate and involved organism of a living being we may so easily overlook the operation of other factors which count for much in the final result. In matters of diet we are still in the region of first approximations to the truth, and first approximations are apt to be but deceptive guides in dealing with the subtle balance of the vital processes. The old-fashioned barometer tells you to expect rain when the mercury falls, but it does not take much observation to learn that not infrequently rain sets in with high and rising pressures. We must not, however, conclude that the first approximate association of rain and the falling barometer

is wrong, but only that it is partial and requires to be included in some wider generalization which shall embrace and account for the apparently contradictory cases. If this is true of wind and rain—the motions of the inanimate atmosphere—how much more is it applicable to the intricate mechanism of human nutrition; we must, therefore, wear our hypotheses lightly, always watching to cast them off or recut them in the light of hitherto unappreciated principles.

But if the science of nutrition is still fluid and uncertain, it has long since made up its mind on the futility of that which passes muster as theory among the vegetarians. Their oldest argument in the name of science was that the structure of man's teeth proved him to belong to the herbivorous animals, but this method of argument is rather outworn. We have come to realize that such an association is no matter of necessary law, but only a summary or generalization of certain happenings. The law can only be a product of the observations, and if habits of man are recorded in the same way as those of any other animal he will not be classed among the herbivores. On such a natural-history basis you are not entitled to say that man *ought* to be anything; you can only report what he *is*. The same point of view disposes of the doctrine that we ought to live upon nuts and fruit, because such must have been the typical food of primitive man. So it may have been, but common observation shows that it is not the typical food of civilized man, and there is nothing in the nature of things to make the earlier habit more "right" than the current one. When considering the habits of man we can draw no distinction, except for verbal convenience, between natural and artificial; all wide-spread and common actions must be natural, however much they may differ from those practised in our earlier stages of development. If the actions of primitive man are to be taken as the standard of naturalness, and therefore of rightness, we should be landed into some pretty awkward positions in the domain of morals.

But leaving these metaphysical discussions, it may perhaps be more profitable to inquire what light recent science throws upon the claim of the vegetarians

that, since a perfect diet can be obtained from the vegetable kingdom alone, various considerations of cleanliness, economy, and freedom from certain risks, should dictate the abolition of all forms of flesh from our dietary. The vegetarians argue that many of the leguminous plants are even more concentrated magazines of protein than lean meat, that fats of the purest kind can be obtained from seeds, while carbohydrates, the other great element of value in a food, are almost exclusively vegetable products. Thus they say a vegetable diet can and does give everything that is necessary to the nutrition of man. In a broad way this is obviously true; probably most of us have tried a purely vegetable diet for some period, short or long, and found existence thereon perfectly tolerable. Again we are acquainted with people who have consumed nothing but vegetables all their lives and appear to be entirely normal on such a diet, hence in the main we must concede to vegetarians the claim that flesh is not necessary to the human diet.

But the analysis of a food into proteins, fats, and carbohydrates is essentially what we have termed a first approximation; to stop there is both to neglect the question of digestibility and to ignore a number of minor constituents in food which may yet be effective out of all proportion to their quantity. More particularly this short view assumes that all proteins are of equal value to the organism. Personal experience, and more particularly the knowledge acquired by the continuous observation of farmers who have cattle to feed, would indicate that such an assumption only imperfectly represents the truth, and various recent investigations suggest an explanation. When a protein is ingested, it is attacked by certain ferments secreted by the walls of the stomach and the pancreas and is resolved into a series of far simpler constituents, much as though a house was taken down into a series of heaps of brick and stone, iron and wood. These constituents, or more properly derivatives, are very distinct and complicated substances themselves, but are so far simpler than the proteins that they will truly dissolve and so can pass through the walls of the intestine

to reach the blood stream, a process which is impossible to proteins. Out of them the animal reconstructs its own typical proteins, though it is still a matter of dispute whether this is done before they reach the blood, or by the active cells of the body to which they are carried by the blood stream. Moreover, the animal reconstructs quite different proteins from those which were supplied in the food, just as an architect can design an entirely different house from the materials provided by the house that has been taken down, and there is a strong presumption that every animal builds up proteins special to its kind. Comparatively recently Hopkins and Willcocks have shown that if rats and mice are given no other protein than the one contained in maize and called zein they die of protein starvation. By itself they cannot use the zein (or rather the zein derivatives), but if they are also given a very small quantity of a substance called tryptophan, itself a derivative from many proteins, they begin to utilize the zein products and their protein starvation ceases. Evidently the body proteins of the mice contain the tryptophan group, and no amount of other protein derivatives can make up for its absence, just as we may conceive a certain type of house that cannot be constructed without stones of a particular shape, however small a proportion these constitute in the finished fabric. Moreover, we are pretty certain that the human organism never utilizes for the making of its own protein all the protein derivatives with which it is presented from the food; a large part, often the greater part, do not fit and are passed on to the kidneys, where the characteristic nitrogen groups are broken off and excreted, leaving the residue to be burned up as fuel instead of utilized in tissue repair. On certain diets the organism may have to pick over a large quantity of protein derivatives before it finds the particular units it requires for its own constructive purposes; and in our present ignorance of the exact constituents of the human proteins, and even of food proteins, it is only common sense to keep the diet as diversified as possible, so as to make sure we are not leaving out the keystones of some important arch in the structure of nutri-

tion. This, if you like, is a plea of ignorance, but it is the ignorance that says you had better walk by the old beaten road instead of across country, when the map is imperfect and the compass bearings doubtful.

There is another aspect from which food may be regarded—*i. e.*, the availability of the energy it supplies, though hitherto we have only considered the diet of animals from this point of view. Every food is a source of energy, and we can calculate how much work a given amount of digestible food of known composition can give rise to, just as we can calculate how many horse-power hours there can be got out of a ton of coal. But suppose part of that ton of coal had to be used in driving a mechanical stoker to feed the coal into the main boiler, clearly a deduction must be made from the theoretical effectiveness of the coal. The same thing happens with food; some of the energy it possesses is spent in running the digestive machine, and with fibrous foods the toll thus taken may be great. A horse will starve on straw alone, however much it receives; for though it can digest and obtain nutriment from the straw, it uses up more energy in so doing than the digested material can supply, so that the animal is a loser on balance. With human diets we never reach anything like this level, but many of the unconcentrated vegetable foods do leave a comparatively small proportion of their energy available for work, because so much is used up in driving the machinery of digestion. It would be possible to construct a diet which would contain all the protein and supply all the heat usually considered necessary for existence, but which would keep a man entirely occupied in the work of digestion without leaving any margin for external activities. Now, putting out of consideration such extremes, we see that civilized life in its higher forms does demand sudden and extreme outputs of energy—not necessarily of great duration; the call is for speed and intensity more than for quantity of work, and this would seem to necessitate the more concentrated forms of diet which consume a minimum of their value in their digestion. A farm horse at plow will get along on indifferent hay and a little

maize, but for the race-horse you want the heaviest of oats and the choicest alfalfa forage.

The composition of a food as regards proteins, carbohydrates, and fats is only the first approximation in its valuation. The digestibility and available energy of these constituents form a second and closer approximation, but there are still to be considered certain third terms which recent research is showing to be of great importance. These are the food constituents, generally small in amount, which often confer flavor, but also act as excitants and bring certain important bodily actions into play. For example, Pawlow has shown that the secretion of the gastric juice necessary for the digestion of food in the stomach is a three-fold process, excited in part by the sight of the food before it reaches the mouth, in part by a sort of nerve telegraphy when the food is being masticated, but only completed when the food actually reaches the stomach. Furthermore, this third stimulus, necessary for the full secretion, is only excited by such bodies as are contained in meat extracts, substances practically confined to flesh foods, and absent from vegetables. Again, in Pawlow's experiments purely nervous messages undoubtedly excited certain secretions, but Starling and his co-workers have been showing that many of the other secretions and vital actions have to be initiated chemically. Some trace of a substance, often one that we should little suspect of any such property, is introduced into the body, in the food or otherwise, and at some point meets with a particular locked-up material to which it acts as a key, causing the liberation of the latter body into the blood stream, whereby it is carried to a particular organ, which it immediately excites into activity. Starling's conception of chemical excitants or "hormones" has been extended by Armstrong to include a series of remarkable vital actions, where small quantities of apparently indifferent substances are found to excite profound actions in the cell, actions in which they themselves can take no commensurate share. Now, as we do not understand a tithe of the actions going on in a well-regulated active body, the plea is again for a varied diet, and

especially for one containing flesh foods, which experience as well as experiment would suggest are richer than vegetable products in these excitants.

And here we find ourselves in agreement with one of the claims or tacit implications of vegetarianism. Put high, the claim is that a vegetarian diet makes for quieter and more law-abiding citizens; that many people have found that they can thereby better adjust their lives to the requirements of a modern city civilization. Now the majority of people have to lead a subordinate and routine life, in which it pays them, not to react easily, but to be safe and unemotional, minimizing inconvenient desires and restless imaginings. Even on a higher plane, the man at grips with a big piece of work demanding the whole of his mind asks to be delivered from all excitements and stirrings that might weaken his concentration. Vegetarianism probably counts its most convinced supporters among these two classes—such men and women as are making themselves ascetics for the better furthering of some set purpose, and those other men and women who want to keep out of the danger zone, avoiding meat as they would alcohol, art, love-making, and other heady excitements. But valuable as these people may be, the community needs even more the full-blooded and the adventurous; the big men, the men who make things, who will not forego emotions and experiences because of the risks of shipwreck they may be running. "More life and fuller" is their watchword; and though these may break under the strain, nature even more surely eliminates the ascetics in whom the will to live burns low.

Although as yet only a matter of speculative interest possessed of no argumentative value, there is another aspect of the vegetarian diet worth consideration, and that is its greater economy and consequent inevitableness as soon as the world's population grows up to the limit of the land available for cultivation.

All flesh is grass; that is, it must be regarded as a secondary product reconstructed by the animal out of materials that have been previously manufactured by the plant, and in this reconstruction a considerable amount of waste is in-

volved. The plant is the only real creative agency in nature; it is a mechanism which has learned to trap the external supplies of energy coming from the sun in order to build up the elaborate foodstuffs we call proteins, carbohydrates, and fats out of the very simple inorganic materials that are present in the air, in water, and in the soil. This is an up-grade process; the products of a plant's growth are richer in energy than the materials from which they started, energy which the plant has filtered out from the light that fell upon it.

It is with great difficulty that we can imitate the plant's processes in the laboratory, and in doing so we have always to pour in an amount of energy—electricity, heat, etc.—greatly in excess of that which is stored in the finished product. Starting with water and carbonic acid, we could prepare a pound of sugar synthetically, but even if the incidentals employed in the process were less costly we should still have to burn a great deal more coal—*i. e.*, spend more energy than we should find finally stored up in the sugar. A green leaf manufactures sugar from the same starting substances and uses only the gratuitous energy supplied by the light. The animal, on the contrary, lives by carrying on a down-grade process; it resolves the complicated materials which the plant has manufactured into the simplest and least valuable compounds, transforming sugar, for example, back into carbonic acid and water. When the animal is growing and putting on weight it does not reconstitute the whole of its food into an equivalent in meat; the greater part is used up in keeping the machinery running, just as, to take an extreme example, an adult man will consume twenty ounces of dry food per day and not increase in weight at all. We are accustomed to call the food required to keep the animal alive its maintenance diet, but even the food over and above this will by no means be wholly transformed into flesh and fat. Under the best possible conditions, a pound of pure digestible fat added to a maintenance diet will only mean half a pound of fat laid on by the animal, while a pound of starch or sugar or protein cannot make more than a quarter of a pound increase. This is the maximum

efficiency after the animal's maintenance requirements have been supplied, so that when maintenance is also allowed for, the net result of feeding can never show such a good conversion of vegetable food into animal food.

Lawes and Gilbert, after a number of inquiries into the dietary of fattening animals in England, found that about ten pounds of dry food were consumed in order to produce a pound of increased weight in the animal, little more than half of which increase would represent meat suitable for human consumption. This means that, at a most moderate computation, something like twenty pounds of vegetable food in its normal condition has to be consumed for every pound of meat that is produced; and though a certain proportion of this vegetable food may be of such a low grade that it would not be suitable for consumption by man, the discrepancy is still enormous between the food value of vegetable produce before and after its conversion into meat. To put the argument from another point of view—an acre of good land in England will yield about a ton of wheat grain and rather more than a ton of straw. Out of the ton of wheat grain we may expect to get about 1,800 pounds of concentrated human food, whereas if the wheat and the straw together were fed to cattle, we could not expect more than 250 pounds of beef, which quantity would possess a lower feeding value (in the sense of maintaining life) than the wheat flour. In other words, an acre of wheat consumed as such would keep alive ten people, when the beef grown off that same acre would only support one. Of course the cattle would produce something else—leather and other by-products for the use of mankind—but then the wheat also produces straw and bran of some value in the human economy.

If we look at the matter still more on the lines of what is actually taking place, we shall see that this economy of a vegetable diet, its power to support the maximum amount of life on a given area, is even more pronounced in practice. In nearly all countries cattle and sheep are chiefly raised by grazing, and although many farmers realize that more meat could be produced if the land were cultivated and

the stock fed upon the produce, still the cheapness of the grazing method causes it to be most widely followed. Recent experiments in Great Britain would show that grazing-land of a poor quality will not raise more than about seventy pounds of mutton per acre per annum, or about double as much total live-weight increase in the sheep. Under the plow, we should expect that same class of land to give us at least half a ton of oats or wheat to the acre — say, 900 pounds of concentrated vegetable food in place of seventy-five pounds of mutton. Of course more labor, even animal labor, has had to be spent in growing the wheat or oats, but this could have been maintained on the offal and straw and still have left the net result of 900 pounds of pure vegetable food. Another form of calculation gives much the same kind of figure, that a farm of 300 acres, partly good grazing-land and partly arable, produced in a year about 40,000 pounds of beef and mutton, all the material grown on the arable land having been consumed by the stock. This gives about 130 pounds of meat produced per acre; but then the land was good and the farming intensive enough to produce something like 1,800 pounds per acre of vegetable material suitable for human food.

All these various lines of experiments and observation converge on the conclusion that a given acreage of land will yield from twelve to twenty times as much vegetable as it will of flesh food, assuming the two to be of equal value for supporting life. Nor can we alter this ratio by any kind of specialized farming; as a matter of experience, we can intensify the production of plant material to a remarkable degree, but it is almost impossible to crowd stock on a small area, however much food is available, because epidemic disease of some kind or other is sure to set in.

These facts would necessitate a completely vegetarian diet for the human race if the world's population is to be allowed to grow up to its maximum, and we see examples of this latter process in southern China and other densely populated Oriental countries. But whether

the human race will thus permit itself to be driven on to a low and uniformly diffused standard of living is another question, not to be settled by any appeal to science. The Western peoples everywhere show signs of a determination to maintain themselves in conditions far above the minimum necessary for existence, even though this standard has to be preserved by a restriction of their numbers, tacit or otherwise. It can hardly be doubted that such communities will always be able to hold their own, and that when pressure arises they will even take the offensive against the communities living on the lower scale. War may change its scope or type, but the struggle of one race to supplant another, of one form of civilization to crowd out another that is less efficient, must continue and will be intensified as the habitable world fills up. At the present time we see that certain Oriental races, by their contentment with a lower standard of living, can undersell and would eventually displace the Western races by their cheapness, provided they can live under the shelter of the white man's system of law and order. Sooner or later the white man revolts and refuses to submit to competition on these racially unequal terms; he excludes the Oriental by force, and his continued ability to do so will depend upon the vigor, the initiative, we might even say the masterfulness, of the community he develops. Now these qualities are of the sort which we cannot help associating with flesh-eating races, and we have been endeavoring to show that there is some scientific as well as sociological basis for this connection. So we take leave to doubt whether the human race will eventually become vegetarians, nor can we, as lovers of a rich and full-blooded people likely to remain dominant in the press of nations, advocate the spread of vegetarianism, despite its undoubted economy. For men, as for nations, vegetarianism is one form of the Polonius creed of playing safety, but playing safety at best only secures an undisturbed existence and may only end in an early and unhonored grave.

The Mighty Trifle

BY MARGARET CAMERON

BOBBY FARQUHAR often wondered afterward why it should have been Reynolds whom he met that night, rather than any one of half a dozen other men who would have extended a similar invitation. "It was just one of those things," he once said to me, "that some people call coincidence, and some people call the working of Fate, and in which some other people see 'the hand of Providence,' but whatever you choose to call it, it begins with what looks like a trifle, and ends by knocking the most careful plans into pieces and changing a fellow's whole life for him."

Bobby, who was the Governor's private secretary, had been spending that particular Sunday with certain of his chief's confidential friends and advisers in the principal commercial city of the State, conferring about the approaching nominating convention, and inasmuch as it was desirable that neither reporters nor politicians should know of his presence in town, he had not cared either to register at a hotel or to be seen about the clubs, where he was well known. Consequently, upon arriving in the city that morning he had sent his bag by messenger to Bruce Hayward's, where he often stayed, together with a note promising to get out to the house himself in time for a chat that night, if possible.

Early in the afternoon he was told that the Haywards were out of town, and then he began trying to locate his bag. Eventually he learned that it had been received, apparently by a servant of Hayward's, who must have left the house immediately thereafter, for although Bobby telephoned out there at intervals through the afternoon and evening, he was unable to get any response.

About ten o'clock that night he was on his way to his last appointment, when he unexpectedly met Jack Reynolds, an old college friend whom he had not seen in seven or eight years. Both men were

in haste, and when Reynolds learned that Bobby must take an early morning train back to the Capitol, and therefore could not possibly join him at luncheon the next day, he insisted upon his spending the night with him at his home in Glenwood. To Bobby's protest against going to a suburb when he had to make so early a start next morning, Reynolds retorted:

"Suburb nothing! Your train stops at Glenwood, man! You'll save twenty-five minutes on your starting-time. No, you won't inconvenience anybody," he rapidly continued. "Mother and the girls are still in Europe, and Dad's in Canada. Business brought me East unexpectedly, and I'm keeping bachelor hall out there, with Annie, our old cook, looking after me. Here's my latch-key. I've got to meet my aunt, who's coming in about half past eleven, and take her to a hotel, so you'll get there before I do. Go in and make yourself at home, just as you used to. You'll find pajamas and things in my room."

"Same old room?"

"Same old room. If you hunt around, you'll probably find another one ready for you somewhere. Annie always keeps one fixed up for my unexpected friends. By the way, you'd better take the latch off the front door when you go in. Annie's a good cook, but she has the disposition of a Tartar, and one thing she won't stand for is being rung up in the wee sma' to let somebody in. Whatever you do, don't wake Annie! Good-by, Bob. See you later."

Something over an hour thereafter the Governor's secretary, still without his bag, was on his way to Glenwood, his mind intent, as it had been all day, on the plans and purposes of "the Chief."

Curtis Rhodes, the Governor, had been elected only after a disrupting struggle in his own party; his first term of office had been much like that of other Governors who had steadfastly tried to work

the will of the people rather than that of "the organization," and, now that he sought re-election, he had to reckon with the envenomed and reorganized opposition of disappointed and powerful politicians. And him Bobby Farquhar served with the whole-hearted and ardent devotion that idealistic youth has ever given to noble leaders, combined with a practical, clear-headed ability which the older man was not slow to recognize. Consequently, when Governor Rhodes himself had been unexpectedly called away from the Capitol on Saturday, by urgent private business which would detain him several days, he had still desired Bobby to spend the following day in the city, as had previously been arranged. In addition, the secretary had been intrusted with the Governor's veto message in the matter of the railroad bill, then agitating the whole State, with instructions to maintain the strictest secrecy concerning the message and its content, lest some one should use the information for his own profit in the stock-market.

Thus it was that Farquhar had spent a long, hot, fatiguing day in the city, hard at work for "the Chief," as he delighted to call the Governor; and thus it was, too, that on no account whatsoever must he fail to take the early morning train to the Capitol, which would enable him to deliver to the Legislature before noon on Monday, the last day when it could be presented, the message that he carried meanwhile in his breast pocket.

The results of the day's work were, on the whole, not entirely disappointing, although Governor Rhodes's friends had confessed themselves puzzled by the attitude of Tom Parker, "the Big Boss," who was at once the most formidable and the wildest of the Governor's enemies. More than any other, Parker, as the head of the party organization in that State, had felt the ignominy of defeat when Rhodes was elected; more than any other, he had suffered when the power of bestowing patronage was stripped from him; and in his present grim silence the friends of the administration read a sinister portent. He was known to be in frequent conference with men who had formerly been his aides, yet, although there were many theories, no one of the Governor's

adherents had been able to learn anything definite concerning Parker's purpose, except that his implacable hatred of Rhodes had intensified from month to month, and that he was undoubtedly plotting night and day to defeat him.

This inability to discover Parker's probable line of attack troubled Farquhar, for the time before the convention was growing short and the Big Boss's political methods and movements were obscure at best. All the way out to Glenwood he pondered over the situation, and he was still thinking of it when he walked through the quiet, moonlit streets of that fashionable suburb.

Presently he stopped before a large house, set back amid smooth lawns, scrutinized it a moment, glanced at the houses to left and right of it, nodded reminiscently, and turned in toward its entrance. When he and Jack Reynolds were in college together, Bobby had often been a guest here, and now, after an absence of several years, he noticed few changes. As he mounted the steps, fumbling the while for the key Jack had given him, he remembered sundry other occasions when he and Jack had approached this selfsame portal, whispering and on tiptoe, long after the house had been closed for the night, and had felt their way through halls beset with pitfall and with snare, and up shrieking stairs, to snatch a scanty sleep before the seven-o'clock call to breakfast upon which the elder Reynolds had insisted. Soon after graduation, Farquhar had gone abroad to continue his university work, and just before his return, Jack Reynolds had gone West to live; but now, immediately after their reunion, here was Bobby, again trying to fit a rebellious key into a reluctant lock in the Reynoldses' door.

He chuckled to himself in the darkness, remembering how often he and Jack had threatened to replace that lock with one more indulgent, and he was glad that after all these years even the lock was unchanged. Indeed, it began to appear that time had added to its rigors. Try as he would, he could not make it yield to his pressure. He made vain search through his pockets, on the chance that he was not using the key Jack had given him, although he knew he was. Then

he lighted successive matches, and by their uncertain light experimented with every possible position and angle of the key. In the end he admitted to himself that Reynolds, in his haste, had given him the wrong one, and his enjoyment grew as he reflected that even this situation was not without precedent.

Of course he could ring the bell, arouse the tartaric Annie, and attempt to explain himself and his presence to her, or he could sit down on the steps and await Jack's arrival; but neither of these methods of procedure fitted in with the memories now crowding Bobby's mind. He chuckled again as he remembered a night when he and Jack had found themselves out without a latch-key, and a window that had subsequently saved them from ignominious resort to the door-bell. There still remained the window.

When he found it, it was locked. But the zest of adventure had now entered into Bobby Farquhar, and he determined not to be outwitted by an insensate latch-key. Therefore he stole furtively around the house, careful not to make a sound that could arouse the acrimonious cook, and eventually, from a side veranda, found an open window protected only by a screen which moved at his touch.

Reconnoitering, he decided that this window must be in the dining-room, whereupon, grinning gleefully, he proceeded to push up the screen and swing himself over the sill. Very quietly he lowered the screen again, paused a moment to get his bearings, and slipped across the dining-room and into the hall, where, in contrast to his memories, a dim light was burning; the stairs, however, creaked as loudly as of yore. When, still smiling widely, he had tiptoed up half their length, he remembered Jack's instruction to take the latch off the door, and as carefully let himself down, step by step, to the floor again.

As he turned he noticed a little movement of the curtains in the doorway leading to the dark drawing-room. He stopped for perhaps five seconds, looking fixedly at it, but it was perfectly still again; and deciding that it had been stirred by a little breeze from the open windows, he resumed his careful descent, took the latch off the outside door, and again crept up-stairs.

Attaining the upper hall, he abandoned the game he had been playing with himself, boldly struck a match, entered the room that he had always known as Jack's, and switched on the lights.

Then for the first time a certain unaccustomedness in his surroundings, dimly felt in the lower hall, impressed itself upon him. He looked about, half unconsciously seeking something familiar and suggestive of earlier days, and with a vague feeling of disappointment that this room was not at all as he remembered it. However, he reflected, the women of one's family are always changing things about and replacing cherished old possessions with new ones unhallowed by any dear association. Then it began to dawn upon him that this was not a bedroom at all, but a sort of study or office, with bookcases and a writing-table and a filing cabinet. He stepped to an open door leading to another room, which proved to be a bedroom, and decided that in the years after his departure and before Jack went West his friend had probably been given this additional room as a tribute to his man's estate.

At any rate, however unfamiliar to him, it was a very comfortable and masculine sort of room. A book lying upon the writing-table attracted him and he took it up, wondering why Jack, who was not given to serious reading, should keep Bryce's *American Commonwealth* on his desk. As he opened the book, a name written boldly on the fly-leaf caught his attention, and he stood stupidly staring at it. "Thos. L. Parker." With it still in his hand, he looked again about the room, which repelled him more and more by its strangeness and unfamiliarity. His glance fell on a bookcase, and he strode over to it and pulled out a volume. "Thos. L. Parker," said the fly-leaf again. Another—another—another—every one bearing the same inscription. Then the truth crashed across his mind. He had entered the house of Tom Parker, the Big Boss.

In a flash he saw the interpretation that would naturally be put upon his presence there, and what it would mean to him, to the man whom he served, to the party they both represented, and to the cause for which together they worked, if he, the private secretary of the Gov-



A NAME WRITTEN BOLDLY ON THE FLY-LEAF CAUGHT HIS ATTENTION

ernor, should be found at night prowling alone through the house of this man.

Instantly he switched off the lights, holding his breath, and listened with a tensivity he and Jack had never even imagined when they were boys.—Silence. Cautiously, on tiptoe, he slipped out of the room and looked down to the hall below, which was perfectly dark. The dim light had been extinguished. He hesitated only for the space of a breath, however, and went on, wincing at every creak. He reached the landing, and was about to start on the last descent, hoping that he should escape undetected, after all, when lights flashed up all over the lower floor, and he found himself staring down into the defiant face of a young woman who stood with her back against the hall door, one hand behind her and the fingers of the other still on an electric switch-button.

"Well?" said she. "Did you find what you came for?"

"Oh," stammered Bobby, "I beg your pardon! I'm afraid I've frightened you. I'm not a burglar—honestly I'm not. But I—I seem to be in the wrong house."

"Really?" The girl eyed him scornfully.

"Yes." He put out one foot to continue his descent of the stairs. "You see, I thought—"

"*Don't* do that!" she sharply commanded, whipping out the concealed hand, which held a revolver. "Stay where you are." Then, as he stood speculatively regarding her, she added, quietly: "Perhaps I'd better tell you that this is not a bluff. I'm an excellent shot. I've used firearms all my life. You'd better stay exactly where you are."

"Oh, I *have* frightened you," depre- cated Farquhar. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not in the least frightened," she stated. "Merely—determined."

"Oh, I see," said Bobby, reflecting that she looked the part. "That being the case, may I ask what you're deter- mined upon?"

"Wait a little and you'll learn," she dryly recommended.

"I've always been opposed to the *laissez-faire* policy," he objected. "Are- n't you going to *do* something?"

"Nothing except this—at present.

Unless you attempt to come down," she added.

"Very well, then. I won't attempt to come down—at present." Fortunately for him, Bobby was accustomed to keeping a cool head through emergencies and crises, and his training stood him in good stead now. While his brain desperately sought any way out of this trap Fate had set for him, his manner remained easy and his tone steady, and both were full of a courteous consideration for the girl who stood below, revolver in hand, looking up at him. He laid his hand lightly on the stair rail and leaned against it, mentally estimating his chances of vaulting over and making a run for it. But there was no immediate way of escape. The door, he noticed, was now chained, and was probably bolted as well. Doubtless the windows were still open, but they were all screened, and there were both courage and purpose in the firm lips and steady eyes of this young woman, as well as in the way she handled her revolver. Meanwhile he was saying, with apparent serenity: "I'll stay here, if you like. But if Mr. Parker is at home—by the way, I'm not mistaken about that? This is Mr. Parker's house?"

"It is."

"You see, I'm here by accident, so I wasn't sure."

"Oh? You fell in, I suppose. How unfortunate!"

"No, I climbed in—under the impression that this was the house of an old friend. But now that I'm here, if Mr. Parker is at home, I'd like to see him." Bobby had decided upon a bold policy. He argued that if Parker were at home, this girl would not be standing guard alone, and he wished to know whether she expected the immediate return of the head of the house, or whether she had summoned other assistance, and how much time he had, in any case, to make his escape.

"Mr. Parker is not at home—at the moment."

"I infer that you expect him—soon?"

"I do."

"Then it's particularly fortunate for me that you are here." Again Bobby's smiling mask and smooth tone gave no hint of the vortex that his mind was.

"You flatter me," she murmured, ironically.

"On the contrary, I'm entirely selfish. You see"—Bobby had a very engaging way of saying "you see"—"since I'm here under a—a misapprehension, as it were—"

"Oh!" interrupted the girl. "I thought perhaps you were going to say 'under a cloud.'"

"Misapprehension is the more discriminating word, I think," he submitted. "As I was saying, under the circumstances, upon discovering my mistake, I should naturally be obliged to go away at once—"

"Very quietly—not to say stealthily—as you were doing," she suggested.

"Very quietly, as I was doing, if I hadn't met you. But your being here makes all the difference in the world, because now I can stay—with your permission—until the arrival of Mr. Parker, with whom I have business."

"I think you'll stay until he comes," she remarked.

"Thank you. By the way, have you any idea how long that will be?" He looked at his watch and found it to be after half past eleven. "Because I'm expected at Judge Reynolds's to-night, and I mustn't be too late."

In spite of her scorn of him, she yielded a grudging smile to his cheerful manner, but in no way relaxed either her vigilance or the readiness in which she held her weapon.

"He should be here by ten minutes of twelve," she told him, "if he caught the quarter-past-eleven train."

It seemed impossible to overcome this woman's suspicion or to break down her guard in the sixteen minutes intervening, yet Bobby knew that in one or the other of these lay his only chance of escape before the arrival of Parker, who would instantly recognize him and his political value as a captive under these circumstances. He shut his teeth hard as he had a vision of the head-lines in the morning papers, and of the indignities to which he might be subjected in the mean time. It was even possible that the man might have him searched. Then, for the first time since he had discovered his predicament, he remembered the Governor's message in his breast pocket, and

turned sick and cold as he was swept by a realization of the uses to which this paper might be put in the hands of Tom Parker. Of these uses, hasty operations in the stock-market for the benefit of the Big Boss and his friends were the least. For an instant everything went black, and Farquhar thought he reeled. Then his sight cleared, fear left him, and his brain became steady and abnormally active. He spoke rapidly, but he saw the far consequences of every word before it was uttered, and he noticed every flickering shade of expression in the sensitive face of the woman in whose power he was. Meanwhile, he had been talking, except for that one moment of sick realization, smoothly and steadily.

"Then, since you have a little time," he had replied to her last speech, "perhaps you'll permit me to explain to you how I happen to be here at all."

"That would be very interesting." Her tone was still dry.

"First, will you tell me how long it is since Judge Reynolds lived in this house?"

"I don't know who Judge Reynolds is, or that he ever lived here."

"You must be a stranger in Glenwood."

"I have been here only a few months."

"Because everybody who has lived here long knows the Reynoldses. They built this house, and when I last visited them, seven years ago, they still lived in it."

"Ah?"

"To-day, in town, I met Jack Reynolds, who has lived out West for a long time, and he asked me to spend the night with him. I haven't been out here before since Jack and I were in college together, but I suppose he forgot that. So I came to the old house—and evidently they now live elsewhere."

"Evidently."

"That's the reason, of course, why the latch-key Jack gave me didn't fit your door." For the first time a gleam of startled attention replaced the mockery in her face. Bobby saw it and pressed the advantage. "He said the family was away, and the cook was a Tartar, and not on any account to be awakened; so when I found the latch-key wouldn't work—perhaps you heard me trying to unlock the door?"

"I did."

"Where were you?"

"At the drawing-room window—watching you."

"Why didn't you scream?"

"For reasons of my own."

"Oh!" He studied her a moment, wondering what those reasons could have been, but immediately resumed his light tale. "Well, of course the key didn't fit, but I thought simply that Jack had given me the wrong one. He was in a desperate hurry. So I went around to a window we used once when we were kids, but it was locked. Then I poked around until I found one that was open, and came in—as I supposed, to the Reynoldses' house."

"And went directly to my uncle's office," supplied the girl, her face hardening to suspicion again.

"Oh, then you are Mr. Parker's niece, Miss—?"

"Miss Herrick."

"Thank you. I went directly to the room that was always Jack's, Miss Herrick, in the old days."

"After carefully taking the latch off the outside door, so you could escape quickly if it proved not to be 'Jack's' now," she mentioned. "Such foresight is rather remarkable, isn't it?"

"You forget that I have Jack's key," he reminded her, and again caught that quick response in her face. "He asked me to leave the door open for him." There was the briefest pause, during which he thought he saw a little softening shadow of self-doubt in her eyes. "So that is why I am here."

"It's an ingenious explanation," she granted.

"Does it satisfy you?"

"You will perhaps pardon my not finding it altogether convincing—under the circumstances. However, my uncle may. You can try. By the way, I don't think you have told me who you are?"

For a mad moment Bobby contemplated telling her the truth—the whole truth—and relying upon the sincerity of his personality and the fair-mindedness of which her face seemed an index to extricate him from the situation, but his judgment warned him that this would be worse than folly in that house. So, not being a ready liar, he compromised on a half-truth.

"I? Oh—I'm just a representative of a morning paper."

"Oh—really?" Her lip curled in a disdainful smile, and the mocking gleam returned to her eyes. "And did you find what you were looking for in my uncle's office?"

"I have already explained to you," said Bobby, gently, although he colored at her tone, "that I went to Mr. Parker's office under the impression that it was the bedroom of my friend Jack Reynolds, and that when I learned otherwise I left it."

"So you have. And I have intimated to you that I do not find that explanation convincing—Mr. Robert Farquhar."

"Good Lord!" said Bobby. "You know me?"

"I do."

"Why in the name of Heaven didn't you say so in the first place?" he demanded. "We've wasted a lot of time!"

"Why didn't *you* say so? I gave you the opportunity."

"Then you've known all along?"

"Why do you think I permitted you to enter the house? Why do you think I stood there in the window and watched you trying to unlock my uncle's door with your badly made key? Why do you think I let you go to his office, stay as long as you liked, and come out of your own accord, before I stopped you? Because I recognized you as you came up the walk in the moonlight, Mr. Private Secretary!"

"Well, do you think I'd be fool enough to walk up to a house in that fashion if I meant to commit a felony?"

"It was quite evident that you thought us all away and the house empty," she returned. "So I decided that I would wait and catch you red-handed—as you see."

"By the Lord, you've got nerve!" fervently commented her captive; whereat, for the first time, she flushed. "Now we can talk business!"

"Stay where you are!" she commanded, raising her revolver, as he hastily descended a step or two.

"But you've got me! Don't you see that you've got me—since you know me? It won't help me to run away now," he urged. "Even if I did, you would only have to say that I was here, and it would

be up to me to prove that I wasn't—which I couldn't do. Don't you see? Now I've got to *talk* to you."

"Talk all you like—but stay on that landing," she advised. "As you so pregnantly phrase it, I've *got* you, and I have no intention of letting you get away to use whatever you may have about you belonging to my uncle until he has seen you."

"Look here. I mean it. *Look* at me." She looked, and Bobby's clear gray eyes never wavered or faltered under her scrutiny. "I swear to you," said he, holding her gaze, "that I have nothing in my possession that belongs to your uncle, or that concerns him in any way. I swear to you that I looked at nothing in his office except some printed books, and I looked at them only because I was startled by finding his name on the fly-leaf of one I picked up supposing it to belong to Jack Reynolds. I solemnly swear to you, so help me God, that I have told you the whole and absolute truth both about this and about my reasons for entering this house as I did. . . . Do you believe me?" Bobby's eyes were deep wells of truth, his lips were clean and honest, and his voice was vibrant with sincerity. She looked at him and wavered.

"Why, then, if you came expecting to stay all night, have you no luggage?" she asked. "Where is your bag?"

"I might tell you that I hadn't time to go to the hotel after it," he replied, "but that wouldn't be true. I sent my bag out to Bruce Hayward's by a messenger this morning, not knowing that the Haywards were away. A servant accepted it, receipted for it, and then went out for the day, so I haven't been able to get it since. That sounds fishy, I suppose," he answered her shadowy smile, "but if I were lying I'd tell a better one than that. It would be easy."

"As, for example, that you were a newspaper man, come to see my uncle on business," she suggested.

"That wasn't entirely untrue," he returned. "I am not in the pay of any newspaper, but I supply a good many of them with items, from time to time."

"And just what are you going to say to my uncle when he comes?"

For a moment Farquhar hesitated,

wishing to spare her, and then he decided to tell her and put her to the test. Therein lay his only hope now, and time was perilously short.

"I'm going to tell him that two of his men have deserted him, and advise him to get into line himself before he loses what little power he has left," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"A bill has been introduced into the Legislature making the patrons of a gambling-house equally guilty with the keeper."

"Yes, I know. Well?"

"You know of that measure?"

"Yes."

"And approve of it?"

"Of course. Why not?"

"I take it your uncle doesn't discuss these things with you."

"Why?"

"Does he?"

"No. He says a woman shouldn't try to understand politics—but I can't help it. Things interest me."

"Precisely. Now, the Henderson bill—that's the one about the gambling-houses—is coming up to-morrow, and I have to-day received authentic information that two of your uncle's men, Con Clafflin and Jerry Kincaid, members of the Legislature, are going to vote in favor of it."

"Well, what of it?" she queried. He was watching her closely, but could detect nothing of defiance or bravado in her straight glance.

"It's flat insubordination, that's all."

"You mean—you mean that Uncle Tom—! How dare you say such a thing about him! You!"

"I'm sorry," he said, quietly, "but it's true. He is opposing that bill with all his remaining strength, and until to-day he had us beaten, but the defection of these two men will throw the balance against him."

"It is *not* true!" she stormed. "You have no right to say such things to me, just because you know I must stay here and listen to them! You—the tool of canting hypocrites and liars! My uncle—why, my uncle is as far above you—He's the best—the kindest—the gentlest! Did you think you could make me believe a thing like that of him?"

"Listen to me," said Farquhar, leaning over the stair rail and again holding her gaze, his own clear and steady. "Gentle and kind and thoughtful Tom Parker may be, but are you perfectly sure that he is always—*always*—honest?" Just for an instant her glance fell, and in that instant Bobby triumphed.



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"STAY WHERE YOU ARE," SHE SHARPLY COMMANDED

"Good!" he cried. "Now I know that *you* are honest, anyway, and I'm going to trust you. I'm going to tell you the whole truth."

"Again?" she scornfully questioned. "Another version of it? And you—*you*—question the honesty of my uncle!"

"*You* have questioned it before now," he hazarded, keenly; and as her eyes flashed a loyal negation, he lifted an impressive hand, adjuring her. "The truth, remember! The whole truth, now, between you and me! You *have* doubted him."

"If I have, it only proves my own unworthiness," she declared with spirit. "People have said things—I've just come home—I've been abroad a long time, out of touch with it all—and people have said things that—well, that disturbed me. And it has sometimes seemed that Governor Rhodes was doing the right thing, even when Uncle Tom said— But what do I know about it? How can I judge? Uncle Tom is in the fight. He knows—and he is right!" Defiantly she challenged him and solemnly he answered.

"Again I swear to you, by all a man holds sacred, that I have told you nothing but the absolute truth. Now, I am utterly in your power. If Tom Parker finds me here, at this hour, under these circumstances—you know as well as I what will happen. I'll have no chance in the world."

"What do you think he'll do?" she asked.

"The least he will do will be to spread the story broadcast in to-morrow's papers."

"Well? You can then spread yours."

"Mine! My story of how and why I entered this house? Who'd believe it—then?"

"Evidently you expect me to."

"Now—yes! You saw me come in. You know the time I spent fiddling with that fool key, and lighting matches—why, can't you see that I wouldn't have done that if I hadn't been straight?"

"Very well. Tell that to the reporters."

"But they wouldn't believe it—to-morrow—as defense. Nobody would believe it who hadn't seen it, not even the men of my own party. Perhaps not even the Chief himself. But it's true. You know it's true." She was eying him

gravely, thoughtfully, and he began to hope that he was at last undermining her determination. "And that's the least of it—the scandal," he pressed. "Parker will never stop at that."

"What else do you think he'll do?"

"Perhaps the worst he can do, under the circumstances—and that is what he *will* do—will be to accuse me of thievery and have me searched. I have taken a solemn oath before you that I have nothing in my possession belonging to him. But I have in my pocket—and this is what I meant when I said I'd tell you the whole truth, and I could give no greater proof of my faith in you—I have in my pocket one very important confidential paper, with which Governor Rhodes has intrusted me, and which I am pledged not to let any one know about. If that paper falls into Tom Parker's hands—"

"He wouldn't read confidential papers!"

"Wouldn't he! This paper is the Governor's veto message—his signed veto of the Railroad Bill, which I am pledged to deliver to the Legislature before noon to-morrow. Parker is deeply interested, financially and otherwise, in that bill."

"I don't believe it!"

"Nevertheless he is. It's the whole truth now, remember. And unless I deliver the message to the Legislature before noon to-morrow—*that bill will become a law*. It's a matter of the State—of the people, don't you see? And he has only to detain me here with that paper a few hours—"

"Uncle Tom wouldn't do that!"

"I tell you he will! You can't mean to bring that about!" Again he started down the steps toward her, and again she drove him back at the mouth of her revolver.

"Don't try that!" she warned. "Stay on that landing!"

"Are you going to let the people suffer for this thing?"

"I tell you it isn't true! You don't know Uncle Tom. He wouldn't—he *couldn't*—do these things. You are trying—"

"He will do any or all of these things—" Farquhar stopped short, caught his breath, and blanched—"and more. I hadn't thought of it before—but that's

what he'll do. After he has secured the passage of that bill by detaining me, he'll say that I came here, either of my own accord—no, he'll say at the Chief's bidding, to sell out—to *sell out*—to him! He'll discredit us both—me with the Chief, and both of us with the whole country! Don't you see that I stumbled into this thing, that it's all a gigantic blunder? Don't you see that it's not only my own future, but the future of the Chief, the rights of the people, the work? Everything we stand for is at stake! No matter how innocent we are, if the people lose faith in us—" He made a slight, tragic gesture. "It's all in your hands. It's up to you. Don't you see what a big thing it is?"

"I understand that you are basing this whole argument on the supposition that my uncle is a base and dishonorable man," she said, "which I refuse to believe. Listen!" Through the quiet, suburban night sounded the distant tap of footsteps on cement walks. "There he comes. Now we'll see."

"But you're giving me no chance," he protested. "Be fair! I claim a fighting chance."

"Well, what do you want?" she asked, and, at the words, Bobby vaulted over the stair rail and dropped lightly near her.

"No, no!" he cried, as she raised her revolver. "Don't be foolish! I couldn't get away now if I tried. But if I can prove to you that he is fighting this Henderson bill—if I can prove to you that he's determined to beat it—will you then believe that he'd read my papers if he got the chance? *Will* you?"

"Y-yes; but you *can't*—"

"'Sh! Your uncle himself owns one of the biggest gambling-places in the city."

"That's a lie!"

"*Listen!* That's one reason why he's so keen about this bill. Another is that he's in the pay of the gamblers' association. Now, you tell him that a man came to see him in a great hurry to-night, and left a message that Con and Jerry—that's Clafflin and Kincaid, you know—that Con and Jerry have slumped and the deal to-morrow is a dead one. Can you remember that? Say it!"

"Con and Jerry have slumped and the deal to-morrow is a dead one," she repeated, impelled by his insistence.

"That's right. And it's true. You tell him that, and I'll hide somewhere until—"

"And escape? No, you won't!" she retorted.

"No, no. I won't even try to escape! Isn't there some place I can't get out of? Isn't there a closet?"

"There's a coat-closet."

"Window in it?"

"No."

"Well, there you are! Where is it?" He hurried after her to the back of a large square foyer, talking in a rapid whisper. Already Parker's approach was distinctly audible. "Now, if you decide that he is not opposed to the Henderson bill, you may give me up. But if he shows that he is fighting it, you'll believe me about the other things, too, and help me get away."

"No, I will not!" she cried, under her breath. "I will not set a trap for him!"

"Yes, you will," whispered Bobby, through the crack of the closing door. "You'll have to. It's the only way that you'll ever learn, now, whether or not you can trust him." With that he pulled the door shut. She laid her lips against the crack and said:

"I will not! I will not!"

To this he made no reply, having planted his last barb, but he dug his nails into his palms and wondered. Which would she do? She was honest. He believed that. But she was a woman, and her heart and all her instincts of personal as well as of family loyalty were involved. He heard Parker fumbling at the door, then the fall of the chain, followed by the heavy voice of the Boss.

"Hullo, Joan! What's the matter? Anything wrong?" Her low reply did not reach him, but he heard Parker ask: "Then why have you got all the lights going on a hot night, and the door bolted and chained? . . . Afraid! Why, you're not alone in the house, are you? Aren't some of the maids here? . . . Oh, just lonely, eh?" The man laughed indulgently. "Foolish little girl! Been having bad dreams?"

"Yes, I have," said Joan, clearly. "I've been having awful dreams lately, Uncle Tom. I—I *have* been afraid!"

"H'mph! Well, there are others. I've had a nightmare or two myself, girlie.



"FOOLISH LITTLE GIRL! BEEN HAVING BAD DREAMS?"

Let's forget 'em. Let's go up to the office, and have a cool drink and a smoke and a nice cozy chat before we go to bed, shall we?"

"Why not here?"

"Here! In the hall?" He laughed again. "You are rattled, aren't you? Hold on a minute until I hang up my hat and get some bottles out of the ice-box, and we'll go up together."

He stepped toward the coat-closet, and

behind the closed door Bobby braced himself for a spring, determined not to be captured without a fight, and believing all other hope to be lost. It seemed to him that Parker's hand must be on the door, when Joan's voice rang out, sharply:

"Uncle Tom!"

"Yes? What's the matter, girly?" Genuine concern colored the tone, and the footsteps receded again. "Are you ill?"

"No—no, of course I'm not ill—only

nervous." She achieved a little laugh. "Uncle Tom, there was—a man here."

"A man? What man? Did he frighten you?"

"Yes—that is—no. He asked if you were at home."

"Who was he?"

"He didn't tell me his name. He seemed in a great hurry—and rather—upset."

"So? What did he look like?"

"He was young—gray eyes—"

"Smooth-shaven? Big, athletic chap?"

"Yes."

"Ned Keene, I guess. Didn't he leave any message?"

"Y-yes. He said to tell you— Oh, I don't believe it matters!"

"Go on, Joan; what did he say?"

"Uncle Tom, did anybody named Reynolds ever live in this house?"

"What the deuce has that to do with it? Did he ask for John Reynolds?"

"No—no, it has nothing to do with it. I just want to know. Did a Reynolds—Judge Reynolds—ever live here?"

"Yes. He built the house. Sold it about six years ago."

"Oh!"

"Why? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. I—I just wish he hadn't."

"Hadn't *what*? Joan, child, what's the matter with you? Have you a fever?"

"No—no, I'm all right."

"Then give me that message—straight, if you can. What did Ned say?"

"He said—the man said—to tell you that Con and Jerry—Uncle Tom, who are Con and Jerry?"

"Some political friends of mine. What about 'em?"

"He said to tell you they had—slumped."

"What?" roared the boss.

"And that the deal to-morrow was—was a dead one," she finished, faintly.

"The devil he did! When was this? What time?"

"O-oh, Uncle Tom!"

"What time? Quick!"

"About—half past eleven, I think. Oh!" It was a catch of the breath rather than an exclamation. "Is it really—important?"

"Important! It's about the last straw, that's what it is! But I'll stop it," savagely, through set teeth, "or break some-

body! I've just time to catch the twelve-three."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to town—and on to Hades, if necessary, to fix this thing! They think I'm down and out, do they? Well, I'll show 'em! I won't be back to-night. 'By." There was a sound of hurrying footsteps, the door slammed—and silence followed.

After a moment Bobby softly opened the door and peered out. The lights had been extinguished. He stepped out into the hall, and found only darkness and silence. Although the way now lay open, he still lingered, not wishing to go without seeing Joan Herrick again, but uncertain as to where she was or how to reach her. For a long time he stood in absolute silence, waiting, hoping she would come back for a final word with him. Then a shuddering sob from the moonlit drawing-room solved his doubt, and he went quietly to where she lay prone, face down, across a divan.

"Bless you!" he said, brokenly. "Oh, bless you!" The sobs ceased, but she gave no other acknowledgment of his presence. He knelt beside her, longing yet not daring to touch her hand. "I can't thank you ever, but won't you let me try?"

"Go away," she whispered.

"I know," he said. "You must hate me. You have saved—oh, it isn't just that you have saved *me*, now, at the moment, but you have saved the Chief. You have greatly served the people, and saved to them their faith in him. You have saved the whole thing. It sounds trite and cheap to say that I shall always thank you—and bless you. But I shall."

"Oh, will you go!" she gasped.

"Yes, at once. But first I want you to know that I realize—fully—what this has cost you."

"You don't! You can't!" The restraint in which she held herself broke, and she sprang up and went, sobbing, to the window, whither he presently followed her. "You can't know! He was all I had. My own people died years ago. He has always, always taken care of me, and now you have taken away—my faith in him. I have betrayed him, and he was—all I had!"

"I know," said Bobby, his voice deep and tender and broken by emotion. "I



HE STOOD FOR A MOMENT LOOKING UP AT THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE IN THE WINDOW

wish—I have wished all along—that I could spare you that. But I couldn't."

"Oh, isn't anything real?" she cried. "Isn't anybody sincere, and simple, and honest?"

"Yes, you are," said Bobby. "And big, and brave, and strong, and fine. And there are men in the world who are as honest and as big. Some day you'll meet one of them, and then you'll be more than ever glad that you did the right thing to-night, no matter how it hurt you, or him, or anybody."

"You don't understand," she said. "I've lost my faith in him, and he was all I had. There's no faith left in me."

"You believed me," ventured Bobby, softly. "I told you the truth, and you believed me."

"It *was* the truth?" searchingly. "This has not been for nothing?"

"It was the absolute truth. Do you believe that? . . . *Do* you?"

"Yes," she whispered at last, and turned away her face.

"Thank God!" After a moment's hesitation he took her hand in his warm,

firm grasp and kissed it. "Will you let me see you again some day?"

"No." She shook her head. "You must never come here again."

"You can't forgive me?"

"No, no! You were right. But because you were right, for your own sake—" She broke off with a negative gesture.

"There is nothing of that sort between you and me that can't be bridged," he asserted.

"I am his niece—in effect, his daughter," she cried, "and you are—what you are. What can ever bridge that?"

"The truth," said Bobby, simply. "Time, and the truth. May I try—some day?"

It was enough for him that she did not forbid him. Once more he kissed her hand before he released it, and very quietly left the room and the house. When he had descended the steps he took off his hat and stood for a moment looking up at the motionless figure in the window. Then he turned, his head still bared, and walked quickly out to the bright, empty street.



To a Flower of Mystery

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

VEILED in a gossamer and fair device,
O perfect flower, how delicate thou art!
One breath of sullen heat, one touch of ice—
Thou diest, who of life hadst little part.

Thou art not like to Charity, my flower,
Whose life is a long, slow, resisting fight,
Who hath not, as thou hast, one perfect hour,
But for her life must battle day and night.

What art thou then? Not like young Courage, clad
In long unbreaking mail, with sword unbent,
Before whose eye may roll the carnage mad
Yet leave it fiery still and confident.

Thou art not like to Hope, whose lovely brow
Gleams with a light unquenchable and keen.
Beneath the flail of life though blood may flow
From her pale lips, her brow is still serene.

Nor art thou like to Faith, who lights the fires
That guide the stumbling world upon its way.
Assailed and fainting oft, she still aspires,
Kindling the dawn-lights of the coming day.

There seems a fathomless abyss indeed
Between thee and the struggling soul of man,
Where Faith, Hope, Courage, Charity must breed
A power the gulfs of life and death to span.

Yet thou, perchance, hast thy sufficing worth
As timid little sister to the sun,
Shining though he be hidden from the earth,
And making fair the work that he has done.

And when thou diest we shall not think thee dead,
Who had no skill thy silence to translate,
But dream thee saying all thou hast not said,
Dumb flower-soul, at last articulate.

The Philosopher Walks Up-Town

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THERE is a friend of mine with an office near the Battery. I should like to describe him, but I suppose that this would be scarcely fair. And yet the temptation is hard to resist; and I think that I will succumb to it sufficiently to say that he is six feet three, with a large, distinguished face such as America in its best days used to make, and very long, swift legs that love to walk. I must not mention his profession or you might guess exactly whom I mean; but, whatever it may be, it is nothing to him compared with the armful of books without which he is never seen abroad—seldom less than four or five volumes, and volumes often of great size and weight, such as it would weary a less robust arm to carry all the way from the Battery to Morningside Park! For—here at last is the point—my friend makes it his habit sometimes of a spring or summer afternoon to walk up-town from his office to his home, as I understand other New York professional men are in the habit of doing. Personally, while I love walking in the country, and could be happy forever just walking with a stick and a knapsack from the morning star to the moon, with the sky and a bird or two and green leaves for companions, I don't, as a rule, care to walk much in town. I prefer the trolley-cars. But several times of late my friend has persuaded me to make an exception to my rule. I need exercise, he says. Most New-Yorkers do.

So I have joined him in his evening walk up-town. He is a wonderful companion, with an eye for character which nothing escapes, and with an eye for the evening sky. As well, he and I are one in loving New York, and that beauty of it which so many seem to miss, and which, as with all beauty, it is hardly worth while explaining; for any one who needs explanations is just as well off without them. Then, too, my friend is

attractively learned in the romantic lore of New York's early history, and, all the way up-town, has some forgotten landmark or sacred site of old achievement to point out to me.

We take varied routes, diverging here and there into side streets, and "quartiers" bodily imported from Europe—Turkish, French, Russian, Italian; but, as a rule, we walk straight up Broadway—paying a few minutes' call, before we start, at the Aquarium; for we are both still childish enough to love to watch those frilled and furbelowed fishes swimming forever in a rainbowed twilight of water-weeds, or the ghostly things that sleep and crawl at the bottom of the sea. And how strange it has been to me to think that in the old circular building where all those strange things swim and gleam, and where the silence of the shimmering tanks is only broken by the bark of the seal, Jenny Lind once sang with her bird-like legendary voice! How strange, as one stands outside, with the impatient water lapping all about one, as lonely in the sound of it as though it were breaking on some unvisited promontory—that lonely sound that the ocean can never lose, however near it may come to the warm habitations of men—how strange to think that here, where the great ships go down the bay, and the mighty buildings tower, and the broken outcast sits, with his sad heart and his battered face, on the inhospitable benches, not so many years ago was the distinguished haunt of fashion and frivolity, and crinolines once rustled where yonder tramp now sleeps.

Surely if there was ever a romantic city in the world it is New York; for in what other modern city will you find so many contrasts—contrasts of past and present, contrasts of race and character and condition; and in what other city can you hear the voice of the future calling with so unconquerable a cry?



Drawn by Lester G. Hornby

LOWER BROADWAY FROM CITY HALL PARK



BROADWAY AT UNION SQUARE

Broadway has been called a "cañon" so often that it is hardly worth while calling it a "cañon" again. People must find a new fanciful description for this strong, tall, straight street that looks as if it were made of stone, but is really made of iron. Many visitors from Europe seem to have no taste for the sun-soaring architecture of New York. A certain great Russian—justly distinguished, but unfortunately situated—perhaps not unnaturally misread the beauty

of New York. It seemed a symbol to him of energy without a soul. There, I think, he was wrong. There is no energy without a spiritual fist behind it. But I am afraid that I must have been born with a depraved taste for sky-scrapers. The first moment that I set eyes upon the sunlit sky-scrapers of New York, as the great liner throbbed asthmatically up the bay, I fell in love with New York; and it seemed to me that those morning-lit towers, rising like



LOOKING UP BROADWAY FROM THIRTY-NINTH STREET

spires of the gold-dusted mullein out of the sea, were veritably the *campanili* of a new world. Architecture, with most people, is like literature, or any other art: it is only appreciated when it belongs to the past, or is written in what we call a dead language. There are not a few in this world who are always demanding the Parthenon and *Paradise Lost*; and not from any real understanding of either, but merely because the Parthenon and *Paradise Lost* are old enough to be safely admired. Such cannot be expected to realize the prophetic beauty of American architecture or to understand that architecture

is still growing, like any other reality, and that not Greece nor Rome nor Nuremberg nor Constantinople, nor even Sir Christopher Wren, has exhausted its inevitable developments.

The beauty of all things is mainly in their truth—their character. New York buildings, I am glad to say, do not imitate the Parthenon. They prefer to be themselves. Greece was Greece, and America is America. Neither would wish to imitate the other; and the new is no less real than the old. America has revived the tower, and personally I know of few things that appeal more to my imagination than these terrific flights of

stone, so populated with superbly organized energy, and, as the lights come out, looming like gigantic honeycombs in the dusk. And yet, as we walk up-town, surely we love old Trinity none the less for our appreciation of its adjacent overtopping companions; and one rite my friend and I never omit as we pass it by is to give a pious glance toward the grave of Alexander Hamilton. There are few graves in the world more fitly situated, for, indeed, is it not appropriate that the practical founder of administration and finance in the American republic should be buried at the head of Wall Street?

My friend and I pass by Wall Street somewhat disdainfully, as some poor but proud acquaintance of the great affects

not to observe them as they sweep or swagger by. Alas! my friend and I have no interests in Wall Street—except, maybe, those poor, wandering push-cart merchants from Italy, selling apples; harried, pathetic, storm-tossed figures, alternately plundered by pitiless boys or hustled by an over-officious police that disdains the Italian tongue. I think that I would almost rather write for a living than sell apples in Wall Street.

There are many merchants in Broadway, but most my friend and I love the itinerant merchantmen whose place of business is apt to be moved rather hurriedly from moment to moment; forlorn, fantastic figures, with their little trays slung in front of them, selling their poor,

pathetic shirt-buttons and scarf-pins with the Damocles club of the patrolman over their heads. Nearer to the heart, because nearer to the simple, natural, antique earth, is the seller of roasted chestnuts—usually worm-eaten—with his cozy little oven by the wayside, and the fragrant nuts toasting comfortably on the pan. There is something in the brown-earth smell of the aromatic smoke from the little chestnut oven that fills one with a curious homesickness, as for some primitive woodland life lost long ago. But the most wistful sound in the world, to my mind, is that of the little steam-whistle which announces peanuts to the hurrying afternoon street. Why does it seem so mysteriously lonely, when, as a matter of fact, the peanut-man drives a flourishing trade, and is far from being a subject for one's commiseration?



TIMES SQUARE

As we arrive at the Post-office, my friend bids me look east down a narrow, rambling, party-colored street of tall old buildings leaning crazily against one another and treading upon one another's toes. "Is it not like a bit of old Europe?" he says. And, away beyond, on the East River we know that old schooners are drowsing at anchor, and that there is the ancient life of the sea. There seem to be the real sea, the real sailors—there, as in those haunting, oft-quoted lines of Longfellow, one might expect to meet those "Spanish sailors with bearded lips"; there are the true

"beauty and mys-
tery of the
ships,
And the magic of the
sea."

How different the shipping on the west side of Manhattan, where a little farther up-town the great smoke-stacked liners rest like Leviathans in their smart new stalls! Two different kinds of poetry—and yet a steamer never seems to me a real ship, any more than an automobile seems a horse. A schooner seems a living thing, a liner a gigantic automaton. Yet, of course, these are merely fancies, and man, whose hand made both, fills each with the inexhaustible poetry of his heart.

We emerge upon Park Row, with all its roaring tides; vociferent with every form of noise that has ever assaulted the human ear, populous with every kind of jostling and jostled human being; at once cruel and pathetic in the feverish energy of its haste, as is ever any hu-



COLUMBUS CIRCLE

man swarm. You have seen the bees in a hive, tumbling and tumbling over one another in an apparently meaningless mêlée of downy bodies and struggling legs. There seems to be no method in all this unorganized mass of angry, bewildered creatures; and yet—they are making honey. The human swarm seems equally meaningless, as we come upon it in some such passionate storm-center of home-hurrying feet as Brooklyn Bridge. Bees in a hive, bees in a hive! There seems no method in all this unorganized mass of angry, bewildered creatures; and yet they are making—money.

Probably I am one of the chosen few who love Brooklyn Bridge. Perhaps I love it because I seldom cross it; what I mean is that I love the

New York end of it—love it as the stormiest maelstrom of humanity in the world. I love to stand there as one stands on the edge of swirling water, fascinated by its velocity and listening to the cry of its elemental energy. I could stand for hours and watch the merry-go-round of the Brooklyn cars, with their mysterious inscriptions—"Flatbush," "Myrtle," "Fulton," and so on. The names mean nothing to me, but I have grown to regard them because they seem to mean so much to such a homesick multitude of stampeding men and women.

Before we proceed farther up-town my friend and I pause a moment to join a crowd of drawn faces eagerly reading the

baseball returns, now being written by a distinguished performer on the blackboard of one of the newspaper bulletins.

My friend turns to me and says: "Wouldn't it be good to be as much in earnest about anything in the world as these boys—and old men, for that matter—about baseball?"

"The reason, of course, is easy," I answer. "Man loves his play and hates his work. His play is really his one serious object. He only works that some day he may play; and if he can play without work, all the better."

As I speak a great longing has come over me to be the man up there with the chalk, writing with so fine a hand upon the blackboard. So I suppose we have

all boyishly longed to drive a locomotive, or even a motor-car — somehow or other to be a public character. It is one of the disadvantages of being grown-up that one cannot go and ask that great man writing up there with that beautiful chalk to allow one to take his chalk and write the baseball returns for him for a few minutes. So one could feel a boy again, and do some writing that, as Stevenson says, touches the great heart of men! And everywhere, among the massive masculine crowds, are to be seen the variously characteristic types of feminine New - Yorkers of all ages and conditions.

After Brooklyn Bridge, if you still pursue your course up Broadway, New York

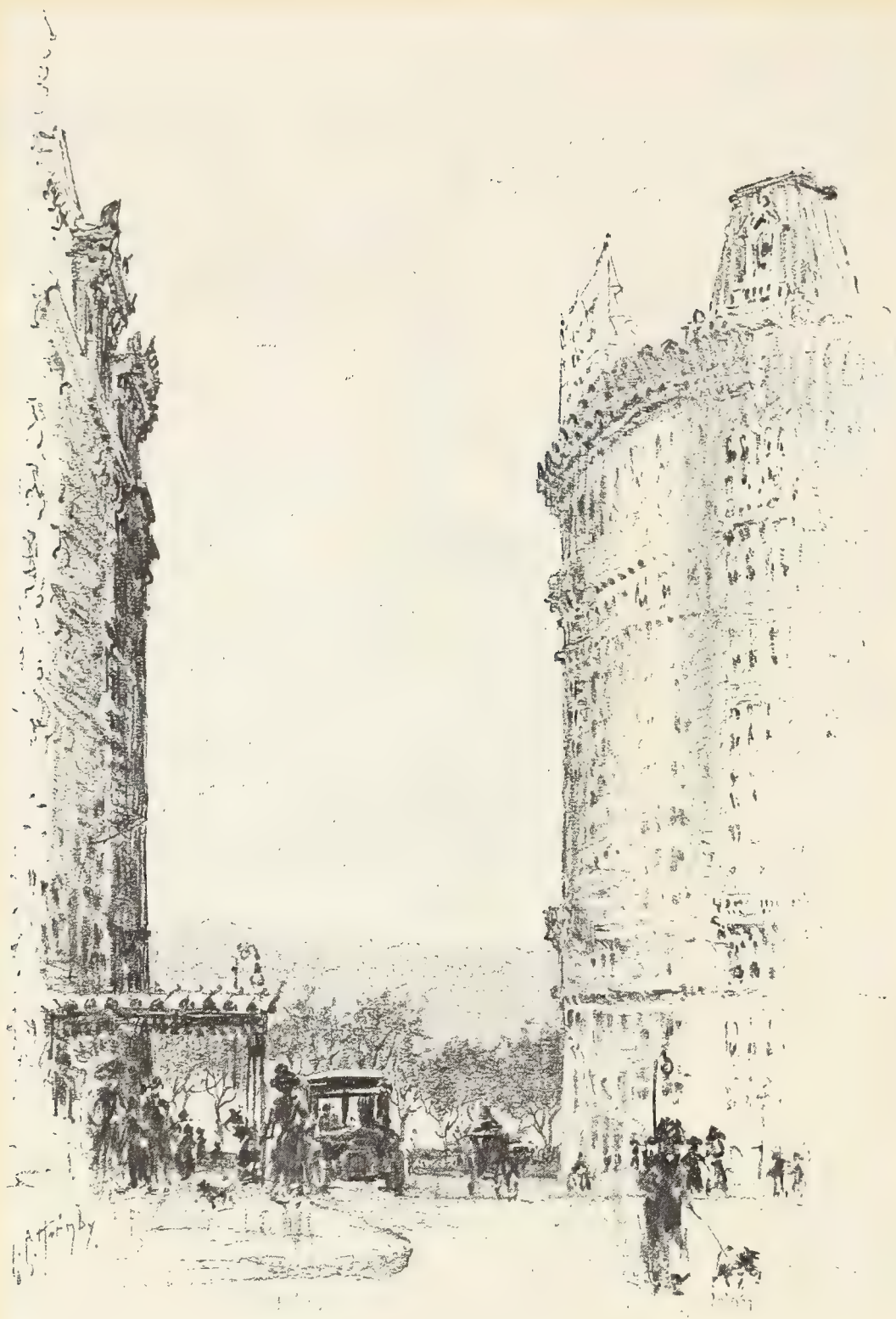


BROADWAY AT SEVENTY-SECOND STREET



Drawn by Lester G. Hornby

THE TRIANGLE AT ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTH STREET



LOOKING ACROSS THE HUDSON AT ONE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTEENTH STREET

loses its romance for many blocks. You enter a sterile lane of dingy business fronts, for the most part bearing beautiful Germanic-Judaic names of great antiquity, but names, alas! associated with the dreariest forms of manufacture. So dreary is this most verdigrised of all streets, with its serious procession of depressing business, that even the words "hardware" and "dry-goods" strike, comparatively, a note of romantic humanity amid their Stygian surroundings. My friend and I do this part of our walk in silence, lost in our own thoughts and the surrounding mediocre gloom. He hitches up his books within his strong

of all congregated things—the voice of the multitude—the multitude, be it of bees, or a thousand reeds blown upon by the wind—the cry of the crowd of mortal things.

Perhaps Union Square and Fourteenth Street concentrate more characteristic New York life than any other quarter of the city.

Here is the home of German drama and German cookery; the home, too, of one-cent vaudeville, shooting-galleries, dime museums, and all such forms of innocent entertainment that eternally allure the heart of man. And at the sinister end of the street, I have heard it

left arm, and we both plod wistfully forward, till at last, with a shout of joy, we emerge at Fourteenth Street, emerge once more into a living world of men and women. We plunge joyfully into a hurrying tide of happily released people, all streaming homeward, "to make a golden end of the day"—some to the sylvan silences of the Bronx, and some to Brooklyn. There is gusto in their buoyant, irresistible movement, a hilarious hum, an inebriating rhythm, a mysterious cosmic sound made out of their hurrying steps and their eager, uncaged voices, that has in it for those with ears to hear all the tragic music of humanity. It is like the drone of gnats at evening by some riverside. It has in it the sadness and the gladness of the voice

said, that if a man have an enemy the East River will dispose of him for ten dollars! Here, till a few months ago, were ancient hostels resting on the laurels of great American politicians, and my friend and I were wont sometimes to halt for refreshment at an inn where, while we drank our modest ale, we could contemplate with awe the wine-glasses, securely cushioned in a glass case, once touched by the august lips of Edward VII.; but now we must fare sadly on to the gaudier and more ceremonious haunts of a showier generation—for almost all these old-world places have vanished away.

"I passed by the walls of Balclutha, and they were desolate." One need not be anything like an old New-Yorker to have that Ossianic sigh often on one's lips as one walks up-town, for at every turn one misses a familiar building that was surely there last week, but is already half replaced with a structure of soaring steel, going up with Aladdin-like rapidity, and resounding with the clangor of rivet-drivers, whose little wayside smithies are one of the quaint features of the modern scene. Everywhere the house-wrecker and the steam-drill feverishly working side by side, and huge steel girders swinging in mid-air on gossamer steel ropes, aerially mounting to dizzy heights, where on fearful platforms nonchalant workmen stand waiting their arrival, sometimes even a workman taking a trip up with them, arms akimbo and pipe in mouth.

For the true lover of New York all this hum and clangor and creative excitement is one of the most fascinating characteristics of the city that he loves. It is the music to which Thebes and all other great cities were built. It is no use sighing for the past in New York. The past has its own lovely and immortal haunts. We know where to find them. But New York becomes more definitely itself the more its past disappears, the more its present, already glittering with the future, victoriously effloresces. Its *métier* is to be modern, as modern as possible, to be not merely New, but ever-new, York.

As we walk up to Madison Square, the beautiful shops begin—the shops of the beautiful, luxurious American women; and at Twenty-third Street two of the

ever-increasing wonders of the world face each other, the great plow-shaped Flatiron and that colossal white tower which dominates the Square. From them we turn faithful eyes to that other beautiful tower with the winged figure on its summit; and as we look we sigh once more that unavailing sigh, knowing that the shadow of its mightier neighbors has fallen upon it, and that all its fair proportions and classic grace must soon join the limbo of New York's architectural ghosts.

My friend and I hesitate whether to continue our walk up Broadway or Fifth Avenue. We usually compromise by taking Fifth Avenue as far as Forty-second Street, because Broadway, "like a lane of fallen stars," is in this section more itself at night, or in the morning hours when the sad, happy-go-lucky actors cluster about the managerial portals. So for some twenty blocks we bathe ourselves in the modern Pactolus of Fifth Avenue, wistfully feigning ourselves a share in all its pride of life and glory of the world, vicarious multimillionaires; and, unless one is of an anarchistic tendency, there really is no little exhilaration and aggrandizement to be derived from thus contemplating all this beautiful wealth, and all these beautiful women, belonging to other people. Though but a humble chop awaits one at the end of one's walk, one may none the less rejoice in awe-inspiring glimpses, caught through the windows of smart hotels, of Olympian dinner-tables, hushed and dream-like, and generally without sigh or sneer admire the spacious ways of gold. There are two ways for a gentleman to live, either as a prince or as a philosopher, and princes and philosophers of the true kind have always delighted in each other. If you cannot be a philosopher, the next best thing is to be a prince. And certainly you have to be one or the other to be at home in Fifth Avenue.

At Forty-second Street, or a block or two higher, the excitement of Fifth Avenue diminishes, so we wheel east to that other vortex of New York, Times Square, storm-center of New York's hedonistic activities, the metropolis of vitality, its well-loved theaters, its lordly hotels, and its grotesquely named lobster palaces, at night the glowing, incan-

descent heart of the city, deliciously gay, with fiery writing against the heavens. Then on past the bazaars of the automobile merchants, till, hailing Columbus, where he stands in the maelstrom of motors, we debouch into the green quiet of Central Park, on the lookout for a philosopher friend of ours who is usually to be found at home there on one of the city benches. He is a man so rich in leisure that he can afford to sit there whole summer days, reading tattered newspapers, feeding the squirrels, talking to the babies, and occasionally closing his eyes to listen to the leaves.

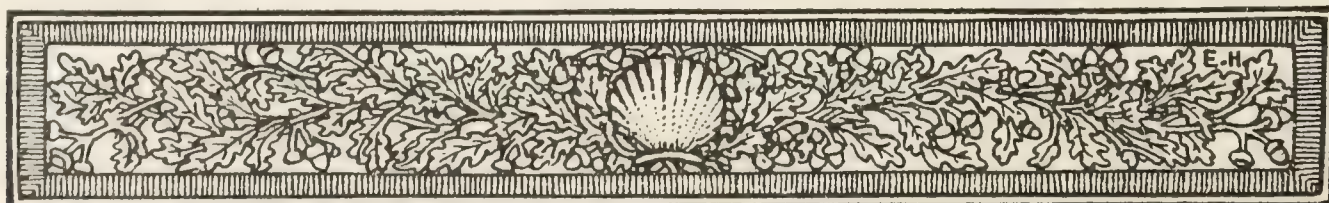
We know some of the squirrels and some of the babies, and some of the kind Park policemen; but he has had time to know them all. He is a friend of the lads who climb the trees, and trespass, with nonchalant laughter, on each forbidden blade of grass, and haunt, with mockery, each contraband rock, derisively lurking among the bushes. The intrepid little girls who must off with their roller-skates when the gigantic patrolman passes like a thunder-cloud over their innocent games are all his friends, and often he goes without—well, a drink, to buy peanuts for them to give to the squirrels.

There is not a squirrel in the Park he does not know, not one that can resist his silent, indifferent air, as he sits with a peanut in his hand, listless, apparently in a muse, as though such things as squirrels never existed in the world, seemingly taking no notice of the ring of nervous, bright-eyed, brush-tailed creatures that with eager stealth are closing around him, soon not only to filch the peanut in his hand, but to dive into the pocket of his weather-beaten overcoat, where they know from experience more peanuts are to be found.

As he sits there, a humble, silent, tattered figure, the great automobiles, all arrogant brass and floating veils, swing by; young ladies with riding-masters ride down that *via sacra* reserved for "eques-

trians." But the man whom the squirrels love and the babies besiege for candy has no envy of these plutocratic glories. He is a philosopher. He has seen the glory of the world and the vanity thereof. He has seen the grass wither and the flower fade. It is better to play with the children, to be friends with the squirrels, and throw crumbs to the sparrows.

At Seventy-second Street we leave the Park, and, crossing Broadway, grandiose with huge, embattled hotels and apartment-houses, swing out into the infinite reach of the Hudson and among the terraced castles and palaces of Riverside Drive. Henceforth the lordly river is our companion all the way, and small must be the soul that does not expand, thus accompanied on one hand by the magnificence of nature, and on the other by the magnificence of man—or money. Where is there a scene to match this contrast and harmony of the solemn, beautiful river, with its massive, shining, broad-bosomed flow, its Titanic primeval farther bank stretching away into the distant hills, its precipitous wall of shaggy, fortress-like rock, and this procession of noble mansions lining its Manhattan shore? In the majestic simplicity of its broad outlines and colossal proportions the effect is epic in its impressiveness, and suggests the grand style of a great civilization. Here, one feels, as with such effects in the great works of antiquity, is a nation capable of matching itself with the great natural features among which it finds itself; and this is the large, invigorating feeling with which, as finally we turn from the river at 116th Street, and pause a moment before the regal beauty of Columbia University Library, our walk up-town leaves us. All the way along our imaginations have been thrilled with a succession of effects, each one of which has been on a great scale, all filled with a fine astonishment; making together an inspiring paradox of the elemental and the sophisticated, a strangely modern combination of power and luxury and youth.



The Miracle at Pale Peter's

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

THIRTY DRINKS then lay at the edge of the lumber woods—squatting bedraggled where the tote-road emerged upon the railway. It was a disorderly scattering of frame habitations, knocked together in haste, not at all to house wives and children, but to purvey an assorted and abominable hilarity (the abomination of it being as a matter of course exclusively a foreign point of view). My father, a gray, pale saloon-keeper of the place, who had thriven well—he was called Pale Peter in the woods—my father, strangely, never minded my association with John Fairmeadow. I mean the great, rosy, twinkling, pugnacious young apostle of living righteousness who wandered the woods from Thirty Drinks: the hearty fellow and friend of the world. "Parson," said my father, with a grin I could make nothing of, "if the lad turns out a better rascal than I, I'll be content; and if the good deeds you waste like water on the swine of these woods make him a better saint than yourself, I'll not be disappointed." It came about, in this way, that when at an opportune moment John Fairmeadow fell in with Billy the Beast near Camp Three of the Cant-hook Cutting I was at his elbow to observe the behavior of both.

I was eye-witness, too, of all that happened afterward.

It was midwinter and perishing cold in the world we knew. There was a still, dry, scorching frost. It crackled brittly underfoot—hard and sharp as breaking glass. It broke in the shadows and black branches of the pines; it seemed to echo in some uncanny way far off in the wintry forest silence. There was no wind stirring; the trees were black and heavily still, and no frosty dust was lifted from the snow to obscure the limpid blue air. The night bit like frozen iron. Forty-two below in the

woods twelve miles from Thirty Drinks: I proved it when we came to the superintendent's log office in the clearing. It was late, too, when we came to the first chips of the works; but a full moon, risen above the pines, illuminated the logging-road we tramped and gave even some doubtful radiance to the muskegs and deeper forest reaches.

"Ha!" the parson ejaculated, catching breath enough at a gulp to burst the lungs of many a man. "It's a clean world, Donald." He blew out a vast white cloud. It enveloped him: his face was like a purple moon in a mist. "I like it," said he. "I like it very much," and now he heartily clapped me on the back. "It's a clean world, Donald, and I'm very, very fond of it."

"As clean," I grumbled, "as a chunk of ice."

"Breathe deep," he chuckled; "the night's clean in the mouth of a man."

I tasted the metallic air.

"God's own clean world," said the parson.

"There's no God here," said I.

He caught a great breath again and beat on his big chest with both hands. "Ha-a-aa!" said he; "you can't tell me that, m' boy. No, sir; not *me*!" He smacked his lips—the night sweet in his mouth. "You'll have to take *that*," said he, "to another shop. I know what I know, Donald—I know what I know."

I shook my head.

"No God here, eh?" said he in mock severity. "Ah-ha, boy! I'll fix *you* when I get you back to Thirty Drinks. Know what's the matter with *you*? You need spectacles, sir, for the young soul of you."

"There's no God out-of-doors this night," I declared, with a wink I had to crack ice to achieve. "He'd freeze to the heart in no time."

The parson laughed a little. "Where's He gone?" he demanded. "Ah-ha! where's He gone?"

I said, with a cold, wry grin, that we might find Him in the bunk-house.

At this the good parson guffawed so heartily that I fancied the hard-wood ridges would be apprised of his humor. "Bunk-house!" he exclaimed. "You don't think He's in the bunk-house, do you?"

I did.

He turned very grave all at once, and his voice fell soft and musing—all thrilling with a most manly tenderness. "So do I," said he. "I think so, too, Donald. I think He's in the bunk-house—alive and watchful and wistful in all those hearts." He sighed, but in no hopeless way.

It made me think him a very kind man.

"Some day, Donald," said he, "God will answer with power when I entreat Him."

This sort of thing distressed me: I wished he would not do it. I did not like it at all. The thing was not a manly employment in my regard.

"God not here, eh?" he presently fumed. "Maybe not—maybe not. After all, He does not dwell in places, but only in hearts." He stopped to stare at a starlit ribbon of sky far beyond the black pines. "I had rather search for God in a barroom," said he, "than look for Him in a star."

I saw the peeping lights of the bunk-house through frosted eyelashes. Here was a wide-spread welcome—searching all the pines—to fellowship and a red fire.

"I think," said he, softly, still regarding the far heavens, "that God had rather lurk in the heart of some poor woman of Thirty Drinks—that He had rather lurk there, waiting, in some forgotten corner—than have the run of the whole wide Milky Way."

"Aw, come on!" I grumbled; "my nose is froze."

"It 'll thaw," said he, softly.

I was a lad then: I was not concerned with the dwelling-place of God. "If you don't come on," said I in a rage, "I'll leave you."

"Donald," he replied, stepping out again, "it's a perfectly decent thing to talk about God."

I didn't think so: I didn't care.

"A perfectly respectable thing," he

maintained. "It is done by the very best people."

The lather of our long walk was freezing in my underclothes. I shivered. It was the parson's way to run on at a great rate about God. I did not care very much. But I wanted now to get warm. Hang religion!—in the open at forty-two below. You will observe, however, that Almighty God was John Fairmeadow's Companion and the Master of his soul.

To warn the bunk-house of his coming—to enliven, too, perhaps, our lagging feet (there were twelve cold miles and a set sun behind us)—the parson broke out singing. Tramp! tramp! Our feet fell with new life in them. Here was cheer and a proper employment for man and boy! I piped up, too. A stirring song! It seems to me now that I have marched a thousand miles of logging-road to the lilt of it. An old song of the road:

"Christ, the roy-al Ma-as-ter,
March-ing as to wa-a-ar,
With the cross of Je-sus,
Go-ing on be-fore—"

and sung with large heartiness by the big parson of Thirty Drinks. No other voice, I am sure, ever before so nearly matched the great woods themselves in the clear, uplifting beauty and significance of their own music. Far removed in time and place as I am from the years when the parson and I tramped the logging-roads of the only world I knew, I fancy—still fancy—that the growing pines listen for the voice that once sang in harmony with them. They used to hear—and all the humans of our woods—a kindred spirit speak in the sweet tenor of his faith.

"Christ, the roy-al Ma-as-ter,
Leads a-against the foe;
For-ward in-to ba-at-tle
See His ban-ners—"

Billy the Beast interrupted. "Hell, parson!" said he in exasperated complaint, whimpering from the shadow of the blacksmith's shop, "I reckon you're deaf, ain't you?"

The parson's voice faded to a whistle and trailed off into shrill and stuttering surprise.

"Been a-howlin' on ye," Billy the Beast snarled, "till I'm near froze."

The parson spread his legs and stared into the shadow. He was whistling now with much feeling:

"At the sign of tri-i-umph
Satan's host doth flee:
On, then, Christian sol-diers,
On to—"

"I want ye, parson," said Billy the Beast; "can't ye see?"

This was a quavering growl. The parson seemed to discover uttermost need in it. He said, gravely—very gently, too:

"I don't know you. Step into the moonlight."

Billy the Beast came from the shadow, but did not like the moon's cold revelation.

"Huh!" the parson snorted, with a start. "You, eh?—*you!*" His lips and nose were in a snarl of disgust. "Ye whelp—ye devil's whelp and helper in the world!"

Billy the Beast grinned like an ingratiating culprit child.

"Ye want me!" said the parson. "Huh! ye want *me*—ye want me again, do ye?—ye want *me!* How many times have ye wanted me before? How many times have ye shamed me? Ye've shamed me as often as ye've wanted me. Every time ye've asked me to help ye, ye've thrown me down. And ye want me to help ye again, do ye?"

Billy the Beast kicked at the snow like a sullen school-boy. "I want t' go home," said he.

The parson threw back his head and laughed to all the gods of irony. He was overcome: it was laughter free and genuine. The bitterness departed before it vanished in a sober regard of the uneasy man before him.

"Parson," said Billy the Beast—and now he straightened like a man and looked the parson in the eye like a man—"that's all right. But"—and he sighed and began to kick at the snow again—"ye see, I—I—I want t' go home."

I would not yet mistrust the parson for an unkind man: he was full of kindly wiles (and clever with them).

"I—I—I jus' want t' go home," said Billy the Beast.

The parson sneered.

"Home," Billy the Beast muttered. "Ye see, parson, I—I—I jus' *got t' go* home."

"Home!" the parson ejaculated. "You—go home! To what?"

Once more Billy the Beast kicked at the snow. "My mother wants me," he explained. He sighed then.

The parson stared at him.

"Ye see, parson," said Billy the Beast, simply, like a boy who may excuse everything in this way, "my mother wants me an' I got t' go." He was almost triumphant in his reason.

The parson shook his head in bewilderment.

"I'll be out Wednesday night," said Billy, with much interest in his own doings. He whispered, slyly, "I'll be in Thirty Drinks Wednesday night." He peered cautiously into all the shadows roundabout. "The tote-road," he whispered, "close on nine. I reckon you'll take care o' me, won't ye, parson?" He sighed. "I'll have my stake in my pocket," he went on. "It 'll be over two hundred. An' you'll take care o' me, won't ye, parson? You'll help me past Pale Peter's place, won't ye?" (You may think that this made me feel uneasy, but it did not: in those days I fancied that my father's business was his own concern—neither yours nor mine.) "If ye let me have one drink," said Billy the Beast, "I'll never *get* home."

It was true.

"Ye see," Billy the Beast drawled, "mother sent for me an' I got t' go home."

"Man," the parson flared, "are you fit to go home to your mother?"

"I reckon," Billy replied, "that she won't care much about that."

The parson flared out upon him again.

"Ye see, parson," said Billy the Beast, in anxious explanation, "mother wants me, an' I *got t' go*."

The parson would not speak.

"I want t' go home," Billy repeated. "That's all. Won't ye help me past Pale Peter's place?"

"No," said the parson.

Billy threw up his hands. "God help me!" said he.

"Pray," said the parson.

This unexpected direction embarrassed

Billy. I fancy he flushed; but I could not tell in the moonlight. At any rate, the imminent spectacle of Billy the Beast sentimentally engaged in behalf of his soul made me flush for him and uneasily shift. Presently the man giggled foolishly. "Pray?" said he. "Aw, parson! I—ye see—I—" and his voice got lost in his throat.

"Pray," said the parson. "I mean it."

"I reckon," Billy replied, in a saucy shaft of sarcasm, "that prayer won't keep my throat moist when I come to Pale Peter's door." He licked his lips. "Not moist," he added, with his eyes rolling and a thirsty click of the tongue.

"Pray," the parson repeated.

Billy whistled sadly. It was to relieve his awkwardness—perhaps, too, to scatter a sudden springing vision of hope. He looked away from the parson's eyes.

"Pray," the parson insisted.

A queer thing happened then—and suddenly: with fairly amazing unexpectedness. It is hardly credible, no doubt; but with my own unwilling eyes I saw it—and heard with my own outraged ears. I observed the same thing, in the parson's company, many times afterward (and with less reluctance); and I here record it, neither ashamed to have been a witness nor now in any expectation of doubt. The world is misled by men concerning themselves, of course; and when this reserve breaks, in some catastrophe of feeling, what they seem to have been vanishes, like a drawn curtain, and the very nakedness of all the realities of their souls in these years of pretence is disclosed to surprised and compassionate eyes.

The parson put both hands on the shoulders of Billy the Beast. There was pressure, no doubt—a feather's weight. To this the man yielded a little—but with despairing objection to being stripped and shamed. Presently, however, his knees shook. Then all at once his legs buckled under him. He collapsed to his knees and began incoherently to call upon the name of God. He called many times. Thus: "God! . . . God! . . . God! . . . Mercy, God! . . . My God!" I have heard women wail like that. I have heard men sob—I have heard fevered children moan—I have heard hurt beasts scream—all just like that. It turned my

soul sick. And there was no answer to the man's abject petition. He fell forward sprawling, by and by—his prayer spent and unavailing—and he was still.

I recall that we had much trouble with our frost-bites in the bunk-house that night. I complained bitterly of my nose to the wilful parson. But he was downcast—and seemed not to care at all for the pain I suffered.

It blew high and ghastly cold on Wednesday. The wind was in the northwest—wildly blowing and compassionless. It came swishing over the pines and raised a whirling dust of frosty snow in the clearing of Thirty Drinks. It rattled the windows of my father's place; it fairly took the ramshackle long building in both hands and by the throat and shook the teeth of it where it stood. There was a hazy moon after our early night. Snow came presently: a cloud of hard flakes, pointed like a hundred needles. We had a roaring fire in the bar. The lamps were all trimmed, too, and turned high. It was light and warm. Warm yellow light filled the big room and, where the red curtains were drawn, fell invitingly through the frosted windows into the storm. The bar was crowded and uproarious. A fine, roistering fellowship! Colton's crew was in from the Kettle Camps—paid off and spending. Good Lord, what roaring fun was going! My father said that no man must be turned out-of-doors that night—not so much as a penniless man. "Let 'em sleep where they fall," said he, in the generous way for which he was praised in the woods. "Put 'em in the snake-room. Full? Well, if they get in the way haul 'em back from the bar. Anyhow," said he, "nobody's going to be turned out of *my* place on a night like this"—and he went off to a little office, partitioned at the end of the bar, where he was accustomed to read and smoke. A kind man (I thought): I loved him.

When the parson came into the office he shook himself of snow and threw off his pack and greatcoat with the air of having been a long road. "I'm tired," said he.

"Come far, Jack?" my father asked.

"No, Peter," the parson sighed; "from Three Forks. I preached there after supper."

My father, his brows fallen in a pitying frown, stared at the long ash of his cigar. "Jack," said he, looking up, reproachfully, "what you want to do a fool thing like that for on a night like this?"

"I'm on the job, Peter."

"Who's the man, Jack?"

The parson laughed a little. "Billy the Beast," said he. "He's coming out to-night from the Cant-hook Cutting. I'm to meet him here. He's going home to-night, Peter—going home, Peter—going home on the late east-bound."

"Tsch! tsch! tsch!" went my father. His face was all screwed with pain and pity in the parson's behalf.

"I'm tired out," the parson repeated. He began to hum:

"The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

There was a clap of obscene laughter from the bar.

"Donnie, boy," said the parson, "get me a ham sandwich, won't you?—like a good fellow. I'm hungry."

I jumped down from my father's safe.

"No," said the parson; "never mind, thank you, Donnie. I'll have nothing to eat." He glanced at his watch. "Not yet," he added.

Charlie came running down the bar. I heard him say, behind the red curtain, "What's yourn, gents?" and briskly slap down the bottle and glasses.

A rush of wind accompanied the parson's tender humming:

"My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for His own Name's sake."

Three men were mouthing ribaldry beyond the curtain: I moved off.

"Too much for you, Donnie?" the parson laughed.

I flushed to my hair.

"Decent little cuss!" said my father. He gave me a fond glistening look. "Decent little cuss!" he repeated, speaking from a heart of love.

"Peter," the parson exploded, "if you weren't such a detestable beast—but never mind that," he broke off; "we've gone over all that before."

My father was fallen into a muse. The parson went to humming again:

"Yea, though I walk in Death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill;
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still."

"Billy the Beast!" my father muttered. "Tsch! tsch! tsch! All damned foolishness!"

"And due now," said the parson.

"I'll bet you my business against yours," said my father, suddenly, "that Billy the Beast is drunk in half an hour."

"Don't you take him up, parson!" I warned.

"Peter," the parson replied, "hadn't you better get out a good runner?"

My father called our best runner—Knock Knuckle Jimmie. The parson turned his back when this pale-eyed little man came in; but he took the words out of my father's mouth. "Listen to me, ye little polecat!" said he. He seemed to shudder—notwithstanding that his back was turned. Indeed, I, too, was used to shuddering when the circumstances of our business (or my own prying) brought me face to face with the runners of our trade in their professional capacity. It seemed they were necessary, however. "Billy the Beast is on the tote-road with over two hundred in his pocket," the parson went on. "Go fetch him. D'ye hear? Fetch him here. Fetch him to the door and leave him. Keep your filthy little thieving white hands out of his pocket, d'ye hear? Get him past Dutch Hansen's place—and *don't you take the turn to the left*. You go fetch him *here*. You'll answer to me if you lose him, d'ye hear?" Knock Knuckle Jimmie listened, as he nervously cracked his fingers, but looked all the while in my father's eyes. Had my father so much as winked, Billy the Beast would have gone elsewhere that night; and there would later have been a division of the large profit in his debauch, according to our custom. But my father played fair: he did not wink—he nodded. "Get about your business," said the parson; "it's a clean trade for once. And you'll answer to *me*," said he, flashing about. "D'ye hear?"

The runner went out.

"Peter," said the parson, "I'm going to pray."

My father jumped out of his chair.

"You won't mind, will you?" the parson apologized. "It won't do any harm."

"Pray!" my father gasped. "Here!"

There had been a blow struck in the bar. I began to follow the course of the fight with my ears.

"I won't be a minute," said the parson.

"What!" my outraged father ejaculated.

"Just a minute or two," said the parson. "I can't very well go away, Peter," he added; "and I want to ask God once more—just once more—to let Billy the Beast go home clean. I think He'll do it, Peter—I think He'll do it. Billy the Beast," he explained, "has been praying too."

There was a howl of execration from the bar. It went with a brutal blow. I heard the thud.

Charlie roared for order.

"For God's sake, Jack," said my father, "don't do that thing *here*!"

The parson knelt.

"Get up, you fool!" cried my father, in a passion.

There was an outburst of laughter in the bar. It was all mixed with wild oaths and cries for room.

The parson prayed on—gentle face lifted, lips moving. He was much troubled in spirit.

"Don't, Jack!" my father pleaded. "Don't do that here. Go outside and do it." He shook the parson by the shoulder.

I heard Charlie bound over the bar and strike out in the thick of the scuffle.

"Get up!" my father begged.

The bar roared in anger for fair play. There was a small, hideous noise, then something between a groan and a stifled scream. A man had been bitten, I knew.

"Somebody 'll see you, you fool!" my father complained.

The parson rose.

"What you want to do a thing like that for?" my father demanded, in a rage.

"Why, Peter!" the dumfounded parson replied; "what's the matter? Donnie"—he turned helplessly to me—"what have I done?"

"Done!" my father roared. "Have you lost your sense of decency? Huh!" he grumbled; "doing a thing like that—*here*!"

There was a gentle tapping on the partition.

"There's your man, parson," said I.

It was the runners' usual signal that the quarry was in the net.

"God help him!" said the parson. He seemed now all at once to have forgotten my father's humor and complaint.

My father went sourly in to the bar to put an end to the brawl.

Our bar was then no mild and churchly place—no tender refuge from the snowy night for a man in trouble of his soul. It was filled with smoke and sweaty steam and the hot, nauseating breath of liquor. It was foully hot—the air all stale and evil. There was blasphemous tumult, too—oaths and maudlin sobs, growling imprecations, the coughing and spitting of the hurt, roars for whiskey, ribald songs, and the loud, vacant laughter of men gone far in drink. The drunken sleepers, helpless among the moving feet, were mercilessly trampled in the confusion: I saw their faces stepped on and spurned. The fight had fallen to the floor. Red McDonald and Cooke Charlie from the Kettle Camps were at each other's throat like dogs. They were kicked and trampled and forgotten, sprawling in the thick of the struggling crowd above. I saw a man come spinning from the crowd and begin to cough and to spit out his teeth. Another (this was Alex the Horse Doctor, I think) was flinging the blood from his nose and beard. Both laughed—a gleeful bellow. Little Tommy Bagg, I recall, a boy of Colton's crew, who had been thrown against the red stove, nursed a sizzling wound in a corner: the pain had sobered the child; he was crying bitterly.

Into the press went my father. He struck with the bartender—hard and promiscuously. Both roared, of course, all the time. And presently (as these affairs will) the fighting abated, halted, dissolved in laughter and a drunken mutual admiration; and there was a loud lining-up at the bar. The long, sweating, bloody, open-mouthed, hairy line, staggering and pushing, beat on the bar like a pack of larking school-boys, yelling for liquor in rhythm with the drumming.

Billy the Beast came in—all snow and icicles. It had come to my ears from

the Cant-hook Cutting that he was gone mad: he had been caught praying (they said); but he was chiefly engaged in blaspheming God from the new-made stumps of the works, and was bound out to Thirty Drinks on Wednesday night with two hundred dollars in his pocket to raise hell. Camp Three had awaited a heavenly visitation of calamity in castigation. It seemed now, however, that Billy the Beast must be desperately ill: he licked his dry lips like the sick, and his eyes (all fevered and red) had gone far back in his head. He was ghastly to look upon: gone white and lean and shaking. From the noise and pawing of his welcome he seemed to be detached. I recall that as he went elbowing toward the bar he was like a soul drawn unwillingly apart from the merry license of our place and standing all alone. An ague shook him; he stumbled, his great hulk reeled. He coughed and shivered with disgust. This spent, he went on again, with a sheepish sort of grin and a sheepish wipe of his icy beard. When he had got a little beyond the hanging lamp (a reflector threw down a shower of yellow light) I saw that his eyes, uneasy and glittering, were retreated to their deepest places: flashes of fire in a pool of shadows.

I cannot forget his eyes—the blood-red color and dry sparkle and uneasy shifting of them. Nor can I forget that he was licking his lips all the time: I cannot forget it—that a dry tongue was forever slipping into his thawing mustache to gather moisture for dry lips. It was a pitiable spectacle: I blamed the parson right angrily in my heart for the man's state and for his separation from the accustomed relaxations of his kind.

Billy the Beast came to the bar when the press had drunk and in some part withdrawn.

"What's yourn, Billy?"

"Mine, Charlie?" Billy drawled. He sighed sharply—and then absently wiped his mouth.

Charlie leaned over, alert and hurried.

Billy picked an icicle from his beard. "I don't know as I just quite know, Charlie," said he, in a gentle contemplation of the problem. He thoughtfully dropped the icicle. "Ye see," he sighed,

"I haven't made up my mind yet just quite what I *will* begin on."

By the end of this Charlie was elsewhere.

"I reckon," Billy drawled, when Charlie had bounded back for his order, "that it might 's well as not be gin." He sighed again. "Gin, I reckon," he repeated, softly, "t' begin on."

Down went the white bottle on the bar.

"Well, no," said Billy, in some mild agitation of doubt; "no, Charlie. A whiskey," he reconsidered. "A ver-ree sma-a-a-al glass o' whiskey."

"Stand back there, boys!" the parson shouted from the threshold. He came bustling in—in no trance of prayer and adoration, now; but in a palpitating indignation and with a living and beligerent intention. "Stand back!" he cried. "Give this man a show, won't you?" They gave the parson himself a roaring welcome, of course. It was the custom. But he would have none of it. "Get back, boys!" he kept crying at the top of his voice. "Get back to the wall. Back to the wall, every one o' ye! Give this man a show, can't ye? There's a big man here, boys, and he's goin' t' fight. Give him a show. Give him a show for his life, boys. God knows, he'll need it!" The good-natured, roistering crowd, nosing a fight, fell away from the bar in boisterous excitement. It was the custom those days, at any rate, to be obedient to the parson's whims. Presently there was a wide semicircle, within which lay four snoring sots from the Kettle Camps, but no other man. In the focus, Billy the Beast leaned nervously against the bar, with Charlie, broadly expectant, behind. The parson, a thorough showman, it seemed—now in a sweating flush of anxiety—still beat the crowd to the wall. "If you can't see, boys," he shouted, "stand on the chairs. Everybody 'll be able t' see if you just keep back. Now, for God's sake, boys," he concluded, "give us a show! Stay right where you are—and *keep quiet*."

The parson lifted his hand: silence obediently came.

"How—h-h-how ye *been*, parson?" Billy the Beast stuttered. His voice rang conspicuous. It alarmed him. He fidgeted and grinned in stage-fright. "Ye been—ye been—sort o' *perky*, eh?"

The parson slapped a silver dollar on the bar.

"What's yourn?" said Charlie, with a vastly humorous wink.

A general laugh was stifled.

"Charlie," said the parson, gravely, indicating Billy the Beast in a contemptuous wave and with a contemptuous jerk of the head, "give this man a drink of whiskey."

The bartender expostulated. "Look here, parson," he began, flushing ashamed, "what you want t' mix up in—"

"Give him a drink o' whiskey, I tell ye!" the parson roared. "Ain't I pay-in'?" He touched the coin with a shaking finger.

Charlie put down bottle and glass in a pet.

"Now," the parson snapped at Billy the Beast, "drink it if ye're able. And may Almighty God have mercy on your soul!"

The room was breathless.

Billy the Beast thoughtfully poured the liquor.

"Ye *can't* drink it!" the parson sneered. He shook his fist in Billy's face. "Ye're not able!" he taunted.

Billy stepped away from the bar with the liquor in his hand. He smelled of it—smacked his lips in pretence of delight—held it high and triumphantly—spoke a blasphemous toast, every evil syllable of which was loud as thunder in that quiet room. Nobody smiled. It seemed the parson was the favorite in the little sporting event. There was a flutter of betting (I was afterward told); but not much: the scene was too absorbing. Billy the Beast whistled a jaunty bar or two. He did a step—a careless little shuffle with a coquettish flirt of the foot for period. But nobody laughed. It was disquieting. He began to sing; it was a low ribaldry, mixed with black profanity, for which he was famous. Nobody encouraged him. He sang a bit, shuffled a bit, stared about, grinning, and put the glass to his nose. Meantime he had gone pale and weak. He fell back to the bar, in a moment, and put down the glass, but held it tight, all the time, in his right hand. Once he raised it. His hand halted in mid-air; and he laughed vacantly—and once more put down the glass. It rang on the bar as if

his arm had fallen. Liquor splashed out; but Billy held the glass in a close grip.

I saw him glance like a beaten dog at the parson. It was a terrified entreaty for mercy—some sort of mercy—mercy from anywhere.

"Drink it if ye dare," the parson defied him.

"My God, boys," Billy the Beast whimpered, "I can't lift my arm!" He was staring horrified at his right hand. I heard him utter a short, hoarse scream—a bark of terror. "I can't lift it," he moaned. "*My God, I can't lift my own arm!*"

There was an uproar of profane ejaculation.

"What's the matter with me, boys?" Billy whined. "Why can't I lift my own arm?"

The room was still.

"Now may God touch this poor man with His healing hands!" I heard the parson whisper.

"Ain't nobody goin' t' help me?" Billy complained.

Nobody moved.

"God help this man!" the parson prayed.

Billy the Beast lifted up his face. It may be that he fancied the ceiling opened to his appealing glance. He raised his left hand beseechingly. "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" he whispered. He waited. What vision he had I do not know. I thought he seemed to listen to a far-off voice. "O God," he entreated, "be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Then in my father's barroom a miracle was worked.

My father slipped an arm around me. I caught his hand. "Look, look!" said he. I saw it. We all saw it. The change was not instantaneous. There was a momentary interval through which it progressed. A hand (I have since fancied) might have gone over the man from head to foot. Of course we saw no miraculous fingers touch him: we had no vision at all—nor any feeling of a strange spiritual Presence. But what was bestial vanished from his countenance. We beheld a new face. I would not have been more amazed to see the rags he wore lying in a heap with the shriveled horror of his old personality on my father's barroom

floor. He remained a moment in a daze of bewilderment. "Boys," he muttered, "something's happened to me. What's the matter?" He laughed then; and the laugh was so charged with youth and joy—so like a boy's clean glee—that he laughed again, as though to delight in the exercise. "I'm saved, boys," said he. "Yes, I am, boys. Why, boys, I'm—I'm—I'm saved. That's what's the matter with me. I've been—I've been—born again. I'm clean. This is what I've wanted t' be. This is what I've prayed for all this winter. I'm clean, I tell ye—I'm clean!" He suffered, now, some agitation—some hysteria of joy, perhaps. Presently his eye fell on the glass of liquor in his hand. He stared at it in comical amazement (which, however, did not move us to laughter). "Why," he exclaimed, heartily, "I don't want *this!*" and pushed it away with a light laugh.

I observed that he had forgotten the paralysis of his arm.

"I'm just as hungry as I can be," said

he. "I say, brother"—to the parson—"what time is it?"

The parson warned him.

"Pshaw!" said Billy, boyishly. "Wish I could have a snack. I never *was* so hungry. But come on, old man," he went on, anxiously, "or we'll lose that train. So long, boys!" he called to the gaping crowd. "I'm sorry I can't stay. But, ye see, I'm goin' home. Good-by, boys. I'll see ye again soon. Good-by. God bless ye, every one!" He paused on the threshold to wave his hand. "Ye see," said he, his face shining, "there's a dear little mother there, an' she's sent for me, an'—an'—I jus' *got* t' go!"

They went out together, John Fairmeadow and Billy the Beast; and Billy the Beast went out clean, even as the parson had entreated.

"Boys," said my father, breaking the dumfounded silence, "the drinks are on the house."

There was an uproarious rush for the bar.

To My Dreams

BY GERTRUDE L. KING

FAREWELL, my Dreams. Farewell, you must not linger,—
The lady you attended now is dead,
And all your dainty fancies cannot bring her,
Nor lift to life that once so radiant head.

Away! Away! Taunt not my bitter sorrow,
Breaking my heart with memories all too dear.
Ye must away, alas! I have no morrow.
My Hopes, darling and vain, she is not here!

What! Thronging still? Insistent, unbelieving
That she is dead? Would you were right! It seems
You were! Then come! I like best your deceiving.
Farewell, Reality! Welcome, my Dreams!

Welcome, my Dreams, she lives in you, and I
Will live forever where she cannot die.

The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XXIX

WHEN the doctor came to tell Nannie that Sarah Maitland was dead, he found her in the parlor, shivering up against her brother. Blair had come to his mother's house early that afternoon; he had found a note from Elizabeth at the hotel, telling him of the gravity of Mrs. Maitland's condition, and bidding him "come instantly." He read it, his face growing suddenly tense. "Of course I must go," he said; but there was no softening in his eyes. In all these months, in which his mother's purpose toward him had shown no weakening, his anger toward her had deepened into the bitterest animosity. Yet, curiously enough, though he hated her more, he disliked her less. Perhaps because he thought of her as a Force rather than as a mother; a power he was fighting—force against force! And the mere sense of the grapple gave him a feeling of equality with her which he had never had. Or it may have been merely that his eyes and ears did not suffer constant offense from her peculiarities. He had not forgotten the squalor of the peculiarities, but they did not strike him daily in the face, so hate was not made poignant by disgust. But neither was it lessened by the possibility of her death.

"I wonder if she has changed her will?" he said to himself, with fierce curiosity. But whether she had done so or not, propriety demanded his presence in her house if she was dying. As for anything more than propriety,—well, if by destroying her iniquitous will she had showed proper maternal affection, he would show proper filial solicitude. It struck him, as he stepped into a carriage to drive down to Shantytown, that such an attitude of mind on his part was pathetic for them both. "She never cared for me,"

he thought; and he knew he had never cared for her. Yes, it was pathetic; if he could have had for a mother such a woman as— He frowned; he would not name David Richie's mother even in his thoughts. But if he could have had a gentle and gracious woman for a mother, how he would have loved her! He had always been motherless, he thought; it was not to-day which would make him so. Still, it was strangely shaking, this idea of her death. When Nannie came into the parlor to greet him, he was silent while she told him, shivering and crying, the story of the last two weeks.

"She hasn't been conscious since noon," she ended, "but may call for you; and oh, if she does, Blair, you will be—lovely to her, won't you?"

His grave silence seemed an assent.

"Will you go in and see her?" she said, weeping. But Blair, with the picture she had given him of that awful figure lying on the floor, shook his head.

"I will wait here." And he added, shuddering, "I could not bear to see it."

"Elizabeth is with her," Nannie said, "so I'll stay here a little while with you. I don't believe it will be—before morning."

Now and then they spoke in whispers; but for the most part they were silent, listening to certain sinister sounds that came from the room across the hall.

It was a warm May dusk; above the gaunt outline of the mills, the dim sickle of a young moon hung in a daffodil sky; the river, running black between banks of slag and cinders, caught the sheen of gold, and was transfigured into glass mingled with fire. Through the open windows of the parlor the odor of white lilacs, and the acrid sweetness of the blossoming plum-tree, floated into the room. The gas was not lighted; sometimes the pulsating flames,

roaring out sidewise from under the dampers of the Works, filled the room with a red glare, and showed Blair's face set in new lines. He had never been so near the great Reality before; never been in a house where, on the threshold, Death was standing, and his personal affairs, angers or anxieties, dropped out of his mind. So sitting and listening and not speaking, the doctor found them.

"She has gone," he said, solemnly. Nannie began to cry; Blair stood up, then walked to the window, and looked out at the Yards. *Dead?* For a moment the word had no meaning. Then, abruptly, the old, elemental meaning struck him like a blow; that meaning which the animal in us knows, before we know the acquired meanings which grief and faith have put into the word: his mother "*was not.*" It was incredible! He gasped as he stood at the open window, looking out over the blossoming lilacs at the Works, black against a fading yellow sky. Ten minutes ago his mother was in the other room, owning those Works; now—? The sheer impossibility of imagining the cessation of such a personality filled him with an extraordinary dismay. He was conscious of a bewildered inability to believe what had been said to him.

Mr. Ferguson, who had been with Sarah Maitland when the end came, followed the doctor into the parlor; but neither he nor Blair remembered personalities. They stood together now, listening to what the doctor was saying; and once Blair, still dazed and unbelieving, put his arm round Nannie and said, "Don't cry, dear; Mr. Ferguson, tell her not to cry!" And the older man said, "Make her sit down, Blair; she looks a little white." Both men had forgotten individual angers or embarrassments.

When some people die, it is as if a candle flame were gently blown out; but when, on the other side of the hall, this big woman lay dead on the floor, it seemed to the people who stood by as if the whole machinery of life had stopped. It was so absorbing in its astonishment that everything else became simple. Even when Elizabeth entered, and came to put her arms around Nannie, Blair hardly noticed her. As the doctor and

Robert Ferguson spoke together in low tones, of terrible things they called "arrangements," Sarah Maitland's son listened. Were they talking about *his mother?*

"I shall stay until—until everything has been done," Mr. Ferguson said, after the doctor left them. "Blair, you and Elizabeth will be here, of course, to-night? Or else I'll stay. Nannie mustn't be alone."

Blair nodded. "Of course," he said. At which Nannie, who had been crying softly to herself, suddenly looked up.

"I would rather be by myself. I don't want any one here. Please go home with Elizabeth, Blair. Please!"

"But, Nannie dear, I would rather stay," Blair began, gently; she interrupted him, almost hysterically:

"No! *Please!* It troubles me. I would rather you didn't. I—I want to be alone."

"Well," Blair said, vaguely; he was too dazed to protest.

Robert Ferguson yielded too, though with a little surprise at her vehemence. Then he turned to Blair; "I'll give you some telegrams that must be sent," he said, in the old friendly voice. It was only when he wrote a despatch to David's mother that the world was suddenly adjusted to its old levels of anger and contempt. "I'll send this myself," he said, coldly. And Blair, with instant intuition, replied as coldly, "Oh, very well."

He and Elizabeth went back to the hotel in silence, each deeply shaken by the mere physical fact of death. When they reached the gloomy granite columns of the old River House, Blair left his wife, saying briefly something about "walking for a while." He wanted to be alone. This was not because he felt any lack of sympathy in Elizabeth; on the contrary, he was nearer to her than at any time since their marriage; but it was a moment that demanded solitude. So he wandered about Mercer's streets by himself until after midnight—down to the old covered bridge, past Mrs. Todd's ice-cream saloon, out into the country, where the wind was rising, and the tree-tops had begun to sway against the sky.

There is a bond, it appears, between mother and child which endures as long

as they do. It is independent of love; reason cannot weaken it; hate cannot destroy it. When a man's mother dies, something in the man dies, too. Blair Maitland, walking aimlessly about in the windy May midnight, standing on the bridge watching the slipping twinkle of a star in the inky ripples below him, was conscious of this in an inarticulate way. He thought, with a reluctance that was almost repulsion, of her will. He did not want to think of it—it was not fitting! And yet he knew, back in his mind, that within a few days, as soon as decency permitted, he would take the necessary steps to contest it. Nor did he think definitely of her; certainly not of all the unbeautiful things about her, those acute, incessant trivialities of ugliness which had been a wall between them all his life. Listening to the rush of the wind, he only thought of the bare and unbelievable fact that she “was not.” And as he struggled to realize it, he was aware of a curious uneasiness, that was almost fright.

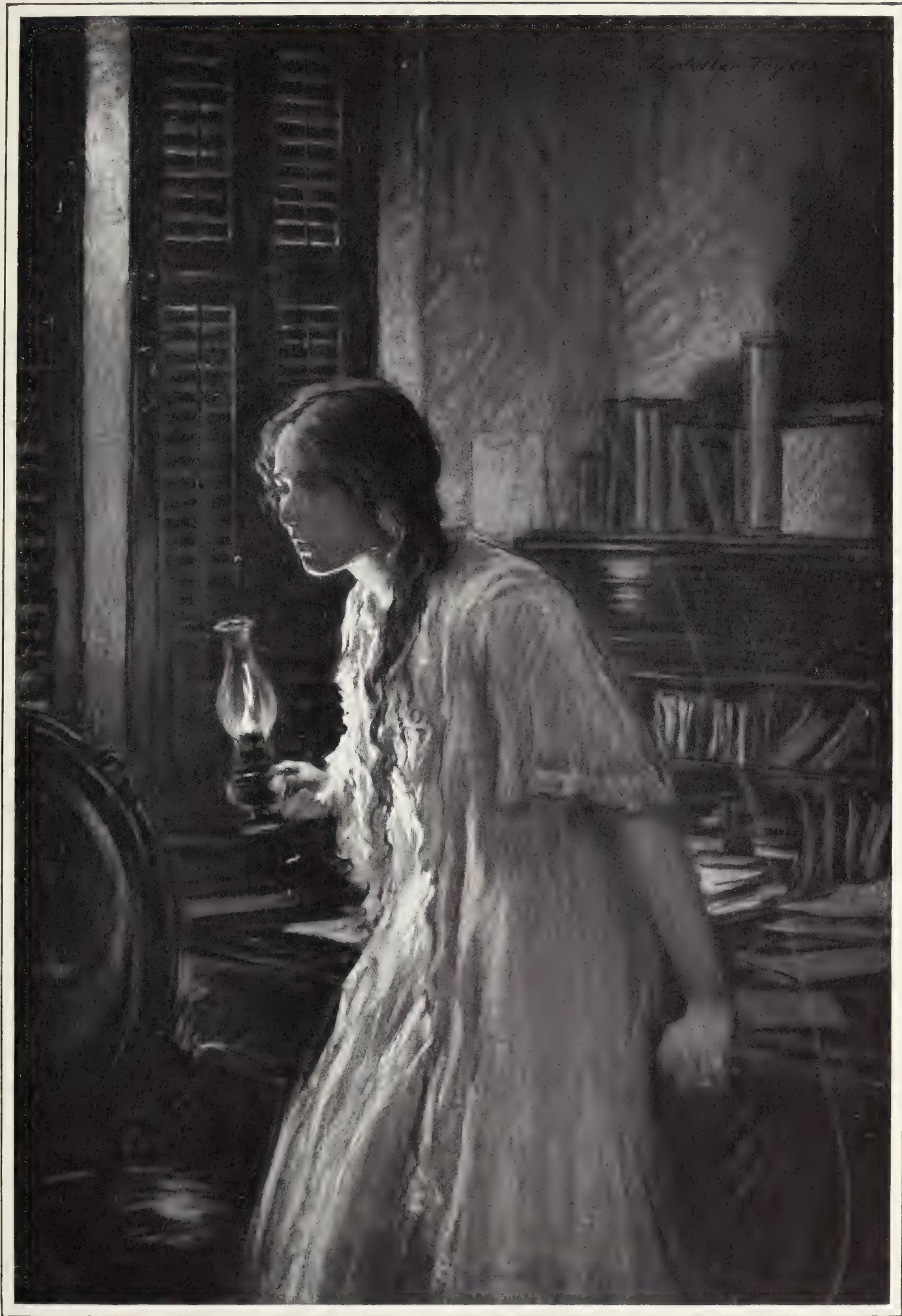
When he came to Nannie the next morning, he was still deeply absorbed; and when she put something into his hands and said it was from his mother, he suddenly wept.

They had respected Nannie's desire to be alone that night, but it was nearly twelve before she was really left to herself, and the house was silent. Robert Ferguson had made her go up-stairs to bed, and bidden the worn-out nurse sleep in the room next to her so that she would not be so entirely solitary. He himself did not go home until those soft and alien footsteps that cross our thresholds, and dare as business the offices that Love may not essay, had at last died away. Nannie, in her bedroom, sat wide-eyed, listening for those footsteps. Once she said to herself: “When *they* have gone—” and her heart pounded in her throat. And at last “they” went; she heard the front door close, and then, out in the street, another door banged softly; after that there was the sound of wheels.

“*Now!*” she said to herself. But still she did not move . . . Was the nurse asleep? Was Harris up in his room in the garret? Was there any one down-stairs—except Death? Death in Mrs.

Maitland's bedroom. “For God's sake, *lock her door!*” Harris had said. And they locked it. We generally lock it. Heaven knows why! Why do we turn the key on that poor, broken, peaceful thing, as if it might storm out in the night, and carry us back with it into its own silence?

It was almost dawn—the high spring dawn that in May flushes even Mercer's skies at three o'clock in the morning, when, lamp in hand, Nannie Maitland opened her bedroom door and looked into the upper hall. Outside, the wind, which had begun to blow at sunset, was roaring around the old house; it rumbled in the chimneys, and a sudden gust tore at a loose shutter, and sent it banging back against the bricks. But in the house everything was still. The window over the front door was an arch of glimmering gray barred by the lines of the casement; but toward the well of the staircase there was nothing but darkness. Nannie put a hesitating foot across her own threshold; panted a little, then came gliding out into the hall; at the head of the stairs she paused, and looked down into a gulf of still blackness; the warm close air of the house seemed to press against her face. She listened intently;—no sound except the muttering indifference of the wind about the house. Slowly, step by step, shivering and shrinking, she began to creep down-stairs. At the closed door of the dining-room—next to that other room which Harris had bidden them lock up—she stood for a long time, her fingers trembling on the knob; her lamp, shaking in her hand, cast a nimbus of light around her small gray figure. It seemed to her that she could not turn that knob. Then, with gasp of effort, it was done, and she entered. Her first look was at that place on the floor, where for the last two days the pillows had been piled. The pillows were not there now; the room was in a new, bleak order. Instantly, after that shrinking glance at the floor, she looked toward Mrs. Maitland's room, and her hand went to her throat as if she could not breathe. A moment afterward she began to creep across the floor, one terrified step dragging after another; she walked sidewise, always keeping her head turned toward that silent room. Just as



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

SHE WHEELED ABOUT, AND STOOD, SWAYING WITH FRIGHT

she reached the big desk, the wind, sucking under the locked door, shook it, with sly insinuation;—instantly she wheeled about, and stood, swaying with fright, her back against the desk. She stood there, panting, for a full minute. The terror of that furtively shaken door was agonizing. Then very slowly, with a sidewise motion, so that she could look toward the room, she put her lamp down on the top of the desk, and began, with constant, bird-like glances over her shoulder, to search. . . . Yes; there it was! just where she herself had put it, slipped between the pages of a memorandum-book, so that if, in another gleam of consciousness, Blair's mother should ask for it, there need be no delay in getting it. When her fingers closed on it, she turned, swiftly, so that the room might not be behind her. Always watching the locked door, she groped for pen and ink and some sheets of paper, which she carried over to the table. Then she drew up a chair, folded back the sleeves of her wrapper, propped the memorandum-book—which had on the inside page the flowing signature of its owner—open before her. Then, slowly and steadily, she began to do the thing she had come to do. . . . And instantly she was calmer. When a great gust of wind rumbled suddenly in the chimney, and a wraith of ashes blew out of the fireplace, she did not even raise her eyes; but once she looked over toward the room, and smiled, as if to say "It is all right. I am making it all right!"

It took her a long time, this business that would make it "all right," this business that brought her, a creature who all her life had been afraid of her own shadow, creeping down to the dining-room, creeping past the room into which Death had been locked; creeping over to the desk, to that unsigned endorsement which had been meant for Blair! It took a long time. Sheet after sheet of paper was scrawled over, held up beside the name in the note-book, tossed into the empty grate. Then at last—she did it:

Sarah Maitland.

When she had finished, her relief in having done what she could to carry out the purpose of the dying hand was so great that she was able to put the pen

and ink back into the desk and set a match to the papers in the fireplace, without once looking over her shoulder. Indeed, as she took up her lamp to creep up-stairs again, she even stopped and touched the knob of the locked door with a sort of caress.

But when, with a last breathless rush across the upper hall, she regained her own room, she bolted her door with furious panic-stricken hands, and then sank, almost fainting, upon her bed.

CHAPTER XXX

THE Maitland Works were still. High in the dusty gloom of the foundry a finger of sunshine pointed down from a grimy window, touched the cold lip of a cupola, and traveled noiselessly over rows of empty moulds upon the blackened floor. The cast-house was silent. The Yards were deserted. The pillar of fire was out; the pillar of smoke had faded away.

In the darkened parlor of her great house, Sarah Maitland was still, too. Lines of sunshine fell between the bowed shutters, and across them wavering motes swam noiselessly from gloom to gloom. The marble serenities of death were without sound; the beautiful, powerless hands were empty—even of the soft futility of flowers; some one had placed lilies-of-the-valley in them, but her son, with new, inarticulate appreciation, lifted them and took them away. The only sound that broke the dusky stillness of the room was the subdued brush of black garments, or an occasional sigh, or the rustle of a furtively turned page of a hymn-book. Except when, standing shoulder to shoulder in the hall, her business associates, with hats held decorously before whispering lips, spoke to each other of her power and her money,—who now had neither money nor power,—the house was profoundly quiet. Then, suddenly, from the head of the stairs, a Voice fell into the stillness:

"Lord, let me know mine end and the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live. When thou with rebukes dost chasten man for sin, thou makest his beauty to consume away, like as it were a moth fretting a garment: every man, therefore, is vanity. For

man walketh in a vain show, and disquieteth—" a switching engine on her spur track coughed, and a cloud of smoke billowed against the windows; the strips of sunshine falling between the shutters were blotted out, came again,—went again. Over and over the raucous running jolt of backing cars, the rattling bump of sudden breaks, swallowed up the voice, declaring the things of eternity. "*. . . glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is . . . of the sun, and another glory of the moon, for one star differeth from . . . Dust to dust, ashes to ashes . . .*"

Out in the street the shadow of her house fell across the meager door-yard, where, on its blackened stems, the pyrus japonica showed some scattered blood-red blossoms; it fell over Shantytown, that packed the sidewalk and stared from dingy doors and windows; it fell on her men, standing in unrebuked idleness, their lowered voices a mutter of energy held, for this waiting moment, in leash. A boy who had climbed up the lamp-post announced shrilly that "It" was coming. Some girls, pressing against the rusted iron spears of the fence, and sagging under the weight of babies almost as big as themselves, called across the street to their mothers, "Here she is!"

And so she came. No squalor of her surroundings could mar the pomp of her approach. The rumble of her men's voices ceased before it; Shantytown fell silent. Out from between the marble columns of her doorway, out from under the twisted garland of wistaria murmurous with bees, down the curving steps, along the path to the crowded, curious sidewalk—she came. Out of the turmoil and the hurry of her life, out of her triumphs and her arrogance and her ambitions, out of her extraordinary successes,—she came. And following her, with uncovered head, came the sign and symbol of her failure—her only son. . . .

Up-stairs, standing a little back from the wide arched window of the front hall, Nannie and Elizabeth and Miss White looked down on the slowly moving crowd. When her men closed in behind her, nearly a thousand strong, and the people in twos and threes began to file out of the house, Nannie noiselessly turned a slat of the Venetian blind. Why! there were

those Maitlands from the North End!—"I didn't suppose they remembered our existence," she said; "and there are the Knights. Do you see old Mrs. Knight?" she whispered to Elizabeth. "I don't believe she's been to call on Mamma for ten years. I never supposed she'd come."

It is curious about funerals. Grief almost always knows "who comes." Two of the solemn, black-frosted women, peering furtively through the blinds of that upper window, told one another in whispers that there was So-and-so, and that such and such a person was evidently going out to the cemetery—yet Miss White was still wiping her eyes, and there was a catch in Nannie's breath when she said that old Mrs. Knight had made the exertion of coming down to this squalid part of Mercer to do honor to Sarah Maitland. "She's dreadfully lame, isn't she?" Nannie said. "Poor Mamma always called her Goose Molly. It was nice in her to come, wasn't it?"

"Nannie," some one said, softly. And turning, she saw Mrs. Richie. "I came on last night, Nannie dear. She was a good, kind friend to me. And—David is here, too. He hopes you will feel like seeing him. He was very fond of her." Then she looked at Elizabeth: "How do you do? How is Blair?" she said, calmly.

The moment was tense, yet of the four women, Elizabeth felt it least. David was in the house! She could not feel anything else.

"Oh, Mrs. Richie—poor Mamma!" Nannie said; and with Mrs. Richie's kind arm about her, she retreated to her own room.

Miss White went hurrying down-stairs—Elizabeth knew why! As for her, she stood there in the empty hall, quite alone. She heard the carriage doors closing out in the street, the sound of horses' feet, the drag of wheels—even the subdued murmur of Shantytown looking on at the show. . . . David was in the house.

She went to the end of the hall and stood leaning over the banisters; she could hear Miss White's flurried voice; then, suddenly, he spoke! It was only some grave word,—she did not catch the sense of it, but the sound—the sound of his voice! It turned her dizzy. Before she knew it she sank down on the top step of the stairs, her head against

the banisters. She sat there, her face haggard with unshed tears, until Mrs. Richie came out of Nannie's room and found her. It was then that David's mother—who thought she had done her best in the courteous commonplace of how-do-you-do—suddenly did better; she stooped down and kissed Elizabeth's cheek.

"You poor child!" she said; "oh, you poor child!" The yielding sweetness of this softly maternal woman had never been able to understand the girl who had so cruelly wounded her son; but the pity of the slender, crouching figure touched Helena Richie's heart; so she was able to kiss her, and say, with suddenly wet eyes, "poor child!"

Elizabeth could not speak. Later, when the mother and son had left the house, Miss White came up-stairs and found her still sitting, dumb and tearless, on the top step. She clutched at Cherry-pie's skirt with shaking hands: "Did he say—anything?"

"Oh, my poor lamb," old Miss White said, nibbling and crying, "how could he—*here!*"

David, coming with his mother over the mountains to be present at Mrs. Maitland's funeral, thought to himself how strange it was that it had taken death to bring him to Mercer. In all those long months of bewildered effort to adjust himself to the altered conditions of life, there had been an undercurrent of purpose: *he would see Elizabeth*. He would know from her own lips just how things were with her. It seemed to David that if he could do that, if he could know beyond doubt—or hope—that she was happy, he would himself be cured of the incessant, dull ache of remorse, which quickened sometimes into the stabbing suspicion that she had never really loved him. . . . If she was happy, then he need no longer blame himself for injuring her. The injury he had done himself, he must bear, as men before him had borne, and as men after him would bear, the results of their own sins and follies. He had, of course, long since lost the expectation that she would send for him—summon him to storm her prison and carry her away to freedom! That was a boy's thought, anyhow. It was when that hope had completely faded, that he be-

gan to say he must see for himself that she was happy and that she did not wish to leave the man who had at any rate been man enough to take her, and whom now, very likely, she loved. It was the uncertainty about her happiness that was so intolerable to him. Far more intolerable, he thought, than would be the knowledge that she was content. Those evil moments of suspecting her loyalty to him at the time of her marriage were very rare now; he thought of her possible love for Blair only as the result of his own blundering and cruel conceit. During the last six months this desire to know how things were with her, had been, at times, almost overwhelming. Once he went so far as to buy his railroad ticket; but though his feet carried him to the train, his mind drove him away from it, and the ticket was not used. But when the news came of Sarah Maitland's death, he went immediately to the station and engaged his berth. Then he went home and asked his mother if she was going to the funeral; "I am," he said. He spoke with affection of Mrs. Maitland, but so far as his going to Mercer went, her funeral was entirely incidental. Her death had ended his uncertainty: he would see Elizabeth!

"And when I see her," he said to himself, "the moment I see her,—I will know." He debated with himself whether he should speak of the catastrophe of their lives, or wait for her to do so. As he thought of putting it into words, he was aware of singular shyness, which showed him with startling distinctness how far apart he and she were. Just how and when he would see her he had not decided; probably it could not be on the day Mrs. Maitland was buried; but the next day? "How shall I manage it?" he asked himself—and then he found that it had been managed for him.

When they came back from the cemetery, Mrs. Richie went to Robert Ferguson's. "You are to come home and have supper with me," he had told her; "David can call for you when he gets through his gallivanting about the town." (David had excused himself, on the ground of seeing Knight and one or two of the fellows; he had said nothing of his need to walk alone over the old bridge, out into the

country, and, in the darkness, round and round the River House.) So, in the May twilight of Robert Ferguson's garden, the two old neighbors paced up and down, and talked of Sarah Maitland.

"I've got to break to David that apparently he isn't going to get the fund for his hospital," Mr. Ferguson said. "There is no mention of it in her will. She told me once, about two years ago, that she was putting money by for him, and when she got the amount she wanted she was going to give it to him. But she left no memorandum of it. I'm afraid she changed her mind." His voice, rather than his words, caught her attention; he was not speaking naturally. He seemed to talk for the sake of talking, which was so unlike him that Mrs. Richie looked at him with mild curiosity.

"Mrs. Maitland had a perfect right to change her mind," she said; "and really David never counted very much on the hospital. She spoke of it to him, I know, but I think he had almost forgotten it—though I hadn't," she confessed, a little ruefully. She smiled, and Robert Ferguson, fiercely twitching off his glasses, tried to smile back; but his troubled eyes lingered questioningly on her serene face. It was almost a beautiful face in its peace—what was it Mrs. Maitland had said about her looks? "Fair and—" He was so angry at himself for remembering the word that he swore softly, under his breath; and Helena Richie gave him a surprised look. He had sworn at himself several times in these five days since Sarah Maitland, half-delirious, wholly shrewd, had said those impossible things about David's mother. Under his concern and grief, under his solemn preoccupations, Robert Ferguson had felt again and again the shock of the incredible suggestion: "*something on her conscience?*" Each time the words thrust themselves up through his absorbed realization of Mrs. Maitland's death, he pushed them down savagely: "it is impossible!" But each time they rose again to the surface of his consciousness. When they did, they brought with them, as if dredged out of the depths of his memory, some sly endorsement of their truth. . . . She never says anything about her husband? "Why on earth should she? He was probably a bad egg; that

friend of hers, that Old Chester doctor, hinted that he was a bad egg. Naturally, then, he was not a pleasant subject of conversation for his wife." . . . Her only friends—except in his own little circle—were two old men (one of them dead now) in Old Chester. "Well, Heaven knows a parson and a doctor are about as good friends as a woman can have." . . . But no *women* friends belonging to her past? "Thank the Lord! If she had a lot of cackling females coming to see her, I wouldn't want to!" . . . She was always so ready to defend Elizabeth's wicked mother? "She has a tender heart; she's not hard like the rest of her sex."

No, Life had not played another trick on him. He had not been deceived in Helena Richie. Mrs. Maitland was out of her head, that was all; and as for him, somebody ought to boot him for even remembering what the poor soul had said. And so, disposing of the intolerable suspicion, he would draw a breath of relief—until the whisper came again: "*something on her conscience?*"

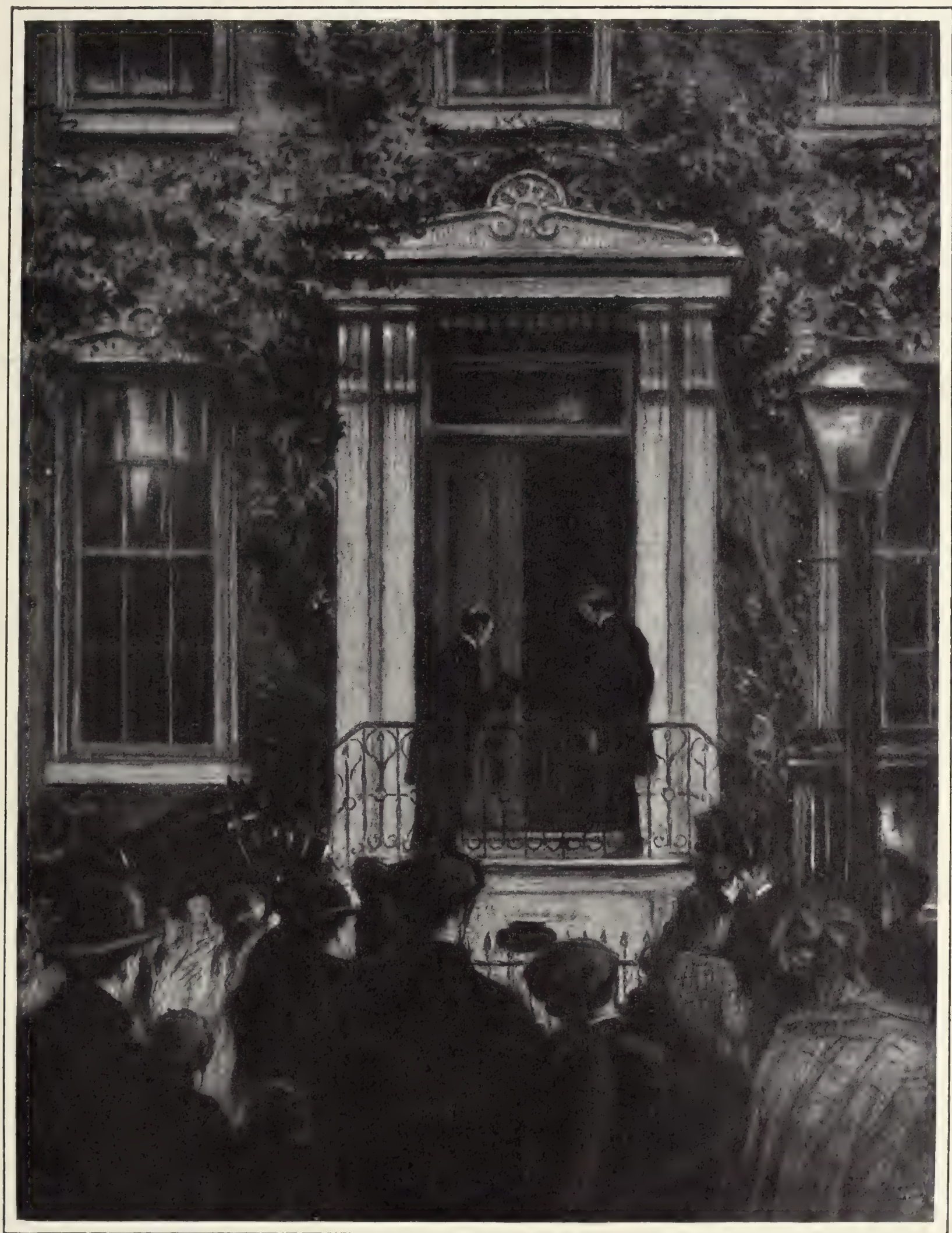
He was so goaded by this fancy of a dying woman, and at the same time so shaken by her death, that, as his guest was quick to see, he was entirely unreal; almost—if one can say such a thing of Robert Ferguson—artificial. He was artificial when he spoke of David and the money he was not to have; the fact was, at that moment he did not, he said to himself, care a hang about David or his money, either!

"You see," he said, as they came to the green door in the brick wall, and went into the other garden, "you see, your house is still empty?"

"Dear old house!" she said, smiling up at the shuttered windows.

He looked into her face, and its entire candor made him suddenly and sharply angry at Sarah Maitland. It was the old friendly anger, just as if she were not dead; and he found it curiously comforting. ("She ought to be ashamed of herself to have such an idea of Mrs. Richie. I'll tell her so—oh, Lord! what am I saying? Well, well; she was dying; she didn't know what she was talking about.") . . . "We could pull down some partitions and make the two houses into one," he said, wistfully.

And at that she laughed and shook



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

OUT OF THE TURMOIL AND THE HURRY OF HER LIFE—SHE CAME

her head. "I want to see if my white peony is going to blossom; come over to the stone seat."

"You always shut me up," he said, sulkily; and in his sulkiness he was more like himself than he had been for days. Sitting by her side on the bench under the hawthorn, he let her talk about her peony or anything else that seemed to her a safe subject; for himself, all he wanted was the comfort of looking into her comforting eyes and telling himself that he insulted her when he even denied those poor, foolish, dying words. When a sudden soft shower drove them indoors to his library he came back with a sigh to Mrs. Maitland;—but this time he was quite natural: "The queer part of it is, she hadn't changed her mind about David's money up to within two days of her death. She meant him to have it when she spoke to me of writing to him; and her mind was perfectly clear then; at least" he frowned—"she did wander for a minute. She had a crazy idea—"

"What?" said Mrs. Richie, sympathetically.

"Nothing; she was wandering. But it was only for a minute, and except for that she was clear. When I urged her to make some provision for Blair, she was perfectly clear. She practically told me to mind my own business! Just like her," he said, with an admiring sigh.

"It would have been a great deal of money," Mrs. Richie said; "probably David is better off without it." But he knew she was disappointed; and, indeed, after supper, in his library, she admitted the disappointment frankly enough. "He has changed very much; his youth is all gone. He is more silent than ever. I had thought that perhaps the building of this hospital would bring him out of himself. You see, he blames himself for the whole thing."

"He is still bitter?"

"Oh, I'm afraid so. He doesn't talk about it. But I can see that he blames himself always. I wish he would talk freely."

"He will one of these days. He'll blurt it out and then he'll begin to get over it. Don't stop him, and don't get excited, no matter what absurd things he says. Let him '*pit it out!*' as Miss White used to say to Elizabeth when she tried to swallow things that she shouldn't.

He'll be better when he has emptied his heart. I was, you know, after I talked to you and told you that I'd been—jilted."

"I'm afraid it's gone too deep for that with David," she said, sadly.

"It couldn't go deeper than it did with me, and yet you—you taught me to forgive her. Yes, and to be glad, too; for if she hadn't thrown me over, I wouldn't have known you."

"Now stop!" Mrs. Richie said, with soft impatience.

"Oh," said Robert Ferguson, shaking his head, "for a meek and mild-looking person, you have the most infernally strong will. I hate obstinacy."

"Mr. Ferguson, be sensible. Don't talk—that way. Listen: David must see Elizabeth while he is here. This situation has got to become commonplace. I meant to go home to-morrow morning, but if you will ask us all to luncheon—"

"'Dinner'! We don't have your Philadelphia airs in Mercer."

"Well, 'dinner,'" she said, smiling; "we'll stay over and take the evening train."

"I won't ask Blair!"

"I hate obstinacy," Mrs. Richie told him, drolly. "Well, I am not so very anxious to see Blair myself. But I do want Elizabeth and David to meet. You see, David means to practise in Mercer—"

"What! Then you will come here to live? When will you come?"

"Next spring, I hope. And it is like coming home again. The promise of the hospital was a factor in his decision, but even without it, I think he will want to settle in Mercer;" she paused and sighed.

Her old landlord did not notice the sigh. "I'll get the house in order for you right off!" he said, beaming. "I suppose you'll ask for all sorts of new-fangled things. A tenant is never satisfied;" he was so happy that he barked and chuckled at the same time.

"I hope it's wise for him to come," Mrs. Richie said, anxiously; "I confess I don't feel quite easy about it, because—Elizabeth will be here; and though, of course, nobody is going to think of how things might have been, still, it will be painful for them both just at first. That's why I want you to invite us to dinner. The sooner they meet, the sooner things will be—commonplace."

"When a man has once been in love with a woman," Robert Ferguson said, putting on his glasses carefully, "he can hate her, but she can never be commonplace to him."

And before she knew it she said, impulsively, "Please don't ever hate me."

He laid a quick hand on hers that was resting in her lap. "I'll never hate you and you'll never be commonplace. Dear woman—can't you?"

She shook her head; the tears stood suddenly in her leaf-brown eyes.

"Helena!" he said, and there was a half-frightened violence in his voice; "*what* is it? Tell me, for Heaven's sake; what is it? Do you hate me?"

"No—no—no!"

"If you dislike me, say so! I think I could bear it better to believe you disliked me."

"Robert—how absurd you are! You know I could never dislike you. But our—our age, and David, and—"

He put an abrupt hand on her shoulder and looked hard into her eyes; then for a single minute he covered his own. "Don't talk about age, and all that nonsense. Don't talk about little things, Helena, for God's sake! Oh, my dear—" he said, brokenly. He got up and went across the room to a bookcase; he stood there a moment or two with his back to her. Helena Richie, bewildered, her eyes full of tears, looked after him in dismay. But when he took his chair again, he was "commonplace" enough, and when, later, David came in, he was able to talk in the most matter-of-fact way. He told the young man that evidently Mrs. Maitland had changed her mind about a hospital. "Of course some papers may turn up that will entitle you to your fund, but I confess I'm doubtful about it. I'm afraid she changed her mind."

"Probably she did," David said, laconically; "well, I am glad she thought of it,—even if she didn't do it. She was a big person, Mr. Ferguson; I didn't half know how big a person she was!" For a moment his face softened until his own preoccupations faded out of it.

"Nobody knew how big she was—except me," Robert Ferguson said. Then he began to talk about her. . . . It was nearly midnight when he ended; when he did, it was with an outburst of pain and grief:

"Nobody understood her. They thought because she ran an iron-works, that she wasn't—a woman. I tell you she was! I tell you her heart was a woman's heart. She didn't care about fuss and feathers, and every other kind of tomfoolery, like all the rest of you, but she was as—as modest as a girl, and as sensitive. You needn't laugh—"

"Laugh?" said Helena Richie, almost crying. "She was so truly a woman that it makes my heart ache to think how her body misrepresented her soul!"

He nodded; his chin trembled a little. "Big, generous, incapable of meanness, incapable of littleness!—and now she's dead. I believe her disappointment about Blair really killed her. It cut some spring. She has never been the same woman since he—" He stopped short, and looked at David; no one spoke.

Then Mrs. Richie asked some casual question about the Works, and they began to talk of other things. When his guests said good-night, Robert Ferguson, standing on his door-step, called after them: "Oh, hold on! David, won't you and your mother come in to dinner to-morrow? Luncheon, your mother calls it. She wants us to be fashionable in Mercer! Nobody here but Miss White and Elizabeth."

"Yes, thank you; we'll come with pleasure," Mrs. Richie called back, and felt the young man's arm grow rigid under her hand.

The mother and son walked on in silence. It had stopped raining, but the upper sky was full of fleecy clouds laid edge to edge like a celestial pavement; from between them sometimes a serene moon looked down.

"David, you don't mind staying over for a day?"

"Oh no, not at all. I meant to."

"And you don't mind—seeing Elizabeth?"

"I want to see her. Will he be there?"

"Blair? No! Certainly not. It would not be pleasant for—for—"

"For him?" David said, dryly. "I should think not. Still, I am sorry. I have rather a curiosity to see Blair."

"Oh, David!" she protested, sadly.

"My dear mother, don't be alarmed. I have no intention of calling him out. I am merely interested to know how a

sneak-thief looks when he meets—" he laughed—"the man he has robbed. However, it might not be pleasant for the rest of you."

His mother was silent; her plan of making things "commonplace" was not as simple as she thought. . . .

Robert Ferguson, on his door-step, looked after them, his face falling abruptly into stern lines. When he went back to his library he stood perfectly still, his hands in his pockets, staring straight ahead of him. Once or twice his whole face quivered. Suddenly he struck his clenched fist hard on the table: "Well!" he said, aloud, violently, "what difference does it make?" He lit a cigar and sat down, his legs stretched out in front of him, his feet crossed. He sat there for an hour, biting on his extinguished cigar. Then he said in an unsteady voice, "She is a heavenly creature." The vigil in his library, which lasted until the dawn was white above Mercer's smoke, left Robert Ferguson shaken to the point of humility. He no longer combated Mrs. Maitland's wandering words; they did not matter. What mattered was the divine discovery that they did not matter! Or, rather, that they opened his eyes to the glory of the human soul. To a man of his narrow and obstinate council of perfection, the realization, not only that it was possible to enter into holiness through the door of sin—that low door that bows the head that should be upright—but that his own possibilities of tenderness were wider than he knew,—such a realization was conversion. It was the recognition that in the matter of forgiveness he and his Father were one. Helena might or might not "have something on her conscience." If she had, then it proved that she in her humility was a better woman than, with nothing on his conscience, he in his arrogance was a man; and when he said that, he began to understand, with shame, that in regard to other people's wrong-doing he had always been, as Sarah Maitland expressed it, "more particular than his Creator." He thought of her words now, and his lean face reddened. "She hit me when she said that. I've always set up my own Ebenezer. What a fool I must have seemed to a woman like Helena. . . . She's a heavenly creature!" he ended, broken-

ly; "what difference does it make how she became so? But if *that* is the only reason she keeps on refusing me—"

When Elizabeth and David met in Mr. Ferguson's library at noon the next day, everybody was, of course, elaborately unconscious.

Elizabeth came in last. As she entered, Miss White, nibbling speechlessly, was fussing with the fire-irons of a grate filled with white lilacs. Mrs. Richie, turning her back upon her son, began to talk entirely at random to Mr. Ferguson, who was rapidly pulling out books from the bookcase at the farther end of the room. David was the only one who made no pretense. When he heard the front door close and knew that she was in the house, he stood staring at the library door. Elizabeth, entering, walked straight up to him, and put out her hand.

"How are you, David?" she said.

David, taking the small, cold hand in his, said, calmly, "How 're you, Elizabeth?" Then their eyes met. Hers held steadfast; it was his which fell.

"Have you seen Nannie?" she said.

And he: "Yes; poor Nannie!"

"Hullo, Elizabeth," her uncle called out, carelessly; and Mrs. Richie came over and kissed her.

So that first terrible moment was lived through. During luncheon, they hardly spoke to each other. Elizabeth, with obvious effort, talked to Mrs. Richie of Nannie and Mrs. Maitland; David talked easily and (for him) a great deal, to Robert Ferguson; he talked politics, and disgusted his iron-manufacturing host by denouncing the tariff; he talked municipal affairs, and said that Mercer had a lot of private virtue, but no public morals. "Look at your streets!" said the squirt. In those days, the young man who criticized the existing order was a squirt; now he is a cad; but in the nostrils of middle age, he is as rankly unpleasant by one name as by the other. Elizabeth's uncle was so annoyed that he forgot the embarrassment of the occasion, and said, satirically, to Mrs. Richie: "Well, well! 'See how we apples swim'!" which made her laugh, but did not disturb David in the least. The moment luncheon was over, Elizabeth rose.

"I must go and see Nannie," she said; and David, opening the door for her, said, "I'll go along with you." At which their elders exchanged a startled look.

Out in the street they walked side by side—these two between whom there was a great gulf fixed. By that time the strain of the occasion had begun to show in Elizabeth's face; she was pale, and the tension of her set lips drew the old dimple into a livid line. David was apparently entirely at ease, speaking lightly of this or that. Once, when they came to a crossing, and she, walking blindly on, did not notice a dray loaded with scrap, that was clattering and jolting down the street, he involuntarily laid a detaining hand on her arm, and instantly lifted it as if the touch had burned him! "Look out," he said—and for the first time his voice betrayed him; but immediately his taciturn self-control returned: "you can hardly hear yourself think, in Mercer," he said. Elizabeth was silent; she had come to the end of effort.

It was not until they reached the iron gate of Mrs. Maitland's house that he dragged his quivering reality out of the inarticulate depths; but his brief words were flat and meaningless to the strained creature beside him.

"I was glad to see you to-day," he said.

And she, looking at him with hard eyes, said that it was very kind in him and in his mother to come on to Mrs. Maitland's funeral. "Nannie was so touched by it," she said. She could not say another word; not even good-by. She opened the gate and fled up the steps to the front door.

David, so abruptly deserted, stood for a full minute looking at the dark old house, where the wistaria looping above the pillared doorway was blossoming in wreaths of lavender and faint green.

Then he laughed aloud. "What a fool I am," he said.

And this was the "cure" for which he had come to Mercer—the "common-place" so desired by Mrs. Richie!

CHAPTER XXXI

WHEN Nannie Maitland, trembling very much, pressed into her brother's hand that certificate for what was,

in those days, a very considerable fortune, Blair had been deeply moved. It came after a night, not of grief, to be sure, but of what might be called cosmic emotion,—the child's realization of the parent's death. When he saw the certificate, and knew that at the last moment his mother's ruthless purpose had flagged, her iron will had bent, a wave of something like tenderness rose above his hate as the tide rises above wrecking rocks. For a moment he thought that even if she had carried out her threat of disinheriting him he would be able to forgive her. But as inevitably the wave of feeling ebbed, and he saw again those black rocks of hate below the moving brightness of the tide, he reminded himself that this gift of hers was only a part of what belonged to him. In a way it was even a confession that she had wronged him. She had written his name, Nannie told him, with a curious tremor in her hands and face,—“just at the last. It was that last morning,” Nannie said, huskily, trying to keep her voice steady; “she hadn't time to change her will, but this shows she was sorry she made it.”

"I don't know that that follows," Blair said, gravely. It was not until the next day that he referred to it again: "After all, Nannie, if her will is what she said it would be, it is—outrageous, you know. This money doesn't alter that."

Yet somehow, in those days before the funeral, whenever he thought of breaking the will, that relenting gift seemed to stay his hand. The idea of using her money to thwart her purpose, of taking what she had given him, out of affection and a tardy sense of justice, to insult her memory, made him uncomfortable to the point of irritability. It was æsthetically offensive. Once he sounded Elizabeth on the subject, and her agreeing outcry of disgust drove him into defending himself: "Of course we don't know yet what her will is; but if she has done what she threatened, it is abominable; and I'll break it—"

"With the money she gave you?" she said, contemptuously.

And he said, boldly, "Yes!"

But he was not really bold; he was perplexed and unhappy, for his hope that his mother had not disinherited him was

based on something a little finer than his wish to come into his own; it was a real reluctance to do violence to a relationship of which he had first become conscious the night after she died. But with that reluctance, was also the instinct of self-defense: "I have a right to her money."

The day after the funeral he went to Mrs. Maitland's lawyers with a request to see the will.

"Certainly," the senior member of the firm said; "as you are a legatee a copy has already been prepared for you. I regret, Blair, that your mother took the course she did. I cannot help saying to you that we ventured to advise against it."

"I was aware of my mother's purpose," Blair said, briefly; and added, to himself, "she has done it! I shall probably contest the will," he said aloud.

Sarah Maitland's old friend and adviser looked at him sympathetically. "No use, my boy; it's cast-iron. That was her own phrase, 'cast-iron.'" Then, really sorry for him, he left him in the inner office so that he might read that ruthless document alone.

Mrs. Maitland had said it was a pity she could not live to see Blair fight her will; she "would like the fun of it." She would not have found any food for mirth if she could have seen him in that law-office reading, with set teeth, her opinion of himself, her realization of her responsibility in making him what he was, and her reason for leaving him merely a small income from a trust fund. Had it not been for the certificate—in itself a denial of her cruel words—lying at that moment in his breast pocket, he would have been unable to control his fury. As it was, underneath his anger was the consciousness that she had made what reparation she could.

When he folded the copy of the will and thrust it into his pocket his face was very pale, but he could not resist saying to old Mr. Howe as he passed him in the outer office, "I hope you will be pleased, sir, in view of your protest about this will, to know that my mother regretted her course toward me, and left a message to that effect with my sister."

"I am glad to hear it," the astonished lawyer said, "but—"

Blair did not wait to hear the end of his sentence. He said to himself that even before he made up his mind what to do about the will he must get possession of his money—"or the first thing I know some of their confounded legal quibbles will make trouble for me," he said.

Certainly there was no trouble for him as yet; the process of securing his mother's gift involved nothing more than the depositing of the certificate in his own bank. The cashier, who knew Sarah Maitland's name very well indeed on checks payable to her son, ventured to offer his condolences: "Your late mother was a very wonderful woman, Mr. Maitland. There was no better business man this side of the Alleghanies than your mother, sir."

Blair bowed; he was too absorbed to make any conventional reply. The will: should he or should he not contest it? Blair had, perhaps, a little less legal knowledge than the average layman, but even he could not fail to realize that Sarah Maitland's will was, as Mr. Howe had said, "iron." Even if it could be broken, it might take years of litigation to do it. "And a 'bird in the hand,'" Blair reminded himself with grim humor. "But," he told Nannie, a week or two later when she was repeating nervously, for the twentieth time, just how his mother had softened toward him,—“but those confounded orphan asylums make me mad! If she wanted orphans—what about you and me? Charity begins at home. I swear I'll contest the will!"

Nannie did not smile; she very rarely smiled now. Miss White thought she was grieving over her stepmother's death; and Elizabeth said, pityingly, "I didn't realize she was so fond of her."

They were all worried about Nannie. All her life she had been like a little leaf whirled along by a great gale of thundering power and purpose which she never attempted to understand, much less contend with; now, suddenly, the gale had dropped, and all her world was still. The mere shock of such stillness might account for her nervousness, Robert Ferguson said; but he was perplexed at her bleak depression and her lack of interest in her own affairs. She seemed utterly unaware of the change in her

circumstances. That she was a rich woman now was a matter of indifference to her. And she seemed equally unconscious of her freedom. Apparently it never occurred to her that she could alter her mode of life. Except that, at Blair's insistence, she had a maid, and that Harris had cleared the office paraphernalia from the dining-room table, life in the stately, dirty, melancholy old house still ran in those iron grooves of habit which Mrs. Maitland had laid down for herself nearly thirty years before. Nannie knew nothing better than the grooves, and seemed to desire nothing better. She was indifferent to her surroundings, and, what was more remarkable, indifferent to Blair's perplexities; at any rate, she was of no assistance to him in making up his mind about the will. Once he said to her, suppose, instead of contesting it, he should go to work? But she only said, vaguely, "That would be very nice."

Somehow what Blair thought of as his mother's "repentance," with its substantial evidence, was making the idea of work, for the first time in his life, interesting to him. Perhaps the interest was enhanced by one or two legal opinions as to the possibility of breaking the will. Harry Knight read it, and grinned:

"Well, old man, as you wouldn't give me the case anyhow, I can afford to be perfectly disinterested and tell you the truth. In my opinion, it would put a lot of cash into some lawyer's pocket to contest this will; but I bet it would take a lot out of yours. You'd come out the small end of the horn, my boy."

But Knight was young, Blair reflected, and perhaps his opinion wasn't worth anything. "He's 'Goose Molly's' son," he said to himself, with a half-laugh; it was strange how easily he fell into his mother's speech sometimes! With a distrust of Harry Knight's youth as keen as her own might have been, Blair stated his case to a lawyer in another city.

"Before reading the will," said this gentleman, "let me inquire, sir, whether there is any doubt in your mind of your mother's mental capacity at the time the instrument was drawn?"

"My mother was Sarah Maitland, of the Maitland Works," said Blair, briefly; and the lawyer's involuntary exclamation of

chagrin would have been laughable, if it had not been so significant. "But we should, of course, be glad to represent you, Mr. Maitland," he said. Blair, remembering Harry Knight's disinterested remark about pockets, said, dryly, "Thanks, very much," and took his departure. "He must think I'm Mr. Doestick's friend," he told himself. The old joke was his mother's way of avoiding a profane expletive, when she especially felt the need of it,—but he had forgotten that she had ever used it.

As he walked from the lawyer's office to his hotel, he was deeply absorbed in his effort to make up his mind, but it was characteristic of him that even in his absorption he winced at the sight of a caged robin, sitting, moping, on its perch in front of a tobacconist's. He had passed the poor wild thing and walked a block, before he turned impulsively on his heel, and came back to interview the shopkeeper. "How much will you sell him for?" he said, with that charming good nature that always made people eager to oblige him. The robin looked at him with lack-luster eyes, and sunk his poor little head down into his tarnished feathers; there was something pathetically familiar in the movement, and Blair cringed. "I want to buy the little beggar," he said to the man, so sharply that the owner mentioned a preposterously high price. Blair took the money out of his pocket, and the bird out of the cage. For a minute, the dulled captive hesitated, clinging with terrified claws to his rescuer's friendly finger. "Off with you, old fellow!" Blair said, tossing the bird up into the air; and the unused wings were spread! For a minute the eyes of the two men followed the joyous flight over the rooftops; then the tobacconist grinned rather sheepishly: "Guess you've struck oil, ain't you?—or somebody's left you a fortune."

Blair chuckled. "Think so?" he said. But as he walked on down the street, he sighed; how dull the robin's eyes had been! Elizabeth's eyes looked like that, sometimes. "What a cussed fool I am," he said to himself; "ten dollars! Well, I'll *have* to contest the will, and get that fortune, or I can't keep up the liberator rôle!" Then he fell to thinking how he

must invest what fortune he had (anything to get that confounded robin out of his head!). "I'm not going to keep all my money in a stocking in the bank," he told himself. The idea of investment pleased him; and when he got back to Mercer he devoted himself to consultations with brokers. After some three months of it, he found himself distinctly interested. "It's mighty good fun," he told his wife once; "I really like it."

Elizabeth said, languidly, that she hoped he would go into business, because it would have pleased his mother. Since Mrs. Maitland's death, Elizabeth had not seemed well; no one connected her languor with that speechless walk with David to Nannie's door, or her look into his eyes when she bade farewell to a hope that she had not known she was cherishing. But the experience had been a profound shock to her. His entire ease, his obvious interest in other matters than the one great matter of her life, and most of all his casual "glad to see you," meant that he had forgiven her, and so no longer loved her. Of course in these two years she had told herself so, with perfect sincerity, a thousand times; but now it seemed to Elizabeth that for the first time she really knew it. "He doesn't even hate me," she thought, bleakly. For sheer understanding of suffering she grew a little gentler to Blair; but her sympathy did not reach the point of helping him decide what to do about the will. So he veered between the sobering reflection that litigation was probably useless, anyhow, and the repulsive idea of using his mother's confession of regret to fight her. Meantime, "investment" had slipped easily into speculation,—speculation which, by that strange tempering of the wind that sometimes comes before the lamb is shorn, was remarkably successful.

It was gossip about this speculation that made Robert Ferguson prick up his ears: "Where in thunder does he get the money to monkey with the stock-market?" he said to himself; "he hasn't any securities to put up, and he can't borrow on his expectations any more,—everybody knows she cut him off with a shilling!" He was concerned as well as puzzled. "I'll have him on my hands yet," he thought, morosely. "Confound it! It's hard on me that she disinherited

him. He'll be a millstone round my neck as long as he lives." Robert Ferguson had long ago made up his mind—with tenderness—that he must support Elizabeth; "but I won't supply that boy with money to gamble with! And if he goes on in this way, of course he'll come down on me for the butcher's bill." That was how he happened to ask Elizabeth about Blair's concerns. When he did, of course the whole matter came out. It was Sunday morning. Elizabeth, starting for church, had asked Blair, perfunctorily, if he were going. "Church?" he said—he was sitting at his writing-table, idly spinning a penny; "not I! I'm going to devote the Sabbath day to making up my mind about the will." She had made no comment, and his lip hardened. "She doesn't care what I do," he said to himself, gloomily; yet he believed she would be pleased if he refused to fight. "Heads or tails," he said, listening to her retreating step; "suppose I say 'heads, bird in the hand;—work. Tails, bird in the bush;—fight.' Might as well let luck decide it, if she won't help me."

She had never thought of helping him; instead she stopped at her uncle's and went out to the garden with him to watch him feed his pigeons. When that was over, they came back together to the library, and it was while she was standing at his big table buttoning her gloves that he asked her if Blair was speculating.

Yes; she believed he was. No; not with her money; that had been just about used up, anyhow;—although he had paid it all back to her when he got his money. "And—and would you be willing to invest it for me, Uncle Robert?" she said.

"Of course I'll invest it for you; but mind," he barked, with the old, comfortable crossness, "you won't get any crazy ten per cent. out of my investments! You'll have to go to Blair Maitland's wildcats for that. But if he isn't using your money, how on earth can he speculate? What do you mean by 'his' money?"

"Why," she explained, surprised, "he has all that money Mrs. Maitland gave him the day she died."

"What!"

"Didn't you know about the check?" she said; she had not mentioned it to

him herself, partly because of their tacit avoidance of Blair's name, but also because she had taken it for granted that he was aware of what Mrs. Maitland had done. She told him of it now, adding, in a smothered voice, "She forgave him for marrying me, you see, at the end."

He was silent for a few moments, and Elizabeth, glancing at the clock, was turning to go, but he stopped her. "Hold on a minute. I don't understand this business. Tell me all about it, Elizabeth."

She told him what little she knew, rather vaguely: Mrs. Maitland had drawn a check—no; she believed it was called a bank certificate of deposit. It was for a great deal of money—\$200,000 she thought it was.

Robert Ferguson struck his fist on the arm of his chair. "That's it!" he said. "That is where David's money went!"

"*David's* money?" Elizabeth said, breathlessly.

"I see it now," he went on, angrily; "she had the money on hand; that's why she tried to write that letter. How Fate does get ahead of David every time!"

"Uncle! What do you mean?"

He told her, briefly, of Mrs. Maitland's plan. "She said two years ago that she was going to give David a lump sum. I didn't know she had got it salted down—she was pretty close-mouthed about some things—but I guess she had. Well, probably, at the last minute, she thought she had been hard on Blair, and decided to hand it over to him, instead of giving it to David. She had a right to—a perfect right to. But I can't understand it. The very day she spoke of writing to David, she told me she wouldn't leave Blair a cent. It isn't like her to whirl about that way; unless it was during one of those times when she—she didn't know what she was doing. Well," he ended, sighing, "there is nothing to be done about it, of course; but I'm going to see Nannie, and get at the bottom of it, just for my own satisfaction."

Elizabeth's color came and went; she reminded herself that she must be fair to Blair; his mother had a right to show her forgiveness by leaving the money to him instead of David. Yes; she must remember that; she must be just to him. But even as she said so she ground her teeth together.

"Blair did not try to influence his mother, Uncle Robert," she said, coldly, "if that's what you are thinking of. He didn't see her while she was sick; you know that. He has never seen her since—since—"

"There are other ways of influencing people than by seeing them. He wrote to Nannie, didn't he?"

"If I thought," Elizabeth said in a low voice, "that Blair had induced Nannie to influence Mrs. Maitland, I would—" But she did not finish her sentence. "Good-by, Uncle Robert. I'm going to see Nannie."

As she hurried down toward Shantytown through the dreary Sunday silence of the streets, she said to herself that if Nannie had made her stepmother give the money to Blair, she, Elizabeth, would do something about it! "I won't have it!" she said, passionately.

It had been a long time since Elizabeth's face had been so vivid. It seemed as if the old sheet-lightning of anger began to flash faintly across it. She did not know what she would do to Nannie if Nannie had induced Mrs. Maitland to rob David, but she would do something! Yet when she reached the house, her purpose waited for a minute; Nannie's tremor of loneliness and perplexity was so pitifully in evidence that she could not burst into her own perplexity. . . .

She had been trying, poor Nannie! to make up her mind about many small, crowding affairs incident to the situation. In these weeks since Mrs. Maitland's death, Nannie, for the first time in her life, found herself obliged to answer questions. Harris asked them: "You ain't a-goin' to be livin' here, Miss Nannie; 'tain't no use to fill the coal-cellar, is it?" Miss White asked them: "Your mamma's clothes ought to be put in camphor, dear child, or given away; which do you mean to do?" Blair asked them: "When will you move out of this terrible house, Nancy dear?" A dozen times a day she was asked to make up her mind—she whose mind had always been made up for her!

That hot Sunday morning when Elizabeth was hurrying down to Shantytown with the lightning flickering in her clouded eyes, Nannie, owing to Miss White's persistence about camphor, had gone

into Mrs. Maitland's room to look over her things.

Oh, these "things"! These pitiful possessions that our helpless dead must needs leave to our shrinking disposal! How well every mourner of us knows them; how well we know the ache of perplexity and dismay that comes with the very touch of them. It is not the valuables that make us shrink,—they settle themselves; such-and-such jewels must go to So-and-so; such-and-such books or pictures or pieces of silver belong obviously to this or that side of the family. But what about the dear, valueless, personal things that neither side of the family wants? Things treasured by our silent dead because of some association unknown, perhaps, to us; what about these precious, worthless things? Mrs. Maitland had no personal possessions of intrinsic value, but she had her treasures. There was a little calendar on her bureau; it was so old that Nannie could not remember when it had not been there hanging from the slender neck of a bottle of German cologne. She took it up now, and looked at the faded red crescents of the new moon; how long ago that moon had waxed and waned! "She loved it," Nannie said to herself, "because Blair gave it to her." Standing on the bureau was the row of his photographs; on each one his mother had written his age and the date when the picture had been taken. In the disorder of the top drawer, tumbled about among her coarse handkerchiefs, her collars, her Sunday black kid gloves, were relics of her son's babyhood: a little green morocco slipper, with a white china button on the ankle-band; a rubber rattle, cracked and crumbling. . . . What is one to do with things like these? Burn them, of course. There is nothing else that can be done. Yet one shivers when the flame touches them, as though the cool fingers of our dead might feel the scorch! Poor, frightened Nannie was the last person who could light such a holy fire; she took them up—the slipper or the calendar—and put them down again. "Poor Mamma!" she said over and over. Then she saw a bunch of splinters tied together with one of Blair's old neckties; she held it in her hand for a minute before she realized

that it was part of a broken cane. She did not know when or why it had been broken, but she knew it was Blair's, and her eyes smarted with tears. "Oh, how she loved him!" she thought, and drew a breath of satisfaction, remembering how she had helped that poor, speechless, dying love to express itself.

She was standing there before the open drawer, lifting things up, then putting them back again, unable to decide what to do with any of them when Elizabeth suddenly burst in:

"Nannie!"

"Oh," Nannie said, "I am so glad you've come!" She made a helpless gesture. "Elizabeth, what *shall* I do with everything?"

Elizabeth shook her head; the question which she had hurried down here to ask paused before such forlorn preoccupation.

"Of course her dresses Harris will give away—"

"Oh no!" Elizabeth interrupted, shrinking. "Don't give them to a servant."

"But," poor Nannie protested, "they are so dreadful, Elizabeth. Nobody can possibly wear them, except—people like some of Harris's friends. But things like these—what would you do with these?" She held out a discolored pasteboard box broken at the corners and with no lid; a pair of onyx earrings lay in the faded blue cotton. "I never saw her wear them but once, and they are so ugly," Nannie mourned.

"Nannie," Elizabeth said, "I want to ask you something. That certificate Mrs. Maitland gave Blair: what made her give it to him?"

Nannie put the pasteboard box back in the drawer and turned sharply to face her sister-in-law, who was sitting on the edge of Mrs. Maitland's narrow old bed; the scared attention of her eyes banished their vagueness. "What made her give it to him? Why, love, of course! Don't you suppose Mamma loved Blair better than anybody in the world, even if he did—displease her?"

"Uncle thinks you may have influenced her to give it to him."

"I did not!"

"Did you suggest it to her, Nannie?"

"I asked her once, while she was ill, wouldn't she please be nice to Blair,—if you call that suggesting! But I don't

think she heard me; you know how she wouldn't hear people when she didn't want to," Nannie said; she spoke with marked nervousness, as if talking against time. "As for the certificate, what happened was that that last morning she sort of woke up, and told me to bring it to her to sign. And I did."

She turned back to the bureau, and put an unsteady hand down into the drawer. The color was rising in her face, and a muscle in her cheek twitched painfully.

"But, Nannie," Elizabeth said, and paused; the dining-room door had opened, and Robert Ferguson was standing on the threshold of Mrs. Maitland's room looking in at the two girls. The astonishment he had felt in his talk with his niece had deepened into perplexity. "I guess I'll thresh this thing out now," he said to himself, and picked up his hat. He was hardly ten minutes behind Elizabeth in her walk down to the Maitland house.

"Nannie," he said, kindly,—he never barked at Nannie—"can you spare time, my dear, to tell me one or two things I want to know?" He had come in, and found a dusty wooden chair. "Go ahead with your sorting things out! You can answer my question in a minute; it's about that certificate your mother gave Blair."

Nannie had turned, and was standing with her hands behind her gripping the edge of the bureau; she gasped once or twice, and glanced first at one inquisitor and then at the other; her face whitened slowly. She was like some frightened creature at bay; indeed, her agitation was so marked that Robert Ferguson's perplexity hardened into something like suspicion. "There is something wrong!" he said to himself. "You see, Nannie," he explained, gently, "I happen to know that your mother meant it for David Richie, not Blair."

"If she did," said Nannie, "she changed her mind."

"When did she change her mind?"

"I don't know. She just told me to bring the check to her to sign, that—that last morning."

"Was she perfectly clear mentally—?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course she was! Perfectly clear."

"Did she say why she had changed her mind?"

"No," Nannie said, and suddenly fright and anger together made her fluent; "but why shouldn't she change her mind, Mr. Ferguson? Isn't Blair her son? Her only son! What was David to Mamma? Would you have her give all that money to an outsider, and leave her only son penniless? Perhaps she changed her mind that morning. I don't know anything about it. I don't see what difference it makes when she changed it, so long as she changed it. All I can tell you is that she told me to bring her the check, or certificate, or whatever you call it, out of the little safe. And I did, and she made it out to Blair. I didn't ask her to. I didn't even know she had it; but I am thankful she did it!"

Her eyes were dilating; she put her shaking hand up to her throat, as if she were struggling for breath. Her statement was perfectly reasonable and probable, yet it left no doubt in Robert Ferguson's mind that something was wrong—very wrong! Even Elizabeth could see it. They both had the same thought: Blair had, in some way, influenced, perhaps even coerced his mother. How, they could not imagine, but Nannie evidently knew. They looked at each other in dismay. Then Elizabeth sprang up and put her arms around her sister-in-law. "Oh, Uncle," she said, "don't ask her anything more now!" She felt the quiver through all the terrified little figure.

"Mamma wanted Blair to have the money; it's his! No one can take it from him!"

"Nobody wants to, Nannie, if it is his honestly," Robert Ferguson said, gravely.

"*Honestly?*" Nannie whispered, with dry lips.

"Nannie dear, tell us the truth," Elizabeth implored her; "Uncle won't be hard on Blair, if—if he has done wrong. I know he won't."

"Wrong?" said Nannie; "*Blair* done wrong?" She pushed Elizabeth's arms away; "Blair has never done wrong!" She stood there, with her back against the bureau, and dared them. "I won't have you suspect my brother! Elizabeth! How can you let Mr. Ferguson suspect Blair?"

"Nannie," said Robert Ferguson, "was Blair with his mother when she signed that certificate?"

"No."

"Were you alone with her?"

Silence.

"Answer me, Nannie."

She looked at him with wild eyes, but she said nothing. Mr. Ferguson put his hand on her shoulder. "Nannie," he said, quietly, "Blair signed it; Blair wrote his mother's name."

"No! No! No! He did not! He did not." There was something in her voice—a sort of relief, a sort of triumph, even, that the other two could not understand, but which made them know that she was speaking the truth. "He did not," Nannie said, in a whisper; "if you accuse him of that, I'll have to tell you; though very likely you won't understand. I did it. For Mamma."

"Did *what*?" Robert Ferguson gasped; "not—? You don't mean—? Nannie! you don't mean that you—" he stopped; his lips formed a word which he would not utter.

"Mamma wanted him to have the money. The day before she died she told me she was going to give him a present. That day, that last day, she told me to get the check. And she wrote his name on it. No one asked her to. Not Blair. Not I. I never thought of such a thing! I didn't even know there was a check. She wanted to do it. She wrote his name. And then—she got weak; she couldn't go on. She couldn't sign it. So I signed it for her . . . later. It was not wrong. It was right. It carried out her wish. I am glad I did it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Dream Maid

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

WITHIN the lands of rising night
And fields of parting day,
What hours we wandered, you and I,
How fain were we to stay!
Star-flowers were in your maiden hands,
The stars were white with May.

Between moonset and morning sun
Where mist of Dreamland lies,
What glory there was yours and mine,
What love was in our eyes!
For Sleep and Love walk hand in hand,
And Sleep with morning flies.

Our starlit land was wholly ours,
No warning beast or bird
Perturbed the twilight of our peace,
No watcher's tread was heard;
We dwelt alone and loved alone
Naught save our lips was stirred.

Would that this holiest mystery
Might come again to me!
The radiance of your moonlit face,
The eyes of purity,
The wide gray eyes, the beckoning lips,
The silent cloud-land sea.

The Shrine

BY MARIE MANNING

BEFORE we had left Sandy Hook I had met Mrs. Granger, and the first few days of the voyage on the *Celtonia* were spent in an elaborate series of moves whereby I hoped to elude the lady and checkmate her design of giving me "all the news" of the Middle-Western town that had once been my home. Mrs. Granger had an exasperating talent for head-lines; her accounts of people suggested, in a minor key, the opulent language of a circus poster, and I had no relish for the skill with which she would undoubtedly put my friends through the hoop and set them riding bareback.

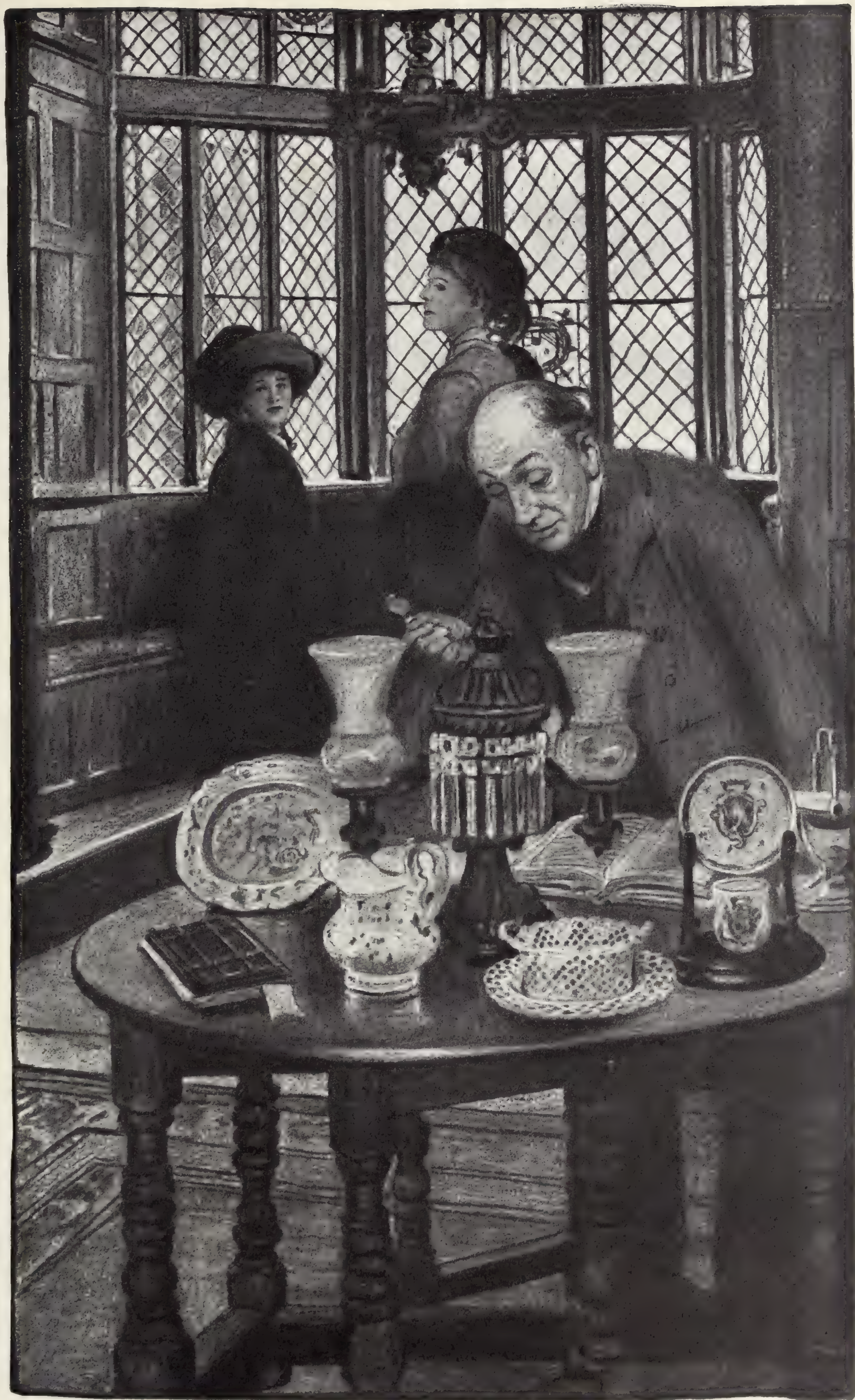
It was at that inevitable function known as The Ship's Concert that she had her long-sought opportunity, and between the sulky thunderings of a famous pianist, who had been browbeaten by the prettiest girl aboard into playing for charity, I was forced to capitulate. "Did I remember Mrs. Ogilvie?" The question was, of course, superfluous; no one could possibly forget Mrs. Ogilvie. She was the daintiest, most distinguished object of charity that ever roused a generous community to wonder how it could offer its secret hoard without giving offense. Hers was the type that never lacks for "sympathy" in its most concrete forms; something there was in that vague personality that seemed to refine, as by a crucible, the grossest of benefits; and her blushing shyness in receiving the heavy artillery of good-will had in it something of positive genius. Of course I remembered Mrs. Ogilvie.

"Well," Mrs. Granger prefaced her great disclosure by the national exclamation, "she has set London by the ears; she is the greatest success, artistically and socially. I dare say, if she were a man and English born, they'd knight her."

At this I was compelled to take refuge behind my programme, from which flimsy bulwark I could hear her piling phrases

of approbation and excess with the loose facility of an auctioneer. I caught, however, two definite and startling statements: one, that Mrs. Ogilvie, entirely by her own efforts, had put her son through Oxford; the other, that her daughter was about to marry a man of title, a very old and substantial title and one that carried great wealth.

For the remainder of the voyage I found myself haunted by recollections of the lady who, according to Mrs. Granger, had accomplished these marvels. When I first knew her, it was in the Middle-Western town before referred to, well up the slope of the local Parnassus which is triumphantly crowned by the State university. Her husband, Professor Ogilvie, had occupied a succession of chairs—all more or less uneasy—in various minor educational institutions. To this continual shifting, no doubt, was due his restless glance, as though, if perchance he failed to lock before he sat, the seat of office might again be pulled from beneath him. The attack of "overwork," as his unfortunate indulgence in drugs was euphemistically known, that proved fatal, could not but be regarded as providential, as at that particular university he had well-nigh run the length of his tether. His wife—vaguely, delicately, irregularly pretty—had the genuine commiseration of every one, inasmuch as her available assets consisted of her grandmother's Chelsea tea-set and some really good old mahogany. Sympathy in academic circles seemed to be taking the form of finding something for her to do—some club to manage, some drawing-room readings, perhaps; but Mrs. Ogilvie, too profoundly clever to be "intellectual," fled like a thief in the night from such a fate, hardly pausing for breath till she had the children, the family china, and the mahogany landed safely in London. At this period of her history I lost sight of her completely; the gray, stupendous world of



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THE ALMOST DEVOTIONAL DIMNESS OF A MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ROOM

London closed over her and blotted her from sight.

Mrs. Granger at parting had given me Mrs. Ogilvie's address, and the trade-name under which, as her friend put it, "she had won her spurs." The *nom de guerre* fairly took my breath away, it was so audacious, so penetratingly clever. In assuming it she had adroitly flashed, to the class she wished to bespeak, a signal that to the indiscriminating would mean nothing, while those who knew would stop, their eyes arrested by the name of the lady who was the heroine of the most amazing love-affair in eighteenth-century letters.

At the earliest opportunity I called at the address Mrs. Granger had given me. No, she had not exaggerated; "the business" was all she had intimated, only stock-size epithets had not done justice to the wonders of the place. The half-timbered house that Mrs. Ogilvie had brought, bit by bit, from Lancashire, and set up in a street off Piccadilly, could not be improved upon as a setting for the enterprise which, as I understood, had for its object the barter and sale of antiques on a plane wholly subtilized and purged from the grosser aspects of trade. It was, in fact, analogous to that branch of dentistry known as "crown and bridge work"; she undertook to supply any deficiency that her clients may have suffered in the matter of grandfathers and inherited heirlooms by substitutes impossible of detection.

The leaded panes of the old Tudor house, opening casement-wise to the streets, stimulated the imagination agreeably as to the impressions to be found within. To enter was to turn back the clock a couple of centuries and to find the eyes suddenly relieved from the untempered modern glare. It was like floating from a turbid stream, crowded with boisterous excursion craft, into a clear still backwater, and finding mirrored in its unruffled depths a hoard of treasure. The old serving-man who admitted me—and in his way he was as good as anything in the collection—showed me into a paneled room on the first floor, a room lighted with candles and the cheering glow of an open fire. Tea was being served to what the newspapers would call "a select company"—oh, a very select

company indeed, with never a tone above that beautiful English note of commendation and with a uniform adherence to those symbols of social integrity, frock-coats and trailing afternoon attire.

Old books, old pictures, old china, old plate, old Sheffield, completed the homogeneous impression. The type of the room was mid-eighteenth century; not a point had been stretched, not an object out of key, and not by chance a glimpse of anything French. The very candle-stands and fire-dogs were like fine qualifying epithets in a bit of good prose. A maid brought me a fragrant cup of tea and a toasted muffin, and inquired if I wished to send up a card. I did so, and for about a quarter of an hour I was left to the enjoyment of my tea and the contemplation of the company, who chatted—the bulk of them appeared to be acquainted,—took down an old book now and then, or discussed the merits of a bit of salt-glaze exactly as if they had been inspecting a private collection. As a commercial enterprise it was more delightfully bland and insinuating than I could have imagined such a thing to be, and doubtless gave to the purchase of other people's heirlooms the dignity of inheritance.

There was one tourist group in the assemblage that was interesting from the force of antithesis—an American, his wife and daughter. These had somewhat the air of taking their European holiday with the grim fortitude with which they would endure the régime of a "cure"; though for the present they seemed pleasantly enough relaxed, thanks to the excellent tea, and their comfortable position at one side of the fireplace. The man was reading with a sort of furtive eagerness a book whose title was obscured by the subdued character of the light. He had that wholly spent appearance that American men so frequently have who travel in the wake of their more eager wives and daughters; and there was not missing about him that air of habitual accommodation and adamant patience that such men eventually acquire. From his deep absorption in the book, I could not help believing that these visits to their present retreat were frequent, and in the nature of an eagerly sought-for truce.

The wife and daughter contented them-

selves without books—they had the air of having read up exhaustively. They dispensed even with talk; but their features had relapsed into that spellbound gape which is the passionate pilgrim's tribute to a shrine of especial intimacy. My eyes by this time having grown accustomed to the almost devotional dimness of the room, I followed the beatific gaze of the two ladies, and saw that it rested on a portrait set within the carved outline of the over-mantel.

The effect of this portrait, when my astonished perceptions finally grasped the likeness, whizzed through my brain like an electric shock. Not only had Mrs. Ogilvie filched the lady's name for her sign-board, but the lady's ponderous suitor—or have the critics definitely settled the degree of that friendship yet? Here he was, the subject of the famous life, in all his bullying confidence—head tilted, to catch the conclusion of the last speaker, and the better to administer the trouncing that the holder of any opinion in his presence well merited.

Just what Mrs. Ogilvie was giving her patrons in the way of rich legend along with the antiques and the advice as to "periods" and interior decoration pleasantly titillated my curiosity. After the portrait I was in a measure prepared for the title of the book that the American had put aside; it was, in fact, a volume of the great man's life—the great man whose portrait blinked above the fireplace.

Evidently the Americans came often; they had the air of being perfectly satisfied and of demanding nothing more in the way of entertainment than the general benignity of atmosphere. When the father finally closed his book, it was with a sigh, the sigh of a man who has not found the thing he has been looking for, yet leaves undone a pleasant task to resume it on the morrow. The ladies continued to maintain their peep-show expression of omnivorous credulity; no haunt of trade, however rarefied its atmosphere and purged of the commercial spirit, could in itself have evoked their parting look. I had seen it before in the eyes of a devotee taking a last backward glance at a favorite shrine.

The old serving-man who had admitted me now told me that my turn had come for an audience; I noticed that in speak-

ing of Mrs. Ogilvie he used her trade-name—the one on the sign-board; indeed, I never remember hearing the name of "Ogilvie" uttered about the premises. As I followed him up-stairs into what might be called the presence-chamber, I was very frankly conscious of the whip-lash of curiosity. Here was a lady whom I had last seen with her mouth full of pins, struggling with the intricacies of a paper pattern and the dingiest of mourning, preparatory to the great dash for London—the dash she was even then secretly planning while we robbed our little banks and tried to form classes for her to teach. And now here was this same lady, revered, petitioned, enthroned, like a saint in an oratory, in a room that was even finer than the one to which I had first been admitted. If that had been the antechamber, this gem of a century's earlier craftsmanship was the throne-room; from the Grinling Gibbons carving about the over-mantel down to the smallest detail of paneling there was the fineness, the precision, of an old engraving—an engraving in which time had added the mellowing effect of color. Where had she found such treasure? Much of it was fine enough to be in one of the good museums; it was like stumbling on some dusky side chapel long walled up in an old cathedral; the ages had but enriched it, and we moderns, remembering all our ugliness and shabbiness, breathed softly for fear of breaking the spell.

Time had dealt gently with her own high-priestess; Mrs. Ogilvie had, if anything, grown prettier, more significant of line, than in the days when her rose-leaf complexion and blushing timidity made us all blind to her husband's failing. Her appearance at first puzzled me—she was both Mrs. Ogilvie and some one else—some one vague, yet dimly familiar; she made one think of those portraits that bereaved families have painted from memory. The arrangement of her hair, and the laces about her throat, were different from what I remembered, but there was about this present effect a deliberate quaintness—and then, in a flash, I knew I was "getting warm," as children say in the game of "Hunt the Slipper." She had taken advantage of a tentative resemblance to the lady whose

name she had appropriated, to build up this shrine, which purported to be—but, no; it was too audacious; and my initiation into the mysteries had not gone far enough to make me positive.

The first rush of her greeting over—she had been almost too glad to see me for the reassurance of a genuine welcome—she deftly manipulated the candles so as to obscure my view of the picture over the fireplace. It was not until a log burst, sending a shower of sparks upward, that I was able to confirm my suspicions; in the room below, this space had been filled by a portrait of the “intellectual leviathan,” as some one had called the venerable doctor; the picture in the corresponding space of this inner sanctum held a replica of Sir Joshua Reynolds’s second masterpiece of the much-borrowed lady in question, the one he had painted about the period of her second widowhood. No trick of painstaking reproduction in the arrangement of hair or the slight flare of the laces about her throat had been overlooked by Mrs. Ogilvie; she had carefully made up for her part of the performance—of that there could be no question.

“I have thought of you so often that the temptation of running over to America had almost overcome me.” For a moment I seemed to catch a glimpse of my old neighbor of the Middle-Western town through the Reynolds make-up, the lady who ran in by the plank-out-of-the-fence when her tremulous talk of duty to the faculty began to tell on her nerves. Not that there was a shred of this particular phase of her evolution left, now she had the poise of a personage, but I gathered that her present rôle was not without its irksome moments.

“And you do like my house with the rooms arranged according to the different periods? Yes, they all do that now, but when I began, it was different.”

I mildly rallied her on her philanthropy, mentioning the American family I had seen basking in her lower room, who seemed to have no more definite business than the enjoyment of her tea and the “atmosphere.” For a moment her eye sought mine, full of a questioning dread. “How much do you know?” was flashed before she was aware of her ocular query. And then, with a troubled, almost a

pleading air, she went on: “When a thing of this kind is a success, it rushes with the force of an avalanche and it brings all sorts of things along with it—things that are the figments of people’s imaginations.”

I managed to look credulous; the question was whether I could keep it up. However, she went on: “People like that come over here and they have no place to go, they bring no letters but their letters of credit—they like to come here and have a cup of tea—it’s the only social diversion they have, and my name, my trade-name, interests them—”

“They must have their pound of legend?” I ventured.

She met this boldly enough. “If they would only stop at that—but with their tea they must have their dish of scandal—”

Before I could mount guard over my eyes, I’m afraid they had inquired, “Then why persist in playing the hoax?” for I caught them impatiently traveling from her Reynolds make-up to the portrait over the mantelpiece. The whole thing was too flagrant for her attitude of bland innocence, which implied the taking for granted, on my part, of a naïveté too great to be flattering. We were both silent for a moment or two, but we had gone too far to retract. Our next interchange of glances was deep and revealing, and I knew she was aware I had grasped the rich chicanery of the thing; that is, grasped it as far as I had gone—for I was confident there were unplumbed depths to the enterprise that I had not sounded.

“Yes, I profited by it—it would have been criminal not to; I had the children to think of; we were destitute!” The simple dignity with which she made this statement convinced me her morality was of that special type peculiar to certain women who can bring themselves to play tenpins with the decalogue if it will serve the interests of their families.

“And now that it’s served its purpose—you can’t put it down?” I inquired.

She got up and began walking about the room. “Oh, you don’t know the relief of being able to speak of it at last—I didn’t do it deliberately; it grew out of that demand of our compatriots to make of Europe one long fairy-tale. To real-

ize their expectations, it must be a sentimental journey with shrines packed close as the brownstone fronts of New York. When I began, it was with no intention of posing as some one I was not. But they would have it—have it at any price—and finally I gave it to them. I started the business under my real name in one room; I had the Chelsea and I had the mahogany, and I had always loved beautiful old things—we starved. When it became necessary for me to move, I cast about for a good trade-name, one to attract the right class. I wanted people who would appreciate good things when they saw them, people who read, people who would not call every straight-backed indiscretion of the carpenter 'Chippendale' and every blunder of a Birmingham tinsmith 'old Sheffield.' ”

“And you builded better than you knew?” I inquired.

“Oh, didn't I! I hadn't been in the new place a fortnight before they discovered me; the name lured them, and they came right in and wanted to know all about it. I began serving afternoon tea, and they brought their literature—volumes and volumes of it—and began to speculate if that most slavish of biographers had told them—all! In the everlasting —iana the literati of that day wrote about one another, did not they neglect to mention some succulent bit? Then they began to fancy I looked like her—was it perhaps a family likeness?—that was the next step.”

“And didn't you realize where it was all leading?”

“Hardly. It seemed to me the most delightful bit of comedy, and I felt that no one would have enjoyed it more than the charmingly witty woman whose name I had borrowed for my sign-board. So I put up her portrait and his, and began to do my hair and arrange the laces at my throat as Sir Joshua painted her. At first it was just a bit of a lark—you see, I'd no idea then of their absorbing capacity—I've known them to wait here for hours to catch a glimpse of me, and the next afternoon they'd come back with cousins or friends, and there they'd sit, such solid estimable citizens, waiting for their scandalous thrill.

“So far, on my part at least, it was all

a delightful prank—they had discovered a secret shrine—one that Baedeker and Grant Allen had overlooked—and I had discovered delightful naïveté and a gold-mine! I began to realize it was not exactly moral, but what mother is going to take the bread out of her children's mouths? So when they came here with their Stratford-on-Avon gape and hung round for a glimpse of me, with the patience of children waiting for the cuckoo to come out of a Swiss clock, I came—and, heavens, how it paid! I moved this house bit by bit from Lancashire—carving, paneling, all; I gave them a shrine worthy their choicest emotions. I don't believe I should have gone on if it hadn't been for the children, but they had to be educated and it took so much that it led me farther than I intended to go—for of course there was no longer any comedy about it; it had become a serious business on my part, and one that carried tremendous risks.”

“And how did the English take it—shrine, portraits, and the fancied resemblance?”

Her shrug was almost Gallic. “The English, dear lady, don't care a brass farthing. From birth they've been surfeited with sentimental peep-shows; they care far more for the hall-mark on my old silver than they do for the apocryphal bar-sinister on my shield. Sometimes I fancy they see the joke, in their quiet way, but it never for a moment deflects from their real business of adding to their collections. No, the English are never sentimental over buying.” We were both silent after this truism, and I spent some very profitable moments reflecting on the acquisitive powers of the two nations in the matter of antiques. I threw a log on the fire, and the suavely inviting room took on a brighter light; the portraits in their panels looked down gravely, and the straight-backed chairs, episcopal in dignity and absence of humor, were too venerable to be the accessories of so barefaced a hoax. It was a strange Frankenstein that she had raised up to herself—poor lady, she would better have remained at home and become “intellectual.”

“But couldn't you drop the—what you call ‘the legend,’ now that you are so well-established?” I ventured. “The peo-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HER EYE SOUGHT MINE, FULL OF A QUESTIONING DREAD

ple down-stairs this afternoon were mainly English, and, as you say, they don't care about it one way or the other."

"You can't understand," she said, with calm desperation; "it would be like dropping a purse in a crowd—what was in it, genuine coin of the realm? There would be the question raised. As it is, I manage to keep my two classes of patrons apart; the Americans like their tea earlier—it's understood they run a better chance of catching a glimpse of me."

She sat with tightly clasped hands, the poor crumpled muse of comedy who had gone too far; and I felt my moral integrity go down like a house of cards before her dry wretchedness. Her problems had been too much for any vague "principles" she might have laid claim to in the environment of fireside security, and I found myself promising to stand by her if the crash became imminent.

She gave herself up to the wholly human relief that my participation in her affairs seemed to yield, and cried tears too frankly unbecoming to be anything but real. Once she was in this state of mental *déshabille*, I was quickly introduced to the crux of the matter, which was her fear of the judgment of the children should they discover the fraud. This latter confidence, I must confess, left me in a state of uncertainty. I had made up my mind so completely that the young Oxonian had been fattening—socially and athletically, if not intellectually—on the proceeds of his mother's ancestral shame, mythical though it was, that I was at a loss to make an honest man of him at a moment's notice. The daughter, too, according to her mother, was equally ignorant as to the source of the family income. She had been reared by a relative of Professor Ogilvie's in Edinburgh, a lady of excellent position, if, alas! of that too frequently haunting accompaniment—slender means. She had been willing to assume the guardianship of her young kinswoman, but the sum required was one that only the assiduous cultivation of the legend made possible. The girl's happiness, her impending marriage to a Scotch earl, everything, in fact, for which Mrs. Ogilvie had spent the best years of her life battling, seemed to depend now on the celebrated figure's

ability to escape from the shrine incognito by the back door, which would, to press the figure a little farther, necessitate the leaving of the offertory behind.

The question was whether she could afford the luxury of an honest flight without facing actual bankruptcy. The combination business—and nothing could be more distinct than the two halves that made up the profitable whole—netted her in the neighborhood of five thousand pounds a year. On the one side, in some fastness of back premises that still contrived to pose as "hallowed ground," there progressed the sale to her compatriots of modern Staffordshire, and of sketchy reproductions of old furniture, at from ten to fifty times their value: the reverse of the medal disclosed genuinely good things sold, without the garnishing of the legend, to the shrewdly discriminating English. What might be called the native, or honest, branch of the business could be disposed of profitably, but the legendary half, by far the most profitable, was, indeed, another matter. In the meantime, the Ogilvie family, having become inured to the obligations of a comfortable income, would feel themselves in a pitiable plight without it.

To my sharp questioning as to how she managed to keep her trade-name and address from her children, the poor lady replied with such an overwhelming budget of figures relative to houses rented at a moment's notice for fabulous sums, breathless trips to the Continent at Whitsuntide and Easter, hair-breadth escapes at all seasons of the year, that I had no choice but an unqualified belief in the moral integrity of the young Ogilvies.

While she sat there, sensitive and suffering, fitting together the fragments of her bar-sinister bogey-man, many cards came up, some of them bearing titles as delectable to the foreign eye as their heraldic equivalent—the fabled fish, flesh, and fowl that make such lusciously tempting marketing to those who have not such luxuries at home. But Mrs. Ogilvie was on this occasion immune from the temptation; she saw no one. It was late when I left her, with nothing more substantial in the way of a hostage for my promised assistance than the abundant sympathy that I felt too keenly

for my peace of mind. Despite the lateness of the hour, the street in front of the half-timbered house was jammed with motors and carriages, quite half of which displayed the heraldic symbols before referred to.

If our vices are but an exaggeration of our virtues, then Mrs. Ogilvie's offense was but an amplification of a remarkable business insight. Her delicate nostril had sniffed, through the fog of London, a situation capable of being turned into a most profitable enterprise. She had recognized the demand for "quaintness" that had primarily been the object of her compatriots' voyaging, she had seen that they wanted their old London at any price, now that they had helped to destroy it. What they desired most was something "just as it had been," only the shock of never finding it was growing hourly more unbearable. The vast transpontine horde that had clamored for its steam heat and its porcelain tubs, when these things were newer luxuries, had had more than its vandal way: in planting its hostile comforts on an alien soil it had uprooted some precious growths of long-mellowing centuries, which had been replaced overnight by certain Jack-and-the-bean-stalk products little different from what was to be met with on every street at home. She had sensed the situation sufficiently to give them back a scrap of the elusive "quaintness"—the fine old house, the rare old things, the properties of a London of a past generation. The London of the stage-coach, the London of deep potations, of duels, brawls, of highwaymen demanding minuets of duchesses on Hampstead Heath. All this she had given to those who had had the eyes to see, but it was not enough; they had demanded the fairy-tale too.

In the manner in which certain women, highly specialized in the laws of social chemistry, may turn a shabby drawing-room into a salon, she had made of her place a sort of enchanting private museum, to which each visitor had subtly conveyed to him the impression that he alone possessed the key to all the locks. That was her art—that she gave to each the feeling of keeping the treasure to himself.

My peaceful holiday in the old-

fashioned English hotel that still adhered to bedroom candles and hat-tubs, and never failed to supply the elements of a rest-cure incident to the demands of our more exacting "comforts" at home, now became the bull's-eye at which Mrs. Ogilvie, following the merciless impulses of her overridden nerves, fired a volley of notes, requests for advice, and demands for my presence at all hours. It was a dull day when she did not expect the young Oxonian to present himself in her paneled waiting-room, with the scant ceremony of a Jack-in-the-box, while the daughter loomed on the horizon like a threatened foundling that might be discovered by the housemaid any morning on the door-step. So much for the dangers that beset her from without, while those within were not less menacing; the old half-timbered house had, in fact, become a species of Trojan horse, in which inimical forces seemed but to await the signal to communicate.

The inward trouble had come primarily through the American family—the father who had almost daily threshed "The Life" for the missing key to the lost romance, while the wife and daughter spent the time pleasantly gaping. This family had never been admitted to the audience-chamber, though, as they had paid two hundred pounds for a set of glued chairs, reproductions of the Adams period, they felt sufficiently sure of their standing in the half-timbered house to bring to tea their friend Miss Topp. One glance at Miss Topp's well-weathered tweed suit and durable hat placed her; she belonged to that type of over-energized spinster that seems to pull the continent of Europe through the funnel of her personality, and be no worse for the experience. She had been everywhere, done everything; no cathedral or museum had escaped her, no haunt, home, or shrine had been capable of evading her all-seeing eye. Her mail, requesting advice as to routes and addresses, was as bulky as a Prime Minister's. She represented, in fact, a sort of higher education in Baedeker.

This lady, from the occasion of her first visit, had gone much farther in the matter of the false scent than her friends. "The Life," which had been a cold trail to them for such a dis-

heartening period, yielded to her, almost from the beginning, evidences to which she lost no time in giving tongue. Miss Topp, it seemed, imagined she had found enough, in her energetic snuffing of the literature of the period, to warrant her in writing a monograph on the subject of the legend. When I reported this to Mrs. Ogilvie—she was in the habit of sending me down at tea-time to report comments—my friend's consternation was complete. Miss Topp did not stand for the cry of "Wolf!—wolf!" She was the actual beast at the door. Mrs. Ogilvie buried her face in her hands: "Good God! with Topp, that means it will be in print in a couple of weeks!"

It was with a feeling, therefore, of something very much akin to resignation that I received word that a great-aunt of mine was critically ill in the country and desired my immediate presence. I took the despatch to the half-timbered house in person and kept the cab that was to take me to Charing Cross waiting at the door. Mrs. Ogilvie issued a rather grudging ticket-of-leave, and only on my promise to return at a moment's notice consented to say good-by. As I made my way down-stairs I noticed Adam, her old servant, bringing up two cards on a tray; I did not, of course, see the names on the cards, nor had I any suspicion that those bits of pasteboard were of especial interest till I reached the waiting-room on the first floor, where my glance was arrested by a sight that threatened to disrupt my plans at the eleventh hour.

There was no mistaking the two young people who stood in stiff-necked detachment from the throng of enthusiasts that crowded the house at this hour. I had not seen them since the knickerbocker and short-frock stage of their evolution, but I had not a shade of doubt that here were the two young Ogilvies come to judgment. The clear-cut opinion of youth and unrelentlessness was in every line; to what lengths they might have been driven by the subdued chorus of the rhapsodes—always at its height at that hour—as they pronounced the room "quaint," "picturesque," and "delightful" with the meaningless reiteration of the pattern in wall-paper, I dared not hazard a guess. I was thankful that our recognition was

not mutual, and rapidly scribbling a few lines on a card, I bade the maid, who knew me to be *persona grata* with her mistress, to lose no time in taking them to her. My message and Mrs. Ogilvie's children left the room together. In the interval of waiting I lived through the scene that, in all probability, was being enacted in that urbane room with the Grinling Gibbons carving and the portrait of the maligned lady looking serenely down.

At the end of a quarter of an hour the maid brought me a written message: "Thanks for offering to wait, but please don't miss your train." And I read, back of the briefly scrawled message, the new hand in the administration of the legend, which henceforth, I felt, would be entirely a family affair.

As I bade the chauffeur hurry with his cab—it was an even chance whether he made the train or not—I had some, at least, of the emotions of a criminal bound for a country with which there is no extradition treaty. What happened in that inner sanctum I pictured a score of times. If driven into a corner, did the mother seek to justify her course by pointing out to the children that they had lived luxuriously for years on the proceeds of the canard? Had the attitude of righteous indignation, written large upon their young faces, melted a little before her unbecoming and middle-aged tears? Had they, perhaps, decided, after all, to accept the legend as an unsavory but profitable asset? The Ogilvies and their affairs pursued me into the country to the partial exclusion of events there, even as they had invaded the quiet of my London hotel. My interest in the morning mail became absurdly eager, and my disappointment, as day succeeded day without bringing me any word as to the result of the family conference, was disproportionately great; finally I wrote, but received no answer; a second letter fared no better. My diagnosis had been correct—whatever the solution had been, the children had decreed that it should not be communicated.

A week later my relative was sufficiently convalescent to go to Bath, and I returned to London next day, arriving in the late afternoon. Some impulse made me give the cabman the address of the half-timbered house instead of my

hotel, which had been my first thought; as the cab drew up, I was aware that the block that usually marked Mrs. Ogilvie's door at that hour was conspicuously absent—the chauffeur had not his usual difficulty in making a landing. I paid and dismissed him before turning my attention to the house, which was still as a dead man. It seemed incredible that such utter desolation could have fastened on it in so short a time; a fortnight ago it had been venerable and hale, enjoying a hoary vitality in contrast to the middle-aged ills of its neighborhood, but now it was plainly done for, not only dead, but abandoned. The surly afternoon light flickering on its boarded windows made the place look as if it had been deserted for a century.

A shabby-looking man, loitering about the premises like a dog that had been forgotten in the general exodus, suggested a former possible connection with the place. My inquiry elicited from this cockney Ulysses an Odyssey, impossible to curtail if I would have those chapters

touching the flight of the Ogilvies. It seemed he had been employed as a "hand polisher" in the late establishment, but was subject to attacks of vertigo which made him uncertain as to time or place. He believed he had been absent a matter of two days, when, on presenting himself for work—it happened to be at eleven at night—he had been amazed to see furniture vans backed to the door and a wholesale moving in progress. Presently "the missus" came down, veiled and led by a young lady and gentleman, who put her into a cab, and all of them drove off at a rattling pace. "And I arsked the helper wot 'ad come over the bloomink place, or if 'twas me still 'aving wertigo, and 'e sez: 'It's all gone up in smoke.' 'And the missus?' I arsked 'im, for I liked the missus, I did, and 'e sez, 'Up in smoke too; off to America.'"

At the risk of inducing another attack of vertigo, I gave him a couple of shillings, and as I moved down the street I heard him repeat over and over: "All gone up in smoke—all gone up in smoke."

The Three Sisters

BY CHARLES F. MARPLE

THREE sisters; one sat spinning,
The youngest and most winning;
They asked her as she spun:
"Is the day yet beginning?"
"Day is begun."

Three sisters; one sat sewing,
The middle-aged, the knowing;
They asked, "How doth Day run?"
"The lights and shades are showing
The midday sun."

Three sisters; one sat weaving;
The eldest, she was grieving;
"Is the whole day yet won?"
"We nothing gain deceiving;
Day is done."

Wreckers of the Florida Keys

BY GEORGE HARDING

FOR generations the Florida Keys—a chain of coral reefs covered with semi-tropical vegetation, stretching from Miami to Key West—have been celebrated on all the water-fronts of the world for the trouble they make the deep-sea men. The Keys lie directly in the path of the West-Indian hurricanes, which originate in general in the Caribbean Sea off the Jamaican coast, and pursue a course around Cape San Antonio of Cuba, up the Yucatan Passage, and across the Gulf to sea. What with currents, reefs, and high winds, the shipping bound to the Gulf ports and the West Indies, creeping close inshore to escape the north-bound Gulf Stream, faces catastrophe. Wrecks follow as a matter of course. Tramps, steamers, liners, schooners, and all, from the most ancient to the most modern, often find themselves helplessly stranded, and, more often than not, are beaten to pieces. In a recent hurricane three hundred craft, big and small, were driven ashore. There is therefore, in time of gales, salvage to win. Great craft carrying cargo to the value of a million of dollars have gone ashore within reach of the watchful wreckers from Key West—cotton-steamers, bound from Galveston to Liverpool, for example—and others will surely go ashore again. Wrecking is a profitable avocation—it is always ostensibly an avocation—and is prosecuted with fervor; a certain wrecking-master of Key West has had as much as sixteen thousand dollars for his attentions to a wreck through a period of sixteen days. Followed with daring and skill and a merciless lack of sympathy for skippers in trouble, wrecking has yielded fortunes to the islanders; and it is thus that it has been followed for generations.

It is chiefly with wrecking that the fishing fleet of Key West concerns itself. The fleet is prepared to put to sea on the first news of disaster; not only that,

it anticipates disaster. Key West keeps an eye on the weather, is quite well aware of the shipping in the neighborhood, and is informed of every promising happening on the coast, from the outermost island to Miami. Moreover, Key West has peculiar ideas in respect to the beneficence of Providence with which the deep-sea skipper can hardly be said to be in sympathy.

"I was hoping the *Spanish Princess* would turn up here," remarked a wrecker of Key West, with a casual sigh, "but I see by the bulletin that she's safe in Vera Cruz."

There was a general sigh.

"There's just two ways of getting rich in Key West," added a wealthy manufacturer; "I'm in the cigar business myself."

That the wreckers have this peculiar attitude toward shipping in distress is of course beyond question. It is best illustrated by an unauthenticated tradition of Key West. The story goes that the past generation rigged a line between two mules, hung ship lights on it, and walked the mules along the beaches of the outlying keys to convey the impression that a ship was sailing along, and by this means lure the unsuspecting captain of some passing steamer from the channel into the treacherous reefs. This end accomplished, the next step was to board and loot. This is mere tradition. The Key West of to-day is not by any means to be suspected of tricks like these; but Key West has no hesitation in taking advantage of the misfortunes which befall off her coast, and of stripping the wretched owners and underwriters of the last penny to be extracted. Not long ago a steamship, bound from Galveston to Continental ports, went ashore on Rampidias Reef. This was all as it should be, of course, but there was little in it for

the wreckers, after all, for the steamship was in wheat; and as there are no mills on the island, no one in Key West wanted wheat. This ship, however, was floated and brought into port in leaking condition, whereupon the insurance surveyor, who had by this time arrived from New York, determined to jettison part of the cargo to bring the damaged plates above water. To this end he began to shovel the wheat over the side. But there was nothing in this for the wreckers. It wouldn't do at all; something must be done about it. So the wreckers complained to the harbor authorities that the insurance surveyor was filling up the channel.

"Look here," said they; "we can't have the channel filled up in this way to save the underwriters' money."

"Not at all," said the harbor authorities; "something *shall* be done about it."

The attention of the authorities having been called to the matter in this emphatic way, the insurance surveyor was ordered forthwith to stop the nefarious operation of filling up the channel. There was nothing left for him to do but engage the wreckers to lighten the craft, which was precisely what the wreckers had been aiming at. For a good round price by contract, the wreckers brought two schooners alongside, but anchored them forty feet away. The lightering crew then gravely proceeded to shovel the wheat, not aboard the lightering schooners, but merely *at* them. This was gravely continued, the wheat falling in the water, until sufficient had been jettisoned; whereupon the decks of the schooners were gravely swept of the last grain of wheat and the craft towed to their berths. From the wreckers' point of view, this was a profitable, and therefore perfectly proper, proceeding. Only the underwriter had been damaged.

"Dammit!" said a wrecker, "let 'em look out for themselves."

That is precisely the attitude.

The wrecking operation is simple enough. It is purely a matter of getting aboard, contracting with the captain, and salving the cargo. When the news is, "Wreck ashore!" the ever-ready fleet of one hundred and fifty small schooners

and little sloops puts off in glorious haste and hope. The water-front is alive with excitement; it awaits news of name and cargo; it celebrates word of rich cargo, and honors the wrecker first aboard with a fame which is peculiarly desirable in Key West. Small heed is paid by the fleet to wind and sea. It is a race from the start, with a large prize to the winner, for the wrecker first aboard is privileged to make the salvage contract with the bewildered skipper. The vessel may be high and dry on a shoal; she may be full of water on a reef, with the sea breaking over her deck; she may be listed in the surf on the beach of a key; she may lie in the boiling surf on a reef five miles out to sea. The crew may have abandoned her, in which case she is a derelict with enormous salvage, and there is no trouble with captain or owners. Or the crew may be still aboard, either in desperate anxiety to be taken off, or in desperate fear of these very wreckers—who have a piratical reputation among deep-sea men—and in fighting humor to keep them at a distance until the real situation of the ship is solved. The wrecker, however, will never stand off until he is persuaded beyond doubt. Even the point of a gun, unless it has real meaning behind it, will not convince him. Not long ago a wrecking-master boarded a big wreck on Sombrero Reef, calmly looked the captain's revolver in the muzzle, and secured the salvage contract. Captains are always recalcitrant in the beginning, but in the end they can usually either be terrorized or persuaded to accept assistance; and the wrecker is a master of diplomacy in the art of convincing a captain that his situation is desperate. Once a salvage contract is made, romance goes out of the business; the fleet slips alongside and lighters the cargo, which then goes to the storehouses at Key West.

There is small sympathy for the unfortunate captain in any case.

"The buoy was half a mile out of place!" a disgusted skipper complained, by way of accounting for his situation.

"What do I care?" was the wrecker's response. "If it hadn't been, you wouldn't be here."

"Starting for a wreck," said a fa-



Drawn by George Harding

A WRECK ON THE REEF

mous old wrecking-master, with a little laugh, "you never know what you're likely to run into." We were then drawing alongside the wreck of the *Louisiana*, on Sombrero Reef, some days after the event. A nodding swell was heaving in, racing over the submerged reef with a nasty lop, and breaking on the exposed coral with a forceful splash of spray.

"It's 'Wreck ashore!' and that's all," he continued. "Whether schooner or steamer you don't know. Nor do you know the exact location; nor do you know what the manifest is—the most interesting question of all. But out you go in a gale and make the best of what happens—phosphate or cotton. When the *Alician* went ashore on the Bahamas she was full to the hatches with a cargo that made my mouth water when I saw it. While the gale was still blowing we had a telegram from a friend of mine in Cuba, where the crew was landed by a passing steamer, giving us only a general idea of where the wreck lay. We put out that night, seven schooners of us, and got across the Gulf Stream to the Bahamas in twelve hours. It was a long search down the coast line, but we found her at last, hard and fast like a rock on a

point beyond Bahama Shoal, in a smother of soapy green water churned up thick and white from the coral bottom. It was a nasty place; there wasn't any lee, and the anchor wouldn't hold in the gale that was blowing. There was nothing to do but to run to Saw Key for shelter until the sea went down. Lord, but we hated to leave her! It was the largest gift of God in years. The wreck represented hundreds of thousands of dollars to the underwriters and tens of thousands to us. She had been abandoned, too; there was nothing to do but start in salving cargo. It was the easiest kind of salvage, but it looked as if it might not come our way.

"There was more than a high sea to consider; there was the Black Fleet from the Bahamas to take into account. Nobody loves the Black Fleet; they are tough customers, and no friends of the Key West wreckers. We lay in the shelter of Saw Key until we couldn't stand it any longer; then twelve of us decided to get aboard, anyhow, to hold possession, and let the fleet follow. We got aboard between seas and scrambled along the rail to the cabin, where we stayed for two days. With the first clearing, sure



THE WRECKERS ARE ON THE SCENE AT THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE MOMENT



THE WATER-FRONT IS ALIVE WITH EXCITEMENT

enough, the Black Fleet came driving along from the Bahamas with a fair wind, just like a flock of vultures. It looked like fight. To make the best of things we lined up along the rail and bridge and vowed we were the crew. I had got some greasy overalls from one of the cabins to make two fellows look like engineers; and I found an old hat of the captain's for myself. And the bluff worked; they stood off, to order, meek as you like, and sang out offers to save us.

"Give us a third," said they.

"What do you think she is?" said I; "a derelict? Not much!"

"If they had known what her cargo was we could never have kept them off.

"You wait until the Key West pirates come," said they, "and see what they'll ask for salvage." They had to be bluffed until our fellows came up from the shelter of Saw Key.

"By and by our fleet beat up. They were alongside and boarding before it dawned on the black fellows from Bahamas that we had tricked them. Mad? They were the maddest pirates that ever came off the Bahamas; and when they

found we were nothing but Key West wreckers ourselves the trouble began. There was half a gale of wind still blowing and the sea was running high. In manœuvering to come alongside in the heavy sea one of our bowsprits raked a mainsail of a Bahama craft. It raked it from gaff to boom and brought down a lot of wreckage. That was enough to start the Blacks. They went at our fellows for blood, swarming along their main-boom, knives in hand, and dropped aboard our schooner. There was the devil to pay. It was a hand-to-hand fight in a heaving sea, with the two schooners, grappled by wreckage and rolling in the swell, crashing into the rest of the fleet and threatening to break their own ribs against the iron sides of the wreck, from which I looked down on the trouble. The Blacks used knives; our fellows swung pump-handles, with which they knocked the niggers into the sea, going in themselves by turn and crawling aboard again, until the boats drifted apart and the fight was over.

"That was all right for the time, but the Blacks could get help from the Ba-



A SKIN DIVER

hamas before we could from Key West, and it seemed to be only a matter of time before they could beat us.

"What do you mean by running that fellow down?" said I to the man who had raked the Bahama craft. "Damn you,

you'll pay for that sail or I'll know the reason why!"

"That patched the matter up well enough, and I let two of the Blacks aboard.

"Look here," said I, knowing well enough that we had to share with them or lose all; "we'll salve this cargo together."

"They agreed.

"You take one side," said I, "and I'll take the other."

"I had a red-paint line drawn down the middle of the deck from bow to stern, and gave them the low side of the wreck, while we took the high and dry side. Then we all started to work. When the hatches were opened, the Blacks went mad. It was the richest cargo they had ever seen. They don't get wrecks on the Bahamas the way we do on the Florida Keys. With a cargo like that and a crew of half-savage Bahama islanders to loot it, trouble was likely to break out any minute. Greed gets the best of a man and a crew of men when they get aboard an abandoned wreck. The islanders put their loot on the low side of the paint line and we put ours on the high. Even that didn't fix things, for if one of our fellows, or one of theirs, saw a bale of linen or case of wine on the other side of the line that he particularly fancied, he would wait his chance to roll it over. It was take your pick while the other fellow wasn't looking; and things got so bad at last that we had to appoint a guard from each fleet to watch over the cargo as it came out. After that it was devil take care of the man caught on the other side of the line, and things went well enough, until along came the customs, the underwriters, and a British gunboat to arrange for landing the cargo in Key West. Not all the cargo got to Key West, of course; it never does in a case like that; there are too many leaks on the way to port, and the keys make good hiding-places for anything from a bale of cotton to a bottle of rum. This time it was easy."

I looked a question.

"It was very convenient having the Bahama Blacks around, after all," the wrecking-master replied — "the blame didn't hurt them."

The wreckers of Key West differ from other fishermen wreckers. They are not, for example, like the wreckers of Cape Race. The Cape Race folk are isolated and unsophisticated. A few years ago, when a well-laden tramp went ashore on Cape Race, the fisherfolk had the choice of potatoes and champagne to salve. Potatoes were high in St. John's that year; potatoes at least were valuable. Nobody recognized champagne. It was tested, however, and found insipid and worthless. The potatoes were salvaged; the champagne was let go to the bottom. No Key West wrecker would have made the same mistake. All the knowledge of his forefathers has been handed down to him. He is up to date, informed, sharp-witted, and unscrupulous; very little gets away from him. Especially is he informed in Admiralty Law. He knows the shoals of the law as well as the less perilous shoals of his own coast. And wrecking has been systematized. Key West is thoroughly equipped not only with a court for the adjustment of difficulties, but with warehouses for sheltering salvaged cargoes awaiting re-shipment. To protect their interests the wreckers combine, and retain eminent lawyers to defend them in court. Eng-

lish Lloyds and the marine underwriters have representatives known as marine surveyors, who travel wherever ships meet disaster; but sharp as they are in the practice of their profession, it is a case of Greek meeting Greek when they land in Key West.

Neither surveyor nor wrecker will trust the other. "Well, Jim," drawled a sarcastic surveyor to a wrecking-master, when he left the stranded craft to go ashore, "leave the stacks in her, anyhow, till I get back."

"I'll guarantee nothing," was the answer.

The wreckers of Key West, familiar with the reefs of the law and contemptuous of their dangers, often come close to wreck. There is a point where it is difficult to determine between salvage and loot, and occasionally only the extreme caution of a wrecker saves him from a long residence in the penitentiary, under ruthless prosecution by the Lloyds surveyor. When the underwriters' agent boarded the wreck of the *Alician* on the Bahama Reef, he discovered to his amazement that the ship seemed to be ashore, not on a reef of coral, but of ale-bottles. This, however, was easily accounted for. The ship's cargo was in large part a



IT WAS A HAND-TO-HAND FIGHT IN A HEAVING SEA



IF A SHARK IS SEEN, THERE IS NO GETTING A DIVER OVER THE SIDE THAT DAY

consignment of ale, and the Key West wreckers had been aboard for three days. The inference from the conjunction of circumstances was inevitable: the wreckers had been looting ale.

"Well, Jim," said the surveyor to the master wrecker, "how do you account for those bottles?"

"Hole in her bottom," replied the

wrecker, blandly; "all washed out in the storm."

"Hole?" the surveyor mused—"and not a cork in a single bottle!"

When evidence was taken in the Admiralty Court, a curious lawyer pried into the matter of the reef of ale-bottles. No underwriters' lawyer has any compunction about convicting a key wrecker.

It is a difficult thing, too, if it ever has been done; great honor would accrue to the man who could accomplish it. Upon this occasion it was not accomplished. Looting ale from the hold of a wreck is of course a criminal offense, as the wreckers and underwriters very well know; but extracting drink and provisions from the ice-box of a wrecked steamer to support life until the arrival of the underwriters' agent is quite another matter, as both the wreckers and underwriters very well know. In this case it was testified to that the wreckers had taken nothing except food and drink from the ship's ice-box, and there was of course no conviction. The wrecker had committed no perjury. Perjury is not in the line of these cautious fellows. In all that they had done they were at least in their technical rights. It was explained afterward to the underwriters' agent who had been outwitted—this was after the expiration of the statute of limitation upon conviction for such offenses—that every case of ale with which the wreckers had indulged themselves had first been put in the ice-box.

"As fast as one man put a case in," explained the wrecker, with a guffaw, "another took it out."

The underwriters' agent must laugh too.

In all the world, possibly, there is no more reckless sailing done in small craft than is done by the Key West wreckers in the pursuit of business. In general, of course, steamers go ashore in a gale of wind; it is often a hurricane of fearful strength, and if anything is to be accomplished in way of salvage to themselves, the wreckers must be on the scene at the earliest possible moment. There can be no waiting for fine weather; the fleet must be put out and take its chances. These chances are necessarily fearsome; the craft are small, ranging from sloops of less than a ton to schooners of not more at most than thirty tons; the gale has lessened a little, perhaps, but has not yet by any means subsided; the seas are running enormously high and crested with perilously breaking water; and as ships are stranded on a lee shore the wrecking craft find themselves in just the same situation, in this respect, off a lee shore in a gale of wind. When the *Andonia* went ashore on Rampidias Reef

the fleet stood by in steady blow of wind for fourteen days. Upon one occasion three schooners and their crews, bent upon salvage in a gale of wind, were lost. That these chances are taken is not at all surprising. In the first place, the wreckers are bred to the sea. Their physical situation, inhabiting an inhospitable island practically in mid-ocean, has taught them how to sail. In the last hurricane, for example, a wrecking-master, bound in from Knight's Key in a small sloop without a crew, was caught offshore with no time to run to shelter; but he survived the great wind, which wrecked a half-dozen tramps, blew the shipping out of Key West harbor, and submerged the outlying keys in four feet of breaking water.

Good sailors as they are, there is enough to tempt them to take extraordinary chances when "Wreck ashore!" is reported. The percentage of gain to the salvors varies with the risk run and the value of the cargo. It may mean, in proportion to the worldly estate of the wreckers, small fortunes for them all. Nobody can tell until the wreck is boarded. The ship ashore may be loaded with phosphate, which is practically valueless in Key West—they call a phosphate-ship a forlorn hope—or she may be a big tramp with a general cargo running to a million dollars in value, of which twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars would accrue for distribution among the wreckers.

"Over half the wealth of Key West," it was asserted in the town, "came directly or indirectly from wrecks."

There is no wrecking-tug at Key West. This is a matter of deliberate policy. It is true that in salving a ship a steam-vessel is awarded more salvage than a schooner, because her usefulness in the operation is greater. Where a number of sailing-craft are involved, however, the total award is greater and is at least more widely distributed, consequently there is no tug in the wrecking service at Key West harbor.

In floating a stranded ship by means of sailing-craft the islanders have developed a marvelous skill. They floated a big Spanish coal-steamer, with eighteen feet of water in forepeak, and brought



Drawn by George Harding

IT WAS THE RICHEST CARGO THEY HAD EVER SEEN

her into Key West harbor. It was Key West divers that drove the wedges into the wide-open seams in her bottom, working in twenty-five feet of water to do it. It was a Key West schooner, too, that went around to the Isle of Pines after a hurricane and stripped the sunken hull of the *San Domingo*. "It was no easy job for our fellows, working from a little sailing-craft, without proper equipment," said a master wrecker, describing the operation, "but we got her anchors and gear aboard our schooner just the same. We saved her bronze propeller, too. We had a skin diver along to lay the dynamite charges that blew it off the shaft and to make tackle fast to haul it aboard. There is a lot in knowing how to use what you have at hand," he added.

In case of total loss the vessel is stripped for the underwriters; and it is the Key West wreckers who do the work; everything of value is taken—anchors, chains, brass fittings, and copper pipes from steamers, and all the sailing-gear, sails and masts, from sailing-craft. Nothing that a junk-dealer would be likely to buy is abandoned. From wooden vessels even the copper sheathing is stripped by the skin divers. The wrecking-schooner, with its crew of divers, anchors alongside the wreck. It may be that only the masts are sticking out of water, that the hull lies in four or five fathoms. The divers, negroes, all go down without helmet or suit, and are therefore called skin divers. They are big-bodied, small-headed, watery-eyed fellows, who can be watched through a water-glass, distinct against the clear bright coral sand in the shadow of the hull. They strip the sheathing with a chisel—a dozen of them at work at a time. It takes about three minutes for a diver to release a sheet of

copper, then up he comes to the surface, grabs a life-line, and is hauled aboard, where he lies gasping until, five minutes later, he is ready to go down again. He is good for six hours' continuous labor of this sort, unless sharks interfere. But if a shark is seen loafing in the shadow of the keel on the listed side of the hull, there is no getting a diver over the side that day. As Bub Smart, the most famous of wrecking craftsmen, says: "No blame to them. It's a creepy business, keeping a shark off with your chisel while you shoot to the top of the water, even if you only scrape your naked skin against his sandpaper hide."

Bub has been a diver himself.

Wrecks ashore spell loss for some one—loss of lives, cargo, and ships. Salvage is salvage, and wreck must come to most crafts at the end of the last voyage. The captain stands on the bridge, watching the lightering of cargo, listening to the straining of the cables as they are hauled in on the winches, and for a week or a month, as it may be, he thinks of his stranded ship, his lost freights, the prospect of hunting a job ashore, starting life anew if the wreckers fail to float the ship. Anxiously he watches the setback caused by the storm. He paces the deck at night. "I'm sorry to have brought you here," he says to the marine surveyor. Then comes the day when he leaves the ship stripped of everything, the broken skeleton of the proud craft he had taken down the Clyde on her trial trip. The wrecking-schooner lands him in Key West, where he sails for home, a passenger. Then the wrecking-schooner lazily puts to sea again, bound turtle-fishing or sponging, but all the while keeping one eye open for another wreck.



“The Scattering of the Mists”

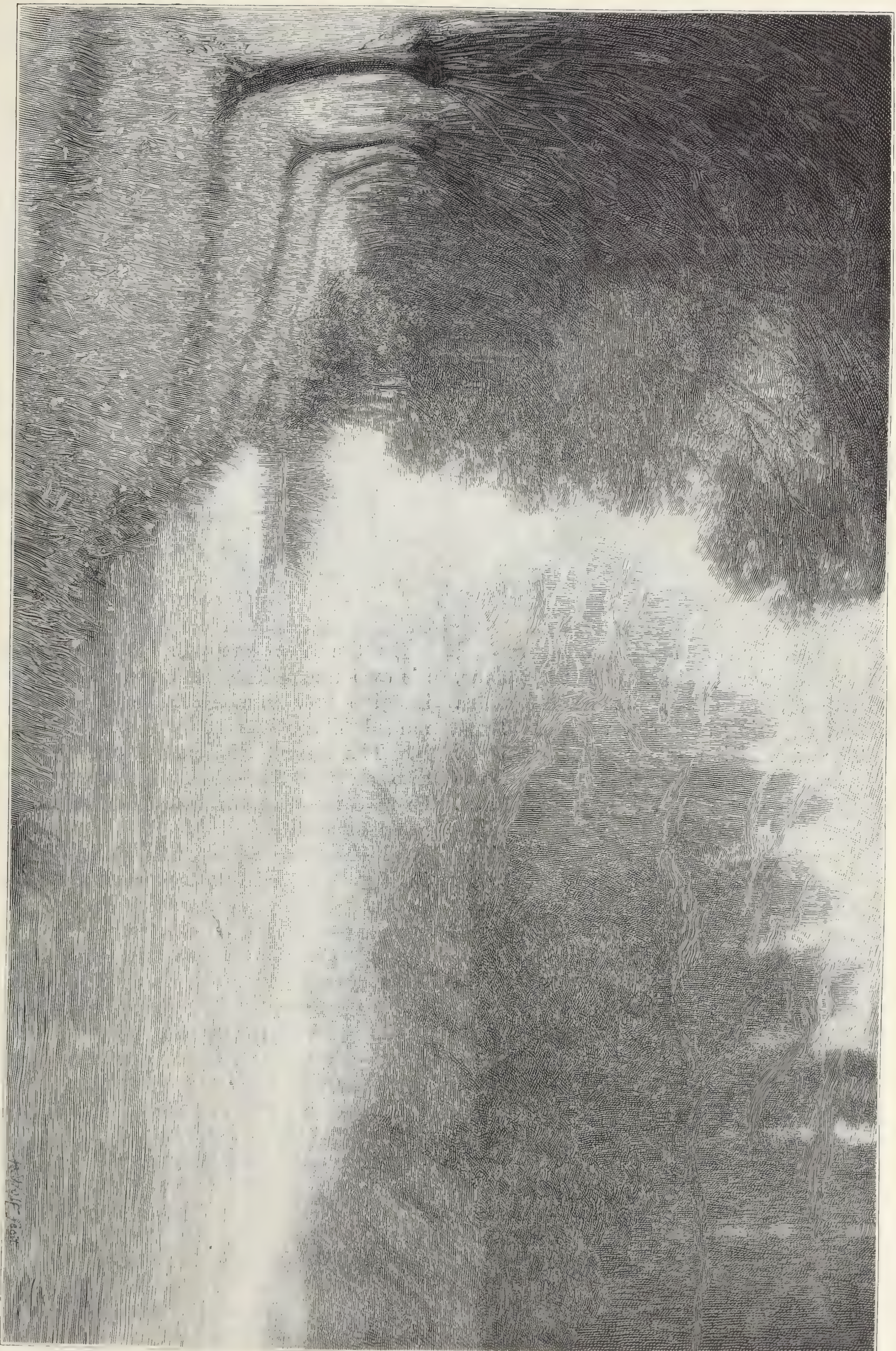
An Original Engraving by Henry Wolf

FOR a quarter of a century the wood-engravings of Henry Wolf have attracted the attention of discriminating judges of fine line-work. His versatility has awakened admiration, for he is equally at ease in interpreting the spirit of the old masters, and in translating the newer men whose productions have so greatly changed the current of modern art. His aim is always to represent the subject in hand, and he knows how to evoke a mood. In this spirit he has produced a long series of works from the Metropolitan Museum and many private collections.

In addition to his reproductive engravings Mr. Wolf has expressed himself in a number of original compositions of the highest excellence, one of which appears herewith. In this he has caught a fleeting, ever-changing aspect of nature; the trees along the banks—and the river too—are enveloped in a veil of mist, creating an illusive effect, with a result of poignant beauty and mystery. The delicacy of light and shade produces a sense of color relations as definitely as a painter would have given them on canvas. While the engraver's management of line is adroit and his technical dexterity amazing, his manipulation is kept subordinate to the effect of the scene itself. In this original work we see not alone a craftsman of extraordinary skill, but an artist, and enjoy the pleasure to be found in an interpretation of the world about us; not its superficial representation merely, but its emotional content as well.

Mr. Wolf is one of the few who have kept alive the art of wood-engraving, and he is applauded by those who appreciate his sacrifices for an ideal. His work has been medaled at the Paris Salon and at various expositions, and is hung in many museums and private collections, while he himself has served on several international juries of art.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"THE SCATTERING OF THE MISTS"

An Original Engraving by Henry Wolf

Theocritus

BY BELLE RADCLIFFE LAVERACK

HE was a Shepherd, a Shepherd of the Golden Age. He had been for a long, long time—since the day before yesterday.

His previous incarnations had been many and varied. In the last and most sympathetic, he had been the Ancient Mariner, and the Mariner had been the lineal descendant of Jason, and Jason of Odysseus, and Odysseus of Launcelot, and Launcelot of King Solomon, and so on back, back into the night of time, back to where memory ceased.

Of course one's last incarnation was always the most sympathetic. That was why you chose it, or it chose you. So the career of Mariner, for all its grimness, had had a fascination possessed by no earlier calling. To be "alone, alone—all, all alone," to be let alone. Could anything be better than that?

The transition from the rôle of Mariner to that of a Shepherd of the Golden Age had been easy and natural. There had been no jar, no forced adjustment; it had happened in this wise.

He had been waiting in line at the Library. Just before him in the line was a slender lady. "I would like," said the slender lady—"I would like a copy of Theocritus." He pricked up his ears, for his own real name, quite apart from his many incarnations, was Theocritus. What other Theocritus might there be, of whom you could get a copy?

The girl in the blue dress brought the slender lady several books; she chose one and passed on. Then the girl turned to Theocritus. "I would like," he said, just as the slender lady had said it—"I would like a copy of Theocritus."

The girl looked down at him, smiling. He didn't come much above the top of the desk. "Which translation do you prefer?" she asked, "or do you want the original?" There was something in her voice which Theocritus recognized, and which he didn't like. He had no name

for it, but it was often in people's voices when they spoke to him.

Without waiting for him to reply, which saved him embarrassment, the girl handed him the books which the slender lady hadn't taken. He looked at them. In the front of one there was a little picture, and he decided on that. The girl gave it to him with the smile that matched the hurtful note in her voice, and he walked out of the Library, and into the square upon which it faced. It was a dingy spot—brown grass, a few tired trees, several benches, and tired people sitting on them.

Theocritus sat down on one of the benches and opened his book.

On the title-page was his own name, his own uncomfortable name. You can't imagine how uncomfortable it is to be named Theocritus if you haven't tried it. The names Bion and Moschus were also on the title-page. He was lucky, he reflected, to have escaped being called after them, too.

The picture which had decided him in his choice of the book was a picture of out-of-doors. A boy, more possibly a youth, was seated on the grass; through the grass a stream was flowing. Sheep were grazing about him. In the distance were mountains. The coloring of the picture, a soft brown, suggested evening—and yes, it was evening: there over the mountain hung a new moon.

How nice and quiet it all looked, how tolerant and easy-going appeared the sheep! Theocritus began to turn the pages.

"Would that my father had taught me the craft of a keeper of sheep!" he read. "For so in the shade of the elm-tree, or under the rocks by the stream, piping on reeds, I had sat and lulled my sorrow to sleep." Again he read:

"Sweet is the voice of the heifer, sweet her breath; sweet to lie beneath the sky in summer, by running water."

On and on he read until all his little being was filled with the murmur and the stir of things lovely and unknown.

The man next him on the seat stirred. He had been asleep; yawning he arose and slouched away. Theocritus raised his eyes. Again the worn grass, again the tired trees, and the tired people on the benches opposite, again the din of the streets; only dimly he noted it all. Clearer than the noise about him sounded in his ears the shepherd's pipe, clearer than what lay before him spread the sunlit slopes of the fragrant hillside. Dimly, too, he noted that some one else was sitting on the bench near him—another shepherd; they two on beds of leaves beside the springs of chill waters.

Now Theocritus looked up. Alas, it was no shepherd; it was only a slender lady. Theocritus had seen her before—where, when was it? Oh yes, he remembered. She was the lady who had been before him in the line at the Library, she who had asked for a copy of Theocritus. She had it now, open in her hands, but she wasn't reading. She was looking straight before her. She, too, he thought, must be gazing upon sunlit slopes. He drew closer to her.

She felt him at her side and, startled, looked down. Her face had in it the magic of the pages before him; it, too, told him of a lovely, dawning world.

"We're reading the same book," he said, softly, "so we're seeing the same things." She smiled, a far-away smile, a gleam of sunshine on a distant hill.

Again he spoke: "I'm going to be a shepherd; I'm going to be one always."

She didn't ask him why; his eyes, blue, wide apart, very tranquil, gave the answer. "You'll be a good shepherd," she said. Her voice was like the distant singing of the brook.

He continued: "I've never really seen what we've been reading about. I've never seen a shepherd, I've never seen a stream, I've never seen a mountain, I've never seen any sheep; but I've seen goats," he added.

"Have you never been away from the city?" she asked.

"Oh yes," Theocritus replied. "But where we went there were lots of people, and a big lake full of water and boats, and a wood with red swings in it. But

you have been to where the book tells about," he continued, his eyes always on her face. "You look as if you lived there all the time."

She shook her head. "No," she answered, "I haven't lived there for a long, long time, but I can see it all now just as if it were here."

"Tell me about it," he said, and curled himself up closer to her on the bench.

She hesitated a moment; then—"The place that I see isn't in the book," she replied. "Theocritus never saw it; but he would have loved it had he seen it, it is such a place for a shepherd. Oh, if I could only make you see it, Little Shepherd! Let me try and draw it for you." From between the pages of the book she took a pencil and a sheet of paper. Theocritus leaned his cheek against her shoulder. Swiftly, surely she drew.

"It is like this," she said. "Here is the valley, and here is the river flowing through the valley, and here are meadows, very green, and many high trees; and here, see, are the hills—so many hills, some soft and round, like these, some grave and distant, like these. See how they lie along the river like a deep blue wave that never breaks. And here, just here where it should be watching over the valley, is the mountain like the mother Ætna Theocritus sings about. And here, right here by the low stone wall, on the hillside, is the place where you sit in the evening while your sheep graze in the fields near you, and the pine-trees sigh above you, and the moon watches you over the mountain, and—" she stopped drawing; Theocritus, looking up, saw that her eyes were closed.

"And," he prompted, gently.

"And," she went on, speaking as if to herself, "sometimes as you sit here in the evening the new moon calls and mists rise languid from the river, like a white tide, and overspread the meadows, rising almost to the top of the mountain; then, still languid, they withdraw, and in the morning light the valley glistens with the drops of dew which the tide of the mists has left as the sea leaves the little shining shells upon the shore." Her voice was so low now that Theocritus could scarcely hear her. "Once," she said, "we wondered if the voice of the

mist sang in the drops of dew as the sea sings in the shining shells."

She opened her eyes. "I haven't seen it for so long," she said. Then she looked down at Theocritus sitting charmed beside her; her eyes were shining like the little shells. "And I cannot make you see it, can I, Shepherd Boy? I cannot show you how green the meadows are, or how purple the hills, or how blue the sky; I cannot make you feel the clear sunshine or the dark warm shadows, I cannot tell you how the thrushes sing. Oh, but it is all lovely—so lovely that the whole valley just laughs and sings, and the clouds passing over it, they laugh and sing too as they pass."

Theocritus sighed, a sigh of deep content. "And was there a shepherd there?" he asked.

She was looking far off.

"There was a shepherd there," she answered. "He sat and piped on the hillside in the evening, but—" here she laughed softly. "He never could pipe very well," she said.

Theocritus was silent, still leaning his cheek against her shoulder, there was so much to think about. Then he began to turn the pages of the book. In a moment he stopped.

"How do you say n-y-m-p-h?" he asked.

Smiling, she said it for him.

"Was there one of them," he queried, "in the lovely place, and did the shepherd sing to her and chase her through the trees?"

"There was a nymph," she answered, slowly, "and the shepherd sang to her in the evening, but she was cruel and very vain, as nymphs are, and always when he pursued her she fled from him, and then one day he went away, he left the valley, and then—" she paused.

"And then," again he prompted her.

"And then," she continued, "when the shepherd was gone, when the nymph no longer heard his voice in the evening or felt him near her on the hillside, then the valley became a desolate place to her, and she too went away, and she came at last into the city, where she is now, they say, wandering about like a poor lost sheep. Oh, Shepherd Boy," she went on, and her voice was filled with something that hurt him, "it is very hard to be a nymph in a stony city, for always

the pavements are hard for her, and the working for bread is hard for her, and always she is longing for the deep, still places and the wild sweet air of the woods." She stopped and rose from the bench suddenly. "I mustn't talk about her any more, Little Shepherd, and you must forget all the sad part of the story and just remember the lovely place—will you?"

"But I want to know more things," exclaimed Theocritus, getting down off the bench and walking beside her slowly across the square. "I want to know where the shepherd is, and is he sad, too?"

"I don't know where he is," was her answer. "I'm sure he isn't sad, though, and he isn't a shepherd any more, I'm told. Long ago he laid aside his pipe, and he has become a great man, they say. Oh no, he can't be sad, the shepherd."

They had come out of the square, and stood on the corner of the street with the crowds of people sweeping past them. Theocritus noticed now that she was very pale. He took her hand. "And what is the name of the sad nymph?" he asked.

"The shepherd," she answered, not looking at him at all—"the shepherd always called her Nycheia of the April eyes. And you, Shepherd Boy"—smiling down at him—"tell me now what your name is before we part."

For the first time in his life he named his name without shame.

"Theocritus!" she exclaimed, her eyes wide and bright. "Oh, I'm glad you have come, Theocritus. Now you will sing to the nymphs and to the woodland people who are shut away in the great cities; for there are so many of them, just like the nymph I told you of, so many who are sighing for the sweet open places that they never see, and no one has heeded them or sung to them for so long. Don't forget them, Theocritus." She turned to go, but he clung to her hand.

"Won't you give me the picture of the lovely place," he begged, "the one you made, and won't you tell me where you live?"

She took from the book the picture she had drawn and wrote on the back of it. "Here is where I live," she said, handing it to him. "Come and pipe to



Drawn by H. G. Williamson

"LET ME TRY AND DRAW IT FOR YOU"

me, Shepherd, or sing to me, Theocritus, in the evening."

Again she started to go, but again he held her back, his eager eyes on her face. "I'm going to find that shepherd," he said, "and I will tell him all about April Eyes and he will find her, and then she won't be sad any more; then they will go back to the lovely place."

But she shook her head with a wistful little laugh. "Oh no, Shepherd Boy, you must not tell the shepherd, you must not tell any one about April Eyes. The shepherd will not care now, he would not try and find her, and it would hurt her, I know it would hurt her, to have others know her story. I don't know why I have told it to you, but I have, so let it be a secret always between you and me. Don't forget, Shepherd Boy," and this time, before he knew it, she was gone.

When he reached home, he found Horatius sitting on the front steps. Horatius was his brother, his senior by two years; he was also the source of all evil. As to the reason for their being named Horatius and Theocritus, suffice it to say that in so calling them an attempt had been made to give distinction to a last name almost humorously commonplace.

Just now, to the casual observer, Horatius, sitting on the steps in the cool of the day, certainly appeared innocent enough. But to Theocritus he appeared anything but innocent. Horatius was waiting for him; his eyes roved restlessly.

"Where yer been?" was his greeting; it rang like a tocsin in the tense ear of Theocritus.

"To the Library," he replied, distantly.

Horatius snatched the book from him. Theocritus took this calmly. Once, but only once, Horatius had inflicted fatal injuries upon a Library book.

In opening the book the picture of the Lovely Place fell out upon the steps. Involuntarily Theocritus sprang for it, but Horatius was before him. Small use now to assume indifference; the keen sense of Horatius divined a value in the picture.

"You did this, I s'pose," he said, scanning it ironically. If saying he did would have helped any, I think Theoc-

ritus would have said it, but he realized the hopelessness of his cause.

"No," he said, "I didn't do it." Outwardly he appeared calm, but he was really fearfully anxious.

Horatius looked at him. "You want it back, don't you, The-oc-ri-tus?" he grinned. "Well, you can't have it—see?" and he leaped to the sidewalk and was off up the street, the paper waving in his hand.

Theocritus stood watching him in limp despair. Before the might of Horatius and his assembling hosts he was powerless; he knew that. He couldn't bear to see them down there gathered about the sacred picture; so, after picking up the book, he slowly went up the steps and into the house, into his room, and flung himself on the floor.

Gone were the fields, gone were the mountains, gone were the sheep; gone, gone all traces of the slender lady and the Lovely Place. All vanished at the hand of Horatius, the destroyer. Only a prostrate, tuneless Theocritus remained, a little broken harp from which the music had fled.

All this happened on Saturday. He kept his identity concealed, he revealed himself to no one until Monday, and then he blundered hopelessly, he gave it all away—which brings us back to the beginning of the story.

It was in history class. They were learning things about Alexander the Great. Alexander was a spirited hero, the class liked him, and the recitation had been unusually brisk and sympathetic. But Alexander must not, so the teacher reminded them at the end of the period—Alexander must not, for all his fascination, be looked upon as the type of man to be admired or followed. There were other heroes, heroes of peace, whose lives left indeed no glittering wake, but who, humbly, often obscurely, labored for the good of men. "Now," said the teacher, looking earnestly at the rows of faces before her—"now, I want some of you boys to tell me what you want to be when you grow up. Whom would you most rather be like?"

The result of this appeal to the benches was disappointing. The paths of glory were quite good enough and safe

enough for them; small matter where they led. No one expressed the slightest interest in the heroes of peace until the question came to Theocritus.

"And you, Theocritus," said the teacher, "what would you like to be?"

Theocritus lifted his tranquil gaze; before he realized it the words escaped him. "A shepherd," he replied, and then wished with all his might that he hadn't. Little gusts of fear ruffled the clear blue of his eyes.

The class swayed in merriment. The teacher was surprised, as she generally was by Theocritus; you never knew where you were going to find him.

"A shepherd!" she said. "That is very sweet. What made you think of that, Theocritus?"

He had to give some explanation. To his astonishment, he heard himself asserting calmly, "The Lord is my Shepherd." Then he wondered why he had said it. The teacher also wondered why, but she didn't like to ask. There must be some line of connection, clear to Theocritus, which should be obvious to her.

"Oh," she said, hesitatingly, "you mean, Theocritus, that because the Lord is *your* Shepherd, because He takes care of you, so you wish to be like Him, and to guide and take care of other people. That is a beautiful thought, Theocritus. You have grasped, as none of the others, the idea that I meant you to get from to-day's lesson."

When the session was over, Theocritus lingered in the school-room. He hoped the boys would get tired of waiting for him outside, but they didn't. They were there, gathered about the gate, and he braced himself to meet them. Hideous sounds escaped them as he approached. "Baa! baa! baa!" they called, in horrible caricature, and wagged hurriedly improvised tails.

He walked past them, pretending not to notice, and they closed in around him. "Lead us, Shepherd," they called—"lead us home." "Leave them alone, and they'll come home, wagging their tails behind them," they chanted. At first the little shepherd walked slowly, his uncouth flock cavorting at his heels; he was bound he wouldn't notice them. Then he couldn't stand it any longer

and began to run. He ran like the wind, for he was practised; he was always in flight, always escaping. The flock pursued him, baaing stridently, but he reached the kitchen door first, banged it to, and locked it. Outside the flock consulted. Horatius was about to show another way of entrance, when—was it a fire-engine or an ambulance bell that sounded in the street?—away scampered the fickle sheep.

He watched them through the blinds until they disappeared, then he listened until all sound of them had died away. Now he must act quickly before they were upon him again. From under the mattress he brought forth an old tin horn, from under the stove he brought forth a white cat; with these in his arms he opened the door, looked, listened again, and then he made for the back fence. Once over this, he came to another and then another. He breasted them manfully, like a little sea-tossed boat now sinking in the trough, now rising again to the crest of the high-board waves. It was a perilous trip. He and the cat clung to each other desperately; twice he lost the horn overboard, but at last they reached the harbor.

It wasn't much of a place to look at. It hadn't been chosen on account of its scenic advantages, but because of its matchless situation, there being no inhabitants in the adjoining house; moreover the neighboring tribes were friendly.

To any one possessed of historic sense the spot was encrusted with associations. Here was Camelot, here was Troy, here was the Hellespont, here were leagues of unvisited salt seas. Here was now to be the Lovely Place.

It didn't take long to get it ready. The cat he made fast to a derelict clothes-pole. Immediately she became a flock of sheep, and the pole began to sigh like many pine-trees. It wasn't orthodox, of course, this making fast your sheep, but then it was necessary to take some liberties with tradition.

Then he mounted the pile of boxes in the corner, and put his horn to his lips. There, just where it should be—he remembered the words of the slender lady—was a sloping blue slate roof, his Master Ætna. Fixing his eyes upon it, he began to pipe. Ah, sweet it was to pipe on one's

own hillside, with one's own mountain there before one. Sweet the breath of one's own meadows, and sweet to know one's sheep beside one.

"Come, come, April Eyes," he fluted. "Here is the Lovely Place. Come, come, Wandering Shepherd. Come and sit beside me here; take up again your pipe, and together we will sing of sad April Eyes, sweetest of all the nymphs. Come, come."

But no one came, and the purple of his mountain deepened as the shadows lengthened. "Come, come," insisted the plaintive pipe, and at last he appeared, the Wandering Shepherd. He came forth from the house that had never had any one in it before, and approached his hillside. As to his being the Wandering Shepherd there could be no doubt; there was a pastoral air about him, he adorned but did not disturb the landscape. His greeting still further established his identity, for he spoke as only a fellow-craftsman would speak. "And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?" He said Touchstone, but he might have meant Theocritus.

"I like it," replied Theocritus, cordially. "I like it better than any other life."

The shepherd sat down on the hillside near him.

"Those are fine sheep you have," he remarked.

The flock was washing its face. Theocritus surveyed it complacently; then he looked at the new-comer. He liked him, he decided, better than any one he had ever met before, excepting, of course, the slender lady. He was tall, long of limb, and broad of shoulder. His eyes, under heavy black brows, were gray, and had the far-away look of a shepherd.

"And this is a fine country for sheep," continued the newcomer. "The outlook over the valley is very fair; there, if I mistake not, winds the river." He indicated a worn bit of sidewalk.

"Yes," replied Theocritus; "and there"—pointing with his pipe—"are meadows, and they are very green, and there are many hills, and some are big and some are soft and round; and there is the mountain, and sometimes"—here he shut his eyes—"in the morning, after the mists go away from the meadows,

you will find little shells, and they will sing, and the clouds will sing too."

The shepherd had been watching him with smiling intentness. Now he looked about him again.

"It is very like a country that I used to know," he said, "the country where I was a shepherd; it was the loveliest place in the world."

"*This* is the Lovely Place," asserted Theocritus. "I was piping to you to come to it, and you came."

Again his companion looked at him with smiling eyes. What part was this, he wondered, that he was being suddenly called upon to act in the playhouse of this small mind. He must try and not mar the performance.

"I'm glad I heard you, Master Shepherd," he replied, "for I would rather come back to this place than to any other. I return to it very often. That is the best part of having been a shepherd. You can always go back to the life again; it's always waiting for you."

His interpretation of the part assigned him was apparently giving satisfaction, for the young shepherd went on with his questions.

"What do you do when you aren't a shepherd?"

"What do I do?" returned the other, stroking the flock. "Well, I follow the muses always, wherever I am. I'm a painter. I paint pictures. I'd like to paint you some time, Master Shepherd, if you'll let me. Will you?"

The eyes of Theocritus opened in wide dismay. Once, when he was very small, Horatius had painted him.

His companion seemed to understand his hesitation.

"Oh, I don't mean paint *you*," he laughed. "I mean paint a picture of you—do you see?—on your hillside; you'd like that, wouldn't you?" Theocritus thought he would.

"And with your sheep," continued his companion. "One very seldom sees such excellent sheep."

This brought them back to vocational themes; from thence, Theocritus thought, they could pass, skilfully skirting the secret, to the subject of nymphs.

"Did you have fine sheep," he asked, "when you were a shepherd?"

This time the reply was not clear to

him. "‘Dreams were my flock,’" replied the other, slowly. "‘Swift dreams, the passion-winged ministers of thought.’ I went away and left them on the hillside, and whenever I go back they are still waiting for me, dim ghosts of dreams, just where I left them."

They were both silent for a moment; Theocritus was trying to understand. There was something in the face of his companion as he said these last words that reminded him of the slender lady. What did they both see that made them look like that?

Now the shepherd spoke again.

"I was Daphnis once," he said. "Do you know who Daphnis was? He was the man the muses loved, the man not hated of the nymphs. It was rather a joke my being named for him, for I did sing so very badly."

Here Theocritus interrupted. "I can sing," he announced.

"I'm sure you can, Master Shepherd," returned Daphnis. "Why don't we have a contest of song now? that's what two dreamy herdsmen on the side of a mountain always do. Come, now, do thou begin and I will follow after, as Theocritus would have us say."

Oh, what a good time he was having! How much nicer it was to be two shepherds instead of one! In the dim background of his mind stirred the Mariner, gaunt reminder of an earlier, friendless age.

Again he lifted his eyes to his mountain.

"Come, come," he chanted, "here is the Lovely Place; come, come, here is the Wandering Shepherd; come—"

He got no farther, for a sound such as was never uttered in the Golden or any other age, by sheep or shepherd, came from the fence opposite, and there, over the top of the fence, leered the war-scarred visage of Horatius. His beautiful scenery swayed, tottered, and then fell crumbling in ruins about him.

Daphnis's eyes followed the direction of the Shepherd's stricken gaze.

"Why do you look so frightened?" he asked. "Who's that boy?"

Theocritus gasped. "That's Horatius," he whispered. "He spoils everything."

"He does look rather barbaric, doesn't he?" said Daphnis; "but who are the

others? Why, look at them. It looks as if we were going to be besieged."

Over the fence other heads were appearing, grinning, detestably familiar.

"What do they want?" laughed Daphnis.

Theocritus clutched his pipe nervously. "They want me," he faltered; "they always want me. Horatius makes them, and—and—" he burst out, "he stole my picture, my picture of the Lovely Place, and I'll never get it back." His voice quivered.

By this time the invaders had advanced as far as getting astride the fence. Here they halted and took counsel, for the companion of Theocritus was tall and broad and his proclivities unknown.

Theocritus watched them anxiously; would they make Daphnis laugh at him, too?

But now Daphnis was speaking; he was saying incredible things.

"I wouldn't let Horatius treat me like that if I were you." Yes, that was what he was saying. "You're almost as big as he is; go for him now and make him give the picture back. Just because you're a shepherd, that's no reason why you shouldn't fight. I've had a good many fights in my day. I'd like to see you vanquish Horatius."

Ah, what was this that at these words moved deep within him, Theocritus? Even to the farthest confines of his little soul he felt it—a stirring, an awakening, a swift on-rushing of all the long-subdued, long-bondaged forces of his unresisting nature.

Daphnis, watching him, saw his wide eyes bright with a light never burning there before, the camp-fires of his on-coming army.

Without a word he arose, and unprotected by flag of truce, with no weapon save the instrument of his calling, he crossed the enemy's lines, walked straight up to the champion of their hosts, and hurled his challenge, his stone from the brook.

"Give me back my picture." Was this his voice, with the imperious ring?

Horatius just looked at him, while a hush fell on the besiegers.

He stamped his foot, he raised a menacing arm.

"Give me back my picture, or I'll come and get it back."

Horatius seemed to regain consciousness, but he didn't stir; the careless insolence of his position never changed.

"Baa-a-a!" that was all he said.

It is the signal for the assault.

The Little Shepherd springs forward, he seizes Horatius about the knees, now they are upon the ground, and soon—yes, it is he, Theocritus, who prevails; and at the sight, the myrmidons of Horatius, swift to side with the victor, burst into ringing cheers.

"Theocritus! Theocritus!" It is his name that is resounding from the fence top; what a war-cry it makes, his long-derided name!

And now the pockets of Horatius are flung open wide, and far and near upon the ground is strewn the loot of many conquests; and at last, languishing in a remote cell, he finds it, the captive paper. Frail, pallid, but still breathing, still alive, he brings it forth, and holding it high above him, amid the shouts of both armies, he returns to his hillside, to Daphnis, to his wondering flock.

The welcome due to a conqueror is his. "Well done, Master Shepherd; well done, Theocritus!" His mighty hand is grasped and wrung.

Looking back, he sees that Horatius has withdrawn, that the battlements are deserted, and then, "the tumult and the shouting dies," the landscape resumes its tranquil outlines, again the peace, the peace and fragrance of the fields at sundown surround them; again, just as of old, they two are seated together, overlooking the valley.

Now, crowning glory, he discovers that he is wounded, his cheek is torn, is almost bleeding; perhaps, perhaps it will leave a scar.

"But why didn't you tell me that you were Theocritus?" laughed Daphnis. With a very big, clean pocket-handkerchief he was removing the stains of battle. "To think that I've been sitting next Theocritus all the afternoon, and never knew it, although, of course, I knew you could be no ordinary shepherd. And now, young hero, that your wounds are dressed, let's see the picture, the picture 'that launched a thousand ships.'"

With shining eyes Theocritus unfolded it, and together they bent over its faded surface; for it was very faded, very

blurred. It was as if the mists had risen and smoothed away all the outlines, leaving only the clear top of the mountain.

"Why, it's torn," cried Theocritus; "it's torn just where the shepherd sat, and where she wrote on the other side, and I can't find her, after all." What with victory and disappointment and other strong emotions, he was nearly in tears.

"Well, that's hard luck, Master Shepherd," said Daphnis, "hard luck." He took the paper from Theocritus's uncertain fingers and began to fold it gently. Then he gave it back to him. "You must always keep it. It's your Declaration of Independence; remember you fought for it, and you won. Where did you first get the picture, anyway? Who drew the Declaration up for you?"

"Why, the slender lady made it for me," replied Theocritus; it was strange to have to explain anything to Daphnis, who had seemed to understand all things. "She told me about the Lovely Place, and about you, that you were the Wandering Shepherd. And she told me about—about—" He stopped. He had grounded on the secret; in his excitement he had overlooked it on his chart, the hidden reef—April Eyes.

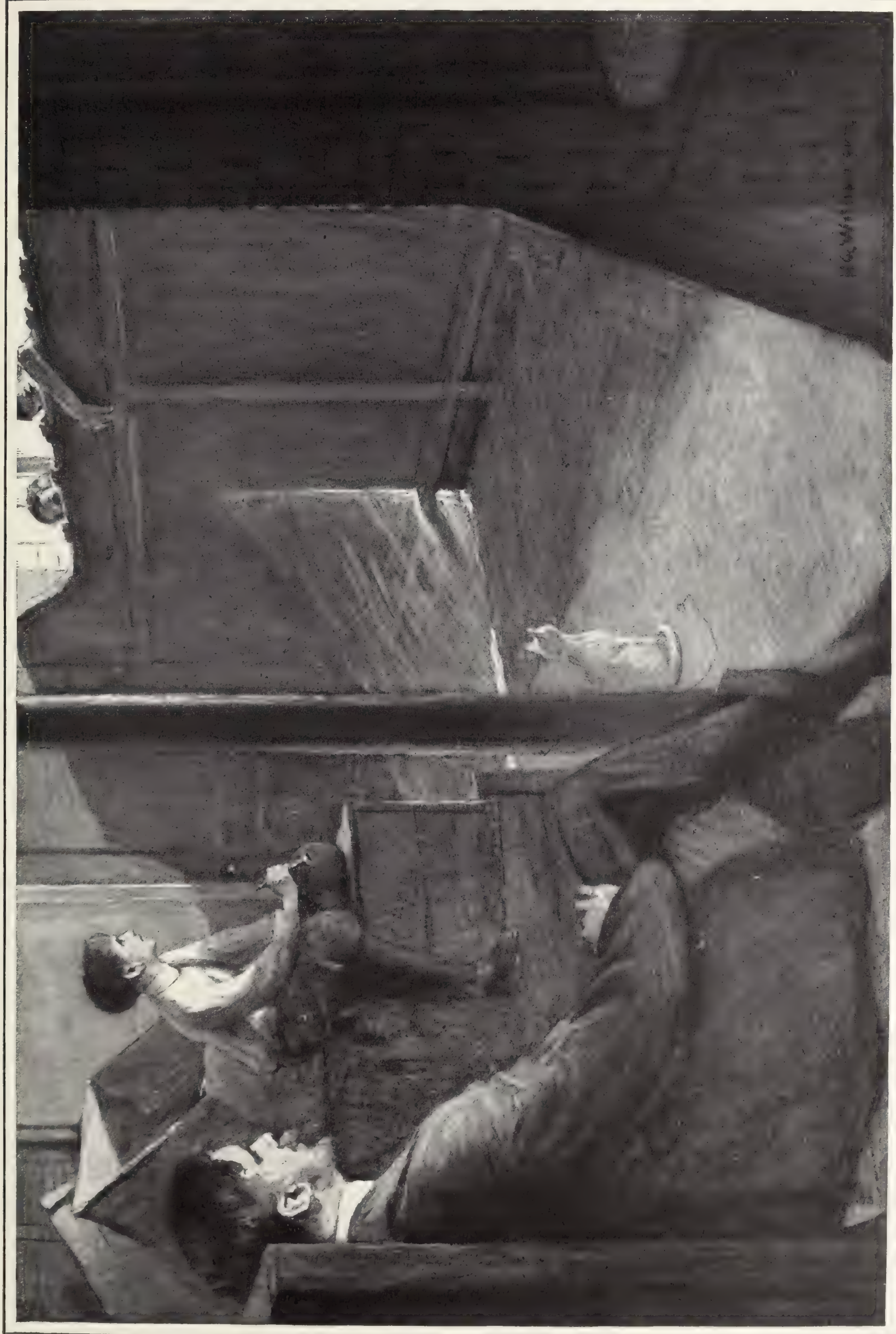
A second later and all would have been lost.

"Oh, it was she who told you about the Wandering Shepherd?" Daphnis smiled. So that was the part he had been playing all this time, under unknown but skilled direction.

He stood up. "Well, I'm glad I came your way, Shepherd Boy," he said, "but now I must wander on; it's growing late. See the sky, how flushed it is. The sun must be setting gloriously somewhere, far beyond the city, back of a still blue mountain that I know."

Hands in his pockets, he stood looking off to where a narrow break between the houses showed the shining wake of the vanishing day.

Theocritus didn't hear him, Theocritus didn't notice him. Waves of indecision and uncertainty were beating against his small stranded bark. He could go neither forward nor back; he was just stuck. And it was his secret, his hidden treasure, that thus barred the way. He hadn't realized what a barrier to all progress it would be.



Drawn by H. G. Williamson

OVER THE TOP OF THE FENCE LEERED THE WAR-SCARRED VISAGE OF HORATIUS

"Tell no one about April Eyes, Shepherd Boy; let it be a secret always between you and me." Above all the uproar of doubt rose the voice of the slender lady warning him to go no farther.

He looked up at Daphnis, whose eyes were still fixed on the golden path.

"Was there," he asked, timidly—"was there a nymph where you were?"

"Yes," replied Daphnis, still looking after the day. "Yes, there was."

"Would you like to see her again?" went on the small voice.

Daphnis didn't reply for a moment; then, "Yes," he said, quietly, and still he looked at the far-away light. "Yes, I should like to see her again, but she wouldn't like to see me. She always fled from me in the old days."

Neither spoke for a few minutes; then the small voice continued. "The slender lady," it said—"the slender lady told me that there were nymphs in the city, and that they were sad. Perhaps your nymph is in the city and we can find her. Let's go and look for her." If he couldn't go over the secret, perhaps he might get safely around it.

The last ripple of light had died away. Daphnis turned his eyes from the now quiet sky. He was back again in the dreary little yard—but there at his side was the eager young face, and the eyes into which he looked seemed to hold the promise of the sunset.

"Perhaps she is in the city," he assented; "perhaps she is, but I sha'n't try and find her; it wouldn't do any good. She wouldn't want to be found."

Oh, the grinding, grinding of the secret! Something must be done. Theocritus jumped up. "Well, I'm going to find her," he proclaimed. "I'm going to pipe for her, and she will come just the way you came. I will pipe and I will sing—and I can fight now, too," he added.

Daphnis smiled.

"She used to come and listen," he said, "when Theocritus sang to us long ago, on a hillside in a lovely place, but she will never come again, little Theocritus, however much you sing."

As he was speaking he walked toward the house, Theocritus at his side.

When they reached the steps he stopped. "This is where I live now,"

he said. "I only moved in a few days ago, and things are awfully upset, so I won't ask you to come up, but in a few days you must come, and then we'll begin our picture. Good night, Master Theocritus," and he went up the steps and into the house.

In the growing darkness Theocritus stood and thought. Was ever shepherd so put to it? Were there ever such contrary, impossible, helpless sheep to fold as nymphs and shepherds? He sighed heavily. Well, he must after the lost one alone, out into the night—on to the wide moorlands of the city. Pipe in hand, he was preparing to leave, when just then a voice came to him, through the dusk from the direction of the fence, a mild, small voice. "Aren't you comin' home to supper, Theocritus?" It was the voice of Horatius.

Theocritus sauntered across the yard. He would make it as easy as he could for Horatius.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, carelessly. "There's something else I want to do," and then he realized on a sudden that heroes must be refreshed. "Well, I guess I'll come," he decided, graciously.

He stooped to gather in his flock, which was rubbing against him. "Let me carry her, Theocritus." What a nice voice Horatius had!

"Oh, I don't mind," said Theocritus. "Come on this way; it isn't much longer." Together they went out past the house to the sidewalk. Side by side, the lion and the lamb.

It was Horatius who first spoke, deferentially. "Theocritus, who's the big man who was with you this afternoon?"

"Oh, he's a friend of mine," replied Theocritus. "He's another shepherd."

He felt the impressive effect of this in Horatius's silence, which lasted some minutes. Then Horatius said:

"Won't you teach me how to play shepherd, Theocritus, me and the other fellers?"

Theocritus considered; then, "Yes," he assented. "I will teach you. I will be the shepherd, and you can be the sheep, and I will lead you about."

As they turned into the yard, the light from the house fell full upon Horatius, upon his face. Something was the matter with one side of it; it was very red,

and his eye didn't look as large as usual. All the gentle heart of Theocritus quivered at the sight, for he knew by the smarting sensation on his own cheek just how that must feel.

"I'm awful sorry I hurt you, Horatius," he said, putting his arm on his brother's shoulder. "I'll be more careful next time."

No one ever dreamed of Theocritus doing anything that he shouldn't do. When, therefore, he retired to his own room shortly after supper and closed the door, lessons or bed were immediately assumed, and no one thought anything more about him.

He stood and thought—how much one had to think when one was a shepherd!—then with extremest caution he opened the window and leaned out. As he saw and felt the night, his heart beat high and sure, for never could April Eyes resist the call of such a night. The wind was saying such mysterious things, the wind was doing such mysterious things. It was high up in the sky with the moon and the swift-darting clouds. It was sweeping imperiously through the streets. He would join it; then to its many voices would be added his slender pipe, and the sound of it would be borne over the wastes of the city—somewhere to the listening heart of April Eyes. Without further thought, he swung himself out of the window, his room was very near the ground, and ran to the street, where the great-hearted wind welcomed him and bore him swiftly on. Comrades, fellow-wanderers for ages past, they have been, the shepherds and the wise, searching, unwearying wind.

He put his pipe to his lips and began to blow lightly, and the wind, recognizing the sweet old sound, hushed its own voices and carried forward the uncertain notes.

Every now and then the Little Shepherd would pause and listen intently, hoping to hear through the darkness some answering call, but none came. There were few people on the streets, and these, hurrying by, did not heed him. He ceased his piping and began to sing softly: "April Eyes, April Eyes, don't you hear me? Somewhere you are listening to the wind; don't you hear me,

too—the Little Shepherd; me, Theocritus? Come to me and I will lead you home, back to the Lovely Place, April Eyes."

Suddenly the wind turned him around a corner, and there she was—the moonlight, brighter just here than the lights of the city, full upon her, his slender lady, April Eyes, one and the same. He didn't stop to reason it out. He had found her!

He ran and threw his arms about her.

"Why, Shepherd Boy," she exclaimed, her hands on his shoulders. "Shepherd Boy, what are you doing out alone in the night?"

"I was looking for you," he cried, joyously. "Looking for you, April Eyes, because you are wandering like a poor lost sheep, and I want you to come back with me to the Lovely Place, back to the—"

No, he must say nothing about the shepherd or she would be off again.

"But who told you that I was April Eyes, Shepherd Boy?" she asked. He looked up at her. "Why, your eyes," he said; "they told me."

She made no denial, but laughed her wistful laugh, just like a nymph.

"But I must take you home, Shepherd Boy," she said to him. "It is late, and it is you who should be led back, not I."

He started to resist; and then an idea came to him, a cunning idea by which he would entrap and capture her.

"This is the way," he said, putting his hand in hers. "We are almost there." Yes, they were almost there, almost at the Lovely Place. The far-seeing wind had brought them together just there.

"Did you hear me piping and singing from 'way off?" he asked, eagerly, as they walked on together.

"I heard a shepherd piping and singing," she answered. "The wind brought me the sounds from far off, but I didn't think it was you, Little Shepherd. Is this where you live? Are we there already?"

Without answering, he drew her forward; his heart was beating wildly. "Come back with me," he begged. "Come back and see the Lovely Place."

Wondering, she followed him past the house on into the dingy yard; then she stopped.

"This?" she said.

"Come to the hillside," he urged.

"Come and rest and don't be sad any more."

He led her to the pile of boxes, and she sat down beside him. He drew a sigh of relief; he had her, anyway. But there were no lights in the house where Daphnis lived. Where was Daphnis?

"See the mountain in the moonlight," he pointed proudly, "and the hills, and the river winding there. I think the mists are coming, don't you?"

Leaning her cheek on her hand, she gazed about her, smiling.

"Yes," she answered, "it does look very misty to me."

Oh, why didn't Daphnis come! "Here you are," he said, "and here's the Lovely Place, and now all we want is the shepherd. I wonder where he is?"

"I wonder," was all she answered.

He was listening intently to every sound, watching intently the dark house for any sign of life.

"The sky is like a great stormy sea, isn't it?" she said, looking up. "Watch the clouds; they break over the moon like scattering spray."

He forgot his own perplexities in a larger care.

"Nothing will happen to the moon, will it, or to the stars? Where are the stars?" He searched the rough sky anxiously.

"Don't you see them," she answered, "shining 'way beneath the waves? They are like the treasures that lie glittering under the sea, the gold that went down long ago in great ships, and that will lie there glittering forever."

She was casting her spell about him; he ceased to think of Daphnis. "Tell me more about the stars," he said, his hand in hers.

Her words came slowly, softly.

"They are like golden memories," she said, "that lie buried in our hearts, that sank there long ago when our hopes were lost and shipwrecked, and that will lie shining there forever."

"And what else are they like?" he questioned, gazing up wide-eyed.

"They are like golden words," she said,

"that were spoken long ago and that are still sounding, always sounding in the wastes and darkness, and that keep our lives from being shipwrecked too."

"But they are like something else," he exclaimed, starting up. "Do you know what?"

She shook her head.

"They are like the shining drops in the meadow," he laughed, "when the mists go away. Do you think the stars are singing, too, like the little drops?"

She smiled. "Let's listen," she said. "Perhaps we can hear them."

They sat listening, hand in hand; now it was dark, now light, about them, as the clouds covered and uncovered the moon.

"I only hear the wind," he whispered.

"And what is he saying?" she asked. "Can you understand him?"

Again he listened, then caught his breath; was that a footstep coming nearer—nearer?

"Yes, I can understand him," he whispered, clutching her hand tightly. "He—he says that he is bringing back the Wandering Shepherd. He says that the shepherd is nearly here; he says that he is here. Daphnis is here!" He jumped up and ran across the yard. "Daphnis," he cried, "I have found her. Come to the hillside. She is waiting; I have found her."

Daphnis looked down at him, his brow knit with surprise.

"Master Shepherd, what are you doing here so late? Whom have you found?"

Oh, the eternal stupidity of Daphnis!

"Why, April Eyes," he almost sobbed, "April Eyes." With both hands he tried to drag him forward.

Was that the shadow of a cloud, or did some one dart noiselessly past them?

He turned and looked; the hillside was deserted.

"She has gone, Daphnis," he wailed. "Gone again, out into the night. April Eyes has gone. Run, Daphnis, run, and bring her back! April Eyes has gone!"

For just an instant Daphnis hesitated, and then he turned and disappeared, he too out into the night.

Dick

BY MAJOR A. R. H. RANSON

Late Major of Artillery, C.S.A.

DICK was a nigger, just a Virginia slave nigger. When a little boy, he was scullion in the kitchen. He carried the wood and water for the cook, and scoured the pots and kettles, and turned the spit when the turkey was roasting, dipping and basting the gravy from the pan, and nodding in his work after the manner of all small darkies.

When fifteen years of age, I took him out of the kitchen and put him on the box with me to open gates as I drove about the country. I soon found out that he had a liking for horses, and that he took great pride in his promotion, and gradually I worked him up into a coachman. I not only taught him to drive, but also had him taught how to take care of harness and carriages, and when he grew to manhood gave him the charge of my wife's carriage and horses. The horses were beauties, the carriage and harness were new and bright, and Dick showed his pride in them by keeping everything in order, and never turned out without seeing that everything was bright and would shine and glitter in the sun. But the glories of that time were passing away from Dick. When the war came the carriage rested in the carriage-house, the horses were taken by the Yankees, and Dick became my servant in the army of the South—a gentleman's gentleman, as he called himself.

No man ever had a more faithful and devoted follower than I had in Dick. He was captured twice with me by Union forces, and each time refused the freedom which his capture gave him. "I don't want to be no freer than I always has been," he said on both of these occasions. Once I discharged him for being drunk. Think of discharging a slave! It was at Chattanooga, and Dick hung around headquarters for several days and was very unhappy. Finally he came to me with

a Bible in his hand and said, "I wants to swear on this that if you will take me back I will not drink a drop during the war." He took the oath and kept it faithfully to the end, at Appomattox.

When I was captured at Rich Mountain I was ill, and was sent to the Federal hospital, an immense tent. I had not fully recovered when we evacuated our position, and wandering about the mountains in the rain for two days and two nights without food had brought on a relapse. And besides enduring the exposure, we had forded the river nine times in the vain effort to avoid large bodies of the enemy's troops. The sand had got into my boots, and when my socks were taken off, the skin came off with them. I was a pitiable object. Dick stuck to me. He was free now to go where he pleased, but he never left me. He was by my cot all day, kept off the flies from my raw and skinless feet, and did what he could to alleviate my sufferings. At night he crept under my cot and took his only rest on the bare ground. When I was well enough to go North with Colonel Pegram, I asked Dick what he was going to do, now that he was free. He said that he would go with me. When I told him that was impossible, he said, "Well, if I can't go with you, I will go back to Mis' Lizzie" (my wife).

When he was leaving, I gave him two hundred dollars in Virginia Valley Bank notes (it was before the days of Confederate money), and he walked two hundred and sixty-three miles—by way of Staunton one hundred and fifty, and down the Valley, a hundred and thirteen—to my home in the Valley, and gave my wife one hundred and ninety-six dollars of the money.

When I was exchanged, Dick joined me, and remained with me to the end. Dick was very much like a faithful dog. He followed me on to the field at the

battle of Murfreesboro, against orders, and when I remonstrated he said, "Who's going to carry you off when you 's killed?" The shells were skipping over the ground and bursting about us in a lively way, and I was thinking that I was risking two horses. At last I came upon a little drummer-boy shot through the body, and put him up in front on Dick's horse, and sent him to the hospital, and thus got rid of Dick.

Dick never forgot me. The other officers had servants (hired ones), but with them it was "out of sight, out of mind." They came generally when they were called, and not always then. After a long day's march, when the wagons and all supplies were far behind, Dick would come up when we halted for the night, and take my tired horse and leave me a fresh one. He always had in his pocket some morsel of food, if only a dirty piece of bread, for me.

In the summer of 1864 General Lee's staff was camped on the north bank of Appomattox, opposite Petersburg. It was a good camping-ground, and for a long time we enjoyed it, but when the leaves fell from the trees, we found we were in sight and range of the enemy's guns. Before the leaves fell, we found that out. It may have been on information from a deserter, or it may have been our telltale smoke, but at any rate, one morning the enemy opened on us with great energy and precision. A shell passed through Colonel Baldwin's tent, and he came out with a look on his face as though some indignity had been offered him. But there was no time for explanations. The tents of the medical department were on fire, and there could be no doubt as to the source from which had come the rain of shot and shell which poured in on us, and we lost no time in gaining a position of safety behind some projecting rocks.

When the firing began, Dick was watering the staff horses in the river, sitting on one and holding three by the halter straps. A shell fell in the water near him, and, bursting, threw up a fountain higher than the trees, and one of the horses got loose. We all yelled at Dick to come under shelter and leave the loose horse to follow, but it was useless. Around and 'round he rode in the river,

vainly striving to catch the perverse beast, regardless of the shells flying thick around him, churning the water into foam and covering him with spray. At last he succeeded, and riding leisurely along by our hiding-place, we heard him mutter, "White folks gittin' mighty keerful of deyselves."

During the year I was on duty in Tennessee I went to Richmond, taking Dick with me. I had many commissions to execute for the staff. One day I took him shopping with me to carry the many packages. Prices had advanced since I was last there, and the money gave out before I had completed my purchases. When Dick saw the situation, he drew from his pockets large wads of Confederate notes, and laid them on the counter, saying, "There's plenty of money." I told him I could not take his money. He exclaimed: "Don't I belong to you? Don't my clothes, my money, and everything I have belong to you? I am surprised at you, I am. If you won't take the money, the man can have it," and he thrust his hands into his empty pockets, and walking to the door, looked out into the street.

Of course I took enough for my purposes, and, when we reached my quarters, repaid him, and asked him where he got so much money. Oh, he said, that was easy. When last in Richmond, he had sold his watch for two hundred dollars. It had not run for two years for him, but he thought perhaps it might run for somebody else. He who bought it was a "fool nigger," he said, but "thought he was smart." When he got back to the army, Dick invested his money in eatables. When the army was on the march, he visited all the farmhouses along the road, and bought anything they had in the shape of food—apples, potatoes, cabbage, chickens, eggs. When the column halted, he set up shop by our wagon, and the hungry men bought him out at any price he would ask. Once he said he bought a barrel of apples for five dollars and retailed it out at more than one hundred dollars profit. He bought cabbage at ten cents per head and sold it at one dollar a head. Every day on the march he did this, until he was known in the army as a capitalist with thousands of dollars.

This was surprising to me. He was a very ordinary-looking darky, short, thick-set, strong as an ox; black, with short kinky wool, receding forehead, very small eyes, and a nose so turned up that the nostrils looked like the muzzle of a double-barreled gun. He had one tooth out in front, and when he grinned and his red tongue was thrust into the vacant space of the missing tooth, he was a sight to behold. An habitual frown wrinkled up his forehead and gave him a forbidding look, but when he smiled, his face lighted up in a wonderful way. Take him altogether, Dick was certainly no beauty, but beneath his ugliness there was a faithful heart which redeemed him in the eyes of those who knew him. I, for one, never saw his ugliness unless some one reminded me of it.

Besides being a trader, Dick was a horse-doctor, with a large and lucrative practice. He cured scratches at ten dollars a head for soldiers, and up to fifty dollars for a general. Once when I was absent from the army Dick was up for stealing. He defended himself, making, I was told, a very effective speech. He said: "I don't steal, I don't. I has no cause to steal! I got more money than I know what to do with [and he pulled out his wads of it]; den what am I going to steal for? I done forgot! Dere is one thing I will steal for—my marster's horses. If the Quartermaster won't give me the feed, den he got to look out, for I gwine to steal it sure, and I tell him so to his face [the Quartermaster was on the court]. And I would steal for my marster if he needed it, but he don't need it. But I won't steal for myself, 'cause I got no cause to steal. Now I done told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God."

And he was acquitted by unanimous vote of the court martial, all of them laughing, and Dick grinning, with his small eyes nearly closed, his double-barreled nose leveled at them, and his red tongue protruding through the aperture in his white teeth.

When the army surrendered at Appomattox, Dick asked me if I could spare him until he could go back to Petersburg with General Lee. He said there was a "nice yaller gal" in Petersburg, and that he would marry her and bring her

home with him, so that "Mis' Lizzie" would have somebody to wait on her. He had been taking care of the General's horse, "Traveler," on the retreat from Petersburg, and of course I told him to go. General Lee's servants had deserted during the retreat. About three months after I reached home I had a letter from an officer I had known, telling me that Dick was in Petersburg and wished to come home, but had no money. The days of Confederate money were over, and Dick's thousands would not buy him a breakfast. I sent the money, and in four days Dick appeared at the farm, minus the wife.

He remained with me about a year, but he was but an indifferent hand for a poor man trying to farm. He might have done well as a coachman, but even that is doubtful, because he had taken to drinking again, and being free, I could exercise no control over him. At last I determined to part with him. One day when he was perfectly sober I told him I thought we had better part, that I wished we might do it as friends, but feared that some day I would lose my temper. He agreed with me, and we parted in the most friendly way.

Some years after, I moved to Baltimore, and then saw Dick once a year, when I visited Charlestown on business relating to settling up my father's estate. On each of these visits I saw that Dick was degenerating more and more. He was always overjoyed to see me, and insisted on my taking him to Baltimore with me. I explained that I was living in a small house and on small means, and there was no room for him, nor anything for him to do, as I had no horses.

The last time I saw him was in 1885, twenty years after the end of the war. I had gone to Charlestown, and after breakfast the next morning I was walking across to the court-house, when I met Dick in the middle of the street. He rushed at me and, taking me in his arms, lifted me and held me high in the air. I begged him to put me down—everybody was laughing. He said, "I got you now, and I ain't going to let you go until you promise to take me back to Baltimore." Of course I could not take him. About a year afterward I heard that he was dead. Poor Dick!

Chalmers—Clearly a Club-man

BY ANNE WARWICK

"BUT I can tell you *one* thing, Claire"—Patsy looked at her stepmother across a sea of chiffons, surging round seven fat red-lettered trunks—"never do I go abroad for six months again! And if the Angel's education perishes"—grimly—"it 'll have to perish, that's all; as long as his father—as long as Warren remains what he is. Of course I've always known Warren was weak, but—"

"I've always thought you were rather glad he was weak," ventured the Step-mother, her dainty silvered head half lost in the vastness of the biggest trunk. "You have always said—"

"I've said I was glad he wasn't infallible, certainly," Patsy cut in, a bit shortly. "So I am. I wouldn't have Warren goody-goody—like so many handsome men!—for anything. At the same time you must admit there's a difference between—well, ordinary flirtation and the sort of thing Warren's just confessed to; it must be a *very* deep interest in a woman that would allow one to accept her influence in obtaining a Cabinet appointment! I dare say"—carelessly—"you've seen the woman?"

"Yes." The Stepmother's head was altogether lost to view this time. "Yes; I've seen her."

"Warren didn't tell me her name." Patsy gazed hard at the lace she was folding. "I told him"—she laughed lightly—"I really took no interest. He knew of course I could find out from you, as you'd been staying here in Washington ever since I went away."

The Stepmother opened her lips, but shut them again rather tightly. Then, "He lost no time in making a clean breast of it," she said, as though something forced her to say it. "And, really, Patsy, the whole affair—well, Warren certainly did not take the initiative; you know a popular young Congressman—"

"Cannot afford to get himself talked

about," finished Patsy, rising to the full dignity of her five foot five. "There is not the slightest use in your pleading for Warren, Claire," she said, coldly. "Of course he knew I should hear all about this Mrs.—whatever her name is—the first tea-party I'd go to: his telling me, the first morning I got home, is only a part of his utter cowardice—he couldn't bear to have me hear from some one else. One can always tell one's story more agreeably than the onlooker, you know. However," and Patsy's smile made the little Stepmother wince, "we're not twenty-one this time, are we, dear? And it's not such a serious case as when Warren caught *me* sliding down the banisters!"

"I suppose we all like to slide down the banisters once in a while?" The Stepmother regarded Patsy rather wistfully. No; she was no longer twenty-one, this beautiful, tawny-eyed little person. The ten years since then—well, was not Patsy unpacking her trunks? and quite calmly? The Stepmother wished, as with unreasonable ardor, that they were back again at that day when Patsy had packed them up and left Warren. One can do so much more with the age that takes things tragically, she reflected.

But, as Patsy said, it was not so serious now. Though the banisters—in the present case—were more slippery. "I suppose we all like to slide down them?" persisted the Stepmother. "When our playfellows are gone—and there's nothing else to do?"

Patsy kissed her. "You're a dear, Claire," she said, softly. "It's very evident *you've* never lived in Washington ten years, and been—Warren's wife," she ended, suddenly. "Oh, I know well enough they never let him alone," she added, half under her breath; "women *can't*, somehow, if a man's good-looking—and has influence. But there's Kent Chalmers—one never hears of Kent like that; and he's quite as attractive as



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN WARREN WAS WEAK"

Warren—well, *almost*—and if he liked he could have twice Warren's influence. But somehow Kent just saunters along, nothing in particular happens to him, nothing in particular's said about him. He's just an agreeable person—clearly a club-man, pure and simple." Patsy laughed. "That's funny, isn't it, dear? A club-man pure and simple! But"—the tawny eyes grew serious again—"Kent is; and he's miles too good for his wife; you know that, Claire." Patsy's voice came from the depths of a huge cupboard, where she was storing away very small boots. "Farleigh Chalmers is nowhere *near* good enough for Kent."

The Stepmother gazed at the back of Patsy's head a little strangely. "No, I don't believe she is," she said. "Patsy, I see the Angel—I see Junior coming up the drive, and—*no*, my dear! He has *not* got his rubbers on! That child—!"

Patsy threw an arm round her. "Never mind, grannie dear. What's it matter, rubbers or not, when one's ten and owns a velocipede! Nothing happens then, somehow, does it?" She was peering through the twilight at a sturdy figure trudging up the drive. A very tall figure followed it, rather slowly. "It's Warren with him," said Patsy, stiffening; "no, it isn't—why, it's Kent! He's come to say hello—but how odd of him, when all the men are at the club—and Kent's such a *very* club-man, isn't he? I think that's rather sweet of Kent, Claire; I'll run down right away; he must have wanted to see me especially!"

"Yes," said the Stepmother, smoothing Patsy's lovely hair, "he must. I'll just wait up here for Junior, dear. His feet, you know—"

Patsy laughed. "Of course. I'll send him straight to you. I sha'n't be long down myself, probably; Kent will want to get on to the club, you know. It's his business, Farleigh says, the club!"

"Well, Patsy?"

"Well, Kent?"

"You're home?"

"Yes, I'm home. Oh yes!" Patsy's eyes were following two autumn leaves, chasing each other across the wind-swept lawn. "I'm home," she said again, very quietly, as her eyes came back to the comfort of the fire-lit sitting-room.

"Aren't you glad, then?" asked Chalmers, gently. He had sat down opposite her by the fire. Patsy admitted again that he was *almost* as handsome as Warren. Too bad he never *did* anything, she reflected; he was too good for just the club. In fact, Patsy decided suddenly, he was good enough to help her.

"Am I glad?" she repeated, slowly, while her eyes still measured him. "Well, Kent—you know all about it, of course—would you be? Oh, I suppose I'm a little cad to answer you like that," she went on, swiftly, "even though you are Timothy's friend—my brother's friend, and—my husband's. *Because* you are, perhaps I should say. But, Kent"—she faced him squarely, with that little boyish movement of the shoulders that Patsy would never lose, no matter how many tens of years went by—"you're my friend, too, have been ever since I came to Washington; and that's a very long time. You know how I've worked for Warren, how I've hated the work I had to do for him—because of the wires to be pulled and the finesse to be made use of, all the sorts of things a Congressman's wife has to do, you know, and that was like driving nails into the frankness Timothy and I had always been used to. But you know I *did* do that work, Kent, for Warren's sake; nothing else in the world! And"—Patsy turned her head away abruptly—"my reward was always that I was *everything* to Warren."

"Yes—?" Chalmers's voice came to her like the strong grip of an understanding hand.

"Well, that's all. You know—Warren says every one in Washington knows—I've not been everything to him. It was only necessary for me to go away for a little time and Warren found some one who was *really* everything to him." Patsy looked across at Warren's friend, but he was shading his eyes, so that she could not see them. "Just put yourself in my place, Kent: suppose Farleigh—"

"That is what I'm trying to do—put myself in your place," Chalmers interrupted, quietly; "and I admit it's not a pleasant place, Patsy. Still, Warren told you all this? He came straight to you and told you everything?"

"Yes. But—"

"He might very easily not have told

you," meditated Chalmers. "People—in such cases people don't often tell, you know."

"He knew, of course, I'd find out," returned Patsy, a bit scornfully. "In this place every one knows everything."

"Or invents it," retorted Chalmers. "Tell me truthfully, Patsy, if you had heard that Warren was interested in some other woman, that she was using her influence"—Chalmers hesitated—"her husband's influence, to get him a Cabinet appointment—Warren told you that?" he added, quickly.

"Yes," said Patsy, very low.

"Then—truthfully! if any one in Washington had told you this thing about Warren, tell me, would you have believed it? *Would you, Patsy?*"

There was a moment of rather tense silence; then, "Warren sent you here to plead for him," Patsy broke out, tying her handkerchief in hard little knots; "and you're doing it—oh, cleverly! But it's no good, Kent. Of course I wouldn't have believed it; you know that. But it's no good, Kent. Warren—"

"And you don't credit Warren with the wit to know it too?" Chalmers interrupted, impatiently. "You think that Warren, with all the experience he's had with you—and I dare say there have been stories, plenty of them, about Warren, as there are about every politician, that have made your blood boil, Patsy—you think that knowing how much importance you'd attach to *this* story if it were to come to you in the usual way—knowing that, Warren told you himself, told you the truth, because he was *afraid*? My dear Patsy, you don't know strength when it's shown you!"

"My dear Kent," Patsy's voice was as cold as the fall wind that whistled to them through the chimney, "I know weakness when I've lived with it for ten years. Oh, you don't need to remind me," she went on restlessly. "I know I've *liked* Warren's weakness; I've encouraged it, I suppose, by begging him *not* to be a saint and all that, such as his mother and all those Boston aunts had tried to make him. And secretly, I suppose, too, I've rather gloried in being the stronger nature: I was willing Warren should have the cleverness, the brains, if I could direct them. I liked feeling

myself always the power behind the throne, and all that sort of thing, and—well, you can't blame me if I resent having the throne usurped in my absence!"

"Is that what you said to Warren, when he told you?" Chalmers had risen and walked over to the window. It was very cold and bleak outside.

"I said to Warren"—Patsy's friend had never heard quite that note in her voice; oddly hollow it was, and colorless—"that as he had made the decision, he must abide by it. That we were both of us too sensitive to make a scandal; and besides, there was the Angel—Junior, I mean; I told Warren we should have to go on living here, of course; but that, as he had already chosen to go his way, I certainly should not interfere. I have no idea of subjecting myself to more confessions like this morning's."

"Yes!" Chalmers wheeled round suddenly and came over to her. "And I suppose that while you were saying it you felt very eloquent and injured and pleased with yourself that you were able to put it to him so clearly and convincingly. And you congratulated yourself for not flying into a rage and making a scene, as so many women would have done. The very fact that you were talking *down* to him gave you a pleasant thrill of self-approbation! Oh, I know you strong people," he added, bitterly. "You're the weakest people in the world!"

"Kent!" She was too astonished to be furious, even.

"Yes; I mean it. Lord knows I've been strong long enough to know, haven't I? But, by heavens! I'm beginning to fairly long to be weak! Here you have a man"—he still stood over her sternly—"whom you have, confessedly, encouraged in his weakness—nay, *taught* his weakness. You teach him, too, to depend on you utterly, you give him all the complement of sense and practical judgment that his own brains and imagination need; then suddenly, and for the first time, you withdraw all this—not heartlessly, for you had Junior's welfare to consider, but unrealizingly. You withdraw all this that Warren has depended on for years, and he finds himself all at once alone. A hand is stretched out—and you know as well as



Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy

PATSY WAS INTENT ON HER OWN TRAIN OF THOUGHT

I do, Patsy, in Washington it is not a hand, but many hands. He takes one of them—a little doubtfully, yet somehow trustingly, too; and it's a very experienced hand, this that he caught hold of—he lets it drag him deeper and deeper, till he very nearly drowns. Then all of a sudden he comes to the top, with a gasp of realization. He shakes himself loose—oh yes he did, weeks ago!—he puts in a month of the most ghastly shipwreck a man can know. And at the end of that time he has the sublime courage to tell you! And you—what do you do for him?"

"How do you know all this about Warren?" demanded Patsy, irrelevantly. This time it was she who had risen and gone over to the window. "He told me, when I asked about you, that he had scarcely seen you since I'd been away. How do you know what he's been through?"

"I know, Patsy, because—I've been through shipwreck myself, though of a different sort. Thank God!—a different sort! For I never had to screw my shrinking soul up to the point of baring it to a strong person's knife!" Chalmers came over to her and laid both hands on her shoulders. "Patsy, dear little girl, just remember, will you, that I *am* Timothy's friend, and your friend, and—Warren's friend; remember it, will you? For I've said some rather harsh things to you. But don't you see? Maybe it's because I envy you—yes"—as Patsy's eyes opened wide at him—"that may be it. You see, little pal"—Chalmers's voice was not quite steady—"in spite of everything, Warren hasn't failed you! Or if he has, it's been to show himself to you, nearer perfect than he's ever been before. He was weak, yes; even cheap perhaps—which is much worse than weak; but through that very weakness somehow he gained strength to climb up and stand beside you—on your level, for the first time in his life. And you—oh, Patsy! you pushed him over the precipice! It's a way strong natures have—the way of the fittest, I suppose; you didn't see that for the first time in his life *he* was strong, worthy of you, worthy of all you had given him before. You saw— isn't it so, Patsy?—*only the woman.*"

"Yes," said Patsy, faintly, "it is so."

She was staring amazedly at the handsome, passionately earnest face. "But, Kent, I don't understand; why do *you* feel so keenly about all this? You"—she laughed a little nervously—"it's almost as though you were pleading your own case. But I'm sure such a thing has never happened to you, Kent; it couldn't, somehow; you're too remote, too much of a—what shall I say?—not dreamer, exactly—"

"Yes," the lines about the club-man's mouth hardened; "I think you have hit it exactly, Patsy: I've been too much of a dreamer! But"—he slumped down into his chair again—"let all that go; it's of no consequence, anyway, my part. Just say you'll let Warren see that it's not going to make any difference, will you? The—the woman, I mean. You *will* say that much, Patsy?"

Patsy looked away from him for a long moment. Then her hand met his with the old impulsive frankness. "Yes, I will, Kent. If you care enough for Warren to come here and plead for him, I surely care enough to forgive him! Though of course"—she weakened a little—"you're an outsider in the affair: you can't really see what it means to—"

"To forgive? Perhaps not; then again, perhaps I do."

"Somebody had to forgive the woman, I suppose," it occurred to Patsy, who was intent on her own train of thought, "or not to forgive her. Oh, do you know, if I were that woman's husband, Kent, I just *couldn't* forgive her, that's all! I couldn't. Why, *think*—" she broke off suddenly, looking up at him with a little laugh. "Do you know what just came into my mind, Kent?—something perfectly absurd!—that what *I* ought to do now is *to go and beg the woman's husband to forgive her!* Then I'd have conquered my weakness as well as Warren did his." Patsy stopped abruptly; for there in the door stood Warren.

He still wore his overcoat, and his splendidly built body seemed to have hunched down into it apathetically. "Well?" he said, coming over and dropping into a third chair by the fire, "I suppose you've talked it all over?"

The big club-man, his friend, got up and began slowly to draw on one glove. "Ye-es," he said, and it was with the

characteristic club drawl, "we've talked it all over, Warren, and—it's all right!" His ungloved hand went out to the other man, who stared at it, then up into the face above it, and finally, with a long breath, wrung it nearly off.

"Well, I must be toddling along to the club," added Chalmers, lightly; "the boys will be missing me, you know; yes, the boys will be missing me. Good-night, Patsy, my dear"—she had gone over to the door with him, and he spoke in an undertone—"and—and don't worry too much about that—that other person, you know. I dare say—I dare say it's all right with her, too. Good night, Warren."

"It is all right?" Warren asked his wife. In his tired face a little glimmer of vitality showed.

"All right!" echoed Patsy, her eyes meeting his with a something he had never seen in them before. Then: "Take this wet coat off at once, Warren Adams," she scolded, "and those boots; you're to go straight up-stairs and change them. I declare, it's certainly a good thing I've come home! You're worse than Junior about your rubbers!" She was tugging at his heavy coat, but he caught her hands and drew her about, to face him.

"Yes," he said, reverently, "it's a very good thing you've come home!"

And for some reason Patsy had to snatch her hands away and go flying up the stairs ahead of him.

"But do you know, Claire," she told the little Stepmother, after she had finished the story of Chalmers's visit and his strange zeal on Warren's behalf, "it's just as I told Kent; I can't see how that woman's husband *can* forgive her! Why, she—"

"You told Kent that?" asked the Stepmother, oddly.

"Yes; why not?"

"Nothing. Except that that woman's husband is Kent. The woman, you see, was Farleigh."

"*Farleigh!*" Patsy covered her face with her hands. "Oh no, no! Not Farleigh, Claire! Why, it couldn't have touched Kent, a thing like that; it couldn't, you know—and then, you see,

he came here to plead for Warren. Oh no, no, Claire—it couldn't have been Farleigh!"

"The woman was Farleigh," insisted the little Stepmother, with gentle obstinacy.

"And I told him he couldn't judge—that he was too much of an outsider, too remote—!" Patsy drew her hands down from her face with a little sob. "I said, 'You're too much of a dreamer'; and—oh, Claire!—Kent said: 'Yes, you've hit it exactly! I've been too much of a dreamer!'" Patsy had dropped down on one of the big trunks and was crying bitterly. There is no personal grief in the world as poignant as the pain one feels for a creature who bears his silently.

"But, Patsy, don't cry so, dear." Into the older woman's face had come a wonderful understanding sweetness. "Don't you see why Kent came here and talked to you that way? Don't you see that it's futile to be sorry for a man who loves as Kent can love?"

"You mean—?" Patsy sat up and dried her eyes.

"I mean—why do you suppose Kent came here to-day? To plead for Warren, Patsy?—to plead for his friend? Never in the world! He came to plead for the injury wrought his friend!—for the person who wrought the injury. Ah, my dear! To be loved as Kent loves Farleigh—!" The silver-haired woman's voice had sunk almost to a whisper. "It—it's worth being wicked, just to find it out. It's sublime!"

"And he went off to the club!" Patsy was talking more to herself than audibly. "He said the boys would be missing him—the boys, that's all!"

Somewhere a bell rang musically. A child's voice called, "Mumsie!" And a man came and stood in the door, waiting, his eyes fixed yearningly on the tear-stained face within.

Patsy looked at him, looked at the little Stepmother; but as she slipped a hand through the arm of each of them, it was not of them she was thinking, but of Chalmers—clearly a club-man, pure and simple.

Editor's Easy Chair

WE read a book, not long ago, which gave us a great deal of pleasure along with some interesting question. It was called *The Skipper and the Skipped*, and it was written by Mr. Holman Day, whom we have since found the author of two very lively though more serious novels, but who, we indulge ourselves in thinking, has sensed a truer self in it than in *King Spruce* or in *The Ramrodders*. All three of the books are about people in the State of Maine, in and out of the big woods there, and the last deals more particularly with the politics of the people, or at least their politicians. *The Skipper and the Skipped* also deals with politics, but only in the administration of public affairs in a small country town, and it is more concerned with certain types of involuntary politicians than with the management of parties. The principal persons in the rather boisterous drama are a sea-captain who has gone ashore with an unrelenting rheumatism, and a circus man who has made money in his calling, and has retired to his farm with one of his elephants. Both are of that intense Yankee nature which would like to wreak its passions in unsparing blasphemy, but denies itself actual profanity, while indulging the use of synonymous and analogous epithets and expletives of its own invention. In the exploitation of these persons the author lets himself wildly loose, and takes the reader a joy-ride through divers kinds of grotesque incidents without too widely transcending the bounds of possibility in what happens, and of probability in the people it happens to; they are all of the New England breed, though it is the wilding growth of Down East rather than the tamer stock of the mother commonwealth of Massachusetts; there is a difference between the two which the connoisseur can taste with equal relish.

But it is not our present purpose to enter into the story of the book, or to

impart a secondary pleasure from it to the reader. Rather we wish to deal with that interesting question mentioned as it relates to the author, and to ask ourselves explicitly whether Mr. Holman Day is in the way of becoming the next prevailing American humorist, and partially filling the void which now aches from the vast absence of Mark Twain. It is much to ask of any new man—though, for the matter of that, Mr. Day is not so very new; he is old enough man to have written some half-dozen books besides those we have named, in prose and verse; and he has come honestly to his heritage of humor by virtue of being born in the State of Maine, where American humor began very early to rear that Viking head in which the late Charles Kingsley and other Englishmen after him liked to recognize berserker lineaments. Vassalboro, Maine, for a birthplace, is almost a birthright of humor in its quaint suggestiveness, and a boy born there might very well begin joking from himself, without harking back to John Neal and the *Charcoal Sketches* for authority or inspiration. The *Charcoal Sketches*, indeed, as we remember trying them in our omnivorous youth, did not invite the tooth to a second trial; there was perhaps too much charcoal in them and not enough sketching; but they shall serve as an example of autochthonic quality in the Maine humorists, who began their broad joking almost as early as the Georgia and Alabama humorists. Mr. Day indulges their breadth, which was without the coarseness of the Southerners, and he knows the intensity, almost to feminine shrillness, of the New England rustics whom he deals with in *The Skipper and the Skipped*. It is a quality which, like Thanksgiving Day, has become almost national, and was to be as keenly felt in the characterizations of the great Missourian as in any of these Down-East studies. Whether Mr. Day can or will keep on as he has begun in his very

amusing book is a doubt which we gladly leave to him.

We are sensible, or we seem to be sensible, of a lull in American humor, if we may so phrase it, in which we may fitly look about us, and challenge the elements as to their intentions concerning it. Sometimes, we will confess, we have been afraid that American humor had possibly overdone itself. There was a moment, baleful or hopeful as the reader may decide, when, just before the lapse of faith, it appeared as if we almost expected to be saved by humor. This may have been quite an illusion, but it was strong enough to prompt the most serious inquiry into the nature of humor, and its place in the spiritual order of things. Clearly, one could not conceive of an angel joking, and, properly speaking, could there be any such thing as joking in heaven? By that time hell was about being disposed of by popular vote, or by a consensus of newspapers, rather, and it was only of heaven that one could think in the connection. Was there not something essentially cruel in humor? Did not it, in its last analysis, rest upon the derision of some human infirmity, or deformity, or imbecility, and could such things be matter of mirth with the heavenly host or any of it? The archfiend, before he was blotted out with his followers by the newspapers and the newer criticism, might have subtly or coarsely found those obliquities funny; Satan might, Beelzebub might, Mammon himself might; but could Michael, or Gabriel, or Ithuriel, before they too paled in the blaze of journalistic investigation? In the general substitution of humor for faith as a saving agency, one had to ask one's self these piercing questions.

Their consideration brought to light several facts concerning the nature of humor which one had to subject to the severest scrutiny. At first it appeared as if the broader humor was the kindlier, was, in fact, not at all cruel, since it involved its object in a sort of confession of the general human weakness, and pitied while it laughed, and invited its object to laugh with it. But this inference scarcely bore examination. There is nothing crueller than the fun of barbarians or of boys, and in the emergence from barbarism and boyhood into civiliza-

tion and maturity, humor kept too much of both. The joking in Rabelais is not only filthy, it is atrocious; and when you come to the humaner humor of Cervantes, it is still so abominably unfeeling that it is doubtful whether *Don Quixote* has not died the death because the fun of the book was mostly so brutal that mankind could no longer bear it, rather than because the books of chivalry which it burlesqued were no longer known to readers, and the burlesque was unintelligible. Much of the humor in Shakespeare is cruel, so cruel that Mark Twain used to say that when it did not bore him it offended him past endurance. Consider what an awful thing the mocking of Malvolio was, how heartless the jokes put upon Falstaff! The one great English humorist who never had credit for the high moral quality of his humor was Swift, who really seldom hurt but to heal, but who got himself permanently imagined a cynical savage by a humorist who ought to have been kinder to him and truer. He came nearest being the purely and entirely humorous humorist we are requiring from the future as a successor to Mark Twain, and he was the most eminent predecessor of Mark Twain in the conscientious humor we must always associate with that great pseudonym. Steele was not really gentler, though Thackeray tries to make him out so, and Pope by comparison was a venomous little viper, loving to bite the little heels of ladies. Out of most things that Swift wrote, the caustic irony has passed, and *Gulliver's Travels* remains the harmless delight of boyhood without a suggestion of the political satire it began by being.

But, in fact, there has been no English humorist of quite the entirety we have in mind, and of the same measure we ourselves have had none but the one. Sterne came as near being entirely a humorist as any, but Sterne would now have become altogether unreadable if it were not for the nastiness of him. Lamb—yes, Lamb was almost wholly a humorist; we may pass Lamb; and we have had many American Lambs, so called, but not of sufficient vitality to remain easily memorable; the sweetest of them was Charles Dudley Warner, but he would not like to have been taken for a humorist solely. We suppose that Sir

William Gilbert is the purest humorist who has ever lived in England, and it is a pity that he probably will not live forever. But even he is not the fun-maker of national magnitude that we have had several of, and perhaps he is too fine for it. Mr. Bernard Shaw, yes, perhaps, but he is not universally accepted by his fellow-subjects, and we dare say he might like at times to be taken seriously, though we could not say what times.

Our line of national fun-makers began with Artemus Ward, we believe, and he so far transcended the bounds of the republic as to make the British Empire an easy conquest for Mark Twain when he came. There were widely known fun-makers before Artemus Ward, the coarser from the South and the keener from the North, and of the Northern Lowell was the most essentially humorous. But he feared being so, and so did Holmes, whose gaiety clung to exclusive respectability, and would fain have been of it in essence as in form, only it was too subtle and too sweet; and though it "shook against the cold" of the huge continental laughter welcoming it from the whole country, it could not keep itself quite to Boston, or shelter itself in the lee of Harvard. Odd as it may seem now to say it, there was a time when the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table stood next to the Showman of Baldwinsville in the popular delight, and people hardly enjoyed him the less because they enjoyed him more proudly. Of course, of course, not so many people enjoyed him so much; his pleasantry was too delicate for the handling of the masses, who rioted in Artemus Ward, and yet his acceptance was qualitatively if not quantitatively the same. He was loved even more widely than he was known, and for a time he was almost nationally representative.

We have always had a national joke, and we have nearly always had a national joker. The joke has been the man we laughed at, and the joker the man we laughed with. Perhaps the first was more unanimously accepted than the last; certainly he was more popular. The reasons why would be matter of curious and perhaps useful inquiry, and mostly they would not be far to seek, as people who like an easy phrase like to say. We are a widely generalized folk, and at the same

time a deeply specialized; we are universal while we are provincial. Some sorts of fun cannot get well out of their native sections; that of New England seems to pass farthest and quickest; and yet the fine humor which Joel Chandler Harris evolved from the dusky recesses of the soul of Uncle Remus at once became current with us and almost as immediately with the English, who cling more constantly to it still, as they do to the negro minstrelsy now become extinct with us. The fun of bad spelling, which was not born with Artemus Ward and scarcely died with Josh Billings, carried their merriment farther and sooner than anything else in it. Bad spelling was something anybody could do, or at least could understand, and in these eminent cases it embodied a great deal of delightful drolling and toothsome wisdom. It may be said that George Ade sprang to universal celebrity from the rich parlance of the baseball field, but Mr. Ade had other and finer claims to the love of his fellow-men. He is the making of a universal humorist of the Mark Twain type, though he lacks the bonhomie of Mark Twain, and has gone off presently, but we hope not permanently, to the theater; for the loss is literature's. The loss is so great that we cannot help hoping some day to have him back, and more *Doc Hornes* and *Arties* and *Pink Marshes* from him. If he had continued in their creation we might not now be hardily prophesying the primacy of Mr. Holman Day.

Mr. Ade has the flair of the universal thing, more than any other American among us; he knows what we want before we know it ourselves, and his *Fables in Slang* gave it us even more anticipatively than those books of his we have been naming. But before him was that other sweeter and finer genius who divined a higher need of our nature and supplied it in the quaintness and lovableness of all the fun that Frank Stockton made. His was the humor of the vast Middle States, claiming for their own all the human nature between the northern line of New York and the southern line of Pennsylvania, and not finding alien to it the American life of the uttermost East and remotest South. It was delicately almost as universally American as the humor of Mark Twain himself; but

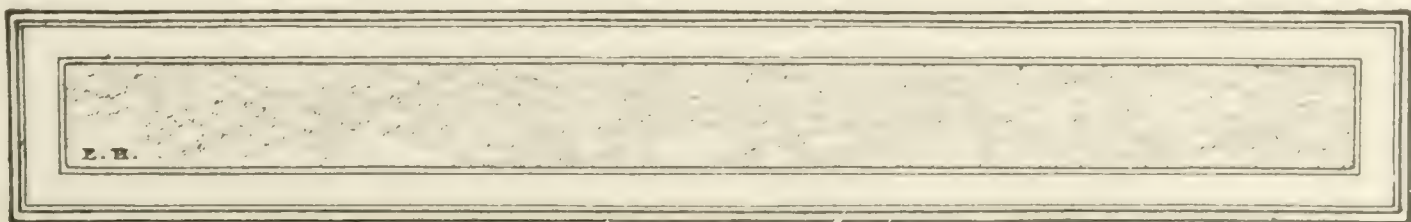
Stockton is gone, and we cannot hope the future from him.


It is interesting to recognize now that the very factitiousness of Bret Harte's humor was what gave him instant currency; most people are factitious, and they could easily imagine what he meant. Two or three things he did wonderfully well, chiefly in his verse; he was a real poet; and he might have been a real humorist if he could have learned to look at life through his own eyes rather than the eyes of Dickens. Still it was no small thing to have created that grotesque world of a California which self-evidently never existed, and made it laughable and made it pathetic. He was at least not local, and so his fame widened to our horizons and beyond them to England and all Europe.

Far more genuine talents have been kept obscure or obscurer by their very genuineness. No truer American humorist ever lived than that gentle lady who lives no longer, but we know most people will hesitate to accord Sarah Orne Jewett as great distinction. She kept her observation and her imagination strictly to her New England, to the hills and shores of her State of Maine. Because New England has flowed or trickled over so much of the West and the Northwest her humor is more appreciable than it might otherwise have been, but it caressed a few types only, and these rather than their conditions were strictly local. The like sort of what we cannot call perversity has kept more than one wholly unlike humorist even less imaginable to the overwhelming majority of their fellow-countrymen. Outside of New York the flavor of their wit could not be tasted, and in New York it could be the pleasure it is only to those who know a small condition, the journalistic, the literary, the editorial condition they wilfully or helplessly distil it from.

But another satirist of the less technical literary conditions has given us lately a keen delight in his two books of essays,

Imaginary Obligations and *Constrained Attitudes*, though we cannot more hopefully forecast the succession of Mr. Frank M. Colby as a supreme American humorist than we could that of any of those too deeply localized New-Yorkers. Just at present we cannot think of any one on the other side of the Atlantic doing such fine mockery together with such rarely failing good sense and good feeling. It is a mark of our advancing civilization that our humorists do not surpassingly succeed without being kind as well as keen. The brutal burlesque, the cruel caricature which our poor benighted grandfathers and great-grandfathers thought they enjoyed in the graphic humorists of their dreadful day survives measurably in some periodicals professedly satirical, but even in picture the tendency is to the sweetness of the social pleasantries of *Punch*. Among the humorists of the pen, as distinguished from the humorists of the pencil, those who are not gentle seldom get above the shoulders of the multitude of the drolling paragraphers; and, by the way, there seems just now no such rising Danbury News Man among the country journalists as used to leap flame-like from column to column in his contemporaries and burn for his fitful hour with continent-encompassing effulgence. No, so far as we know the humorous field, the primacy in it rests with Mr. Day, unless, indeed, Mr. Irving Bacheller, in his new departure of *Keeping Up with Lizzie*, is going to dispute it. But if Mr. Day should elect to write more such books as *The Skipper and the Skipped*, so interpretative and expressive of the droll intensity of the American temperament, Mr. Bacheller will not find the rivalry easy. Neither, however, need greatly dread defeat, if it should imply merely the loss of our applause, for it must be remembered that we have intimated a low opinion of humor at its best. Mr. Dooley is not in the derogatory competition because he is distinctively a philosophical observer.





Editor's Study

AS we were saying, the men and women of the coming generation, not yet adult, will be better modernists in their maturity if, as children, their natural predisposition toward antiquity is indulged without interference or restraint. The Gentiles made better Christians because they had been pagans, whose imagination had not been sterilized and whose faith, ministered to by this free and fertile imagination, had had full natural indulgence in its embodiments of divinity. The impression of divine immanence was the natural preparation for the idea of a transcendent divinity, and remained as its complement.

We are too timorously concerned about the free play of the child's imagination, and mischievously interpose our sterilizing processes of indoctrination. Let the little Goethe build his altar to the sun. Milton would have been a better poet in his maturity if Puritanism had not been so prematurely imposed upon him; he would have had a more native sense of things, such as Shakespeare had, and would never have conceived of anything so preposterous as an angel discoursing with Adam and Eve on Calvinistic themes. Iconoclasm and Puritanism belong to maturity, and are prevented altogether by the tolerance nourished in a naturally disposed childhood. Even Protestantism is not one of the child's natural belongings as a conscious attitude. Any revolt—any form of reaction based on rational grounds against authority—should not be imposed upon children. They should be allowed to grow into it, as a part of their adulthood, when, at the proper season, their rational faculties are awakened and developed.

It is not true that the traditions freely accepted by the child unduly affect his future when, with equal freedom, he shall exercise rational choice and selection. It is well that they have strongly impressed him and that they are not ruth-

lessly repudiated, as they are likely to be if they have been imposed upon him. The child's impressions depend upon contacts, and it is in the selection of these contacts, where they are not inevitable but the result of choice, that the wisdom of his tutelage is tested. If he is country born and bred, he is surrounded by objects of nature, and the impressions thus derived cannot be too deep and lasting; they belong to him all his life, never needing to be repented of. The city child is helplessly defrauded if shut in from this natural environment, which can only be his through parental provision. But, whether in the city or in the country, the Past is his native heritage; something, indeed, nearer than heritage, his natural intimacy. The human past is the postulate of his very being, as a human child. Here especially he is dependent upon his elders for fitly chosen contacts. If he is to have any familiarity with the Bible, with Homer, with the heroic and legendary lore of Greece and Rome and of the Northern races, with that order of old literature which is creative and yet not deeply reflective, with the historic personages portrayed by Plutarch, with medieval heroism as chronicled by Froissart, as feigned by Scott, or as sympathetically ironized by Cervantes—all of which belong to the child before he has reached the age of twelve—these things must somehow lie in his way, so presented as to disclose their native allurements.

If the child is to learn Greek and Latin or modern languages other than his own, it is certain that this early period is best suited to their rapid and easy acquisition; and if his situation makes this learning possible, it is for him a great gain as well as a natural possession, taken, that is, as naturally as he assimilates food. It is not a mental discipline or an indoctrination, beyond his years; yet there is nothing which so gently insinuates intellectual discrimina-

tion. In finding that two words may be used for one meaning the child gets his first sense of words as distinct from things, as not fixed, but having flotation—as phantoms that vanish, giving place to others, hiding the essential things—an ever-variant masquerade. It is a kind of play and at the same time an intellectual diversion and surprise. The child in passing from Greek to Latin has this sense more acutely than in passing from English to Latin, because so much of English is derivative from Latin.

In passing from English to either Greek or Latin the child has another diversion and surprise in the endings of nouns and verbs as indicated in declensions and conjugations, where the words seem to have a life of their own, significantly varying these terminations. The English child, far more than the French, is diverted and surprised by this organic flexibility of Greek and Latin words.

Ancient mythology, to all modern children, even when known through translations only, becomes another and subtler masquerade, disclosing the varied and ever-changing forms and symbols of creative faith. These transformations become more evident and impressive when, at a little later period, the young pupil adds to his knowledge of Homer that of the Greek dramatists. Scandinavian mythology furnishes another wonderful variation, and all this mythical and legendary lore presents a striking contrast to Hebraic monotheism, while the medieval presentment, including the Virgin Mother and the saints, with the heroic knightly complement, is a further variation in the evolution of faith.

These manifestations of human worship and belief, near or remote as related to the child's sympathies, form a kaleidoscopic retrospect, supplemented, it may be, by imaginative embodiments of ancient and medieval art—which gives fluency to outward symbolism, just as learning other languages gives flotation to words, and so suggests the permanent and essential background of human faith and romance. It is only a suggestion, leading not to any mental formulation, but to an impressionistic conviction of something substantially real, however indefinable, beneath the ever-changing symbolism and pageantry—something in-

eradicably abiding in human nature and emotionally prompting the imagination to diverse outward expression.

The child is of course supposed to have from his birth a contemporary religious and ethical environment and to be strongly impressed by it in his earliest development. Even the most liberal of his elders, if not hardened sceptics, are wisely tolerant of his spontaneous devotions and loyalties, instinctively withholding from interference. The present to him is a part of the past, coming to him from a former generation, and this near past seems warmer and closer to heart than the remotely antique, however picturesque and imposing the spectacle it offers, not thus cherished by his immediate progenitors. Because the Bible is a family possession, its personages become familiar—Jesus and Mary in far-off Judea, the tented patriarchs on the Chaldean plains, and Moses on the banks of the Nile—having a home-like nearness never to be attained by Osiris, Demeter, Jason, or Helen, or by the gods and heroes of our own Teutonic ancestors. Thus a perspective is established for the child, in which the remoteness of the whole pagan spectacle is intensified, a scene forever detached from his intimacies, and regarded by him as by a spectator who has no part in it.

It was not always so. There was a long period, covering more than half of all the Christian centuries, when the Bible was not a family possession, when indeed it was to the people a sealed book. During a considerable portion of this period the Christian church was in actual contact with the paganism, first, of the Roman Empire, and, later, that of the Northern peoples, acting upon it and reacted upon by it, through a compelled wisdom stooping to conquer. The Christian children of that era saw more of the pomp and ritual characterizing paganism than of the simplicity which marked the worship of the Hebrew synagogue. Therefore the conflict with paganism was never as fierce and relentless as that with monotheistic Islam, or even as that in the seventeenth century with iconoclastic Puritanism. The accommodations to paganism—such as the adoption of its feast days and the investment of the Virgin Mary with the attributes of all

the ancient ladies of sorrow—were graciously healing and sympathetic.

No such investment of the spirit of Christianity with pagan aspects as was compelled by the circumstances of that time is to-day possible, or could be prompted by a motive so sympathetic. The pagan spectacle is remote from us by an impassable chasm. The Bible nurture has made the break complete.

Yet such contacts as are possible to modern children, through art and literature, with a past thus exiled from our intimacies, are of inestimable value for our future culture and for the amplest expression of the Christian spirit; and they are most fitly cultivated in that period of life when the backward look is most natural. We can clearly see that the pressure brought to bear upon the rising generation, forcing upon it what is called a practical education—one wholly concerned with its equipment for the efficient performance of special functions incident to our complexly mechanical and commercial civilization—tends to the destruction of genius and of all those higher values of life which make civilization and progress desirable. Incidentally, the exclusion of the humanities involves the exclusion also of any intimate acquaintance with the Bible, as may be ascertained by the examination of pupils who have been subjected to this forcing system.

If the scope of both primary and secondary education is to be narrowed down within the limits of such utilitarian specialization, then the less attention paid to education the better, giving Nature, who never runs a race against Time, a chance for recovery.

In any case the care of children is not properly subject to theory, but to a consideration of conditions. Childhood is the season of impressions, of plastic submission to these, of backward-looking and waiting, as youth is the season of forward-looking impulses. Nature has made this distinction, and if in childhood she makes preparation for the blossoming of youth, her processes are hidden. We are advancing no theory, but only recognizing this distinction of terms, when we plead for the child's free and full indulgence of the backward regard. It is ours to help him to his

natural birthright, to lead him into the field of the past, with some sense of what calls him thither—a sense which determines the contacts we give him—and there we leave him free to derive his own impressions from the scene, the persons—all that makes the play. We burden him with no technicalities, which he no more needs than when he is brought into contact with natural objects; and we refrain from distracting him by ulterior meanings or analytical interpretations, which he may himself seek later.

If the play, thus given its full chance with him, proves unalluring, then we may deliver him over to the industrial trainer or taskmaster, to anything decent and useful—he has no imagination. We need not fear for any too great or overmastering allurements, but rather rejoice that his interests and sympathies are profoundly engaged, that the scene lives again in his vivid impressions of it. It is at best a scene alien and remote, even as rendered in the vibrant pulse of the heroic epic; while, as conveyed through the medium of the plastic and dramatic arts, it comes to the beholder as to one revisiting the glimpses of the moon. The statues and temples are cold, and the moving figures in the play are statuesque and imposingly impressive. The nearer medieval scene, though it is Christian, has in its quaintness, grotesquery, and unhuman sanctities scarcely more of warmth, save for the glow thrown upon it by the old masters of painting. If therefore from this shadowy retrospect some exceptionally penetrating vision of such a child as De Quincey was, or as Keats or Morris or Pater was, gathers the secrets, veiled from other eyes, of the creative power, of the majesty and beauty of that human past, it recovers priceless treasures for the enrichment of our modern world. But, failing of such wonderful necromancy, the lesser vision is not to be despised; the continuity of human culture depends upon it.

The past is not cherished simply because it is past. In the lines of culture the dust of antiquity has been most diligently sifted for its hidden wealth; and this wealth is not that of the market-place, but of the clearing-house of the Imagination.

A Fickle Jade

BY GEORGE WESTON

ON his fiftieth birthday Mr. Jolley had retired from the cheese business and had surrendered himself to his lifelong ambition of being a poet. For many years he had felt the divine gift surging so strongly within him that there had been times when he had scarcely been able to tolerate the intrusion of Roqueforts, Bries, and American creams; but, like a prudent man, he had realized the importance of lining his treasury before beginning to treasure his lines. On his golden anniversary, however, Mr. Jolley had walked out of his cheese warehouse and out of the cheese trade in a spirit of blissful exaltation; and even as a youth cries in his heart on the day of his majority, "Now I am a man!" so did Mr. Jolley shake hands with his business successor, and walk out into the sunlit street, swelling and singing with the thought, "And now I am a poet!"

Like a prudent man again he had already arranged his plans. In his room at Mrs. Spencer's boarding-house he had installed a library desk, a ream of linen paper, and a waste-basket. There he had seated himself, and there, with a noble scorn of sonnets, couplets, triolets, ballades, madrigals, and all the lesser forms of poesy, he had plunged straightway into "America: An Epic Poem"; for what Homer had been to Greece, and Dante to Italy, and Milton to England, Mr. Jolley determined to be to America. And there for months and months he had filled his waste-basket, and there at last he was beginning to make the discovery that whereas in the cheese business his mind had run continually to poetry, now that he had set up as a poet it was difficult for him to keep his thoughts away from the cheeses.

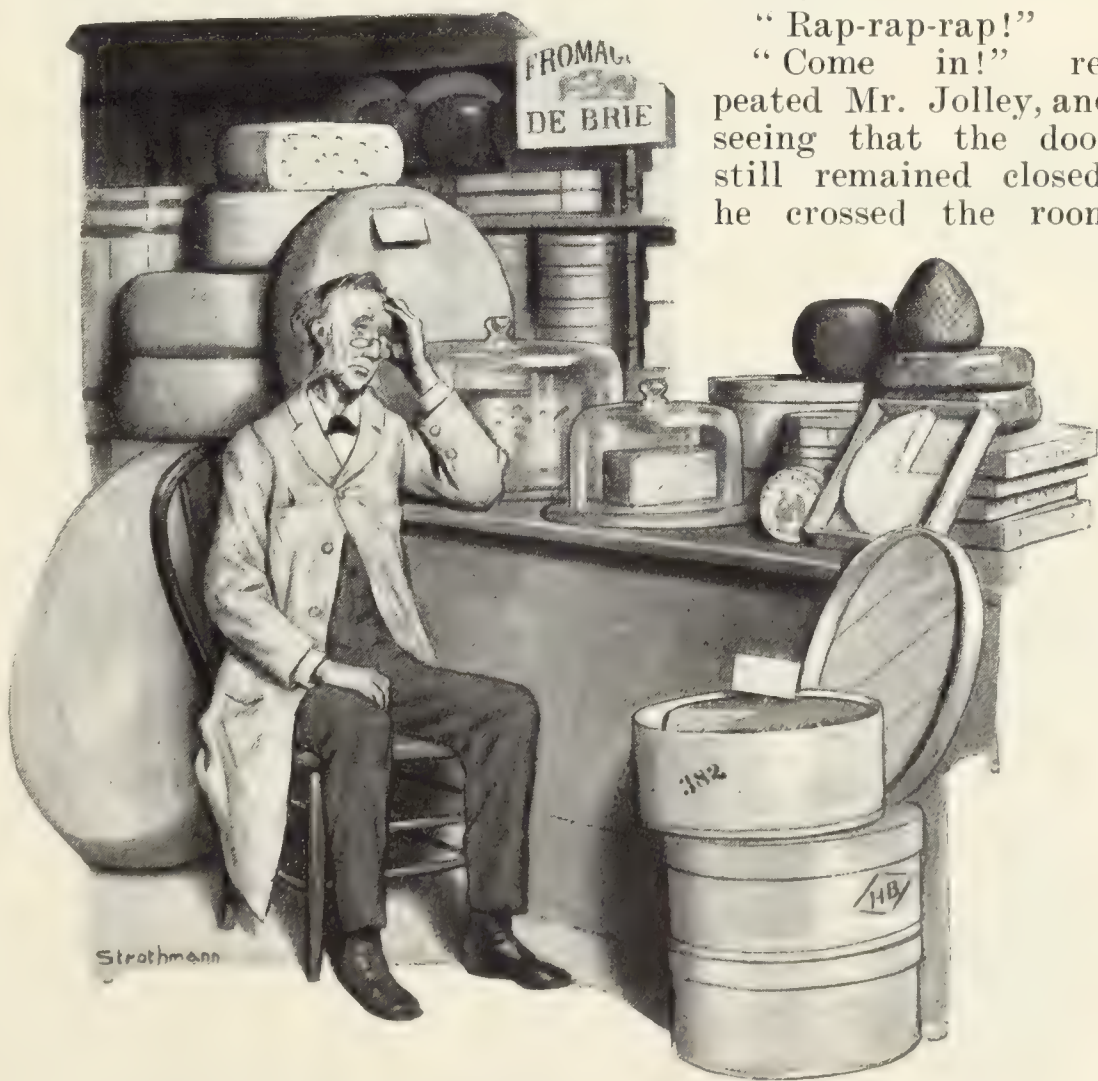
Though never did a man more ardently woo his Muse. Once he said to himself, "She is angry at me because I ignored her so long," and looking at his manuscript he added in a gently protesting voice, "But, you know, I simply had to make my money first." Then, rumpling his hair and scowling with intensity, he sometimes strode up and down his room and sometimes he walked around the Park muttering, "Come, now, Inspiration! Come, now! Strike me! Hang it all, what's the matter with you, anyway?" For Mr. Jolley was growing peevish, as even the most gentle of men might, after walking out for hours in the moonlight, wooing a Muse, and afterward discovering that he has succeeded only in catching a cold.

One evening while Mr. Jolley was sneezing away in iambic and dactylic measures (as the result of a midnight rumination in the rain the night before) he heard a gently hesitating feminine knock upon his door.

"Come in!" he cried.

"Rap-rap-rap!"

"Come in!" repeated Mr. Jolley, and seeing that the door still remained closed, he crossed the room



HE HAD SCARCELY BEEN ABLE TO TOLERATE THE INTRUSION OF ROQUEFORTS BRIES, AND AMERICAN CREAMS

and opened it. "Ah!" said Mr. Jolley—and again "ah!"

For standing in the hall at Mr. Jolley's door was his next-door neighbor, Miss Cairn, with a small bottle of medicine in her hand and a large blush upon each of her cheeks. Her hair was gray, but a princess might have envied her complexion, and the diamonds on the princess's crown would have glinted green with jealousy when they looked into Miss Cairn's eyes. She had prepared a little speech, "Oh, Mr. Jolley. I heard you coughing and sneezing, and I know how it is myself, for I used to suffer with colds dreadfully, but I have here a bottle of a medicine which has done wonders for me and I want you to try it. One teaspoonful every hour." But when it came to the point of delivering this famous oration Miss Cairn found herself strangely embarrassed. She started it right enough, "Oh—" and then, holding out the medicine, she faintly murmured "—colds—spoonful every hour," and hurried back to her room and sat there in the darkness for hours, wondering, quaking, trembling lest desire to aid a suffering fellow-creature had made her appear "forward" or "bold."

On the other side of the wall Mr. Jolley thoughtfully looked at the bottle and even more thoughtfully he took a spoonful of the remedy. He paused and started while the spoon was yet in his mouth, and then, hastily laying it aside, he hurried to his desk. Inspiration had struck him, and before it

became exhausted he had nearly finished the first canto of his epic.

"I wonder," he thought to himself as he took his third spoonful of medicine (and the thought went through him like a thrill)—"I wonder if the Muse is jealous of *her*!" And after much consideration Mr. Jolley smiled an artful smile and drew a fresh sheet of paper from his drawer. The next morning Miss Cairn found an envelope under the door, and when she opened it she read the following verses:

*"Miss Cairn, I wish to thank you
In my very humblest verse.
For if you hadn't helped me
My cold would have been worse.*

*"So now remember if you please,
Though I am but your debtor.
That though I only took it thrice
Already I feel better.*

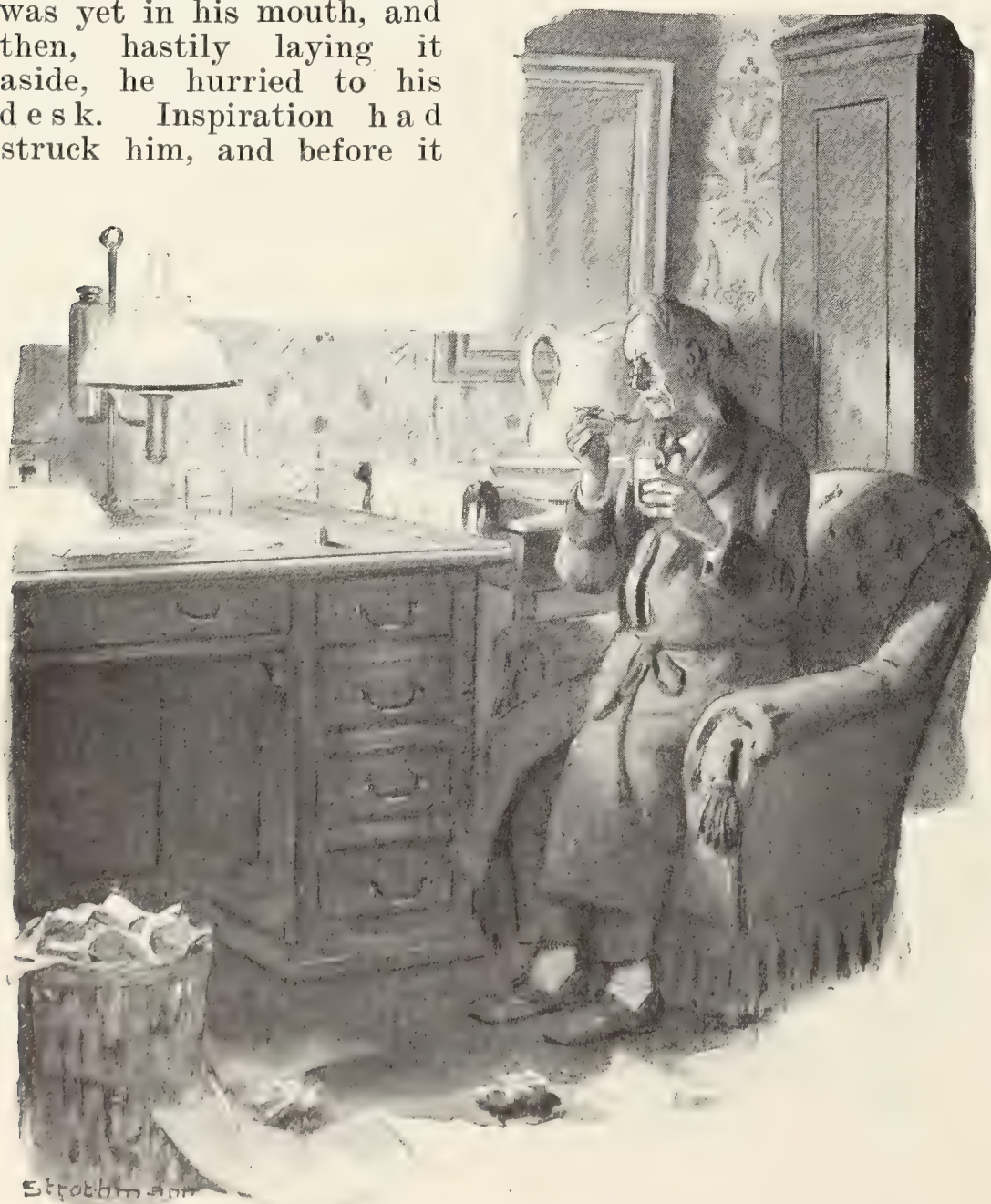
Charles R. Jolley.

"P.S.—There is something for you outside the door."

Miss Cairn opened the door and found the empty medicine bottle and a volume of Longfellow. She placed the book upon her dresser, but the verses which Mr. Jolley had written to her she read and read until she had learned them by heart. "And just

to think!" she murmured, her color heightening, her eyes shining—"a poem written to *me*! Why, I never dreamed of such a thing in all my life—never!" She found that the verses fitted into a photograph frame on the wall and there she proudly installed them, and when she went out that day she wore her prettiest dress, as becomes a woman who has had a poet writing verses about her; and when she saw the grand ladies bowling by in their automobiles she thought to herself, "Yes, but you ought to see what is hanging on my wall!" And she felt quite sorry for them.

That night Mr. Jolley was unsuccessfully wooing his Muse again when he heard a timid rap upon his door, and then the floor of the hall creaked and he heard the click of Miss Cairn's latch. He opened the door and found another bottle of medicine and a note. The note said, "Thank you ever so much for the poetry. It is simply beautiful. Sincerely, Lucy Cairn." Mr.



"I WONDER IF THE MUSE IS JEALOUS OF HER?"

Jolley smiled with gratification and pleasure—even poets are human—and then turned to his epic with gloomy austerity. Hours before he had written the line:

*“And Washington, whose name
was George, looked on
with frown alarming—”*

And there his inspiration had gone and had left him high and dry as an ebbing tide will sometimes leave an oyster on the beach, mute and helpless. Mr. Jolley turned again to Miss Cairn's note, and presently, as though by magic, poetical ideas came dancing around him in such numbers that he seized his pen and continued—

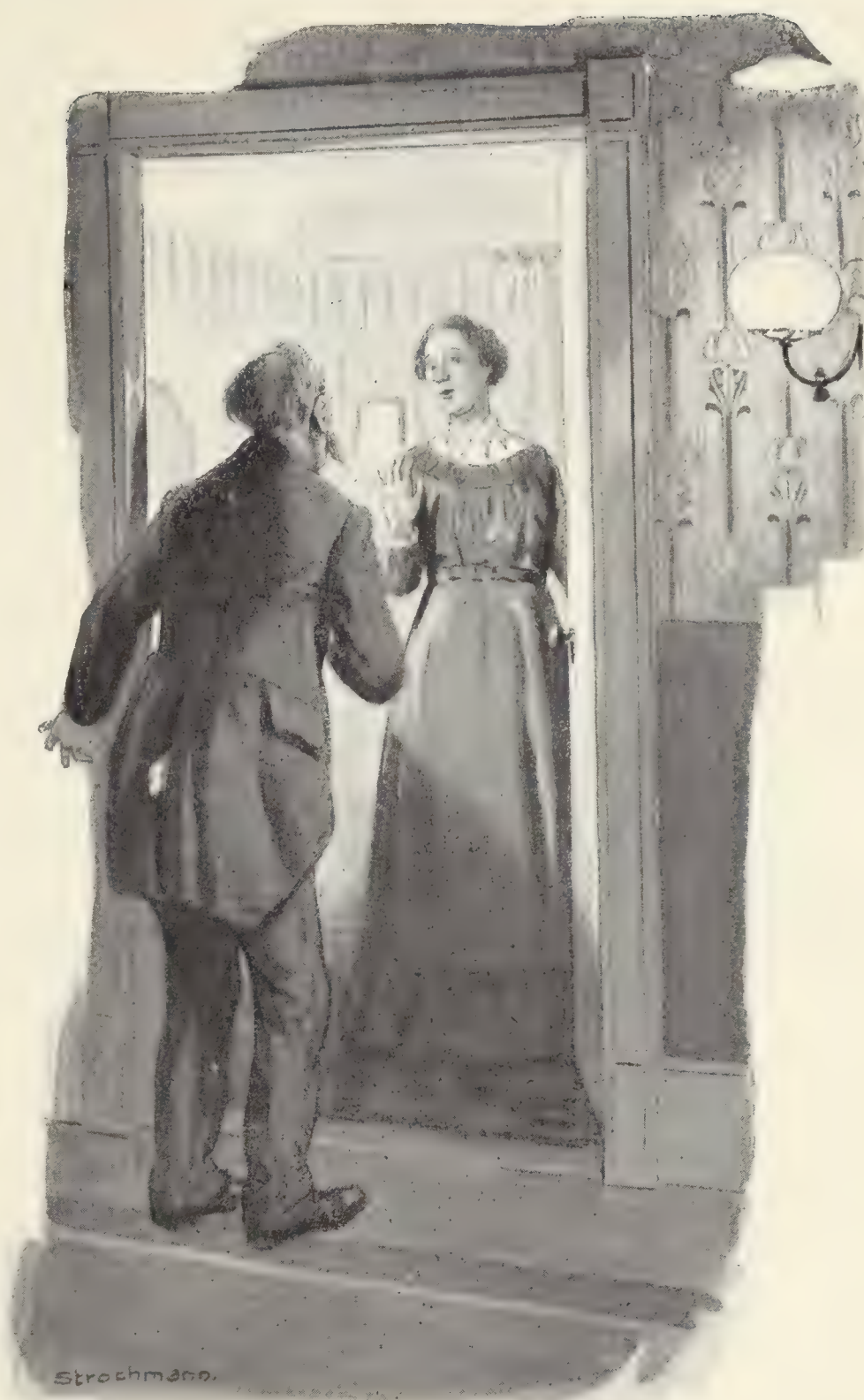
*“And so did Martha, too,
his wife, so very sweet
and charming,
So Martha I will now de-
scribe, her eyes and
all pertaining—”*

Yes, there was Mr. Jolley ambling away before he knew it, all over the slopes of Parnassus, and when he put his work aside that night he said to himself, surreptitiously (so his Muse would not hear him), ambiguously, but with firm conviction nevertheless, “And now I'm sure she is jealous of her!”

Whether or not Mr. Jolley was right, it is certain that his Muse began to sulk. For nearly a month the epic remained *in statu quo*. In vain did Mr. Jolley smile at Miss Cairn, in vain did he chat with her in the dining-room, in vain did he advise her about her financial matters, in vain did they go out long walks together, in vain did he escort her to church: his Muse remained obdurate, and the epic hung suspended on the following line:

*“Then Franklin in his powdered wig cried,
loudly, ‘Bring my carriage—’”*

“Hum!” said Mr. Jolley in moody reverie one night as he stood over his manuscript and shook his finger at it. “You'll go too far yet. That's what you'll do. Here I have been waiting all my life for this, and now look at the way you treat me. There I used to be brimming over with poetical ideas, and now every time I sit down to write my mind is a blank. Or else I begin thinking about— Ahem!” Mr. Jolley said it very loud. “Ahem! And so I tell you again: you'll go too far yet. You mark my words! I'll give you a fair trial, but if you think I am going to throw my whole life away on you, without any more encouragement than



“MISS LUCY, DO YOU MIND IF YOU—WERE TO MARRY ME?”

this — why — ah! — ah!” Sitting quickly down at his desk he continued:

*“He drove away to Parliament as cool as
to a marriage.*

*The noble lords were seated or reclining
in the forum.*

*‘I’ll tell them facts,’ said Benjamin, ‘for
facts can never bore ’em.’
And so he told—”*

And there he was, favored by the smiles of his Muse; but before he had gone a dozen lines the fickle jade left him again at this unfinished stanza:

*“And Franklin cried in stirring tones that
quite resembled thunder—”*

Mr. Jolley arose from his desk, very quietly and very earnestly, and looked at his watch. “I will give you half an hour,” he said.

He walked to the window, and there he waited for any advances that a Muse might have to make to him.

“There are fifteen minutes left,” he said, glancing at his watch and looking around

over his shoulder. Presently he announced, "Ten minutes—five minutes—one minute." Suddenly Mr. Jolley shut his watch and cried (almost exultingly), "Time's up!" He put on a new necktie and knocked gently on his neighbor's door.

"Miss Lucy," he said (so well had they grown to know each other), "do you mind if you—" It had been in his head to ask her if she would go a walk with him, for he had a question in his mind which he had thought of propounding to her, but just at that moment his eyes fell upon the wall behind her and there he saw his own framed verses. Simultaneously his heart began to thump, thump, thump, and in tones which were fraught with all the poesy and all the

tenderness in the world he concluded, "Miss Lucy, do you mind if you—were to marry me?"

Before the words were out of his mouth a silent but desperate voice began clamoring wildly in his ears, "Come back! Come back! Asunder—Wonder—Blunder—Under—Come back to your own true Muse!" But when Mr. Jolley finally returned to his room he threw his epic into the waste-paper basket, crying, "Don't say I didn't warn you!" And walking around the Park a little later with the happiest little woman in the world upon his arm, he looked at the stars and whispered low, "'And there they go to dream where life itself is a poem . . . and love is its sweetest theme. . .'"

A Hard Face

BOBBY'S papa, who is a naval officer, took him to call upon the family of a brother officer who had just returned from a cruise to the tropics.

Among the treasures exhibited was a large red and blue parrot, whose appearance and conversational powers proved most fascinating to the little boy. While the grown-ups were engaged in talking over old times, Bobby, left to his own devices, drew nearer to the parrot's cage, bent on making friends.

Presently there was a squawk from the parrot and a little frightened cry from Bobby, who ran to his father, exhibiting a bleeding forefinger.

The little man was brave, though, as befitted the son of a sailor. He brushed away his tears, and said,

"Gee, papa, but that bird has a hard face!"



"Don't you think your dolly should have a few more clothes on, if she is going to a party?"

"Oh, she's all right this way, mother. It's going to be quite informal."

The Uses of Adversity

A CHICAGO man who was visiting a certain region in Arkansas observed to a farmer that there was a good deal of ague in that part of the country. "What a handicap!" said the traveler. "It unfits a man for work, doesn't it?"

"Gener'ly it does," said the farmer, most solemnly. "Still, when my boy Sam has a right hard fit of the shakes, we fastens the churn-dasher to him, and he brings the butter inside o' twelve minutes."

One of Bishop Williams's Stories

THE late Bishop Williams of Connecticut was very fond of children, and it was always a joy to us youngsters when he came for his visit to my father's parish. His anecdotes and stories enlivened the entire household. Once, when he was staying with us, he told the following story:

"One Sunday morning, just after breakfast, I repaired to the rector's study, where I was soon followed by his little four-year-old son, who climbed up on my knee, and began to talk. Suddenly the little fellow looked up into my face and said, 'Bis-sop, do 'oo want to see my piggy book?'"

"'Yes, indeed,' said I. So the child slid down and started to get the book. When half-way across the room a sudden idea seemed to strike him, and running back and putting one hand on my knee, he looked up in my face, and shook his little forefinger at me, whispering, 'Bissop, it's Sunday. We must do zis on ze sly!'"

It Wouldn't Come Out

STEPHEN, aged four years, after trying for a long time to crack an English walnut, took it to his father and said, plaintively, "Father, won't you please let this nut out."

At the Photographer's

IT had been many years since Bildad had sat for his photograph, and, in fact, he was so peculiarly constituted that he took more pleasure in having a tooth filled than from going to the photographer's. He was not the sort of a man who found it easy to sit still under any circumstances, and when a situation arose wherein doing so was imperative he usually found it next to impossible. Hence it was that when all the preparations for the taking of his photograph had been made, Bildad was in a highly nervous condition. He could hardly control any one of his various limbs. His hand shook, and his face twitched, and the loose foot of his crossed legs gave intermittent jerks up and down that fairly drove the photographer wild. It was a terrible strain upon the latter's patience.

"Can't you come to anchor just for one minute?" he protested, after a nervous twist to one side on the part of the sitter had effectually put the plate out of commission.

"I'm doing the best I can," retorted Bildad. "I'm almost as hard to compose as a good comic-opera score."

The quality of the retort restored the photographer to his customary geniality, and he put another plate into the camera.

"All ready now, quite still, just for ten seconds," he said, pleadingly.

"Fire ahead," said Bildad, holding himself as rigidly stiff as he knew how.

But it was as before. That right foot broke loose, and described a series of semicircles in the air that utterly destroyed the lower half of the portrait, while a spasmodic elevation of the eyebrows, and consequent corrugation of his forehead, and squintinabulation of the eyes themselves, made the upper half equally impossible.

"Guess you'll have to make one more dab at it," said Bildad, sheepishly.

"I guess I'll have to charge you by the month and not by the photograph," snorted the photographer trying to relieve his vexed spirit with sarcasm.

A third, fourth, and fifth plate were similarly ruined, and then the man of pictures gave up. Gathering his apparatus together he resigned his commission.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Bildad," he said, coldly. "But you have come to the wrong place. What you want, sir, is not a photograph, but a seismograph."



Wrapped Up in Each Other

The Inexpensive Life

THEY tell of an official at Washington, known by his friends to be a rather "close" man, who has many a passage of arms with his wife, all by reason of that very "closeness."

On one occasion a friend had the misfortune to enter just as the pair were ending an argument touching some question of household expenditure. He was just in time to hear the husband say:

"See here, Marie, you cannot hoodwink me in these matters. Do you think that I have lived all these years for nothing?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," was the wifely repartee.

A Diplomatist

TADDY, aged four, often called on his nearest neighbor, Mrs. Brown, who petted him a good deal, and usually gave him a couple of her nice cookies. And if she happened to forget to pass them out, he sometimes reminded her of it.

His father learned of this and chided him for begging, and told him he must not do so any more. A day or two later Taddy came home with cooky crumbs in evidence.

"Have you been begging cookies from Mrs. Brown again?" asked his father, rather sternly.

"No!" said Taddy. "I didn't beg for any. I just said this house smells as if it was full of cookies, but what's that to me?"



Divine Service

What He Wanted

THE day was hot, the train crowded, and the man reading his newspaper was tired and irritable. Across the aisle sat a woman with a sturdy, blond, curly-haired youngster, who had made friends with most of his neighbors, but had found this one man obdurate. The latter had purchased an orange from the train-boy, and was still holding it in his hand, when he glanced up to find the child at his elbow, with eloquent gaze fixed on the orange. Finally—moved, perhaps, by the gaze of his fellow passengers, which spoke condemnation if he refused—the man thrust the orange ungraciously into the little fellow's hand, and resumed reading.

"Dear," urged his mother, gently, "what do you say to the gentleman for giving you the nice orange?"

The youngster walked over again, shyly, and, thrusting forward the orange in a friendly little fist, said, "Peel it."

On the Summer Hotel Veranda

"HE has six motor-cars they say,—
Keeps three in Paris and—" "Oh, my!
Isn't that tunic just—" "—so gray
I really think she ought to dye."

"The biggest catch of all, my dear!
He has one lung and thirty millions!
They do say—" "—yes, Jack Hall is here;
He's simply grand to lead cotillions!"

"She has four homes and—" "Gracious me!
Did you hear that about Miss Titus?
It can't be possible that she—" "Yes, I have had appendicitis."

"The best bridge-player in the place,"
"She has a house with sixty rooms."
"It changes things if that's the case!"
"Oh yes, I visited the Tombs."

"He is a widower, my dear,
The richest man in this hotel!"
"I think it's rather poky here."
"You wear an overskirt so well!"

"I saw them on the boardwalk!" "No,
I never touch a bit of sweet."
"But how much does she really owe?"
"No, you sha'n't pay! This is my treat!"

And so it goes from morn till night,
The same old talk the same old way.
And yet, dear reader, if I might,
I'd ask what better things you say?
CAROLYN WELLS.



A Magnanimous Bird

"That worm is having trouble enough,
guess I'll leave him alone!"

Unsatisfactory

THE Sunday-school paper had arrived, and Freddie and Ethel were seated side by side poring over its contents.

Presently they turned to a page on which appeared a reproduction of one of the less-familiar conceptions of the head of the Saviour.

"Who's that?" asked Freddie.

"Why, that's the Lord," replied Ethel, "but it isn't good of Him."

Impressed

ACTORS frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. Not long ago, on the occasion of the performance of "Hamlet" by a distinguished English player, there were no more interested and absorbed spectators than two newsies in the gallery.

The boys had been watching the performance with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the lads from their seats.

Before their eyes the Queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the King killed, Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery there was a clatter and a crash as one of the boys mentioned started for the door.

"Come on, Tommy!" he shouted back to his companion. "Hustle! Dere'll be extras out on dis!"

Returned Unopened

LITTLE Timmy Tudor Titus
Thought he had appendicitis;
Went to bed and owned him beaten,
Quite forgot the things he'd eaten.

Mother sent out frantic calls
To the nearest hospitals;
Ambulances! Ever tried one?
My, 'twas fun to be inside one!

Doctors grave and doctors glum
Thumped on little Timmy's tum;
Recommended but a rope-end;
Timmy was "Returned Unopened."
SEYMOUR BARNARD.



AUNTIE. "Look, Dorothy, this is the giraffe."
DOROTHY. "Oh my! How did the poor thing
get so freckled?"

A False Alarm

DR. BROWN, a dignified and somewhat portly gentleman, had been commissioned to buy a shirtwaist at a bargain sale which his wife was unable to attend. The task was a novel and not unwholly congenial one, but he finally got the attention of a saleswoman and made his wishes known.

"What bust?" she asked.

The doctor glanced around with nervous apprehension.

"Why—er—I didn't hear anything!"

They Had No Warning

TWO young employees of a florist in Philadelphia, who are supposed to be variously employed in the rear of the establishment while the boss looks after things in the front, were recently startled by the appearance of the "old man" while they were engrossed in a game of checkers.

The proprietor was justly indignant. "How is it," he demanded, "that I hardly ever find you fellows at work when I come out here?"

"I know," volunteered one of the youths; "it's on account of those rubber heels you insist on wearing."



The "Income" Tax

A Busy Day

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

TH' Sun wakes me up early 'cause
 He knows 'at I have lots to do,
 An' all th' little birds want me
 To hurry up an' come out, too!
 Right thro' th' window I can see
 Some flowers 'at wasn't there las' night,
 I must go 'preciate each one—
 Soon as I'm buttoned up all right.

Th' ones I did, a-helpin' Nurse
 She made them all come out again!—
 An' she don't care if all out-doors
 Is waitin' thro' th' window-pane.
 Wish that my hair it would stay combed
 So's 'at she wouldn't want to know
 How can I spect to have nice curls
 If I keep on a-wigglin' so?

I guess I s'prised th' Pink Rose 'cause
 Her face it was all over wet,—
 Our Gard'ner-man he hadn't been
 All 'round wif' th' clean towels yet.
 Th' big white Lily is so tall
 'At I mus' stand on my tiptoes
 To say "Good morning" up to her,—
 That's how I got a yellow nose!

I wonder w'y it is 'at folks
 Mus' go into a house an' eat,

W'en ever'thing that grows out-doors
 It tastes so sunny an' so sweet.
 Th' little apple 'at fell down,
 It was as hard as it could be,
 But I can reach th' chewin'-gum
 A-growing on our cherry-tree.

Th' pine-tree tho't that mebbe I
 Would like th' kind he keeps th' bes',
 But it tastes funny on your tongue,—
 It is for Little Boys, I guess.
 I only told one honey-bee,
 Nobody else is goin' to know
 Where'bouts down in th' meadow-grass
 Th' little wild strawberries grow.

Oh, I'm so busy all day long
 There isn't any time to play
 Till when th' Night-time is, an' n'en,—
 "Mos' time to put th' doll away,"
 Is what some grown-up body calls,
 'N Gram'pa pats me on my head
 An' says as how it "'pears to him
 Th' little chickens' gone to bed!"

'At's w'y it is nex' time I meet
 Th' ole White Hen down by our gate,
 I'm goin' to ast her *please* to let
 Th' Little Chickens stay up late.



Painting by Howard E. Smith

Illustration for "Comrades"

THE SLOW NEWS AFTER SLAUGHTERING BATTLES

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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My First Visit to the Court of Napoleon III.

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone, the writer of these letters, which give so vivid a picture of the brilliant court of the last Napoleon, is the wife of the present Danish minister to Germany. She was formerly Miss Lillie Greenough, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she lived with her grandfather, Judge Fay, in the fine old Fay mansion, now the property of Radcliffe College.

As a child Miss Greenough developed the remarkable voice which later was to make her well known, and when only fifteen years of age her mother took her to London to study under Garcia. Two years later Miss Greenough became the wife of Charles Moulton, the son of a well-known American banker, who had been a resident in Paris since the days of Louis Philippe. As Madame Charles Moulton, the charming American became an appreciated guest at the court of Napoleon III. The Paris papers of the days of the Second Empire are filled with the praises of her personal attractions and exquisite singing.

After nine years of gaiety in the gayest city in the world came the war of 1870 and the Commune. Upon the fall of the Empire and the death of her husband Mrs. Moulton returned to America, where a few years later she married M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, at that time Danish minister to the United States, and later successively his country's representative at Stockholm, Rome, and Paris.

Few persons of her day have known so many of those whom the world has counted great. Among her friends have been not only the ruling monarchs of several countries and the most distinguished men and women of their courts, but almost all the really important figures in the world of music of the past half-century, among them Wagner, Liszt, Auber, Gounod, and Rossini. And of many of these great men the letters give us glimpses of the most fascinatingly intimate sort. Later letters, which will appear here, picture Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's experiences in Paris during the Commune.

COMPIÈGNE, 22 November, 1866.

DEAR A—:

You know it has always been my wish to see the life at the Emperor's château at Compiègne, and behold here I am.

We received the invitation twelve days ago. This gave me plenty of time to order all my dresses, wraps, and everything else that I needed for this visit of a week to royalty. I was obliged to have about twenty dresses—eight day costumes

(counting my traveling-suit), the green cloth dress for the hunt, which I was told was absolutely necessary, seven ball dresses, five gowns for tea. Such a quantity of boxes and bundles arrived at the house in Paris that Mlle. W— was in a blue fidget, fussing about, boring me with silly, unnecessary suggestions, and asking so many useless questions that I wished her at the bottom of the Red Sea.

A professional packer came to pack

our trunks, of which I had seven and C—— had two; the maid and the valet each had one, making all together quite a formidable pile of luggage. As we saw it, on the wagon, drive from the house it seemed an absurdly large amount for only a week's visit.

I should say there were about fifty or sixty guests who got off at the station at Compiègne, where there were two landaus—one for the Austrian ambassador, Prince Metternich and Princess Metternich, and one for the German ambassador. The char-à-bancs, of which there must have been at least ten, were dark green outlined with red, each with four prancing horses whose tails, jauntily braided with red cords, were tied to the saddles. Each carriage had two postilions, who looked very trim in their short velvet jackets embroidered with gold and covered with endless buttons.

The Princess Metternich had fourteen trunks and two maids; the Prince had his private secretary and valet and a goodly number of trunks. This will give you an idea of the amount of baggage. On our arrival at the château the Grand Chamberlain received us at the head of the stairs with pleasant cordiality. He waved us toward a huis-sier, who, dressed in a black livery with heavy chains around his neck, looked very important. He in his turn passed us on to the particular valet allotted to us, who pompously and with great dignity showed us the way to our apartments. Our names were on the doors, and we entered the brilliantly lighted rooms, which, after our journey, seemed most welcome with their bright fires and cheerful aspect. Tea and chocolate were on the table awaiting us, and I regaled myself while the soldiers (who seem to be the men-of-all-work here) brought in the trunks, and the maid and valet were unpacking.

I dressed in a maze of excitement; my maid was confused and agitated—I thought I should never be ready. I think you will be interested to hear what I wore to-night. It was a light-green tulle embroidered in silver, the waist trimmed with silver fringe. If one could see the waistband one would read *Worth* in big letters. I thought it was best to

make a good impression at first, so I put on my very prettiest gown.

On leaving our apartment a little before seven we found the lackey waiting to show us the way to the grande salle des fêtes, and we followed his fat white calves through the long corridors, arriving at last at the salon where we were to enter.

The salon seemed immense to me. On one side the windows (or rather the doors) opened out to the terrace. On the walls of the opposite side between the pillars were mirrors resting on gilded consoles. At the end of the room was the statue of Madame Lætitia and at the other end was one of Napoleon I. Banquettes and tabourets of Gobelin tapestry stood against the walls. The ceiling is a *chef-d'œuvre* of Girodet—style Empire.

The chamberlains (there were many of them) bustled about, constantly referring to some papers which they had in their hands, in order to tell each gentleman which lady he was to take in to dinner. The Grand Chamberlain glanced about the room with an all-comprehensive look and intuitively seemed to know when we were all present, then he disappeared into his Majesty's private salon.

There was an ominous hush, a flutter of agitation, a stiff attitude of expectancy, the guests arranging themselves according to their own consciousness of their rank, and presently the doors of the salon were quietly opened and their Majesties entered. The gentlemen bowed reverentially and the ladies curtsied very low, and the sovereigns, responding with a gracious inclination of the head, came toward us.

The Empress turned to the ladies, the Emperor to the gentlemen, speaking a word of welcome to as many of the guests as the time allowed. Fifty or sixty "bon soirs" and "charmé de vous voir" take a considerable time, but their Majesties kept their eyes on the Grand Maréchal, and he kept his eye on the clock.

The Empress looked lovely. She wore a beautiful dress, a white spangled tulle with a superb tiara of diamonds, and on her neck a *collier* of huge pearls.

The Emperor was in white *culotte courte*, white silk stockings, and low shoes, as were the rest of the gentlemen.

There must have been about one hun-

dred persons seated at the table. I never saw such a tremendously long stretch of white linen. The flowers, stiffly arranged at intervals, alternated with white *épergnes* filled with bonbons and larger fruit-dishes filled with the most delicious-looking fruit. The *service de table* was of white Sèvres porcelain with only the letter "N" in gold and surmounted by the Imperial crown. Many of the courses were served on silver plates in the center of which were engraved the arms of France.

A strip of red velvet carpet laid over the polished floor surrounded the table. On the outer side of this carpet were the chairs, to be pushed forward as soon as people were ready to sit down. The lackeys stood in a line all the way down the room, making a very imposing sight in their red and white liveries. There must have been forty or fifty of them at least. The Emperor's *chasseur* always stands behind his chair and serves him and him alone, taking a dish of each course, as it is brought in, from the *maître d'hôtel*. No one but this privileged *chasseur* can hand anything in the way of food to his Majesty. When the Emperor has served himself the *chasseur* hands the plate back to the butler, who passes it on to the other servants, who then serve the guests. The Empress is served in the same way.

I suppose this custom dates back to the time of the Borgias, when, in order

to save their own lives, they were willing to risk those of their trusty menials by making them taste the food before it was put on the table.

The dinner lasted about an hour. (The Emperor dislikes sitting long at table.) It seemed almost impossible that so much eating and drinking and changing of plates—in fact, such an elaborate repast—could be got through within such a short time. But it was!

When their Majesties had finished they arose and every one rose at the same time. All the chairs were drawn from under you, *tant pis* if you were in the act of eating a pear and had not yet washed your fingers; but never mind, you had to skip across the red carpet in order to let their Majesties pass.

A rather amusing incident occurred at dinner. One of the foreign ministers, who is very vain of the smallness of his feet, had donned a pair of patent-leather shoes evidently much too tight for him. During the dinner he relieved his sufferings by slipping his aching toes out of them. All went well until his chair was suddenly drawn from underneath him as their Majesties were about to pass. In utter despair he made the most frantic efforts to recover the wandering shoes from under the table, but alas! the naughty things had made their escape far beyond reach (a little way shoes have of doing when left to themselves), consequently he was obliged to



THE MAIN FAÇADE—CHÂTEAU DE COMPIÈGNE



THE IMPERIAL COURT AT FONTAINEBLEAU

The Emperor and Prince Imperial are seated in the boat. The Empress is seated, with her hand lifted toward her face. At her right is the Princess Metternich. Prince Metternich is the standing figure at the extreme right of the picture

trip across the red carpet as best he could without them. The Empress, who appreciates keenly a comical situation, had noticed with great amusement his manœuvres and embarrassment and (was it just for a little fun?) stopped in passing and spoke to him, much to his confusion, for it was impossible to prevent her from seeing his little white shoeless feet.

The *cercle* began and their Majesties circulated about among their guests. When the Empress was in front of me she gave me her hand and said some very kind words to me. She noticed I wore the bracelet she had given me and seemed pleased. I do not know if you ever saw this handsome bracelet—it is composed of large rubies and diamonds set in

three heavy gold coils. The date when the Empress gave it to me and her name are inscribed inside. The Prince Imperial spoke to every one he knew. He has a very sweet voice, such gentle manners and winning ways; he speaks excellent English and, of course, many other languages.

Waldteufel, *le fabricant de valse*s, put himself at the piano (an upright one standing at the extreme end of the immense ballroom) and played some of his charming *entraînante* music; but, though he played with all his force, it was almost impossible to distinguish what sort of dance it was, the ballroom being so enormous. However, it did not make much difference, as there were only a few who wanted to dance, and one could see

that they were urged to do so by the Chamberlain. Waldteufel has an apartment in the town of Compiègne, where he "fabricates" his waltzes by day and comes here to play them by night.

At ten o'clock their Majesties went into the Emperor's private salon with a selected few, then the dancing became general and livelier. Tea and cakes were served at eleven o'clock and their Majesties re-entered, conversed a few moments, bowed to every one, and withdrew, turning round on reaching the door, and with a sweeping inclination of the head, disappeared.

We bade good-night to our friends about us and withdrew, as did every one else, and I for one was glad to go to my royal couch. Good-night!

Sunday, 23 November, 1866.

DEAR M——:

To-night I was a little dismayed when I was told that the famous poet Théophile Gautier was to be my dinner companion. I was awed at the idea of such a neighbor, and feared I should not be able to cope with the occasion. Would he talk poetry to me? and should I have to talk poetry to him?

I tried to remember, during our promenade down the hall, Longfellow's "Psalm of Life" in case he should expect anything in this line, and I tried to recall something he himself had written, but for the life of me I could think of nothing but a very improper book called *Mlle. de M——* which I had never been allowed to read, so that would be of no use as conversation.

I might have spared myself worry, for from the time he sat down at the table he talked of little else than cats and dogs. He loves all animals (I liked him for that), and one could see that he preferred them to any other topic. In appearance I think he must resemble Charles Dickens. I have only seen the latter's photographs, but had he not rather skimpy hair brushed any which way and a stringy beard? I fancied him so to myself. At any rate, Gautier looks like the Dickens of the photographs.

I can't remember all the nonsense he talked. He said he had eight or ten cats, who ate with him at the table. Each had its own place and plate, and never by

any chance made a mistake and sat in another cat's place or ate off another cat's plate. He was sure that they had a heaven and a hell of their own, where they went after their death, according to their deserts, and that they had souls and consciences. All his cats had classical names, and he talked to them as if they were human beings. He said they understood every word he said. He also quoted some of his conversation with them, which must have sounded very funny:

"‘Cleopatra, have you been in the kitchen drinking milk on the sly?’ Cleopatra puts her tail between her legs and her ears back and looks most guilty, and I know then what the cook told me was true.” Then again: “Julius Cæsar, you were out extremely late last night. What were you doing?” He said that when he made these reproaches Julius Cæsar would get down from his chair, and with his tail high in the air would rub himself against his legs as much as to say he would never do it again.

“Depend upon it,” he added, “they know everything we do and . . . more.”

I asked:

“When Julius Cæsar comes from his nocturnal walks, is he *gris* [tipsy]?”

“Tipsy! What do you mean?”

“You once wrote a poem” (how proud I was that I had recollected it!) “‘At midnight all *chats* [cats] are *gris* [gray].’”

“That is true, but I spoke of the Shah of Persia.”

“Are all the Shahs of Persia tipsy at midnight?”

“Every Shah of Persia I have had the honor to see at midnight has been as tipsy *comme des Polonnais*.”

“But the *chats* you wrote about go about mewing on roofs at midnight. Do the Shahs of Persia do that?”

“Did I write that?” said he. “Then I must have meant cats. You are very inquisitive, Madame.”

“I confess I am,” I answered. “You see, that poem of yours has been set to music and I sing it, and you may imagine that I want to know what I am singing about. One must sing with an entirely different expression if one sings of gray cats or of tipsy Persian sovereigns.”

He laughed and asked, with an innocent look, “Do you think I could have meant that at midnight nothing has any

particular color, that everything is gray?"

"I don't know what you meant; but please tell me what you want me to believe, because I believe everything I am told. I am so naïve."

"You naïve! You are the most blasée person I ever met."

"I blasée! I! What an idea!"

Such an idea could only emanate from a poet's brain with an extra poetical poet's license. I was very indignant and told him so, and asked him "if all poets went mad at eight o'clock in the evening."

He retorted, "You are not only blasée, Madame, you are sarcastic."

I enjoyed my dinner immensely, in spite of being "blasée," and Gautier's fun and amusing talk lasted until we were back in the salon. The Emperor approached us while we were still laughing and began to talk to us. I told him that Monsieur Gautier had said that I was blasée. The Emperor exclaimed: "You blasée! One must try very hard to be blasé at your age."

I said I did not know whether to be angry or not with Gautier.

"Be angry with him," answered the Emperor. "He deserves it."

Waldteufel began playing his delightful waltzes and every one was soon whirling about. I never heard him play with so much dash; he really seemed inspired. Prince Metternich asked him to order a piano to be sent to his salon in the château. He said: "I cannot exist without a piano. It helps me to write my tiresome rapports."

There are only two pianos, I believe, in the château—the one (upright) in the

ballroom and the Erard in the *salle de musique*.

At eleven o'clock we went into the Emperor's salon, where tea was served.

Monday, 24 November, 1866.

DEAR M——:

At breakfast this morning I sat next to Prince Metternich. He told me that there was to be a *conseil des ministres* to-day, and therefore there was no question of their Majesties' presence at excursions and no particular plans projected for this afternoon. Thus we were left to our own devices. Prince Metternich's fertile brain was already at work to imagine something amusing to divert their Majesties for the evening. He suggested charades. He is excellent at getting them up.

The Marquise de Gallifet thought that tableaux would be better. Count de Vogué suggested games (he knew several new ones, which he proposed). All in vain! Prince Metternich insisted on charades; therefore charades carried the day, of course. The Prince had already thought of the word *exposition* and arranged in his mind what part each one of us was to have.

As soon as their Majesties had departed we proceeded to a large room where there was a little stage, a very little one, with red velvet curtains. Next to this room was a long gallery in which there was a quantity of chests containing every variety of costume, wigs, postiches, tinsel ornaments, and all sorts of appurtenances—enough to satisfy the most dramatic imagination.

The Empress is always present at the



MADAME CHARLES MOULTON

conseil des ministres, which to-day must have lasted an unusually long time, as no one was invited to her tea. Therefore we took ours with the Metternichs. Their Majesties were informed of the surprise which was awaiting them in the little theater. The Empress said to Prince Metternich after dinner: "I hear you have prepared something to amuse us this evening. Do you not wish to go and make your arrangements? We will be ready to join you in half an hour."

All of us who were to take part disappeared to dress and returned to the gallery connecting with the stage in due time. Peeping through the hole in the curtain, we could see the imposing and elegant audience come in and take their seats with much ceremony. At last every one was seated, and *ex*, the first syllable of *exposition*, was played with great success. It represented a scene at Aix-les-Bains.

Invalids met (glasses in hand) and discussed and compared their various and seemingly very complicated diseases. They made very funny remarks on the subject of getting their systems in order in view of the possible incidents which might come up during the Exposition of next year. The Princess Metternich looked very comical dressed as a Parisian coachman with a coachman's long coat of many capes. She wore top-boots and had a whip in her hand and a pipe in her mouth which she actually smoked, taking it out of her mouth every time she spoke and puffing the smoke right into the faces of the audience.

The next part of the word was *position*, and acted only by gentlemen. An amateur, or rather a novice, was taking lessons in fencing in order to defend himself against probable attacks upon him by the barbaric foreigners who next year would invade Paris, and he wished to be sufficiently prepared to resent all their insults. When the curtain came down all the sky came with it, which put the audience in great glee.

The whole word *exposition* was what we call "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works." Count de Vogué was the showman, and the servant assisting him was no less a person than the Austrian ambassador himself, Prince Metternich.

I was a mechanical doll sent from America (the latest invention) for the Exposition. I was dressed as a Tyrolienne with a red skirt, a black bodice, and a hat with a ridiculous feather sticking out from the back of it

which Prince Metternich said I *must* have.

While the others were on the stage, Princess Metternich wrapped a lot of silk paper around me and tied it with bows of wide ribbon, thus covering me completely, head and all. I was carried in and placed on a turning pedestal. The showman explained the wonderful mechanism of this doll, unique of its kind, and capable of imitating the human voice to such a degree that no one could detect any difference.

He wound me up and I began singing, but everything went wrong. I sang snatches of well-known songs, cadences, trills, arpeggios, all *pêle-mêle* until my exhibitors were in despair.

"But this is terrible," said Vogué.



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

"Can't you stop it? *Est-ce qu'il n'y a pas de vis?*"

"*Il n'y a pas le moindre vice, Monsieur,*" answered the Prince, gravely.

Then I stopped short. I could not have gone on; I was afraid I should burst out laughing.

"You must wind it up again."

Count Vogué announced to the audience that such a thing as this had never happened before. Evidently the machinery had become *dérangée*, owing to the long voyage across the Atlantic.

"It needs to be oiled" (great laughter), whispered the assistant in a loud tone, and he took the oil-can and flourished it about my shoulders. They made so many jokes and puns that the audience was convulsed and peals of laughter followed each joke.

"You must make it sing," implored the showman. "There ought to be a *clou* [nail] somewhere."

"If there had been one, I should have found it, since it is the *clou* [success] of the evening."

"Gracious! What shall we do? And every one waiting! Can't you find a button?"

The Prince shook his head sadly. "Not the shadow of a button," adding in a loud voice, "We ought to have a

button made of gold so that one could see it." He said this with intention, thinking it might suggest to the Emperor to give me the gold button which he gives to those whom he wishes to make members of his hunts for life, but not often to ladies.

At last the assistant applied the rattle and wound me up again. I gave a little nod with my head. They both struck attitudes of satisfaction, saying, "Now she is going to sing 'Beware,'" which called forth a burst of applause. I sang it. The Prince thought that I made the trill too long, and in order to stop it he again used the rattle, which was almost the death of me.

I wore some long ribbons around my neck of which the ends got entangled in the rattle, and the more the Prince turned it the tighter the ribbons choked me. Happily I had breath enough to go on singing, but I turned my head and fixed a glassy eye on my tormentor, and instead of singing, "Trust her not; she's fooling thee," I sang, "Trust him not; he's choking me, he's choking me."

When it was all finished the Empress came hurriedly toward me, exclaiming: "Thank Heaven! I thought the Prince was going to strangle you, I was so frightened." She then kissed me on both



THE MUSIC HALL—CHÂTEAU DE COMPIÈGNE

cheeks, and the Emperor gallantly kissed my hand.

They both said they had never laughed so much in their lives and were most profuse in their thanks, complimenting all those who took part. Certainly Robert de Vogué and the Prince Metternich both outdid themselves.

It was one o'clock when tea was served in the Emperor's salon. You may imagine if I was tired.

25 November.

DEAR M——:

As the programme announced this morning that there was to be a *chasse à tir* this afternoon, I put on my green costume bought for this purpose. The Empress appeared in a green dress also, with a coquettish three-cornered hat trimmed with gold braid, and looked bewitchingly beautiful; the Emperor wore a shooting suit with leather gaiters, as did all the gentlemen. Every one looked very sportsmanlike.

As the Emperor passed me before we started off, he said, handing me a little package he held in his hand:

"Here is the gold button which you did *not* have last night; it makes you a life member of all Imperial hunts" (so Prince Metternich's ruse had succeeded).

I bowed very low and thanked him, and asked if it would necessitate my hunting. "Certainly not if you don't want to," he answered; "but have you ever seen a *chasse à tir*?"

At my answer that I had never seen one, nor anything nearer to one than people going out with a gun and coming back with nothing else, he laughed and said, "I must tell that to the Empress."

It is his habit to say, when he hears anything which amuses him, "I must tell that to the Empress." She is always in his thoughts.

I said, looking at the button:

"Last year your Majesty gave me a gold medal for singing a benedictus; now I shall sing a hallelujah for this."

"It is not worth so much," the Emperor said, with a kind smile.

"Would you like to accompany me this afternoon," he asked, "and see for yourself what a *chasse à tir* is?"

I answered that I should be delighted, and said:

"Shall I come with a gun?"

"Please, no!" the Emperor hurried to say; "but come with stout boots and a warm coat."

The carriages were waiting, and we were soon packed in our rugs and started for the shooting.

The gentlemen took their places in a long line, the Emperor being in the middle; to his right, the person highest in rank, Prince Metternich; on his left, Count Gölz; and so forth. Madame de Gallifet and I were a little behind the Emperor, between him and Prince Metternich. Behind us were the gamekeepers, loading and handing the guns to their masters as fast as they could. The first three gentlemen had their own chasseurs and two guns each.

It was a dreadful sight! How I hate it! I am sure I shall not sleep for a week, for I shall always see the forms and faces of those quivering, dying creatures in my dreams. I never will go to a *chasse* again. And the worst was when they had frightened the birds and animals into a sort of circle, where they could not escape; the butchery was awful. They said there were 3,800 pieces. Prince Metternich alone shot 1,200. How happy I was when it was all over and I could get away from these horrors and miserable sport!

We were invited to the tea in the Empress's salon. I had time to change my dress and put on the high silk gown prescribed for this function. Such beautiful rooms—first an ante-chamber with cabinets of Italian carving and vitrines and inlaid tables; then the Empress's salon, which is a very large room, filled with low armchairs, tables covered with knicknacks, books with paper-cutters still in them, as if they were just being read, screens with engravings à la Louis XVI., and beautiful fans on the walls, also splendid tapestries. It had a lovely ceiling, painted by some celebrated artist, mostly angels and smiling cherubs, who seemed to possess more than their share of legs and arms, floating about in the clouds.

At nine o'clock we all adjourned to the theater in the Palace, to reach which we passed through many rooms we had never seen before, and through a long gallery. The theater is as large as most of

the theaters in Paris. There is always one theatrical performance during each week while their Majesties are in Compiègne. The company of the Théâtre Français had been commanded to play this evening. The piece chosen was the latest one of Emile Augier, which has had a great success in Paris, called "Le Fils Giboyer." Emile Augier, who was invited specially, was present. Madeleine Brohan, Coquelin, Breton, and Madame Favard had the principal rôles. Such distinguished *artistes* as those could not but give the greatest enjoyment.

The theater is very handsome; there are only boxes and parquet; the Imperial loge reaches from the first tier of boxes to the last seats of the parquet in the shape of a shell. Any one standing up there could touch, on raising his arm, the velvet draperies of the Imperial box. The theater is entirely lighted by wax candles, of which there must have been thousands. And all the scenery belonging to the play was sent from Paris specially. Their Majesties sat in the center of the Imperial loge, and the lady guests and the most important gentlemen, according to their rank, were placed beside and behind them.

When their Majesties entered, every one rose and curtsied deeply. Their Majesties bowed graciously in response, the master of ceremonies gave the signal, and the curtain rose immediately. The representation lasted till about half past ten, and after our return to the salon the Emperor sent for the *artistes*, who had by this time changed their toilets. Their Majesties talked long and I should say familiarly with them, and judging from the way they laughed and chatted, they seemed to feel quite at their ease, especially Coquelin, who apparently put the Emperor in a very good humor.

I never saw the Empress look so beautiful as she did to-night. She certainly is the most exquisite creature, and what is so charming about her is her utter lack of self-consciousness. Her smile is bewitching beyond description, her complexion is perfect, her hair is of the Venetian type, and her profile is classical—her head so beautifully put on her shoulders, her neck and shoulders faultless.

I am beginning to learn the ways of the life of Compiègne. At nine o'clock our tea, coffee, or chocolate (as we choose) is brought to our rooms by a white-stockinged and powdered valet.

If you are very energetic you can go for a walk in the park or a visit to the town. But you are not energetic more than once because you do not find it worth your while, as you must hurry back to change your dress and shoes before appearing in the salon a little before eleven o'clock, the hour for breakfast. You remain in the same dress until you change for dinner or the Empress's tea.

You find every morning in your room a programme for the day:

Déjeuner à 11 heures.

Chasse à tir à 2 heures.

Comédie Française à 9 heures.

So you know what to wear and what to expect; but the invitation to tea is always made by the Empress's private huissier, who knocks at your door at four o'clock and announces, "Her Majesty the Empress desires your presence at five o'clock."

The *toilette de rigueur* for this occasion is a high-necked long silk dress, and you generally remain until six o'clock. If you are not summoned to her Majesty's tea, tea is served in your own salon, where you can invite people to take tea with you, or you are invited to take tea with other people. Whatever you do, you are expected to be in your rooms before four o'clock, which is the time the Empress will send for you if she invites you for tea.

At six o'clock you dress for dinner, always in ball dress, and a little before seven you meet in the grande salle des fêtes. At dinner the guests are placed according to their rank, but at déjeuner there is no ceremony. You engage your partner after your heart's desire. Those who are high up at dinner try to get as far down at the end of the table as possible. With me it is all ups and downs. At breakfast I am way up to the very top and at dinner way down.

26 November.

DEAR M——:

A very embarrassing thing happened to me this morning.

We thought we could manage an ex-



NAPOLEON III.

cursion to the town. I wanted to see the cathedral, and it did not seem far away. We saw the cathedral, but I had not counted on the time necessary for the change of toilet which I had to make before déjeuner.

I found on my table an envelope, containing this poetry, which I enclose, from Théophile Gautier. I suppose he considered it as a sort of *amende honorable*.

A Madame Charles Moulton

“Vos prunelles ont bu la lumière et la vie;
Telle une mer sans fond boit l'infini des cieux,
Ce rien ne peut remplir l'abîme de vos yeux
Où comme en un lotus dort votre âme assouvie.

“Pour vous plus de chimère ardemment poursuivie,
Quelque soit l'idéal votre rêve vaut mieux,
Et vous avez surtout le blasement des Dieux
Psyché qu'Eros lui-même à grand'peine eût ravi.

“Votre satiété n'attend pas le banquet
Et connaissant la coupe où le monde s'enivre
Dédaigneuse à vos pieds vous le regardez vivre.

“Et vous apparaissez par un geste coquet
Rappelant Mnémosyne à son socle appuyée
Comme le souvenir d'une sphère oubliée.
THEOPHILE GAUTIER.”

I became absorbed in reading it, and forgot to look at the clock, when suddenly seeing how late it was, I rushed down into the gallery, and what was my horror at finding myself alone.

It happened that just this morning the Emperor had desired me to sit next to him at the table, and the Marquis de Caux had been (and was still) waiting for me at the door to conduct me to my place on the sovereign's left hand.

I cannot tell you how I felt as I was being marshaled up the whole length of the room, stared at by every one, and criticised probably for this horrible breach of etiquette. I never was so mortified in all my life. I took my place speechless and confused, and Prince Murat, who sat on the other side of me, kept saying, “The Emperor is piping mad.” The Prince Murat is half American (his mother was a Miss Frazier from New Jersey), therefore I will forgive him wanting to tease me.

I suppose I must have looked very red, and I certainly was very much out of breath; for the Emperor, probably noticing my embarrassment, kindly said, “Don't worry; you are not late.” The Empress smiled and nodded to me in the most gracious manner across the table, as if to put me at my ease.

The Emperor told me that he had sent up to Paris for a game of croquet, having heard from Prince Metternich that we all loved so much to play it, adding that he would like to see the game himself.

He said: “We are going to have a mock battle this afternoon; all these generals and officers who are here have come from everywhere to take part. I think it will amuse you to see it, if you have never seen anything of the kind.”

“Is there,” I inquired, “as much firing as yesterday?”

“Much more, but this time with cannons,” he replied.

“I hope the cannon-balls are also mock,” I ventured to say.

I told the Emperor of the poetry which Gautier had sent to me, and having it in my hand, showed it to him, saying, “Ought I to forgive him?”

“You ought to forgive him,” he said; “this is the most exquisite thing I ever have read.”

"If your Majesty says so, I will."

The manœuvres were to commence at two o'clock. All the ladies wore their hunting-dresses, and I was proud to don my gold button.

When the battle was finished and every one in the neighborhood had surrendered, they sounded a grand fanfare and blew a mighty blast of trumpets; the officers dashed up full tilt to the Emperor and announced, "Victory all along the line."

I can't tell you how sweet the little Prince looked when he distributed the *médailles de mérite* to the brave warriors, who received it with due modesty, saluting gravely. The Emperor rode about among the carriages and asked us ladies how we had liked it and if there had been too much noise, etc.

The company at dinner to-night looked particularly brilliant. There must have been a hundred and fifty people present as the generals and the officers were asked to remain to dinner. I had one general next to me at table, the famous General Canrobert, who my other neighbor said had one foot in the grave and the other *dans le plat*. He was so old and thin and bony that if his uniform had not kept him up he would have crumbled together before my eyes and have become a zero instead of a hero.

Their Majesties devoted themselves exclusively to the army after dinner, but they sent word by a chamberlain that we were to commence dancing, though they had not finished the *cercle*.

Waldteufel was already seated at the piano waiting. Prince Murat, noticing the old generals skipping about so youthfully, proposed a Virginia reel with a

view of giving them a little more exercise. Every one entered into the spirit of it, but there were only a few who knew how to dance it.

The Emperor danced with me, as he said he would only dance with an *expert*!

The Empress had Count Golz for her partner and stood next to me. Princess Metternich, full of fun, chose one of the most ancient warriors. Madame de Persigny and Prince Murat were at the end of the line; the other guests filled the intermediate places. Prince Metternich, knowing the music, thought he was absolutely necessary at the piano, consequently he took Waldteufel's place there.

I as "the expert" led off. The Emperor tried to imitate, but became confused by the constant shouting from his cousin (Prince Murat) at the other end. However, he and I managed to finish our

part, but the Emperor refused to be *swung*; and we marched down the middle of the line hand in hand, disregarding the rules in a truly royal manner. Then, having watched the Empress go through her part (she also marched down in a royal manner), the Emperor seemed bored at looking at the others and called the Marquis de Caux to take his place. Then Prince Metternich began improvising reels of his own invention, which turned into all sorts of fantastic measures which were impossible to dance by, and Madame de Persigny

in turning fell flat on her back. Every one rushed to her rescue, which caused great confusion, as every one lost his place and could not find it again.

This brought our famous reel, which proved to be a dead failure, to an abrupt close, and the old generals for whose



THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

sake we danced it never got a chance to show what they could do; and we were thankful when Waldteufel returned to the piano and played a waltz to which we could dance until it was time for the Emperor's tea, and then, *bon soir!*

27 November.

DEAR M——:

Baron Haussmann took me in to déjeuner this morning. The Baron is the Préfet de Paris. He is very tall, bulky, and has an authoritative way of walking ahead and dragging his partner after him, which makes one feel as if one was a small tug being swept on by a man-of-war. I wondered if the Cent Gardes noticed how I tripped along, taking two steps to his one, until he reached his seat at the table, into which he dropped with a sigh of relief.

His body in profile defies any one's looking around the corner, so to speak. so I could only see at intervals Marquise Chasseloupbat's shapely elbows and hands. Our conversation turned on the new improvements he intends to make in Paris. He asked me how I liked the boulevard of his name, just completed.

"I like it," I answered, "though it has deprived us of a good part of our garden." (It had cut off just half of it.)

"It brings you nearer the Bois," he added. "I hope the government paid you well for it."

"I suppose the government thinks it did, but our croquet-ground is gone forever."

"Forever!" he repeated. "Where do you play now?"

"Sometimes at the Austrian Embassy."

"Is its garden large enough for that?"

I answered: "It is not large enough for a real croquet-ground, but the ambassador is such an ardent player that he has arranged a place under the trees where we play; sometimes at night with lamps on the ground."

"I should think that would be very difficult—quite impossible, in fact."

"What else can we do? We have no other place."

After a moment's hesitation, he asked:

"How would you like it if I put a piece of ground in the Bois at your disposal?"

I could have screamed with joy!

What a piece of news to tell my friends after breakfast! I chanted a little Gloria under my breath and asked him if he really meant it. He said, "Of course I mean it, and as soon as I return to Paris I will have the formal papers made out and sent to you, and you can claim the ground when you like." He added, gallantly, "I will have the document made out in your name, Madame, in souvenir of our breakfast to-day."

The weather looked unsettled, no one felt like driving or walking; however, later the wind veered about, the sun came out of the heavy clouds, our spirits rose with the barometer, the elements seemed to point to outdoor amusements. What better than a game of croquet?

The Emperor, as I said before, had sent to Paris for the game, and Prince Metternich felt it would be rude not to use it. We have been playing it so much this year that we have quite got it on the brain, and we were very excited and most eager to play, and orders were given to have the box brought out on the terrace. Both their Majesties were highly interested; they examined everything with the greatest curiosity, unwrapped the balls themselves, and were quite anxious to begin.

The question was, where should the game be put up and where should the wickets be put down? The lawn was wet, the gravel walks were too narrow. The only place that could be found was under the *charmille* on the terrace, where stood a grove of old platan-trees.

Prince Metternich was, of course, the moving spirit, and undertook to manage everything. He with d'Espeuilles got a meter measure and measured off the distances with great care and precision before placing the wickets. This took a long time. Then he distributed the mallets and the corresponding balls to each person, and we stood in front of our weapons ready to commence. Prince Metternich was so long and particular about telling the rules that he succeeded only in confusing all the beginners.

The Empress was to play with the Prince Metternich, Marquis de Gallifet with the Princess Metternich. The Emperor was to play with Marquise de Gallifet, Monsieur d'Espeuilles was to play



SALLE DES FÊTES—CHÂTEAU DE COMPIÈGNE

with me—eight people in all! Nothing is so dreadful as a game of croquet with eight people, four of whom are beginners.

The Empress was the first to play; her ball was placed so near the wicket that nothing short of genius could have prevented her from going through, which she did with great triumph; the next stroke went far beyond, and she worried it back by a succession of gentle pushing knocks into its position. No one made any remarks. Then the Emperor made a timid stroke, which gently turned the ball over. Prince Metternich remarked that he (the Emperor) should hit harder, at which his Majesty gave such a whack to the ball that it flew into the next county.

“Never mind,” said Prince Metternich, and put another ball in front of the Emperor’s mallet, and somehow it got through the wicket.

Princess Metternich played next and she was an adept, so all went well with her. I played after, and managed to get his Majesty’s ball on its way a bit, then followed tiresome pauses and long explanations.

Prince Metternich shouted, trying to rally the players.

“Marquis, where are you?” disturbing the Marquis from a flirtation. “It is your turn to play.”

“Really; what shall I do?”

“Try to hit this ball.”

“*Par exemple!* Which ball? Where is it? I do not even see it.”

“Here it is behind this tree; if you could *caramboler* against the tree you might hit it”; and in this way it went on until the Emperor, bored to death, slowly disappeared, and the Empress suddenly discovered that her feet were cold and went away, and couples flirtatiously inclined began wandering off, and it was nearly dark and tea-time before Prince Metternich (who was worn out trying to make people understand or take any interest in the game) realized that there were only a few devotees left on the battlefield midst damaged trees and chipped balls.

So ended our game of croquet; we felt crushed and crestfallen. At the Empress’s tea, to which we were bidden, we were not spared satirical gibes on the subject of our luckless game.

The Marquis de Gallifet, Officier d'Ordonnance de l'Empéreur, whom I sat next to at dinner, is what one might call sarcastic—he actually tears people to pieces; he does not leave them with a shred of reputation, and what he does not say he implies. He thinks nothing of saying: "He! he is an abominable scoundrel. She! she is an impudent coquette!" etc. He spares no one; nevertheless, he is most amusing, very intelligent, and an excellent talker. He told me of his awful experiences in the war of Mexico.

It was earlier than usual when we began to dance, but we were (at least I was) interrupted by receiving a message from their Majesties, asking me if I would kindly sing something for them. Of course I did not refuse, and we adjourned to the music-room, where the Erard piano was.

I did not exactly know what to sing, but Prince Metternich soon relieved my mind on that score by saying, "Don't bother about singing anything serious, and especially *don't* sing anything classical." The Princess Metternich could accompany anything which was not too difficult; therefore we thought I had better sing "*Ma mère était bohémienne*" of Massé, which I did. I saw directly that this melodramatic music, beautiful as it is, did not suit the occasion.

The Princess remained at the piano, ready to accompany the other songs I had brought, which were of the same character, and I stood by her, trying to decide what I should sing next, when the Emperor came up and asked me for "Beware." C—— accompanied that, and I sang it. The Empress asked me if I would sing some Spanish songs for her. I sang "Chiquita," which I learned with Garcia, and the "Habanero." She seemed very pleased and made me many compliments. Then the Emperor begged me for some negro songs, and asked me if I knew "Massa's in the cold, cold ground," or "Swanee River," or "Nelly Bly," all of which he remembered having heard in America.

I sat down at the piano and commenced with "Swanee River." Fortunately I knew the words of that. I was sorry that I could not remember the words of "Massa's in the cold,

cold ground," as the Emperor wanted it, but I could not. I knew the music of "Nelly Bly," but had never known the words, so I tried to improvise some; but it was impossible for me to think of more than two words which rhymed with *Bly*, and those were *sly* and *eye*.

With shameful aplomb I sang these senseless words:

Nelly Bly wipes her eye,
On her little frock,
Nelly Bly, Nelly Bly,
Dick a dick a dock.

Happily the Emperor did not notice anything wrong, and was delighted to hear those old songs again, and thanked me repeatedly. Once seated at the piano, I was not allowed to leave it until my répertoire of music of this character had been exhausted.

Tea was served, their Majesties withdrew, and I fled to my apartment, and I had the feeling that metaphorically I was covered with laurels.

28 November.

DEAR A——:

To-day I was very high up, *way up in the clouds*, for I sat next to the Emperor.

D'Aviliers, one of the chamberlains, gave me his arm and conducted me to my place. The Emperor's first words were:

"I can't thank you enough for the pleasure you gave us last evening."

I tried to express my pleasure at these kind words.

"Did you see how we were affected when you sang 'Swanee River'? I thought to laugh, instead of which I cried. How could you make it so pathetic?"

"That is my teacher's art," I replied.

"Who is your teacher?"

"Mr. Delsarte. Your Majesty has, perhaps, heard of him?"

"No," answered the Emperor. "I have never heard of him. Is he a great singer?"

"He cannot sing at all, your Majesty, but he has wonderful theories which go to prove that one does not need any voice at all to sing. One only needs features to express one's emotions."

"He must be wonderful," the Emperor remarked.

"He is, your Majesty, and quite unique in his way. He says, for instance, he can make even the most fastidious person gnash his teeth when he sings a common French street song, 'J'ai du bon tabac dans ma tabatière,' and when he comes to, 'Tu n'en auras pas,' his features express so much that they shed bitter tears, as if it was too much to bear."

"His tobacco must be very good?" laughed the Emperor.

"It is the worst thing of its kind, your Majesty, one can imagine," I answered.

"Is it perhaps Caporal?" said the Emperor, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"I don't know anything about military grades, but if there was anything lower than a 'Caporal,' I should say it was the name of his tobacco."

"Well," he said, "if he taught you to sing as you sing, *il mérite de la patrie*."

The Emperor was perfectly delightful, witty, amusing, and laughing continually, with such a keen appreciation he seemed really to enjoy himself.

As the programme in our room this morning read: "*Chasse à courre*," on went the green dress for the second time and, of course—the button.

After the hunt those returning to Paris took leave of their Majesties and drove to the station, where the special Imperial train provided for them was waiting. Later their Majesties took leave of us.

Arriving at my apartment, I saw on my table a package on which was written, "From the Emperor."

You can imagine how eager I was to open it. Those magic words brought untold visions before my eyes. What might it not be?

I opened the package feverishly, and what was my surprise and *disappointment* to find a rather ordinary-looking snuff-box and a package of tobacco, written on it, "Some good tobacco for the singing teacher of Madame Moulton."

Was it not a cruel blow?

29 November.

DEAR M——:

Here we are again in Paris, glad to be at home after our gay week in Compiègne. Charming and delightful as it

was, there is always great fatigue and tension attending such visits. To-day I luxuriate in one dress; no changing *five* times a day. I allowed my maid to go out for the day, and we are going to dine at a restaurant. . . . What a contrast! It seems as if I had been away a month!

During the breakfast yesterday the Emperor took up his glass and, looking at me across the table, drank my health. Among the guests there was a great deal of health-drinking.

Before we left Compiègne yesterday, when we were taking our morning tea, we were interrupted by the coming in of the *major-domo*, who handed us a paper. We were not unprepared for this visit, as we had been told by one of the guests who had been here before that every one was expected to remain in their rooms until this important personage had made his rounds in order to collect the *pourboire*. I say the *pourboire*, because what one generally gives separately is lumped into one sum. This paper, which he handed to us almost at the point of his *hallebarde*, proved to be a "gia scritto" receipt for six hundred francs—our *pourboire*!

We were rather a subdued party in the train. The conversation mostly turned on the subject of *pourboires*. The *huissier* decides the exact amount that each ought to give. For instance, he knows an ambassador ought to give two thousand francs. For a Minister of State one thousand francs suffices—unofficial people like ourselves cannot be expected to be out of pocket more than six hundred francs. As for the poor nobility of France, they escape with five hundred! Some were of opinion that it was pleasanter to give *en masse* in one big sum than to give in dribblets, others thought it more satisfactory to hand one's offering personally to the different servants, but we all with one voice voted the officious beadle an imposition.

The daily expenses of Compiègne, so the *Gouverneur de la Maison* said, and he ought to know, are not less than ten thousand francs a day, and there are more than nine hundred people living in the palace at a time to be fed and warmed. . . .

Good night; I am tired.

Miss Tarrant's Temperament

BY MAY SINCLAIR

I
SHE had arrived.
Fanny Brocklebank, as she passed the library, had thought it worth while to look in upon Straker with the news.

Straker could not help suspecting his hostess of an iniquitous desire to see how he would take it. Or perhaps she may have meant, in her exquisite benevolence, to prepare him. Balanced on the arm of the opposite chair, the humor of her candid eyes chastened by what he took to be a remorseful pity, she had the air of preparing him for something.

Yes. She had arrived. She was upstairs, over his very head—resting.

Straker screwed up his eyes. Only by a prodigious effort could he see Miss Tarrant resting. He had always thought of her as an unwinking, untiring splendor, an imperishable fascination; he had shrunk from inquiring by what mortal process she renewed her formidable flame.

By a gesture of shoulders and of eyebrows Fanny conveyed that, whatever he thought of Philippa Tarrant, she was more so than ever. She—she was simply stupendous. It was Fanny's word. He would see. She would appear at tea-time. If he was on the terrace by five he would see something worth seeing. It was now a quarter to.

He gathered that Fanny had only looked in to tell him that he mustn't miss it.

Not for worlds would he have missed it. But the clock had struck five, and Straker was still lingering in the library over the correspondence that will pursue a rising barrister in his flight to the country. He wasn't in a hurry. He knew that Miss Tarrant would wait for her moment, and he waited too.

A smile of acclamation greeted his dilatory entrance on the terrace. He was assured that though late he was still in time. He knew it. She would not ap-

pear until the last guest had settled peaceably into his place, until the scene was clear for her stunning, her invincible effect. Then, in some moment of pause, of expectancy—

Odd that Straker, who was so used to it, who knew so well how she would do it, should feel so fresh an interest in seeing her do it again. It was almost as if he trembled for her and waited, wondering whether, this time, she would fail of her effect, whether he should ever live to see her disconcerted.

Disconcerting things had happened before now at the Brocklebanks', things incongruous with the ancient peace, the dignity, the grand style of Amberley. It was owing to the outrageous carelessness with which Fanny Brocklebank mixed her house-parties. She delighted in daring combinations and startling contrasts. Straker was not at all sure that he himself had not been chosen as an element in a daring combination. Fanny could hardly have forgotten that two years ago he had been an adorer (not altogether prostrate) of Miss Tarrant, and he had given her no grounds for supposing that he had changed his attitude. In the absence of authentic information Fanny could only suppose that he had been dished, regularly dished, first by young Reggy Lawson and then by Mr. Higginson. It was for Mr. Higginson that Philippa was coming to Amberley—this year; last year it had been for Reggy Lawson; the year before that it had been for him, Straker. And Fanny did not scruple to ask them all three to meet one another. That was her way. Some day she would carry it too far. Straker, making his dilatory entrance, became aware of the distance to which his hostess had carried it already. It had time to grow on him, from wonder to the extreme of certainty, in his passage down the terrace to the southwest corner. There, on the out-

skirts of the group, brilliantly and conspicuously disposed, in postures of intimate communion, were young Laurence Furnival and Mrs. Viveash. Straker knew and Fanny knew, nobody indeed knew better than Fanny, that those two ought never to have been asked together. In strict propriety they ought not to have been asked to Amberley at all. Nobody but Fanny would have dreamed of asking them, still less of combining them with old Lady Paignton, who was propriety itself. And there was Miss Probyn. Why Miss Probyn? What on earth did dear Fanny imagine that she could do with Mary Probyn—or *for* her, if it came to that? In Straker's experience of Fanny it generally did come to that—to her doing things for people. He was aware, most acutely aware at this moment, of what, two years ago, she would have done for him. He had an idea that even now, at this hour, she was giving him his chance with Philippa. There would no doubt be competition; there always had been, always would be competition; but her charming eyes seemed to assure him that he should have his chance.

They called him to her side, where, with a movement of protection that was not lost on him, she had made a place for him apart. She begged him just to look at young Reggy Lawson, who sat in agony, sustaining a ponderous topic with Miss Probyn. He remembered Reggy? Her half-remorseful smile implied that he had good cause to remember him. He did. He was sorry for young Reggy, and hoped that he found consolation in the thought that Mr. Higginson was no longer young.

He remarked that Reggy was looking uncommonly fit. "So," he added irrelevantly, "is Mrs. Viveash. Don't you think?"

Fanny Brocklebank looked at Mrs. Viveash. It was obvious that she was giving her her chance, and that Mrs. Viveash was making the very most of it. She was leaning forward now, with her face thrust out toward Furnival; and on her face and on her mouth and in her eyes there burned, visibly, flagrantly, the ungovernable, inextinguishable flame. As for the young man, while his eyes covered and caressed her, the tilt of his

body, of his head, of his smile, and all his features expressed the insolence of possession. He was sure of her; he was sure of himself; he was sure of many things. He, at any rate, would never be disconcerted. Whatever happened he was safe. But she—there were things that, if one thing happened, she would have to face; and as she sat there, wrapped in her flame, she seemed to face them, to fling herself on the front of danger. You could see she was ready to take any risks, to pay any price for the chance that Fanny was giving her.

It really was too bad of Fanny.

"Why did you ask them?" Straker had known Fanny so long that he was privileged to inquire.

"Because—they wanted to be asked."

Fanny believed, and said that she believed, in giving people what they wanted. As for the consequences, there was no mortal lapse or aberration that could trouble her serenity or bring a blush to her enduring candor. If you came a cropper you might be sure that Fanny's judgment of you would be pure from the superstition of morality. She herself had never swerved in affection or fidelity to Will Brocklebank. She took her excitements, lawful or otherwise, vicariously in the doomed and dedicated persons of her friends. Brocklebank knew it. Blond, spectacled, middle-aged and ponderous, he regarded his wife's performances and other people's with a leniency as amazing as her own. He was hovering about old Lady Paignton in the background, where Straker could see his benignant gaze resting on Furnival and Mrs. Viveash.

"Poor dears," said Fanny, as if in extenuation of her tolerance, "they *are* enjoying themselves."

"So are you," said Straker.

"I like to see other people happy. Don't you?"

"Yes. If I'm not responsible for their—happiness."

"Who is responsible?" She challenged.

"I say, aren't you?"

"Me responsible? Have you seen her husband?"

"I have."

"Well—" she left it to him.

"Where is Viveash?"

"At the moment he is in Liverpool, or should be—on business."

"You didn't ask him?"

"Ask him? Is he the sort you *can* ask?"

"Oh, come, he's not so bad."

"He's awful. He's impossible. He—he excuses everything."

"I don't see him excusing this, or your share in it. If he knew."

"If he knew what?"

"That you'd asked Furny down."

"But he doesn't know. He needn't ever know."

"He needn't. But people like Viveash have a perfect genius for the unnecessary. Besides—"

He paused before the unutterable, and she faced him with her smile of innocent interrogation.

"Well," he said, "it's so jolly risky. These things, you know, only end one way."

Fanny's eyes said plainly that to *their* vision all sorts of ways were possible.

"If it were any other man but—" He stopped short at Furnival's name.

Fanny lowered her eyes almost as if she had been convicted of indiscretion.

"You see," she said, "any other man wouldn't do. He's the one and only man. There never was any other. That's the awful part of it for her."

"Then why on earth did she marry the other fellow?"

"Because Furny couldn't marry her. And he wouldn't, either. That's not his way."

"I know it's not his way. And if Viveash took steps, what then?"

"Then perhaps—he'd have to."

"Good Lord—"

"Oh, it isn't a deep-laid plan."

"I never said it was."

He didn't think it. Marriages had been made at Amberley, and divorces too; not by any plan of Fanny's, but by the risks she took. Seeing the dangerous way she mixed things, he didn't, he couldn't, suspect her of a plan, but he did suspect her of an unholy joy in the prospect of possible explosions.

"Of course," she said, reverting to her vision, "of course he'd have to."

She looked at Straker with eyes where mischief danced a fling. It was clear that in that moment she saw Laurence Furnival the profane, Furnival the scorner of marriage, caught and tied;

punished (she scented in ecstasy the delicate irony of it), so beautifully punished there where he had sinned.

Straker began to have some idea of the amusement Fanny got out of her house-parties.

For a moment they had no more to say. All around them there was silence, born of Mrs. Viveash and her brooding, of young Reggy's trouble with Miss Probyn, and of some queer triangular complication in the converse of Brocklebank, Lady Paignton, and Mr. Higginson. In that moment and that pause Straker thought again of Miss Tarrant. It was, he said to himself, the pause and the moment for her appearance. And (so right was he in his calculation) she appeared.

II

He saw her standing in the great doorway of the east wing where three steps led down on to the terrace. She stood on the topmost step, poised for her descent, shaking her scarf loose to drift in a white mist about her. Then she came down the terrace very slowly, and the measured sweep of her limbs suggested that all her movements would be accomplished to a large rhythm and with a superb delay.

Her effect (she had not missed it) was to be seen in all its wonder and perfection on Laurence Furnival's face. Averted suddenly from Mrs. Viveash, Furnival's face expressed the violence of his shock and his excitement. It was clear that he had never seen anything quite like Philippa Tarrant before and that he found her incredibly and ambiguously interesting. Ambiguously—no other word did justice to the complexity of his facial expression. He did not know all at once what to make of Philippa, and, from further and more furtive manifestations of Furnival's, Straker gathered that the young man was making something queer. He had a sort of sympathy with him, for there had been moments when he himself had not known exactly what to make. He doubted whether even Fanny Brocklebank (who certainly made the best of her) had ever really known.

Whatever her inscrutable quality, this year she was, as Fanny had said, more so than ever. She *was* stupendous; and that although she was not strictly speak-



Drawn by Frank Craig

THEN SHE CAME DOWN THE TERRACE VERY SLOWLY

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

ing beautiful. She had no color in her white face or in her black hair; she had no color but the morbid rose of her mouth and the brown of her eyes. Yet Mrs. Viveash with all her vivid gold and carmine went out before her; so did pretty Fanny, though fresh as paint and burnished to perfection; as for the other women, they were nowhere. She made the long golden terrace at Amberley a desert place for the illusion of her somber and solitary beauty. She was warm-fleshed, warm-blooded. The sunshine soaked into her as she stood there. What was more, she had the air of being entirely in keeping with Amberley's grand style.

Straker saw that from the first she was aware of Furnival. At three yards off she held him with her eyes, lightly, balancing him; then suddenly she let him go. She ceased to be aware of him. In the moment of introduction she turned from him to Straker.

"Mr. Straker—but—how delightful!"

"Don't say you didn't expect to see me here."

"I didn't. And Mr. Higginson!" She laughed at the positive absurdity of it. "And Mr. Lawson and Miss Probyn."

She held herself a little back and gazed upon the group with her wide and wonderful eyes.

"You look as if something interesting had happened."

She had seated herself beside Straker so that she faced Mrs. Viveash and young Furnival. She appeared not to know that Furnival was staring at her.

"*She's* the only interesting thing that's happened—so far," he muttered. (There was no abatement of his stare.) Mrs. Viveash tried to look as if she agreed with him.

Miss Tarrant had heard him. Her eyes captured and held him again, a little longer this time. Straker, who watched the two, saw that something passed between them, between Philippa's gaze and Furnival's stare.

III

That evening he realized completely what Fanny had meant when she said that Philippa was more so than ever. He observed this increase in her quality not only in the broad, massive im-

pression that she spread, but in everything about her, her gestures, her phrases, the details of her dress. Every turn of her head and of her body displayed a higher flamboyance, a richer audacity, a larger volume of intention. He was almost afraid for her lest she should overdo it by a shade, a touch, a turn. You couldn't get away from her. The drawing-room at Amberley was filled with her, filled with white surfaces of neck and shoulders, with eyes somber yet aflood with light, eyes that were perpetually at work upon you and perpetually at play, that only rested for a moment to accentuate their movement and their play. This effect of her was as of many women, approaching, withdrawing, and sliding again into view, till you were aware with a sort of shock that it was one woman, Philippa Tarrant, all the time, and that all the play and all the movement were concentrated on one man, Laurence Furnival.

She never let him alone for a minute. He tried, to do him justice he tried—Straker saw him trying—to escape. But, owing to Miss Tarrant's multiplicity and omnipresence, he hadn't a chance. You saw him fascinated, stupefied by the confusion and the mystery of it. She carried him off under Mrs. Viveash's unhappy nose. Wherever she went she called him, and he followed, flushed and shamefaced. He showed himself now pitifully abject, and now in pitiful revolt. Once or twice he was positively rude to her, and Miss Tarrant seemed to enjoy that more than anything.

Straker had never seen Philippa so uplifted. She went like the creature of an inspiring passion, a passion moment by moment fulfilled and unappeased, renascent, reminiscent, and in all its moments gloriously aware of itself.

The pageant of Furnival's subjugation lasted through the whole of Friday evening. All Saturday she ignored him and her work on him. You would have said it had been undertaken on Mrs. Viveash's account, not his, just to keep Mrs. Viveash in her place and show her what she, Philippa, could do. All Sunday, by way of revenge, Furnival ignored Miss Tarrant, and consoled himself flagrantly with Mrs. Viveash.

It was on the afternoon of Sunday that

Mr. Higginson was seen sitting out on the terrace with Miss Tarrant. Reggy Lawson had joined them, having extricated himself with some dexterity from the toils of the various ladies who desired to talk to him. His attitude suggested that he was taking his dubious chance against Mr. Higginson. It was odd that it should be dubious, Reggy's chance; he himself was so assured, so engaging in his youth and physical perfection. Straker would have backed him against any man he knew.

Fanny Brocklebank had sent Straker out into the rose-garden with Mary Probyn. He left Miss Tarrant on the terrace alone with Mr. Higginson and Reggy. He left her talking to Mr. Higginson, listening to Mr. Higginson, behaving beautifully to Mr. Higginson, and ignoring Reggy. Straker, with Mary Probyn, walked round and round the rose-garden, which was below Miss Tarrant's end of the terrace, and while he talked to Mary Probyn he counted the rounds. There were twenty to the mile. Every time he turned he had Miss Tarrant full in view, which distracted him from Mary Probyn. Mary didn't seem to mind. She was a nice woman; plain (in a nice, refined sort of way) and she knew it, and was nice to you whether you talked to her or not. He did not find it difficult to talk to Mary: she was interested in Miss Tarrant; she admired her, but not uncritically.

"She is the least bit too deliberate," was her comment. "She calculates her effects."

"She does," said Straker, "so that she never misses one of them. She's a consummate artist."

He had always thought her *that* (Ninth round). But as her friend he could have wished her a freer and sincerer inspiration. After all, there *was* something that she missed.

(Tenth round.) Miss Tarrant was still behaving beautifully to Mr. Higginson. Mary Probyn marveled to see them getting on so well together (Fifteenth round).

Reggy had left them; they were not getting on together quite so well.

(Twentieth round.) They had risen; they were coming down the steps into the garden; Straker heard Miss Tarrant or-

dering Mr. Higginson to go and talk to Miss Probyn. He did so with an alacrity which betrayed a certain fear of the lady he admired.

Miss Tarrant, alone with Straker, turned on him the face which had scared Mr. Higginson. She led him in silence and at a rapid pace down through the rose-garden and out upon the lawn beyond. There she stood still and drew a deep breath.

"You had no business," she said, "to go away like that and leave me with him."

"Why not? Last year, if I remember—"

He paused. He remembered perfectly that last year she had contrived pretty often to be left with him. Last year Mr. Higginson, as the Liberal candidate for East Mickleham, seemed about to achieve a distinction, which, owing to his defeat by an overwhelming majority, he had unfortunately not achieved. He had not been prudent. He had stood, not only for East Mickleham, but for a principle. It was an unpopular principle, and he knew it, and he had stuck to it all the same, with obstinacy and absurdity, in the teeth, the furiously gnashing teeth, of his constituency. You couldn't detach Mr. Higginson from his principle, and as long as he stuck to it a Parliamentary career was closed to him. It was sad, for he had a passion for politics; he had chosen politics as the one field for the one ponderous talent he possessed. The glory of it had hung ponderously about Mr. Higginson last year; but this year, cut off from politics, it was pitiable, the nonentity he had become. Straker could read that in his lady's alienated eyes.

"Last year," he continued, "you seemed to find him interesting."

"You think things must be what they seem?"

Her tone accused him of insufficient metaphysical acumen.

"There is no necessity. Still, as I said, last year—"

"Could Mr. Higginson, in any year, be interesting?"

"Did you hope," Straker retorted, "to make him so by cultivating him?"

"It's impossible to say what Mr. Higginson might become under—centuries of cultivation. It would take centuries."

That was all very well, he said to himself. If he didn't say that Miss Tarrant had pursued Mr. Higginson, he distinctly recalled the grace with which she had allowed herself to be pursued. She *had* cultivated him. And having done it, having so flagrantly and palpably and under Straker's own eyes gone in for him, how on earth did she propose to get out of it now? There was, Straker said to himself again, no getting out of it. As for centuries—

"Let us go back," he persisted, "to last year."

"Last year he had his uses. He was a good watch-dog."

"A *what?*"

"A watch-dog. He kept other people off."

For a moment he was disarmed by the sheer impudence of it. He smiled a reminiscent smile.

"I should have thought his function was rather, wasn't it, to draw them on?"

Her triumphing eyes showed him that he had given himself into her hands. He should have been content with his reminiscent smile. Wasn't he, her eyes inquired, for a distinguished barrister, just a little bit too crude?

"You thought," she said, "he was a decoy-duck? Why, wouldn't you have flown from your most adored if you'd seen her—with Mr. Higginson?"

Thus deftly she wove her web and wound him into it. That was her way. She would take your own words out of your mouth and work them into the brilliant fabric, tangling you in your talk. And not only did she tangle you in your talk, she confused you in your mental processes.

"You didn't seriously suppose," she said, "that I could have had any permanent use for him?"

Straker's smile paid tribute to her crowning cleverness. He didn't know how much permanence she attached to matrimony, or to Mr. Higginson, but he knew that she had considered him in that preposterous relation. She faced him and his awful knowledge and floored him with just that—the thing's inherent, palpable absurdity. And if *that* wasn't clever of her!—

"Of course not." He was eager in his assent; it was wrung from him. He add-

ed with apparent irrelevance, "After all, he's honest."

"You must be something."

She turned to him, radiant and terrible, rejoicing in her murderous phrase. It intimated that only by his honesty did Mr. Higginson maintain his foothold on existence.

"I think," said Straker, "it's time to dress for dinner."

They turned and went slowly toward the house. On the terrace, watch in hand, Mr. Higginson stood alone and conspicuous, shining in his single attribute of honesty.

That evening Furnival sought Straker out in a lonely corner of the smoke-room. His face was flushed and defiant. He put it to Straker point-blank.

"I say, what's she up to, that friend of yours, Miss T-Tarrant?"

He stammered over her name. Her name excited him.

Straker intimated that it was not given him to know what Miss Tarrant might or might not be up to.

Furnival shook his head. "I can't make her out. Upon my honor, I can't."

Straker wondered what Furnival's honor had to do with it.

"Why is she hanging round like this?"

"Hanging round?"

"Yes. You know what I mean. Why doesn't somebody marry her?" He made a queer sound in his throat, a sound of unspeakable interrogation. "Why haven't you married her yourself?"

Straker was loyal. "You'd better ask her why she hasn't married me."

Furnival brooded. "I've a good mind to."

"I should if I were you," said Straker, encouragingly.

Furnival sighed heavily. "Look here," he said, "what's the matter with her? Is she difficult, or what?"

"Frightfully difficult," said Straker, with conviction. His tone implied that Furnival would never understand her, that he hadn't the brain for it.

IV

And yet, Straker reminded himself, Furnival wasn't an ass. He had brain for other things, for other women; for poor Nora Viveash quite a remarkable sufficiency of brain, but not for Philippa

Tarrant. You could see how he was being driven by her. He was in that state when he would have done anything to get her. There was no folly and no extravagance that he would not commit. And yet, driven as he was, it was clear that he resented being driven, that he was not going all the way. His kicking, his frantic dashes and plunges, showed that the one extravagance, the one folly he would not commit was matrimony.

Straker saw that very plainly. He wondered whether Miss Tarrant would see it too, and if she did whether it would make any difference in her method.

It was very clear to Straker that Miss Tarrant was considering Furnival, as she had considered him, as she had considered young Reggy Lawson, as she had considered Mr. Higginson, who was not so young. As for Reggy and his successor, she had done with them. All that could be known of their fatuity she knew. Perhaps they had never greatly interested her. But she was interested in Laurence Furnival. She told Straker that he was the most amusing man of her acquaintance. She was, Straker noticed, perpetually aware of him. All Monday morning, in the motor, Miss Tarrant in front with Brocklebank, Furnival with Mrs. Viveash and Straker behind, it was an incessant duel between Furnival's eyes and the eyes that Miss Tarrant had in the back of her head. All Monday afternoon she had him at her heels, at her elbow. With every gesture she seemed to point to him and say: "Look at this little animal I've caught. Did you ever see such an amusing little animal?"

She was quite aware that it was an animal, the creature she had captured and compelled to follow her; it might hide itself now and then, but it never failed to leap madly forward at her call. The animal in Furnival, so simple, so undisguised and so spontaneous, was what amused her.

Its behavior that Monday after tea on the terrace was one of the most disconcerting things that had occurred at Amberley. You could see that Mrs. Viveash couldn't bear it, that she kept looking away, that Brocklebank didn't know where to look, and that even Fanny was perturbed.

As for Mr. Higginson, it was altogether too much for him and his honesty. He was visibly alienated, and from that moment he devoted himself and his honesty to Mary Probyn.

Young Reggy was alienated too, so profoundly that he spoke about it aside to Straker.

"Between you and me," said young Reggy, "it's a bit too strong. I can't stick it, the way she goes on. What does she *mean* by it, Straker?"

People were always appealing to Straker to tell them what women meant by it. As if he knew.

He was glad to see that young Reggy had turned, that he *could* turn. He liked Reggy, and he felt that he owed him a good deal. If it had not been for Reggy he might, two years ago, have been numbered as one of the fallen. He had been pretty far gone two years ago, so far that he had frequently wondered how it was that he had not fallen. Now it was clear to him. It had been her method with Reggy that had checked his own perilous approaches. It had offended his fine sense of the fitting (a fastidiousness which, in one of her moods of ungovernable frankness, she had qualified as "finicking"). For Reggy was a nice boy, and her method had somehow resulted in making him appear not so nice. It nourished and brought to the surface that secret, indecorous, primordial quality that he shared, though in less splendor and abundance, with Laurence Furnival. He had kept his head, or had seemed inimitably to have kept it. At any rate, he had preserved his sense of decency. He was incapable of presenting on the terrace at Amberley the flaming pageant of his passion. Straker was not sure how far this restraint, this level-headedness of young Reggy, had been his undoing. It might be that Miss Tarrant had required of him a pageant. Anyhow, Reggy's case had been very enlightening to Straker.

And it was through Reggy, or rather through his own intent and breathless observation of the two, that Straker had received his final illumination. It had come suddenly in one inspiring and delivering flash; he could recall even now his subsequent sensations, the thrilling lucidity of soul, the prodigious swiftness of body, after his long groping in ob-

securities and mysteries. For it had been a mystery to him how she had resisted Reggy in his young physical perfection and with the charm he had, a charm that spiritualized him, a charm that should have appealed to everything that was supersensuous in Philippa Tarrant (and Philippa would have had you believe that there was very little in her that was not). It was incomprehensible therefore to Straker how any woman who had a perfect body, with a perfect heart in it, could have resisted Reggy at his best—and for Mr. Higginson.

To be sure, compared with Mr. Higginson he was impecunious; but that, to Straker's mind, was just what gave him, with the other things, his indomitable distinction. Reggy's distinction stood straight and clean, naked of all accessories. An impecuniousness so unexpressed, so delicate, so patrician, could never have weighed with Philippa against Reggy's charm. That she should deliberately have reckoned up his income, compared it with Mr. Higginson's, and deducted Reggy with the result was inconceivable. Whatever Straker had thought of her, he had never thought of her as mercenary. It wasn't that. He had found out what it was. Watching her at play with Reggy's fire (for to the inconspicuous observer the young man had flamed sufficiently), it had struck Straker that she herself was flameless.

It was in the nature of Reggy's perfection that it called, it clamored for response. And Philippa had not responded. She hadn't got it in her to respond.

All this came back vividly to Straker as he watched her now on the terrace, at play with the fiercer conflagration that was Laurence Furnival.

She was cold; she had never kindled, never would, never could kindle. Her eyes did, if you like; they couldn't help it—God made them lights and flames—but her mouth *couldn't*. To Straker in his illumination all the meaning of Philippa Tarrant was in her mouth. The small exquisite thing lacked fulness and the vivid rose that should have been the flowering of her face. A certain tightness at the corners gave it an indescribable expression of secrecy and mystery and restraint. He saw in it the almost monstrous denial and mockery of desire.

He could not see it, as he had seen Nora Viveash's mouth, curved forward, eager, shedding flame at the brim, giving itself to lips that longed for it. Philippa's mouth was a flower that opened only at the touch, the thrill of her own gorgeous egoism. He read in it the triumph of Philippa over the flesh and blood of her race. She had nothing in her of the dead. That was the wonder of her. The passion of the dead had built up her body to the semblance and the promise of their own delight; their desire, long forgotten, rose again, lightening and darkening in her amazing eyes; the imperishable instinct that impelled them to clothe her in their flesh and blood survived in her, transfigured in strange impulses and intuitions, but she herself left unfulfilled their promise and their desire.

Yes—that was what her mouth meant; it was treacherous; it betrayed the promise of her body and her eyes. And Furnival was feeding his infatuation on the meanings of her eyes and of her body; meanings that were unmistakable to Straker.

As if she had known what the older man was thinking of her, Philippa rose abruptly and turned her back on Furnival and began to make violent love to old Lady Paignton. Her eyes challenged Straker's across the terrace. They said: "Look at me. I will be as beautiful for this old lady as for any male thing on earth. More beautiful. Have I ever set my cap so becomingly at any of you as I am setting it now at her? Have you ever seen finer eyes than these that I make at her, that I lavish on her out of the sheer exuberance of my nature? Very well, then; doesn't that prove that you're wrong in all things you've been thinking about me? I know what you've been thinking!"

As if she knew what he was thinking she made herself beautiful for him. She allowed him presently to take her for a walk, for quite a long walk. The woods of Amberley lured them, westward, across the shining fields. They went, therefore, through the woods and back by the village in the cool of the evening.

He had seldom, he might say he had never, seen Philippa in so agreeable a mood. She had sunk her sex. She was tired of her terrible game, the game that

Straker saw through; she was playing another one, a secret, innocent, delightful game. She laid herself out to amuse Straker, instead of laying *him* out (as he put it), on the table, to amuse herself.

"Philippa," he said, "you've been adorable for the last half-hour."

"For the last half-hour I've been myself."

She smiled as if to herself, a secret, meditative smile. The mystery of it was not lost on Straker.

"I can always be myself," she said, "when I'm with you."

"For half an hour," he murmured.

She went on. "You're not tiresome, like the others. I don't know what there is about you, but you don't bore me."

"Perhaps not—for half an hour."

"Not for millions of half-hours."

"Consecutive?"

"Oh yes."

She tilted her head back and gazed at him with eyes narrowed and slanting under their deep lids.

"Not in an immortality," she said.

She laughed aloud her joyous appreciation of him.

Straker was neither uplifted nor alarmed. He knew exactly where he stood with her. She was not considering him; she was not trying to get at him; she was aware of his illumination and his disenchantment; she was also aware of his continuous interest in her, and it was his continuous interest, the study that he made of her, that interested Philippa. She was anxious that he should get her right, that he should accept her rendering of herself. She knew at each moment what he was thinking of her, and the thing that went on between them was not a game, it was a duel, an amicable duel, between her lucidity and his. Philippa respected his lucidity.

"All the same," said Straker, "I am not the most amusing man you know. You don't find me exciting."

"No." She turned it over. "No; I don't find you at all exciting *or* very amusing. How is it, then, that you don't bore me?"

"How can I say?"

"I think it is because you're so serious, because you take me seriously."

"But I don't. Not for a moment. As for an immortality of seriousness—"

"At least," she said, "you would ad-

mit that possibly I might have a soul. At any rate you behave as if you did."

He dodged it dexterously.

"That's where the immortality comes in, is it?"

"Of course," said Philippa.

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She went on amusing Straker all evening, and after dinner she made him take her into the conservatory.

The conservatory at Amberley is built out fanwise from the big west drawing-room on to the southwest corner of the terrace; it is furnished as a convenient lounge, and you sit there drinking coffee, and smoking, and admiring Brocklebank's roses, which are the glory of Amberley. And all among Brocklebank's roses they came upon Furnival and Mrs. Viveash.

Among the roses she shimmered and flushed in a gown of rose and silver. Among the roses she was lovely, sitting there with Furnival. And Straker saw that Miss Tarrant was aware of the loveliness of Mrs. Viveash, and that her instinct woke in her.

She advanced, trailing behind her the long, diaphanous web of her black gown. When she was well within the range of Furnival's sensations she paused to smell a rose, bending her body backward and sideward so that she showed to perfection the deep curved lines that swept from her shoulder to her breasts, and from her breasts downward to her hips. A large diamond star hung as by an invisible thread upon her neck: it pointed downward to the hollow of her breasts. There was no beauty that she had that was not somehow pointed to, insisted on, held forever under poor Furnival's excited eyes.

But in a black gown, among roses, she showed disadvantageously her dead whiteness and her morbid rose. She was aware of that. Mrs. Viveash, glowing among the roses, had made her aware.

"Why did we ever come here?" she inquired of Straker. "These roses are horribly unbecoming to me."

"Nothing is unbecoming to you, and you jolly well know it," said Furnival. She ignored him.

"Just look at their complexions. They oughtn't to be allowed about."



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

THE WOODS OF AMBERLEY LURED THEM ACROSS THE SHINING FIELDS

She picked one and laid it against the dead-white hollow of her breast, and curled her neck to look at it there; then she shook her head at it in disapproval, took it away, and held it out an inch from Furnival's face. He recoiled slightly.

"It won't bite," she murmured. "It'll let you stroke it." She stroked it herself, with fingers drawn tenderly, caressingly, over petals smooth and cool as their own skin. "I believe it can feel. I believe it likes it."

Furnival groaned. Straker heard him; so did Mrs. Viveash. She stirred in her seat, causing a spray of Dorothy Perkins to shake as if it indeed felt and shared her terror. Miss Tarrant turned from Furnival and laid her rose on Mrs. Viveash's shoulder, where it did no wrong.

"It's yours," she said; "or a part of you."

Mrs. Viveash looked up at Furnival, and her face flickered for a moment. Furnival did not see her face; he was staring at Miss Tarrant.

"Ah," he cried, "how perfect! You and I'll have to dry up, Straker, unless you can go one better than that."

"I shouldn't dream," said Straker, "of trying to beat Miss Tarrant at her own game."

"If you know what it is. I'm hanged if I do."

Furnival was tearing from its tree a Caroline Testout, one of Brocklebank's choicest blooms. Miss Tarrant cried out.

"Oh, stop him, somebody. They're Mr. Brocklebank's roses."

"They ain't a part of Brockles," Furnival replied.

He approached her with Brocklebank's Caroline Testout, and with his own dangerous, his outrageous fervor. "You say it f-f-feels," he stammered. "It's what you want, then—something t-tender and living about you. Not that s-scin-tillating thing you've got there. It tires me to look at it." He closed his eyes.

"You needn't look at it," she said.

"I can't help it. It's part of you. I believe it grows there. It makes me look at it."

His words came shaken from him in short, savage jerks. To Straker, to Mrs. Viveash, he appeared intolerable; but he had ceased to care how he appeared to anybody. He had ceased to

know that they were there. They turned from him as from something monstrous, intolerable, indecent. Mrs. Viveash's hands and mouth were quivering and her eyes implored Straker to take her away somewhere where she couldn't see Furnival and Philippa Tarrant.

He took her out on to the terrace. Miss Tarrant looked after them.

"That rose belongs to Mrs. Viveash now," she said. "You'd better go and take it to her."

Furnival flung the Caroline Testout on the floor. He trod on the Caroline Testout. It was by accident, but still he trod on it; so that he seemed much more brutal than he was.

"It's very hot in here," said she. "I'm going on to the terrace."

"Let's go down," said he, "into the garden. We can talk there."

"You seem to be able to talk anywhere," said she.

"I have to," said Furnival.

She went out and walked slowly down the terrace to the east end where Straker sheltered Mrs. Viveash.

Furnival followed her.

"Are you coming with me or are you not?" he insisted. "I can't get you a minute to myself. Come out of this, can't you? I want to talk to you."

"And I," said Miss Tarrant, "want to talk to Mrs. Viveash."

"You don't. You want to tease her. Can't you leave the poor woman alone for a minute? She's happy there with Straker."

"I want to see how happy she is," said Miss Tarrant.

"For God's sake!" he cried. "Don't. It's my last chance. I'm going to-morrow." Miss Tarrant continued to walk like one who did not hear. "I may never see you again. You'll go off somewhere. You'll disappear. I can't trust you."

Suddenly she stood still.

"You are going to-morrow?"

"Not," said Furnival, "if you'd like me to stay. That's what I want to talk to you about. Let's go down into the east walk. It's dark there and they can't hear us."

"They have heard you. You'd better go back to Mrs. Viveash."

His upper lip lifted mechanically, but

he made no sound. He stood for a moment staring at her, obstructing her path. Then he turned.

"I shall go back to her," he said.

He strode to Mrs. Viveash and called her by her name. His voice had a queer vibration that sounded to Miss Tarrant like a cry.

"Nora — you'll come with me, won't you?"

Mrs. Viveash got up without a word and went with him. Miss Tarrant, standing beside Straker on the terrace, saw them go down together into the twilight of the east walk between the yew hedges.

Philippa said something designed to distract Straker's attention; and still with an air of distracting him, of sheltering

her sad sister, Mrs. Viveash, she led him back into the house.

Furnival returned five minutes later, more flushed than ever and defiant.

That night Straker, going down the long corridor to his bedroom, saw Fanny Brocklebank and Philippa in front of him. They went slowly, Fanny's head leaning a little toward Philippa's. Not a word of what Philippa was saying reached Straker, but he saw her turn with Fanny into Fanny's room. As he passed the door he was aware of Fanny's voice raised in deprecation and of Philippa's, urgent, imperative; and he knew, as well as if he had heard her, that Philippa was telling Fanny about Furnival and Nora Viveash.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

August Moonlight

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE solemn light behind the barns,
The rising moon, the cricket's call,
The August night, and you and I—
What is the meaning of it all!

Has it a meaning, after all?
Or is it one of Nature's lies,
That net of beauty that she casts
Over Life's unsuspecting eyes?

That web of beauty that she weaves,
For one strange purpose of her own,—
For this the painted butterfly,
For this the rose—for this alone!

Strange repetition of the rose,
And strange reiterated call
Of bird and insect, man and maid—
Is that the meaning of it all?

If it means nothing, after all!
And nothing lives, except to die—
It is enough—that solemn light
Behind the barns, and you and I.



EARLY IMMIGRANTS

The Port of the Puritans

BY WINFIELD M. THOMPSON

AS you cross President Roads, after entering Boston Harbor by the Ship Channel or Broad Sound, the coloring of the distant city's seaward front suggests an ancient arras hung about the changing mirror of the tides. It is a venerable and picturesque fabric with broad splashes of soft old-red against a background of gray; but here and there you see a patch of yellow, and as you draw near you discern that this is new material. Before many years have passed, the new patches will predominate, the old tapestry will have been lost to view, and a Boston of another shape and color will have risen before the eye of the traveler. Already a hint of the future aspect of the port is conveyed, on the far side of the harbor, by tall chimneys, by water-tanks like huge kettles on skeleton legs of steel overtopping great grain-elevators, and by long piers at which lie ocean-going steamers. When docks of steel

and concrete shall have been built on the city side as well, in foreground to the gaunt buildings of yellow brick and glass that are rising there, the change in the old port will be complete.

Happily the waterside of Boston still preserves something of the old-time Port of the Puritans. There is still the fringe of piling wharves, covered for the most part with low sheds, with here and there a brick warehouse of other times, its mellow walls and gabled roof invoking history. If you seek one of the oldest of those patriarchal buildings as a vantage-point from which to survey the harbor, an agreeable surprise will await you at its door. Its upper stories are occupied by a yacht club. To reach the club's quarters you climb a flight of steep stairs, flanked with man-ropes like the gangway of a ship. On the top floor you sink comfortably into a leather arm-chair before a large

open window, in a spacious low-browed room, with heavy brown rafters showing on their squared sides the mark of the broadax that shaped them from the log a century ago. If you touch a button a white-coated steward brings you a telescope.

The old warehouse can have changed little since the days of the East India trade, when you are pleased to suppose it was used for the storage of spices, silks, or teas from China. You can almost see the bales and boxes being hoisted through the door in the loft wall, where now plate-glass turns on brass pivot to your touch.

The wharf below the window plainly has had its vicissitudes, but you are fain to believe the great stone flags are the same as when the old merchant of the warehouse drove across them daily his favorite pair, hitched to a high-bodied curricule with yellow wheels and C springs, and brought up at a stone post by the corner, just under the small-paned windows of his counting-room. Tall ships berthed then where steamers for harbor resorts ply now and the taxicab jolts pneumatically over the uneven flags.

If you let your eyes wander about the old brown room, and then look quickly out on the harbor, you will become conscious of a brilliancy in its coloring that you had not supposed existed in an American port. The water is clear blue reflected from a cloudless sky. Sage green, like clouded jade, is more nearly its winter color; but in summer, and notably on those clear and brilliant days that so often recur in New England when the east wind is blowing, the blue of the outer bay itself is but a shade deeper than that of the upper harbor.

On such a day you see the port at its best from your eyrie in the old warehouse. Objects far and near stand out in the northern sunshine with a sort of luminous distinctness. The red side of a barge at anchor in the distance looms like a flame, and a shimmering whiteness on the sails of a schooner standing athwart the lower channel seems to enlarge her image. These æsthetic values, which count for much with him who would show a friend the beauties of the harbor, are not without practical benefit to the mariner, who, inward bound,

now comes up the channel with a free sheet. On such a day you may make a survey of the shipping in the port without the aid of a glass, and with satisfying results. In the number of sailing-craft you have evidence that Boston has not lost all its old character as a sailors' port. Deep-water Jack has gone, to be sure—honor to his memory!—but he has worthy survivors in port to-day. They are to be seen on the "down-East" coasters, not yet wholly superannuated, that form a considerable and picturesque element among the shipping. Laden with lumber or lime, granite or other rough material, entering the port as their kind have done for more than two centuries, these old craft are the most interesting that anchor here to-day. Their sails more often than not are patched and black, their spars weathered and perhaps "fished" here and there to mend a check or break. Often a leak calls for frequent labor at the rattletrap pump. The faces one sees over their rails are generally bronzed and white-bearded, the figures gnarled and bent. Once in a while a browned, awkward boy gazes long from the deck of one of these old craft at the city, in which on the morrow he will land to try conclusions with the world.

The coasters bring to mind the mutations of shipping in the old port as perhaps nothing else may do. Their kind were the humble companions of the tall-sparred Indiaman that made so many Boston fortunes. The coaster survives with promise of years of usefulness before it shall surrender at last to steam; but you may sweep the harbor in vain for the spars of a single one of the famous old Boston ships. Were you afloat and sufficiently keen of eye, you might distinguish the hulk of one, shorn of her rig, hiding in a herd of unladen coal-barges by the side of the channel, as if in disgrace. There is a tradition that she once held the record for a passage round the Horn. You should note well her lines, graceful still, their beauty not wholly disguised by a coating of mud from a New Jersey coal-port's docks; they are the only example you may see in port to-day of the work of Boston's famous old shipwrights. A few of her sister ships are perhaps knocking about

the coast, mating, like this one-time mistress of the seas, with modern barges that are built in little more style than freight-cars. No flag is displayed on the old ship, or on any of the other huge beasts of burden in the barge fleet. There is no time for sentiment on a coal-barge.

Coal-carrying bulks large in the business of Boston shipping to-day, and dominant in its fleets are the great schooners that have been built in recent years for the trade. Larger than the deep-water ships of a generation ago, they make a brave show in the harbor with their long, deep-laden hulls, their high bows with immense jib-booms and their tall spars. Yet they lack appeal to the imagination, and bespeak, almost defiantly, a spirit of grinding commercialism. It is, therefore, not entirely with regret that one hears the opinion of the merchant who declares the towing-barge to be their economic superior, and that therefore their days already are numbered.

Your survey of the harbor shows you that here, as in most American seaports, much of the shipping is under foreign flags. Near the East Boston shore lies a steel bark. Her gray topsides, a neat red "bootleg" below the load water-line, and black and white dummy gun-ports along her waist, tell you more plainly than the red jack at her mizzen-peak where she is from. Near by is anchored a little brigantine. She carries a cargo of ties for an American railroad. Her spars are bright, her yards squarely crossed, her sails neatly furled, her hull trig and tight. Over her quarter-deck is an awning, under the awning a hammock, and in the hammock is the captain's wife, crooning to sleep an infant in her arms. The flag that flutters above them is alien; the little brigantine is from Nova Scotia, and is registered as a British ship. Like the Scottish bark, she has no American competitor in the port of Boston. The same may be said of the many large steamers that carry Boston's growing transatlantic trade.

No traveler's view of the Port of the Puritans could be complete without a glimpse of its fishing-fleet. You are told it is the largest of its kind in the world; that only Grimsby, in England, the landing-place for London's fish-

supply from the North Sea, outranks Boston as a fish-market. A Boston friend will give you many similar substantial facts as you watch a fishing-schooner coming jauntily up the harbor, homeward bound, with the Stars and Stripes at her main-peak. He will also take you, in five minutes' walk, around to the fish-wharf.

The wharf makes no note of your arrival, for it is busy. The dock on either side of the pier is packed with schooners, whose spars make a forest, of which passengers in the elevated trains get top glimpses as they rush past. Down toward the end of the pier a line of blue hand-carts has blocked the passageway. Men are hoisting fish in baskets from the holds of schooners. Other men are pitching the fish into the carts, with a great splashing of gurry and scales. An ice-wagon is embayed in the blockaded passage, its driver breathing anathema to little purpose. Heavy cakes of ice swing from the string-piece over a schooner's hatch, and are lowered rapidly into the hold. Peddlers are dodging in and out among a double row of idlers along the wharf-edges, beguiling fishermen with offerings of doubtful suspenders and gaudy silk handkerchiefs. The idlers gaze in fixed vacuity down on the decks of the vessels, where fishermen are baiting trawls.

You may observe that the steam-trawler of the type that catches most of England's fish has been introduced here. But Boston does not greet it warmly, and clings conservatively to time-honored customs in its fisheries, which are conducted on the same principles of co-operation to-day as when the codfish was first placed in Massachusetts's legislative halls in honor of the State's earliest industry. The Boston fisherman, though scarcely now of the New England type—he may be from Fayal, Newfoundland, Ireland, or Italy—is also a conservative. He will not work for wages, but for shares. He makes a merit of bowing down neither to wealth nor to position, is honest, open-handed, going on his way confident of the future, and unafraid of the sea.

If you linger a moment at the head of the fish-wharf you cannot fail to notice the number of Italians. They form the largest racial group employed



COAL-POCKETS

in the fisheries of the port; in fact, they are the only group that stands out distinctly. This is by reason of their method of following their business. The majority do not sail in the schooners, but have their own fleet of gasoline-driven dories, a basin of their own at the head of the dock, and their own little string-piece market. They retain their native tongue, their dear fancy for

a bright-red scarf, a green shirt, or a blue cap. The Italians brighten the often sober aspect of the port, for their love of color extends to their boats. One craft is a raw blue, a shade that should please no one so much as a Neapolitan. The next is a deep red, the next yellow, the next pea green. There are more than three hundred and fifty of them, employing about six hundred heads of families. Their catch consists largely of flounders and other bottom fish that old-time Boston fishermen did not consider worth taking.

Your stroll about the fish-wharf would fail of its purpose if it did not lead you to historic scenes. The presence of so many foreign-born followers of the deep has not changed perceptibly the spirit of Boston's water-side. It will not permit you to forget you are near "the stern and rock-bound coast" of Puritan and Pilgrim; that you are in touch here with the foundation-stones of the republic.

On every hand along Boston's water-front the antiquary may point out to you reminders of the founders. Yonder is the wharf, duly marked, where they threw over the taxed tea. Here, next to the fish-dock, is Long Wharf, the chief landing-place of the old town. Hereabouts came ashore Captain William

Kidd, returning from his last voyage as a commander. Here landed also other adventurers on the road to the gibbet. A pistol-shot up State Street is the site of the first house of Governor John Winthrop, where he stood at his door on a blustering day in that first bitter winter of the settlement, giving his last measure of meal to a starving neighbor, when the ship sent to England for food six months



LOADING LUMBER FOR SOUTH AMERICA

before was sighted down the ice-choked harbor. On so frail a chance as the arrival of one little storm-tossed ship rested the future of a community that to-day numbers, in a radius of twenty miles, more than 1,500,000 people.

From Long Wharf extended in early days the barricade, a sort of bulkhead along the flats. Its outline to-day is followed more or less closely by Atlantic Avenue. Amid the roar of elevated railroad trains overhead, the rumble of freight-trains in the street, the jingling of street-cars, and the clatter of trucks on the rough pavement, the stranger seeks along this avenue some of the older corners connected with its earlier days. These are chiefly about its upper end, where shipsmiths still ply their trade, coopers are found in by-courts, and calkers in tarry lofts. In this neighborhood lived William Phips, the story of whose life, from poor boy tending sheep on his father's clearing by the Maine coast to Knight and Governor of Massachusetts, is a New England romance ready made. A gentle widow wedded him; a rover's life

led him to tons of sunken treasure; an indulgent king (on receipt of a share of the gold and silver) knighted him. There is little to-day in the site of the grand house he built in Charter Street, overlooking the ship-yard near which he had worked as a lad, to suggest the romantic story. For long time after Phips wrought with saw and mallet in this neighborhood there were ship-yards here. The frigate *Constitution* was built hard by. The site of the ship-yard is now covered by a great cold-storage warehouse; but the old frigate herself may be seen a quarter-mile away across the tide, preserved at a navy-yard pier, a shrine for patriotic travelers.

From your window in the old warehouse you could see the tall white shaft of Boston Light, nine miles away. It stands like a slim crayon on a brown rock, guarding the main ship channel, which opens seaward to the southeast.

The traveler outward bound feels at the Light for the first time the long, even swells of the Atlantic. Here the shores are as rugged as anywhere on the Massachusetts coast; yet looking back-

ward the voyager finds himself still in sight of the city's roofs, massed under an aureole of purple haze, in which gleams like a yellow gem the gilded dome of the State House.

Even on a soft summer day, when the sea is pulsing gently in the weed around the rocks at the harbor's mouth, and the sails of a hundred yachts whiten the bay and channel, there is something in the grim shore near the Light which brings to mind unwelcome thoughts of shipwreck when winter seas thunder on this iron coast. I never pass the Light without seeing again in the uncertain dawn of a biting November morning six poor sailors frozen in the rigging of a wrecked schooner, like six long lumps of ice. The comfort of the Light-keeper's home was only a few hundred feet from them as their souls went out; had it been miles away, the case would have been no more hopeless on that awful night of the great gale of November 27, 1898. It was in this gale the steamer *Portland* foundered in the bay, with never a soul of near two hundred on board spared to tell of her end. On the morning following the gale—they now call it "the *Portland* gale" on all that coast—I counted fifty-five wrecks on the shores of Boston Harbor.

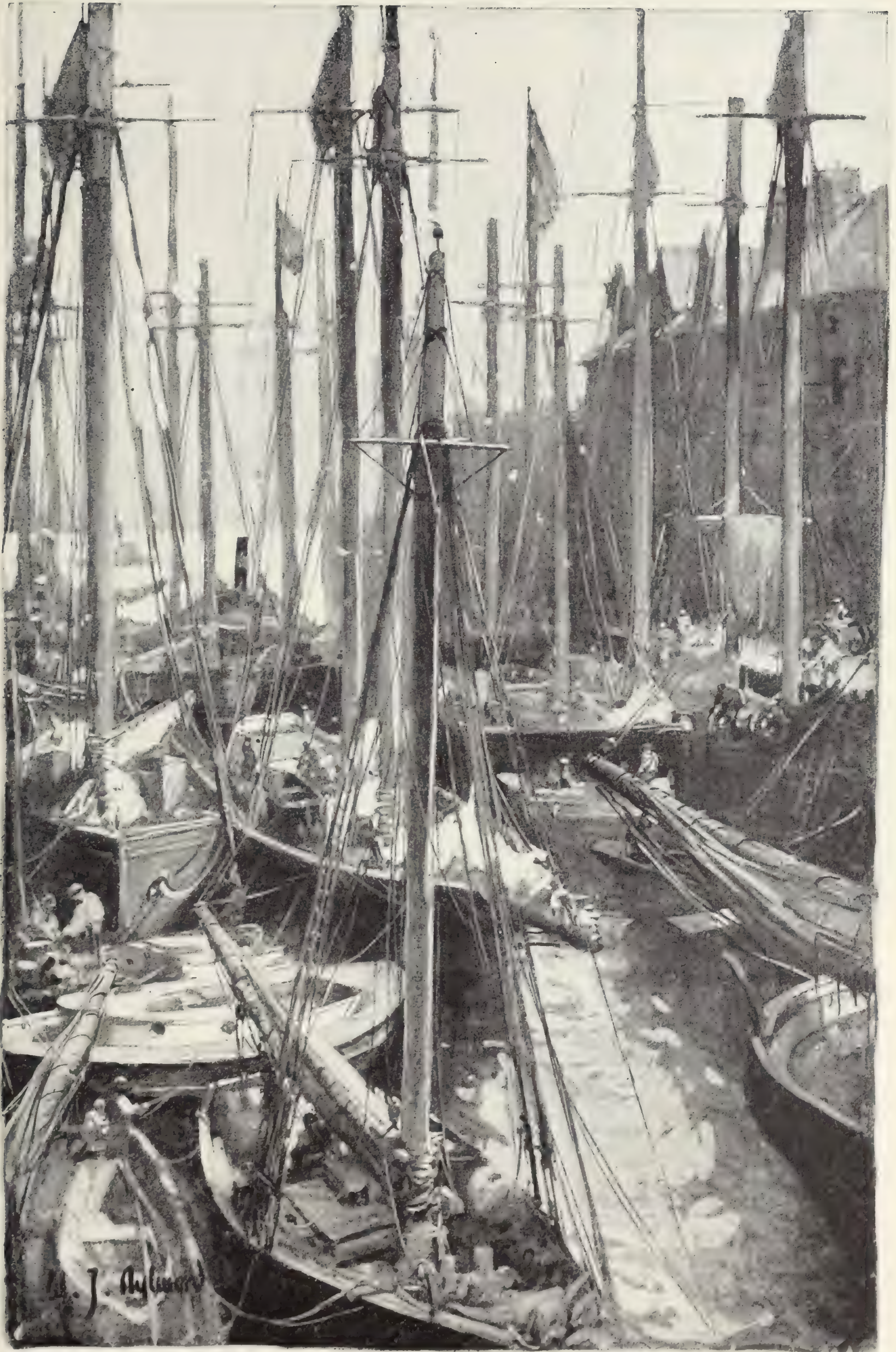
A student of history will find pleasurable associations in the Light and its neighborhood. The Light station, established in 1716, is one of the oldest in America. As a printer's apprentice, Benjamin Franklin wrote a ballad about the drowning of an early keeper of the Light, and sold it in Boston's streets. More than one great warlike fleet passed the Light in our fighting days, as history duly tells; and in the more intimate annals of the harbor you may find some of the country's unsung heroes. One such was James Mugford, of Marblehead, who—I quote a contemporary account—"in sight of the British fleet anchored at Nantasket Roads . . . on the 17th of May, 1776, valiantly attacked and took a king's store-ship of about three hundred tons, bound from Cork to Boston, mounting six carriage guns, besides swivels, and having on board fifteen hundred barrels of powder."

Boston had been but two months free of the British, and a detachment of half

a dozen vessels of their fleet had been left at Nantasket to watch for this powder-ship. Mugford was a Marblehead fisherman, and his ship was the fishing-schooner *Franklin*, "mounting a few two-pounders and swivels, and manned by twenty-one men." They attempted to take their prize into the harbor through a narrow channel to the north, between "Pullin Point" and Deer Island. She grounded, but the powder was saved, and nobly did it serve Washington in New York and New Jersey. When the "truly brave and heroic Captain Mugford" attempted to leave the harbor on May 19th by "Pullin Point Channel"—Shirley Gut—he was intercepted by boats from the British vessels, manned by two hundred men. He was cut down, and, dying, cried to his men, "Don't give up; you can beat them." Thus died the obscure Mugford, his work done. His men escaped, and his dying words, with little change, are paralleled on the page of history by those of Captain Lawrence, when he received a mortal wound in the ill-starred engagement of the *Chesapeake* with the *Shannon*, six leagues off Boston Light, thirty-seven years later.

Between Boston Light and the upper harbor lie half a dozen islands. The ship channel passes between two of them half a mile within the entrance of the port, and both are so close aboard that one might scale a biscuit from an ocean liner's deck to the shore on either side in passing. It was here the French ship *Magnifique*, seventy-four guns, of Marquis Vaudreuil's fleet, went ashore on the end of Lovell's Island, in entering the harbor in August, 1782; when the channel was dredged at that point a few decades ago large pieces of her hull were brought up. One recalls in passing that the loss of that ship changed the course of the career of John Paul Jones. Then building at Portsmouth was the seventy-four-gun ship *America*, which Jones was to command. This ship was given by Congress to the King of France to offset the *Magnifique*. Jones thus lost his command, and soon left the naval service on which he had reflected so much glory.

Beyond the point where lie the bones of the *Magnifique* another channel enters the harbor from the east—Broad



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

THE SPARS OF THE SCHOONERS MAKE A FOREST



REGATTA DAY, CITY POINT

Sound. Here for some years extensive dredging operations have been forcing a deeper entrance to the port. At the eastern end of this channel, on a spur of ugly rocks known as The Graves, stands a new flashing light of high power. Before this light was established the Sound was little better than a death-trap in wild weather, and many were its tragedies; for it was always the channel used by the coasters coming from eastward.

If one would have an intimate knowledge of Boston Harbor, its channel and its islands, its byways and its fleets, one cannot do better than to cruise about it in a snug little yacht. An entire season is none too long for acquiring a

knowledge of the harbor's many charms and changing phases. In a small yacht one may penetrate to corners of the harbor the traveler on a steamer never sees; and no other American port has so many such corners. Also one may land at will, and there are scores of spots about the harbor where landing is practicable. Each island and headland has its scroll of history.

Here, on Georges, the Confederate Commissioners Mason and Slidell were imprisoned, in Fort Warren. On the same island, nearly two centuries before, William Phips's treasure-hunting crew stole a farmer's sheep and invaded his home. On yonder spit of gravel, called Nix's Mate—the one marked by the black

pyramid with the square black base—they used to trice up in chains, as an example to all sailor-men, the bodies of pirates, after Boston had made a holiday of their hanging. To no other bit of ground in the harbor does inexact tradition more tenaciously cling. A legend, amazingly popular, and often recited on the Nantasket steamer as she rounds the spit, has it that a condemned pirate named Nix stood here in his chains and declared the island should wash away in proof of his innocence. Behold, twelve acres on which once sheep were pastured, as well as gibbets reared, have now been washed away, and the tide flows over the spot. But alas for the legend, no pirate named Nix was hanged here.

Most of the lower islands in Boston Harbor are fortified, and with these the pleasure-cruiser has little to do. Others have on them obsolete forts, and on these he may wander at will.

One of these, Governor's Island, lies less than a mile from the city wharves. It was originally granted to Governor John Winthrop, the founder of the colony, in return for which favor the Legislature exacted annually two bushels of apples from the orchard planted thereon by the Governor. Not an apple-tree can be seen there now, and grass covers the high slopes and the sides of a ruined fort. The island is now owned by the government, but the city has the privilege of issuing permits each summer to campers who may wish to pitch tents there. Its lower slopes are then populous with canvas homes, occupied chiefly by families; and on clear nights the campers easily may find their way to bed by reflection of the city's lights.

This use of Gov-

ernor's Island is typical of the benefits in recreation the people derive from Boston Harbor. A mile to the south of this island, off the tip of the South Boston peninsula, is Castle Island, long devoted to warlike uses, but now given over to the public as a park. The title is in the government, but this island also is loaned to Boston. Here, on a Saturday, Sunday, or holiday, hundreds of the city's population gather to breathe the harbor breezes and watch the passing show of shipping.

Lounging on the grass in the shadow of the old fort's gray rampart on a drowsy summer afternoon, you may catch a ripple of animation in the recumbent crowd about you. A young man and maid seated together terminate a debate; a mother takes up her babe from a blanket on the grass; a laborer who has been asleep yawns and rises. Everybody



IN PORT FOR REPAIRS

is soon standing at attention, facing down the harbor. An event is at hand—a battleship is coming up the channel! Like a strange, gray island, with two basket-like towers on it, seems the Dreadnought as she comes steadily on, a curl of white at her stem. Half a mile below the fort the great bulk swings at a turn in the channel. Now it is headed straight for the fort; now it presents a steel shoulder of port bow to the crowd on the sward. A cone on a signal-arm sinks slowly, and at reduced speed the war-ship sweeps past the old fort, so close you think you can count the stripes on the sleeves of officers on her bridge. Behind come other ships of war, a state-ly column, and when they are gone, pass ships of peace—a fruit-steamer of the Jamaica line, its sides dazzling white; a black-hulled, yacht-like fishing-schooner; a steam-yacht, a catboat—all using the same highway between the city and the sea; all passing near the old fort, and all contributing to the pleasure of the people lounging at their ease and without expense in their island park.

Certainly the old fort suggests history—volumes of it. Boston's first bastion outside the town stood here.

Here the colonists imprisoned King James's unwelcome royal Governor, Sir Edmund Andros, and kept him eight months. But for telltale military boots he might have got away in woman's clothes; an erring Puritan guard plied with liquor at one time let him pass; but he was caught and brought back. Here the offending British regiments were quartered when withdrawn from the town after the "Boston Massacre." The guns of this fortress were unavailingly turned on General Washington's improvised forts on Dorchester Heights—now South Boston—from which he forced the British out of Boston. Here was answered the first salute to the American flag by a British frigate—the *Alligator*—in 1791.

Looking from Castle Island across the Old Harbor to the populous heights of Dorchester and Quincy, and beyond them to the Blue Hills of Milton in the southwest, you dwell for a moment on the changing drama—"as human as man," Stevenson would call it—that was played in the earlier days around those shores. On the Quincy uplands you can see in your mind's eye the home of Thomas Morton, of Merry Mount—

exiled because he gave strong waters to the Indians and danced around a May-pole, his house, by thoughtful arrangement, being burned by the Puritans as he sailed out of the harbor. Over in that green swale beyond the Squantum meadows stood the modest dwelling of Sir Christopher Gardiner, Knight, who lived there with a "comely yonge woman whom he called his cousin." It appears Sir Christopher took to the woods when authority approached his door, but it is pleasing to know that the "comely yonge woman" gave her hand to a settler of the colony.



THE SHIP-KEEPER'S FAMILY



CASTLE ISLAND, WHERE THE SHIPS GO BY

Painting by W. J. Aycock

Southwestward from Castle Island a mile or so is Squantum Head, and the little channel that leads to Quincy Bay. Here opens a great unused basin such as would be held beyond price in a European port. Out of this one may pass inside the islands into Hull Bay, and thence by Hull Gut out into Nantasket Roads at the harbor's mouth. These inner passages and bays make Boston Harbor a port of great promise for the distant future. It has much undeveloped water area and many miles of shores that one day should be devoted to the uses of commerce. Already the city of Quincy—part of the Boston of to-morrow—has begun to develop its shores; and heavy war-ships are being built there for this and other nations.

As yet, however, the Old Harbor and Hull and Quincy bays are unspoiled pleasure-grounds for the summer cruiser. Falling into Hull Bay is Weymouth Back River; on its shores are groves of oak and cedars; its basin on a summer Sunday is filled with yachts, and its groves peopled with picnickers. On leaving the river one sails across Hull Bay—a famous yacht-racing ground—ties his boat at a yacht-club float, dines on a cool piazza, and watches the sails on the blue water, in satisfaction not lessened by the knowledge that an hour and a half's sail will bring him back to his anchorage at South Boston. He need not approach the main channel in making this passage, but, following the West Way, may pass through the narrow but deep little channel at Hospital Rocks; through the small passage at Squantum Head—named for Tisquantum, or Squanto, the good Indian who was the friend of the Pilgrims—where is the spot on which Myles Standish landed when he explored the Old Harbor and sighed for the Pilgrims' lost chance of settling here; then ease sheets for the home fleet off the Strandway, and round up at his mooring, without having met a single commercial craft.

It may be that a thunder-squall or fog will test his seamanship. When the white mists roll in from sea, shutting out island after island, and setting all the steamers in the harbor to blowing their warning whistles, the yachtsman dodges into a by-channel, and

knows he is secure from danger of being run down by larger craft. Of a squall he has ample warning, for the city is fused in its black shadow while the islands are still smiling in yellow sunlight. The anchor can be cast anywhere, and the sail lowered to await the passing wind and rain; and there is no better sight of a Sunday afternoon in the harbor than to see the yachting fleet trooping home in company, a hundred of them, after the delay of a squall.

Half a dozen yacht clubs have houses on the Strandway boulevard that skirts the Old Harbor at South Boston. Four hundred boats lie at their anchorages. The man with a very modest income may belong to a club here and maintain a yacht. If he cannot pay club dues, there is a public landing for his convenience near the long recreation pier at the end of the point. A mooring may be put down wherever there is room. Complete democracy rules at the anchorage. The oldest sloop or catboat in the fleet may occupy as desirable a berth as the finest power cruiser. And there are many very old craft to be seen here; boats the owners cling to year after year as to old friends.

The season of the Old Harbor yachtsman opens when the first buds appear on the shrubs along the Strandway. It ends only after the smelt-fishing has yielded good sport, in October. Week-end cruises down the harbor—to Back River, to Hull Bay, to Thieves' Ledge off the Light for cod-fishing, and once or twice a season to Marblehead or Gloucester—are the usual delights of the South Boston yachtsman's season. Great is the bustle of cheery preparation for each little cruise, and great the joy thereof, unalloyed either by style or yachting etiquette. Occasionally there is a race in the Old Harbor, in which even the oldest craft are welcome. The official racing season begins with such a one in late May. Then animation at the club-floats in preparation is followed by Homeric contests at the starting-line out beyond the anchorage, and a gloriously wet hammer around a ten-mile course—if the wind be strong—with plenty of incidents to talk about when all is over. Such honest and wholesome sport as this makes the Boston Harbor yachtsman content

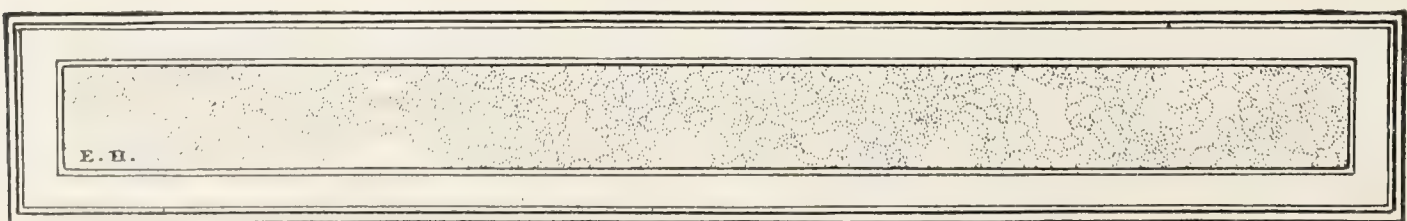


OUTWARD BOUND

with his walk in life and loyal to his home port.

Yet many of the harbor's scenes in yachting, as in commerce, belong to a closing chapter in maritime growth. The sail is becoming obsolete. As the years pass, power will do more and more of the business of the port, and minister more and more to the pleasures of its sporting brotherhood. Nor will it perform its functions on the water alone. I am conscious of the impending change as I row slowly ashore from my anchored yacht in the calm of early twilight. A long, lance-like hull speeds past me, without mast or sail, at thirty miles an hour. I watch it out of sight in a few minutes.

Then rising from the meadows of Squantum, across the Old Harbor, I see a giant dragon-fly, that soon is soaring into the golden evening air. Growing smaller and smaller, it tops a fleecy wisp of cloud in the afterglow of the sunset. Then in wide, graceful sweeps it comes downward, and in my direction. As it speeds over the anchorage of the yachts, I can hear the steady buzz of a motor. As the lights around the Old Harbor are beginning to twinkle like a circlet of blue brilliants, the strange thing sinks toward the meadow across the calm water, and softly drops out of sight, like a great bird alighting for the night. A man has flown over the old Port of the Puritans.



The Woman's Auxiliary of the Oakdale Hunt

BY DAVID GRAY



HE engagement of Miss Rivers and Mr. Carteret worked changes in the characters of both. Each awakened to the need of more varied interests and a broader culture. On "by days"—

that is, days on which hounds do not meet—Mr. Carteret undertook to explore the wonders of the great city in which he had lived. He visited the Zoo and the Art Museum, he took the Subway to Brooklyn, and went to a symphony concert in Carnegie Hall. With Miss Rivers the thing took rather the "modern-woman" turn. She went to Albany on a "votes-for-women" mission, and threw herself into what her new friend, Mrs. Manning, called "up-lift" or "welfare" activities. During the bonnet-makers' strike she was almost arrested, and she became chairman of Visiting Committee C of the Woman's Auxiliary.

Mr. Carteret had come to town and had stopped in at the Riverses' for tea. He was depressed, owing to the way things were going in the Hunt. While Crawford was in Carlsbad he was acting as master, and his reign had been embittered by rebellion within and agrarian troubles without.

"No," he said, gloomily, "there is no change for the better."

"I woke up last night with an idea," said Miss Rivers. "I came very near writing you about it."

"Go ahead," said Mr. Carteret.

Miss Rivers hesitated a moment.

"I've told you, haven't I, about the Woman's Auxiliary?"

"I think so," said Mr. Carteret; "I'm not against suffrage, but I can't see *why* you want the vote. If you had it, you wouldn't use it. Look at me."

"The Woman's Auxiliary isn't for suffrage," said Miss Rivers. "It's an organization of intelligent women that visit factories and tell the owners what to do."

Mr. Carteret looked at her, but she was quite serious. "I should think the owners would know that," he said.

"Almost any one would think so," said Miss Rivers, "but it's surprising how much we help them. It's the woman's intuition that is so valuable. Now my idea," she continued, "is that we should organize a Woman's Auxiliary of the Hunt to help you out of your present difficulties. There is no reason why the modern methods which our movement has developed shouldn't be applied to a Hunt as well as to a factory."

"What could women do with farmer Keeley?" asked Mr. Carteret; "or with Willie Colfax, for that matter?"

"They would do something," said Miss Rivers. "I should have to think just what."

"I can think myself," said Mr. Carteret. "What is needed is somebody who doesn't have to think; some man of experience who *knows*, an authority, an expert."

"Probably that is just the person a woman's auxiliary would get," said Miss Rivers. "We got an expert on ventilation in the tuberculosis crusade, and we had an expert on the currency for the Tuesday morning lectures. To get experts is just the way the Auxiliary goes about things."

"Where are you going to get an expert on persuading farmers to let you hunt on their land?" said Mr. Carteret, "or on persuading Willie Colfax not to jump fences when hounds are not running?"

"I can't tell you this minute where," said Miss Rivers, "but there must be somebody we could find out from."

"In the second place," said Mr. Carteret, "how do you suppose the Hunt Committee would take it if I suggested a Woman's Auxiliary?"

"That would be for you to manage," said Miss Rivers.

"They'd take it as a joke," said Mr. Carteret. "They'd move to leave the motion on the table till I had been married ten years."

"Carty," said Miss Rivers, seriously, "does it seem to *you* to be a joke?"

"Well, man to man," said Mr. Carteret, "this modern-woman business is all very well for some girls that haven't anything else to do, but you're too good-looking, Sally dear, to get mixed up in it."

"Don't try to flatter me," said Miss Rivers; "you think it *is* a joke."

"On general principles," said Mr. Carteret, "I think mixing up in other people's business is a mistake. I don't like a Mrs. Fix-it."

Miss Rivers said nothing, and Mr. Carteret felt that he had done a good thing in speaking his mind plainly. A woman respects forcible common sense. "You need a good hunt, Sally dear," he said, pleasantly. "Come down to-morrow afternoon and stay for Thursday." Then he rose and took his leave, for his motor was waiting outside. Penwiper, the wire-haired fox-terrier that he had given Miss Rivers for an engagement present, also rose, followed him to the door, and went gravely back.

The next morning there was a little box in Mr. Carteret's mail and a letter in Miss Rivers' handwriting. The box contained Miss Rivers' engagement ring. The letter said:

"DEAR CARTY,—The marriage relation to me is a very sacred one. My ideal of a wife is the woman who helps her husband in all things. My ideal of a husband is the man who shares all his perplexities and troubles with his wife. Only in this way can real community of interest be obtained, and marital happiness depends upon community of interest. I see plainly that I am not the woman to help you in your life. There is therefore but one thing for me to do; that is to give you back your freedom. We shall of course meet as friends, and I shall come down

and hunt. I am not in a morbid state of mind, as you seem to think. The real trouble is that you do not understand me. We have been engaged twice, but we are still strangers.

SARAH RIVERS."

Mr. Carteret read the last sentence over again and dropped the letter on his desk. As he had never read *The Doll's House*, the idea was novel. Then he put the ring in his pocket and ordered his motor. At the Riverses' house in town he was told that Miss Rivers was not at home. Then he asked for Mrs. Rivers.

Mrs. Rivers appeared, dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief and obviously much upset. "She won't see you," she said, excitedly. "She's locked herself in her room and won't see anybody but that Manning woman. I tell you, the whole trouble is that Manning woman and this Auxiliary rubbish. Only yesterday Mr. Rivers said that if the whole lot of them were locked up the market would go up ten points. They disturb business."

"They've disturbed me," said Mr. Carteret.

"But don't you think she'll come around in time?" suggested Mrs. Rivers.

"She may," said Mr. Carteret. "But you can't tell how long it's going to take. The last time she broke the engagement it took two years."

"Well, I don't know what to advise you," said Mrs. Rivers, "unless to marry some nice, feminine girl who hasn't been tainted with these suffragette ideas."

"How would that help?" said Mr. Carteret.

"It would teach Sally a lesson," said Mrs. Rivers.

"I'll think about it," said Mr. Carteret, and he went away.

About the time that Mr. Carteret had left the house Miss Rivers happened to pick up the morning paper. She was looking for Mrs. Manning's proclamation about the bonnet-makers' strike, when her eye was attracted by a small head-line which announced the arrival, on the *Celtonia*, of Lord Atherstone, the English sportsman. Now Lord Atherstone was not only the dean of English fox-hunters, he was also an old friend of Miss Rivers. Her mind always worked rapidly. On this occasion the signif-

icance of his visit burst upon her in a flash. Here was the expert that Carty had been needing. If Carty was so short-sighted as not to wish her assistance, why shouldn't she help him without his knowing it? Then, when Keeley had been conciliated, and Willie Colfax brought to his senses, she would say that she was grateful that she had been able to be of assistance to him, but of course she could never marry him, for obvious reasons. It seemed to her a very effective programme.

She went to her desk and wrote a note to Lord Atherstone, asking him to lunch the next day, and another in her mother's name, asking him to dine on the 26th.

The next day Lord Atherstone came to lunch. In appearance he was what was usually referred to as a "type." He stood six feet two, straight and active in spite of his sixty-five years. His hair and mustaches were white, but there was red in his sunburned cheeks, and his eyes were young, blue, and decidedly responsive, if not what is called "roving." His clothes and his manner of wearing them proclaimed him a dandy. Ladies who remembered him in his guardsman days said that he had "gone off" very much, but it came ill from them, for *he* was still a notably good-looking man.

As he came into the drawing-room Miss Rivers held out both hands. "This is too nice," she said, and smiled till her eyes became strange, delightful little slits, fringed with black lashes; she had blond hair, but black brows and lashes.

Lord Atherstone took the hands, bent over them, and kissed first one and then the other. "I am glad to be here," he said.

"I hope you like America," said Mrs. Rivers, quite simply.

"I think it is a very pretty place," said Lord Atherstone.

After he had eaten several chops, Miss Rivers, quite by accident, turned the conversation to fox-hunting.

"Sport in the Shires has been bad," said Lord Atherstone, soberly. "Dreadful amount of rain—the country is under water."

"I wonder if in England," said Miss Rivers, "you ever have trouble with the farmers?"

Lord Atherstone threw his head back and laughed. "I have had eight-and-thirty years of it," he said, "in Ireland and England."

"And I suppose," said Miss Rivers, "that it wore upon you so that you finally had to give up keeping hounds?"

"Oh, dear me!" said Lord Atherstone, "the farmer troubles never seriously bothered *me*. Men are very easy to manage."

"I've never found it so," said Miss Rivers.

"I know you mean *that* as a joke," said Lord Atherstone, "but it is quite true that I have always got along with the land-owners and with my field; and the reason is that from the beginnin' I've always practised what I call the fox-hunter's 'golden rule.'"

"What is that?" asked Miss Rivers.

"Well," said Lord Atherstone, "it's bein' what I call patient and forbearin' under provocation, slow to anger, and forgivin', returnin' good for evil, and at all times bein' considerate of the rights and feelin's of others. The right motto for the fox-hunter is 'Consideration.'"

"Do you suppose it would work with Americans?" suggested Miss Rivers.

"It will work wherever human nature is human," said Lord Atherstone.

"Why do you ask Lord Atherstone such silly questions?" said Mrs. Rivers. "He isn't interested in the bonnet-makers' union."

"I have finished," said Miss Rivers.

But after Mrs. Rivers had excused herself to go to the opera matinée, Miss Rivers unfolded to Lord Atherstone the situation at Oakdale, and confessed her purpose in seeking his advice. The facts as she explained them were these: In the first place, Mr. William Colfax was heading a faction with the motto, "We hunt for pleasure," and pleasure was taken to mean schooling green horses for sale and jumping fences and gates whether hounds were running or not. The result was a large and growing bill for damages and an irritated agricultural community. In the second place, a farmer named Keeley had organized a Farmers' League which the Hunt had reason to suspect was a weapon to extort blackmail under threat of stopping the hunting. Moreover, he had posted certain meadows on

his farm and had given notice that the first case of trespass would result in the posting of all land owned by the League farmers, which would practically stop hunting. That Keeley had been in jail for beating a neighbor could not be used against him, for the neighbor was unpopular, and the community rejoiced over it. Moreover, a fighting-man is always apt to be a hero.

There seemed therefore nothing to do but to submit to Keeley's blackmail; that is, contribute to his campaign fund—or keep off his meadows.

When Miss Rivers had finished, Lord Atherstone put down his coffee-cup, wiped his mustaches with his handkerchief, and said: "I don't see anything very serious about that. I should think an appeal to young Colfax's public spirit and a little kindly talk with Keeley would straighten matters out. Has anybody ridden over the posted meadows?"

"Not yet," said Miss Rivers, "but Carty is afraid that it is going to happen."

"It would of course be more serious if it had already happened," said Lord Atherstone; "but as it is I see nothing to worry about."

"And you think Keeley can be smoothed out and Willie Colfax reformed?" said Miss Rivers.

"I don't think," said Lord Atherstone; "I know they can."

Miss Rivers smiled admiringly at him. "There is nothing that gives a woman so much confidence as an Englishman," she said, simply.

Just how it came about that a week later the Oakdale Hunt gave a dinner to Lord Atherstone nobody seemed to know. He was a visiting fox-hunter of exceptional distinction, but it had never been the custom of the Hunt to fête visiting fox-hunters. Mr. Carteret had an idea that Forbes had suggested it. Forbes thought it was Varick. Varick remembered that he had first heard it mentioned by Johnny Dashwood, but Willie Colfax had spoken to Dashwood about it. Mr. Colfax, in fact, seemed to be more responsible than anybody else. He had gone to the dinner given by the Riverses on the 26th, and thought Lord Atherstone "a fine old boy."

At quarter before eight Mr. Carteret

went into the dining-room to look at the table. He found Forbes there, straightening his necktie in the mirror over the fireplace. Mr. Carteret also stopped at the mirror and began to straighten his necktie. As their eyes met in the glass Forbes spoke.

"What do you suppose we are doing this for?" he said. "I want to go to bed."

"So do I," said Mr. Carteret. "But it won't be so bad. There's to be no speaking, and we shall get away by eleven."

"I've ordered my trap at half past ten," said Forbes. "I'm going then, whatever happens."

"I think the party will be over," said Mr. Carteret. "The old man won't want to sit up. He's going hunting with us to-morrow."

They sat down at half past eight, without waiting for Willie Colfax. He arrived about nine with a mare that had never been hitched up before. He said that he had met a motor, and that it had taken him some time to mend his harness and get the trap out of the ditch.

By ten o'clock they began to smoke, and Mr. Carteret, who was getting sleepy after a long day's hunting, rose and said that it would give him great pleasure to propose the health of their distinguished guest. This occurred to him as a device that would bring the occasion to an end in a graceful and fitting manner. The toast was drunk standing, with good-will and enthusiasm. When the company had resumed their seats, which they did purely as a matter of form, Lord Atherstone arose.

"It gives me great pleasure," he began, "to be with you this evening. It is always a pleasure to meet my fellow-sportsmen at home or abroad. But I am no speaker. Few sportsmen are. We can well afford to leave that to our friends in Parliament who have nothing else to do." (Here he was interrupted by violent applause from Mr. Colfax and several of his intimates, who had begun to drink champagne again.) "I thank you," said Lord Atherstone, "and such bein' the case, I think we shall all enjoy ourselves the more if I *read* you what I have to say this evening. It might be entitled 'The duty which the Hunt mem-



AT TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES TO ELEVEN LORD ATHERSTONE HAD BROUGHT THE FOX TO SOUTHERN ITALY

ber owes his Hunt as a sportsman and gentleman.'” With that he drew a roll of typewritten manuscript from his breast pocket and cleared his throat.

Mr. Carteret looked at Forbes and dropped his eyes to his plate.

“Fox-huntin’,” began Lord Atherstone, “is a very ancient sport. We hear of it first in ancient Assyria. In the Holy Land, also, we know that foxes abounded; for did not Samson snare a thousand and set fire to their brushes?—a practice which, I am glad to say, would be tolerated in no part of Great Britain to-day.”

At twenty-five minutes to eleven Lord Atherstone had brought the fox to southern Italy. Then, like Spring, he came northward slowly through Europe, reaching England at quarter past eleven, but England of the sixteenth century. As the clock in the next room struck midnight, with intricate preliminaries he announced the first chapter on “what might be called modern fox-hunting,” beginning about the middle of the eighteenth century. At half past twelve the telephone rang shrilly, and a telephone message for Mr. Dashwood was

brought in. The Swedish servant repeated it with distinctness: Mrs. Dashwood wanted to know whether Mr. Dashwood was coming home that night or whether he wished his clothes sent to the club, and if so what clothes. Furthermore, if he was coming home, the key was under the mat and the dogs had been out.

“Really,” said Lord Atherstone, as soon as the servant had finished, “would you gentlemen forgive me if I stopped? To tell the truth, I am growin’ a bit sleepy. You see, this is the introduction only, but I observe”—he glanced over the unread manuscript—“it would take some time yet to finish with the introduction.”

“As you think best,” said Mr. Carteret, rising quickly. “We are very much indebted to you.”

Forbes left the table without speaking. They waked Mr. Colfax as quietly as possible, and the dinner came to an end.

The next morning Mr. Carteret and Miss Rivers met on the way to the meet.

“How did Willie Colfax take the speech last evening?” said Miss Rivers.

“I believe he went to sleep,” said Mr. Carteret.

"Wasn't there anybody there to wake him up," asked Miss Rivers, "when they got to the part about the duty that Hunt members owed their Hunt?"

"They never got to that part," said Mr. Carteret.

"That's going to make volume two," said Forbes, who had joined them.

Just then Lord Atherstone rode up with a question on his tongue. "What is that?" he said. "I've been hearing it off and on for the past five minutes."

They all listened, and a faint, long-drawn howl was heard from over the hills, borne on the wind, which was steadily rising.

Forbes laughed. "That's another of Carty's troubles," he said. "It's Crazy Jones."

"Who?" said Lord Atherstone.

"A poor fellow that went dippy out in North Dakota, and they sent him back here to be taken care of by his sister, old Miss Kitty," said Forbes. "On hunting-days he thinks he's a timber-wolf. He sits on a fence all day and howls and bays, and the neighbors think Carty as M. F. H. ought to stop it. I think so too," he added.

"I should think they would lock him up," said Lord Atherstone. "In England they would lock him up."

"But he's quite harmless," said Forbes, "except for his bellowing, and that, of course, would be more annoying indoors than out."

"None the less they should have a place for such people," said Lord Atherstone.

When they reached the meet, Miss Rivers had a few minutes alone with Lord Atherstone.

"It was a pity about last evenin'," he said, "but I got most shockin' sleepy. I shall get a chance, however, to drop a word to Colfax. After all, the Keeley fellow is the most important, and we'll attend to him to-day."

"At two o'clock," said Miss Rivers, "if it is agreeable to you, we shall pull out, for we *must* put duty before pleasure."

"That's quite right," said Lord Atherstone.

"And we'll keep together," said Miss Rivers.

"I'll never let you out of my sight,"

said Lord Atherstone, "if I can go hard enough to keep up with you."

"You are a great flatterer," said Miss Rivers; "but, speaking seriously, you don't know, you *can't* know, how grateful I am to you for what you are going to do with Keeley. None of these other men have the patience or bigness of nature to submit to his high-handed way of talking. They all become irritated, and of course can accomplish nothing."

"One must practise the golden rule," said Lord Atherstone; "that is all."

That day the Oakdale hounds had the best hunt since '96, when they killed the Paper Mill fox. After drawing Pine Hill gully blank, they found a vixen in the Sand Pit woods, about a quarter past twelve, and eventually killed at about three o'clock, eighteen miles to the southeast as the crow flies. As hounds ran, it was nearer forty. Only eleven men saw the end of it.

Hounds had been running but a few minutes when they dashed into a thick piece of woods and disappeared. Now Miss Rivers hated riding through thick woods. It was bad for the complexion and worse for the temper, but just at that moment she was leading the hunt and *couldn't* hesitate. So over she went into the underbrush. It was as bad as she had anticipated, and she made a slow and painful progress, twisting around trees, dodging branches, suffering the smart of twigs that whipped across her face, and all the while the cry of the hounds grew fainter, till finally it ceased. She was cheered by one reflection, however. The rest of the Hunt was still farther behind than she was. So she plunged along, until finally she saw that she was reaching the end of the wood. Presently she was clear of the underbrush and could see out. She pulled up sharply, for her view consisted of a new barbed-wire fence in the immediate foreground, and half a mile away the entire Hunt disappearing over the crest of a hill. Obviously they had all gone around the woods, led by some one who knew about the wire.

There was a moment of great emotional pressure, in which she contemplated jumping the wire, barbs and all. It seemed to be that or tears. But she hesitated for the space of that important

instant which prevents men from becoming heroes and saves them from becoming martyrs, and the next moment she heard a crushing noise like a bull moose in a thicket. She turned back. It was Lord Atherstone.

"We've got to go back," she called.

"But I don't want to go back," said Lord Atherstone. "I've been piggin' around in this place for ten minutes. Let's go on."

Even nice women are cheered unconsciously by the misfortunes of others. "We can't," said Miss Rivers, without a trace of tears in her voice. "There's a wire fence in front of us."

Lord Atherstone began to fumble for his glasses so that he could see it. Then he gave it up. "What a horrid place to put a wire fence!" he said. "Where do you suppose we are?"

"I don't know," said Miss Rivers. "I never know. That's why I enjoy hunting so much. But we can go back and around the way the others went, and if we don't catch them up at a check we can go on to Keeley's. That is the one comforting thing about it."

"It's a bit early to pull out," said Lord Atherstone.

"I know it is," said Miss Rivers, "and if we find them we'll go on as I said. But my experience with fox-hunting is that if you care a lot when you get thrown out you never find them again. On the other hand, if you start to go home or do an errand, the fox generally comes back and crosses the road in front of you. Besides, I don't think they'll have any sport, it's blowing so hard."

"There is a good deal in that," said Lord Atherstone.

They rode back through the wood, jumped out and went around through the fields. Of course when they reached the brow of the hill there was nobody in sight.

"If I could only find some place where I knew where I was," said Miss Rivers, "then we could go to some farmhouse and inquire. As it is I don't know which direction Keeley's is in."

"The first thing to do is to find a farmhouse," said Lord Atherstone. And they rode on again.

Before they had gone very far, Miss Rivers called his attention to one that

came in sight on a rise of ground to the left. Lord Atherstone put on his glasses and inspected it. "You're right," he said, and, "By Jove!" he exclaimed a moment later, "we've overtaken hounds!"

"What do you mean?" said Miss Rivers.

"That fellow on the fence is wavin' to us, and I think I can hear him callin', although the wind is against him. It's a view-hallo. Once I carried hounds four miles from one of these halloooin' chaps to another without ever puttin' nose to ground, and killed my fox, too."

"I believe you're right," said Miss Rivers. "I can hear him too, though the wind is blowing a gale. Shall we postpone Keeley?"

"Yes, for a bit," said Lord Atherstone. "Why not?"

As they drew nearer they could see the man waving his arm excitedly, and could hear him roaring into the gale.

"He wants us to be quick," said Lord Atherstone. "He's very much worked up, isn't he?"

"He's probably seen the fox."

Suddenly, as the man realized that they were riding toward him, he ceased to wave and shout. When they were within a hundred yards Lord Atherstone hailed him. "Which way are hounds?" he called.

The man roared something in reply, but in the wind it was incomprehensible.

"Wave your cap," shouted Lord Atherstone. "We can't hear. Have they gone on?"

Another incomprehensible bellow was the only answer.

"Put your question another way," suggested Miss Rivers. "Ask 'Which way did they go?'"

Lord Atherstone put it that way, but with no better result. "Extraordinary fellow," said he. "He barks at us like a dog. I suppose we'll have to ride closer."

As they rode closer the man got off the fence and stood solitary in his barnyard gazing at them. He was a big man with a large frame and wore a heavy red beard.

"Do you hear me?" cried Lord Atherstone. "Which way did they go?"

It was obvious that the man must have heard him, but he made no reply.

"I say!" he called again, "you fellow there, are you deaf?"

Still the man made no reply nor any movement.

"Is the fellow drunk or mad?" said Lord Atherstone.

Suddenly a light flashed upon Miss Rivers. "It's Crazy Jones!" she exclaimed.

Lord Atherstone looked puzzled a moment. Then he remembered. "I believe it is," he said.

"It must be," said Miss Rivers. "What had we better do?" she added, thoughtfully. "They said he was harmless, but I don't believe in taking unnecessary chances."

"It isn't taking chances to ask the fellow to open the gate," said Lord Atherstone. "We've got to go through that way to get out to the road, and mad as he is he must have seen the hunt passing or he never would have made the row that attracted our attention."

"That's very likely so," said Miss Rivers.

Lord Atherstone rode forward to the gate. "I say," he said to the man, "do you wish to earn a quarter of a dollar by openin' this gate?"

There was a prompt answer to this, for the man roared, "Naw, I don't!"

"Very well," said Lord Atherstone;

"you needn't be so noisy about it. I'll open it myself."

"Naw, you won't," he roared again.

"Don't do anything imprudent," said Miss Rivers, as Lord Atherstone began to dismount.

"I shall do nothing imprudent," said Lord Atherstone. "They said this fellow was perfectly harmless, like all noisy people; but even if he wasn't, one can't let a man speak that way to one." He gave the bridle reins to Miss Rivers, and with a light in his blue eyes began to open the gate. Hardly had he passed through when without a sound the man put down his head and charged straight for the gateway. Miss Rivers screamed, for he was almost on Lord Atherstone before the latter saw him coming.

Just what happened she never knew, but Lord Atherstone suddenly did something. There was a dull double impact, and the next instant the man was lying on the ground motionless. Lord Atherstone turned and rubbed the knuckles of his right hand. "That is what I should call a jolly lucky stop," he observed. "I have no taste for mussin' with mad people."

"Have you killed him?" asked Miss Rivers. She had never seen a knock-out before.

"Oh no," said Lord Atherstone; "he's just a bit stunned. I got him on the



LORD ATHERSTONE SUDDENLY DID SOMETHING

jaw. The really alarmin' thing is that he'll be comin' to any minute."

"Well, I hope so," said Miss Rivers.

"Well, I do too—in a way," said Lord Atherstone; "but he's mad as a hatter, and if he suddenly jumps up half a dozen men won't be able to hold him. Of course we can ride for it, but sometimes they jump up awfully suddenly."

"We can't very well go away till he does jump up," said Miss Rivers.

"No," said Lord Atherstone, "we can't. But what can we do?"

"I have it," said Miss Rivers; "we can tie him. There is always rope around a barn."

She dismounted, tied the horses out of the wind, and presently returned with several halter ropes and a log-chain. When they had him securely tied they held a council. It was decided that first of all Miss Rivers should go to the house, which was some distance from the barn, and notify Miss Jones. In the meantime Lord Atherstone should stand watch. Miss Rivers came back in the course of five minutes and reported the house deserted. "There is positively no one at home," she said, "except a hen on the kitchen table."

"Perhaps it is just as well," said Lord Atherstone; "the sister might not understand the circumstances. A scene would be distressin'."

"The next thing to do," said Miss Rivers, "is to get him off the damp ground and out of the wind. I suppose such things are as bad for crazy people as for us."

Lord Atherstone made several attempts at picking the man up, but he always slipped down again. He was too big and limp. Finally Miss Rivers thought of a wheelbarrow, and with that they wheeled him to the barn and laid him in the straw in a box-stall. Then they each ate a sandwich, Lord Atherstone smoked a cigarette, and they waited for the crazy man to come to.

At half past one he was still "out." At two his condition was unchanged.

"Still," said Miss Rivers, "he *must* come to himself presently, mustn't he?"

"I was out for three days once," observed Lord Atherstone.

"But not from a knock on the jaw," said Miss Rivers.

"Yes, indeed," said Lord Atherstone, "that very thing."

Miss Rivers looked at him in alarm. "If he's going to be out three days," she said, "we might as well begin to do something. We can't stay here; we ought to be on our way to Keeley's now."

"Wait just a few minutes more," said Lord Atherstone.

At three o'clock Miss Rivers was on the point of going for a doctor, when the man opened his eyes for a moment, and Lord Atherstone was of the opinion that he was coming out of it. But then he closed his eyes again, and to all intents and purposes was as before.

"This is worse than waiting for something to boil," said Miss Rivers.

"Don't be impatient," said Lord Atherstone. "He'll be out presently."

"That's all very well to say," said Miss Rivers, "but it will be dark before long, and we don't know how long it will take us to get to Keeley's. We can't put it off, because we've got to go back to town to-morrow for lunch."

"Very true," said Lord Atherstone, "but there is nothing to do about it."

"Yes, there is," said Miss Rivers. "I can telephone!" She suddenly remembered seeing a wire running into the house.

"That is a good idea!" said Lord Atherstone.

"I will call up the doctor," said Miss Rivers, "and tell him to bring a man nurse and come out here at once." She hurried off toward the house, and came back in five minutes radiant. "It's all right," she cried; "he said we needn't wait; he'd come right out, and he knows where to look for him in the box-stall."

As the night was falling, Miss Rivers and Lord Atherstone turned into Mr. Carteret's gateway. For a long time they had met no one on the road who could tell them where Keeley lived, and finally Miss Rivers' horse picked up a nail and went dead lame, which necessitated coming home.

"And to think we've not seen Keeley, after all," said Miss Rivers.

"Don't you be discouraged," Lord Atherstone was saying.

"Discouraged! Me?" exclaimed Miss Rivers, superior to grammar. "Why should I be discouraged? It's simply put off for a day or two."

"That's all," said Lord Atherstone. "I'll come down again."

"You don't know what we went through in the bonnet-makers' strike," Miss Rivers continued. "The police, the mayor, our own families, everybody was in the conspiracy against us, but we won! A setback like this can't discourage *me*."

"That's right," said Lord Atherstone. "You've got a good pluck."

They heard a great many voices all talking at once as they approached Mr. Carteret's library door, and Miss Rivers touched Lord Atherstone on the arm. "I think we had better not mention what happened to us," she said. "They'd be sure to take it as a joke and it might get into the newspapers. They'd have pictures of you knocking the poor crazy man down, and it would be unpleasant."

"But there was no artist present," said Lord Atherstone, uneasily.

"That wouldn't make any difference if they found out that you had been there," said Miss Rivers.

"Perhaps I made a mistake," said Lord Atherstone. "I put my card in the fellow's pocket. It seemed the decent thing to do."

"We can get it back," said Miss Rivers. "But don't let these people know, that's all."

"I'm sure that you are quite right," Lord Atherstone said, and they went in.

"Well!" said Mr. Carteret. "You missed the hunt of the year. Where have you been?"

"We've been lost," said Miss Rivers, "and I don't care to hear about the hunt. I'm not ill-natured, but hearing about hunts that you've missed is worse than being shown photographs of places that you've never been to."

"Isn't she peevish!" said Mr. Colfax, and he and the other ten men who had seen the fox killed went on telling one another how it had happened and what fences they had jumped.

Miss Rivers went to her room and ordered tea there. It never occurred to her that because she had broken her engagement to Mr. Carteret people might think it strange that she should stop in his house even when properly chaperoned. She would have said to such critics, "How odd of you to think so!" for it seemed to her that the fact that they

had been engaged twice implied a good deal in common, and that is the basis of friendship.

At ten o'clock that night the men who were dining with Mr. Carteret had just left the smoking-room and had joined the ladies for a rubber of auction, when Willie Colfax, who had not been of the party, burst in, obviously under a high pressure of excitement. Even before he spoke, his appearance sounded an alarm, for he wore a leather belt buckled over his evening coat, from which hung a .44 six-shooter on one side and a large automatic pistol on the other. "The sheriff wants half a dozen of you fellows for the posse," he said, with great calmness.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Carteret.

"Murder probably," was the answer; "we've got to scour the country. He wants us mounted." He paused for the news to take effect. Forbes broke the silence.

"Who's been murdered?" he asked.

"I can't tell you that," said Mr. Colfax. "I've given the sheriff my word. He doesn't want a crowd of people running out there and muddling up the clues before daylight."

"Don't be ridiculous," said Mrs. Innis, severely. "Tell us what has happened."

Mr. Colfax turned his back upon Mrs. Innis. "What happened was this," he said. "A band of thugs went to a certain farmer's house this afternoon, beat him into insensibility with a crowbar, robbed the premises, and left him tied in a box-stall. He was discovered an hour ago."

Miss Rivers and Lord Atherstone looked at each other in amazement.

"Has he any idea who did it?" asked Mr. Carteret.

"How can he have any idea of anything when he's still unconscious?" said Mr. Colfax. "He'll probably die without ever speaking again."

"But," said Miss Rivers, as if talking to herself, "we telephoned for the doctor a little after four, and he said he'd go right out."

A tense silence hushed the room. "What are you talking about?" said Mr. Carteret.

"Well, you see," said Lord Atherstone,



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THEY WHEELED HIM TO THE BARN

interrupting, "it looks very much to me as if we were the 'band of thugs.'" He began to tell the adventure of the afternoon to the amazed dinner guests, but as he neared the end, Mr. Colfax interrupted him.

"It's queer," he said, "but, you know, this *isn't* our case."

"What makes you think so?" demanded Mr. Carteret.

"I know," said Willie Colfax, "because Crazy Jones isn't the man."

Forbes turned to Lord Atherstone. "What did the man that attacked you look like?" he asked.

"Well," said Lord Atherstone, thoughtfully, "he was rather a biggish sort of fellow with a very large red beard."

"And a scar on his forehead," said Miss Rivers.

"Yes, a pronounced scar," said Lord Atherstone.

"That isn't Jones," said Forbes.

"Then who was it?" said Miss Rivers.

The room was still again, and Mr. Colfax was observed to glance from Miss Rivers to Lord Atherstone, shaking his head and obviously in the throes of an emotion, which increased in intensity as the meaning of the situation came to him.

"What are you laughing at?" demanded Mr. Carteret.

"I can't help it," replied Mr. Colfax. He began to shake. "It's our man, after all," he gasped. "He was wavin' them off his meadows. It's Keeley."

"Keeley?" said Miss Rivers.

"Martin Keeley," said Mr. Colfax; "you've fixed the hunting all right! I couldn't help laughing if it was my own funeral."

Miss Rivers looked at him aghast. Then she looked at Lord Atherstone, the apostle of the golden rule.

At that moment a servant came in. "Beg pardon, your lordship," he said to Lord Atherstone, "but a man named Keeley has just called you up on the telephone."

"Yes?" said Lord Atherstone. All talk had hushed.

"He wished me to inform your lordship that he was quite well, and that he hoped your lordship was not worrying about him, and that he would come to see your lordship in the morning."

"Thank you very much," said Lord Atherstone. The company looked at one another in blank amazement. "I must say," he continued, "that I think that

was most considerate of Mr. Keeley after what happened."

"But you don't think he did it to be considerate?" said Mr. Colfax.

"And why else should he do it?" said Lord Atherstone.

"He wanted to spoil your night's sleep by letting you know that he knows who did him up," said Mr. Colfax. "And he means he'll be after you with a gun in the morning. That's what Keeley means."

"Do you think so?" asked Miss Rivers, in some alarm.

"Not at all," said Lord Atherstone. "The fellow appreciates that he was rude, and he is trying to make up for it. I shall meet him half-way, and I have no doubt that we shall end by being the best of friends."

"I am awfully glad to hear you say that," said Miss Rivers. "I was worried for the moment."

The seventeen people in the room listened as people listen tolerantly to children talking about Santa Claus. They realized that Miss Rivers never had grown up, and that Lord Atherstone never would.

"If any one wishes to play cards, the tables are in the other room," said Mr. Carteret. He was wondering if there was anything that could be done. There was nothing that could be said.

At his breakfast table next morning eight men were gathered and were discussing the situation from a practical point of view. Lord Atherstone had not appeared.

"You can't take a man like that seriously," said Forbes. "Even Keeley will see that."

"All Keeley will see," said Mr. Colfax, "is where to soak him with a rack-stick. If he doesn't I'll eat my hat."

"The hardest thing," said Mr. Carteret, "is going to be to prevent him seeing Keeley alone. We can't offend him by offering him protection. On the other hand, even though he has busted up our hunt, he's our guest. We can't let him be assaulted."

Just then the door opened, and Lord Atherstone and Miss Rivers entered.

"Don't get up," said Miss Rivers. "I've had my breakfast. I've been outside with Lord Atherstone talking to Keeley."

"Has Keeley been here?" said Mr. Carteret.

"Yes," said Lord Atherstone. "They brought word up to my room, and when I came down I went out at once. It was just as I had thought," he went on. "The poor fellow was very apologetic at the thought that we had been worried by the row that the sheriff was making."

The party gazed at him in amazement.

"You don't really mean," said Mr. Colfax, "that Keeley isn't hostile!"

"Well, we've just had a very friendly talk," said Lord Atherstone, going to the sideboard and lifting the covers of the breakfast dishes, "a very friendly talk. He is going to take down the posting-notices on his meadows, and he asked me if I thought you would elect him to the Hunt. There is nothing that you would call 'hostile' about that." Lord Atherstone paused, put on his glasses, inspected a dish of corned-beef hash, and put the cover on it again. "If you will pardon a stranger for making a suggestion," he continued, "I should make him a member of the Hunt, and if some of you gentlemen could conscientiously vote for him for sheriff, I know that he would be enormously pleased. All he wants is a little consideration."

After lifting each of the six covers, he decided on bacon and eggs, as he had done after a somewhat similar ceremony each morning for nearly sixty years. "But there is one more matter that I would ask leave to mention," he continued, as he made his way back to the breakfast table. No one spoke, so he kept on. "Is it quite fair, I ask you, to the land-owner, to jump his fences when hounds are not running, and thus to school your horses at the expense of the Hunt instead of making a schoolin'-ground of your own?"

There was a pause, and then Willie Colfax spoke. "No," he said, "it isn't fair to either one or the other, and I move it be stopped."

"I think that is extremely handsome of you," said Lord Atherstone.

"I think so too," said Miss Rivers.

Mr. Colfax turned pink, but said nothing.

Presently Forbes rose from the table and went and stood with his back to the fire. "I think we are all very grateful



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"THE SHERIFF WANTS HALF A DOZEN OF YOU FELLOWS FOR THE POSSE"

to Atherstone," he said, soberly; "he has saved our hunt."

Just before lunch Mr. Carteret inquired for Miss Rivers, and was told that she was at the stables. He found her in a box-stall inspecting wire-haired fox-terrier puppies. "Sally," he said, "I have just been thanking Atherstone for what he has done—how he ever did it I can't understand—but he said that you

were the person to thank, that you arranged his coming down here. Is that true?"

Miss Rivers nodded without taking her eyes from the puppy that she was examining.

"In that case," Mr. Carteret went on, "I owe you a very humble apology, and I am going to take up the proposition to have a Woman's Auxiliary of the Hunt.



"WE'LL NAME HIM PENWIPER JUNIOR"

You have certainly proved that a woman not only can do things, but that she can pick out the right man to do them, which is harder."

"Of course in a way that is all true," said Miss Rivers, thoughtfully, "and I am glad that you appreciate the value of the woman's intuitive way of going about things. The world would be happier if men generally appreciated it, but all the same I don't want to take too much credit."

"How could you take *too* much credit?" said Mr. Carteret. "It was your idea, the idea that I laughed at, which succeeded. It was your intuition that hit upon the only man in the world that could have done the trick. It was your skill and energy in getting him

to work on the job. It was your courage in sticking to it in the face of all that hard luck."

Miss Rivers looked at Mr. Carteret and smiled mysteriously. "It is rather nice to hear all that," she said. "I think I like praise. I think I should like to live on a pedestal and be a power and an important person." She hesitated. "And that is why," she went on, "I hesitate about giving it all up. It might be better for the cause of woman if I didn't."

"I don't think I understand," said Mr. Carteret. "All I know is that you have demonstrated that you could put a hard thing through by finding the one man in the world that could do it. Call it judgment, intuition, capacity, anything you will."

"What if I called it *luck*?" said Miss Rivers.

"There is no such thing as luck," said Mr. Carteret. "Emerson or somebody said that, and I believe it."

"Then it is probably so," said Miss Rivers; "but it is hard for me to see how even my intuition could tell that they were going to turn out to be old friends."

"Who were going to turn out to be friends?" said Mr. Carteret.

"Why, Atherstone and Keeley," said Miss Rivers. "How did you suppose it was patched up?"

Mr. Carteret looked at Miss Rivers in amazement. "But Atherstone didn't say so," he said.

"Keeley asked him not to," said Miss Rivers. "You see, he's in politics, and he thinks having it known that he was

the old friend of an English lord would hurt him."

"Where were they friends?" asked Mr. Carteret.

"In Ireland," said Miss Rivers. "Keeley's people were tenants. When they were both boys, Atherstone caught Keeley poaching in a snipe bog. Instead of having him arrested he made him fight with him, and Keeley knocked him out. He was knocked out for three days, and when he came to he never would tell who did it. Keeley was always grateful. They didn't recognize each other yesterday, but when Keeley found the card that Atherstone left in his pocket he called him up on the telephone. Now, even a woman's intuition couldn't have known all that, could it?"

There was a gleam in Mr. Carteret's eyes, but his face was grave. "There is something superior to intuition," he said, slowly. "Napoleon called it destiny."

"Perhaps that explains a lot of things," said Miss Rivers. There was an answering sparkle in her eyes, though she too was outwardly serious. "Any-

way," she went on, "I have changed my mind about the Woman's Auxiliary and several other matters. Perhaps it is foolish; I have no doubt that Mrs. Manning could show me that it was foolish, but I think I prefer you to '*the cause*.'"

"Is this a proposal?" said Mr. Carteret.

The pink began to glow in Miss Rivers's face, and she smiled till her strange eyes became gleaming slits fringed with long black lashes. "Yes," she said.

"Then I accept you," replied Mr. Carteret.

The stablemen were all at dinner, and the puppies at their feet growled and snarled and bit and wrestled unnoticed and ignored. Presently Miss Rivers bent down, and rose bearing a little, fat, hairy body with delightful black eyes and foolish little teeth that gnawed ferociously at her gloved thumb. "That is the best one," she said. "He's going to be the image of the old dog."

"We'll name him Penwiper Junior," said Mr. Carteret.

"And he'll be my wedding-present," said Miss Rivers.

Rondeau—To a Lady of Loves

BY CHARLOTTE RUDYARD

LADY of loves, I pray thou love not me!
 Let me go hence lacking my sovereignty,
 Nor lead thee to a dawn that lifts too late.
 Hold me for mere desire, like them that wait—
 Spoilers of love, willing with want of thee;
 Such want is great as all thine ecstasy,
 Such service greater than the want of thee,
 Thou flame-flower to the eyes, and delicate
 Lady of loves.

Fain are thy hands—look then, I let them be!
 And these thy kindling lips, so vainly free—
 Whereby no man shall know thee consecrate,
 Whereto thou mightst have drawn him for thy mate.
 Yet and thou wilt!—I have dealt manfully,
 Lady of loves!

The Golden Rule Dollivers

BY MARGARET CAMERON

IF Galen Corbin had not chosen the morning of June 16th for the interviews concerning the purchase of a large amount of draught gear, the Dollivers would not have been out motoring at all on the 15th, and then the thing could not have happened.

The Dollivers had come from the West, full of energy and a joyous optimism that six months' residence in New York had only strengthened, as will presently be seen; and things had gone so well with them in a business way that Page felt justified in buying the long-coveted automobile, which he was keeping as a surprise for Marjorie on the second anniversary of their marriage, the sixteenth of June. Moreover, he had planned to spend the whole day motoring with her, and to that end had secretly prepared himself to drive the car.

When he found, therefore, on reaching his office on the fifteenth, that he must devote a part of the following day to business, he decided rather to hasten than to defer the moment of presentation, and immediately called up his wife by telephone.

"How would you like to play with me this afternoon?" he began.

"Instead of to-morrow?" she instantly questioned, apprehension in her tone.

"Instead of to-morrow *morning*," he explained. "Wouldn't you rather have two afternoons than a whole day?"

"Why?"

"Well," he temporized, diplomatically, "you won't get so tired, for one thing. Besides, it may rain to-morrow. But it's fine to-day, and I'm not very busy, so if it suits you, I'll come home early and freshen up a bit. Then we'll wander where our fancy listeth, and get luncheon—and perhaps dinner—on the way. How does that strike you?"

"Joyfully, of course. Especially as the bird in the bush may flit before we get to it."

"No, it won't," he promised, laughing. "We'll bag that one, too. We'll surely have two long afternoons together."

Learning that she had shopping to do down-town, he suggested, with an amused appreciation of contrasts, that they should meet at noon at a hotel in Forty-second Street, and thence take a surface car to their apartment on the upper west side. Subsequently he called up the garage and directed that the new automobile be sent to his door at one o'clock, after which he gave all his energies to the business of the day.

Promptly at the appointed hour he met Marjorie at their rendezvous, and they strolled to the corner, where they stood in the sun awaiting a Broadway car, and watching the ceaseless procession of equipages, while she told him of her morning's shopping. Presently there was a pause. Then said she, sighing:

"Why do we always have to wait and wait for a street-car, if we happen to want one, when at home we can hardly hear ourselves think for the clatter of their continual passing?"

"Why in thunder don't we *own* a car?" grumbled her husband, voicing with keen relish an oft-repeated lament. "Who are all these motoring people, that they should roll by in gaudy glory, puffing smoke in our faces, while we sizzle on a curb waiting for a contemptible street-car? Insolent, vulgar, blatant ostentation, I call it!"

Marjorie laughed.

"Oh, well, a street-car isn't so bad if it has open sides," she defended. "At least it's better than the Subway on a day like this."

"But who wants to run on rails, anyhow?" growled Dolliver, with enjoyment. "You're a poor-spirited, submissive sort of a person, after all, Marjorie, content to poke along always on the same track, over a route somebody else has selected for you."



"ONE OF THE JOYS OF HAVING A CAR WOULD BE TO SHARE IT WITH OTHER PEOPLE"

"I'm a woman," she submitted, dimpling.

"Why don't you say you're a married woman, and be done with it?"

"That's so obvious," was the prompt retort. "Why doesn't that car come? I'm cooking!"

"And look at that young reprobate rattling around all by himself in a seven-passenger whale!"

"He looked right at us, too," plaintively said Marjorie. "Now wouldn't you think, when he saw what nice people we are—and anybody can see at a glance that we *are* nice people—and how hot and tired we are—wouldn't you think he'd stop and say, 'If you are going my way, won't you let me take you home?' If we did own a car, Page, we'd do that sometimes, wouldn't we?"

"I wonder if we would?" Dolliver grinned quizzically.

"Of course we would! One of the joys of having a car would be to share it

with other people; and it's so selfish to limit one's sharing to the people one happens to know socially, who can generally be relied upon to make some sort of return in kind. It would be the essence of gladness to give pleasure just for pleasure's sake. Oh, we wouldn't forget all the poor, tired, wistful people on the sidewalks just because we happened to own a car—you know we wouldn't!"

"I hope we wouldn't," he amended, "but, of course, there's the chance that we might be like everybody else when the time came."

"Think of the patient, tired old ladies, waiting on corners like this for crowded street-cars in which nobody would give them a seat, whom we could pick up and whisk home in comfort," continued Marjorie, as enthusiastically as if she were enlarging upon this theme for the first time.

"They'd probably suspect you of dark designs, and refuse to get into the car at all."

"And the worn-out mothers, with little, hot children dragging at their skirts, whom we'd whirl through the Park and out the Drive before we took them home."

"And find the cushions all spotted with sticky finger-marks afterward," teased Dolliver.

"And the nice young people like us, who would enjoy it the more because they'd planned to do that very thing themselves if ever they had a car of their own."

"And who would probably call upon us the next day, or invite us to an Italian *table d'hôte*, sixty-five cents with wine, so we'd take them again," cynically commented her husband; but there was a twinkle in his eye, and his wife shook her head, sagely smiling.

"That's all very well, but you know you'd be just as keen as I would to do things like that sometimes, if we owned a car. You've said so lots of times."

"So I have, and, by jiminy! we'll do some of them sometime, too—when we own an automobile. Meanwhile here comes the belated common carrier to which, at present, we are condemned."

Perhaps this conversation, enkindling as it was, had almost as much to do with what happened later as had the matter of the draught gear, already mentioned, toward which, when they had found seats in the car, Marjorie unconsciously turned the talk.

"By the way," said she, "who's my rival?"

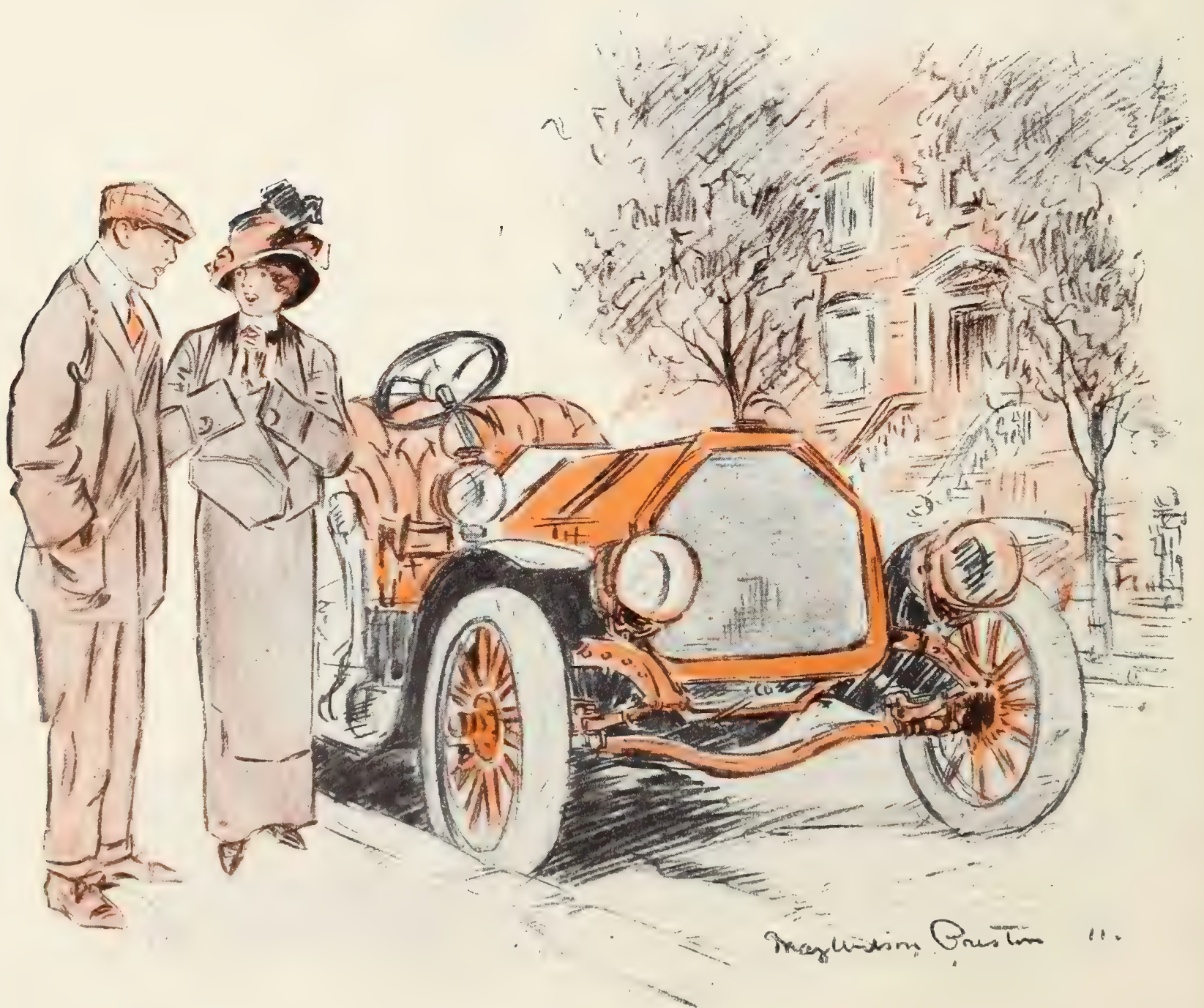
"Rival?"

"Who wants you to-morrow?"

"Well—there is one little matter of business," he admitted.

"Oh?" she murmured, dryly. "You surprise me."

"Really, dear, it won't take long," apologetically, "but I must see one man in the morning."





THERE THEY HAD A DAINTY, DELIBERATE LUNCHEON

"What man?"

"Galen Corbin."

"Who's he?"

"He's the President of the D. & G. L."

"And it's really necessary—to-morrow? He couldn't wait?"

"Wait! Corbin? Great Scott!"

"Well—couldn't he?"

"I dare say he could, but far be it from me to make the suggestion."

"Why?"

"Because he's Galen Corbin, President of the Dixie and Great Lakes Railroad, who is about to place a large order for draught gear for his road, and I'm merely the shackled slave of a concern that is keen to land just as much of that order as we can persuade him to give us. I'm not taking any liberties with him just now."

"No, I suppose not."

"Heretofore Kleinert Brothers have had the lion's share of his business—I told you about it, don't you remember?—and for six months I've been laying my wires to get some of it away from them. Now that he's ready to place the

order, it's up to Corbin to decide which of us gets it, and it's up to me to convince him that ours is the best. He's been out of town for several weeks, and I didn't know he was back until I was notified this morning that he would see me at eleven to-morrow. You see, don't you, what that means?"

"Y-yes, but—we'll never have but one second anniversary, dear. Couldn't somebody else attend to it for you this once?"

"Oh yes, somebody else could. Somebody else could also get the credit for swinging it, if it came out right. And if we lost it, I should always feel that we might have landed it if I had stayed on the job. You see, dear, it will be a big thing for me if I get this, under the circumstances. I'm pretty young to be holding down this job, anyway, and the Kleinerts are hard after us, so it will be a feather in my cap if I win—and I think I shall. I have some friends in Corbin's office who will do what they can, but in the end it depends entirely upon Corbin himself, and by all accounts he's a queer duck."

"What is he like? Do you know him?"

"I've never seen him. Men who have say that he's a crusty beggar, sharp as needles and hard as nails. But since I've been handling this thing from the start, I don't want to turn it over to somebody else just at the crucial moment. You see that, don't you?"

"Perfectly—now."

"And you won't mind my giving a couple of hours to it in the morning?"

"It would be sweetly helpful of me to object to what is so manifestly the best thing for you, wouldn't it?" she evaded.

"You're one treasure," he remarked, knowing how keen her disappointment really was. "We'll make it up to ourselves, somehow."

"Anyway, we have to-day," she philosophized, and remembering what the afternoon held for them of joy, he smiled.

Nor was he disappointed when, at one o'clock, he led her out to the little five-passenger car which at the moment represented to them the fulfilment of their dearest dream. It stood for country in the midst of town, and rest in the heart of endeavor. It stood for a closer companionship with each other, and for a wider, freer, more helpful hospitality than their small apartment enabled them to exercise. And when her delight bubbled over her lips and shone in her eyes, he felt sure for the first time in weeks that he had been justified in postponing her pleasure to make this anniversary time more perfect, while himself reveling in all the joys of anticipation.

They discussed briefly the advisability of inviting friends to join them in this first drive in the new car, but decided that these two afternoons were peculiarly their own. So they set off, very happily, for a certain cool, shadowy, wayside inn which had long attracted them, and there they had a dainty, deliberate luncheon, purposely lingering over each course that they might savor life's new flavor to the full. That was no hackney car awaiting them out under the trees, hired by the hour, and demanding thrift and expedition in its use, but their very own, and in this consciousness lay a delicious sense of space and opulence and leisure, with which they delicately toyed.

It was much later, about four o'clock, when human vitality is ebbing and the

burden of the day lies heavy, that they saw ahead of them an old man plodding along on foot in the heat and dust of the country road. His shoulders were bent, his hair was gray, and as they passed him he paused to wipe the perspiration from his face.

"Oh, Page," cried Marjorie, "did you see that poor old man? Let's pick him up, and take him wherever he's going!"

"What for?" asked her husband, but he slowed up, obediently.

"Because he's old and tired and hot. Let's begin sharing our good fortune this very first day! Do go back and get him!"

"All right," he agreed, smiling into her glowing eyes. "Will you ask him, or shall I?"

"Oh, you," said she. "You, of course."

So he turned the car around, and they trundled back to the plodding figure.

"Good afternoon," said Dolliver. The other man shot a sharp glance at him, and nodded curtly. "It's a hot day for walking. Won't you let us give you a lift?"

"I won't trouble you—thanks," was the rather gruff reply.

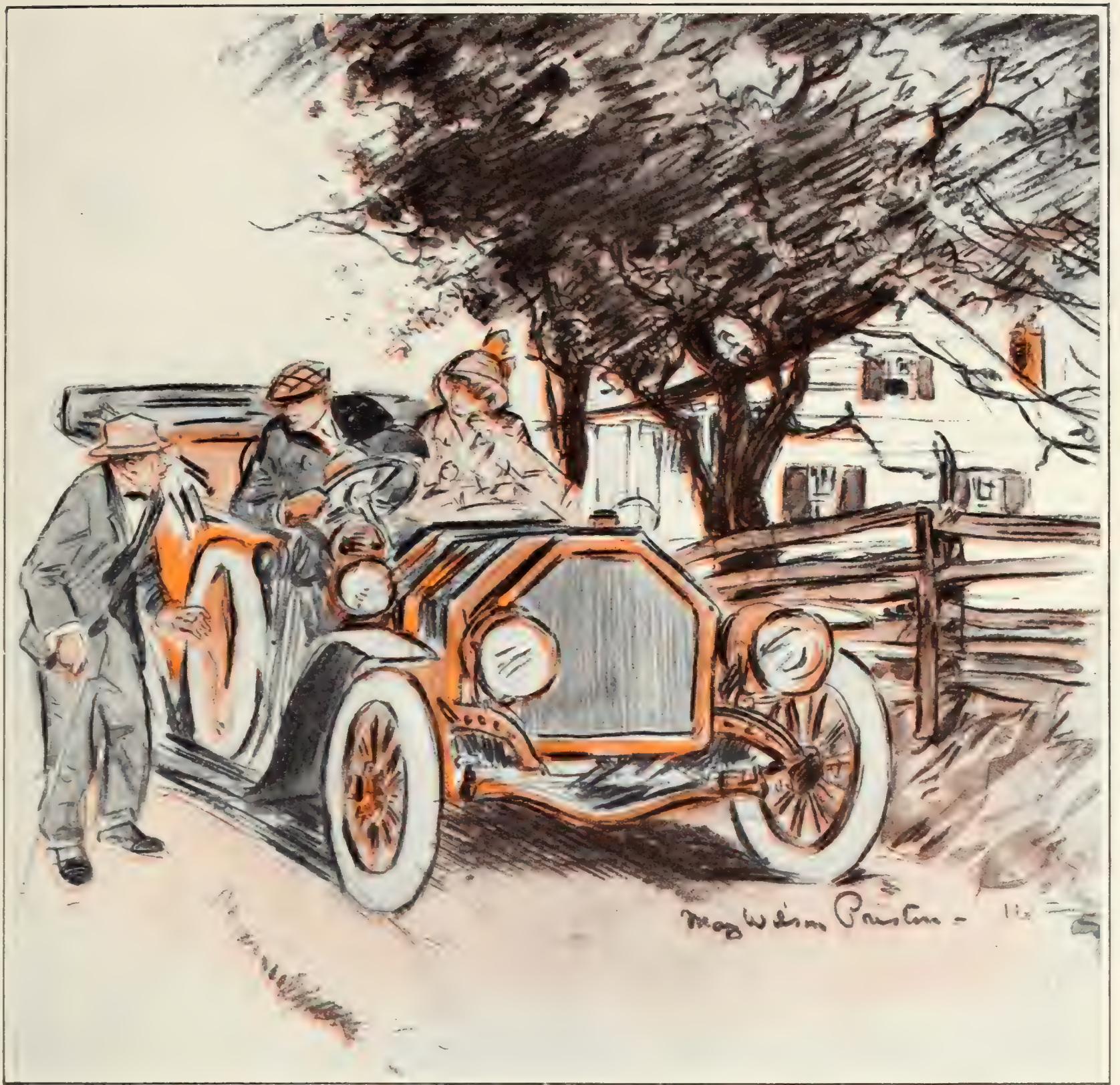
"No trouble at all," declared the younger man. "We're going your way, and—as you see—we have plenty of room. We'll be glad to set you down wherever you like."

"I'm not going far," returned the other, after a second quick scrutiny. "I'll walk."

"Oh, but it's such a hot, dusty stretch of road!" softly interpolated Marjorie, leaning a little forward, and smiling into the grim, unresponsive face. "I can't bear to think of anybody walking it when we have this great empty car. Do come! Won't you?"

"Thank you." He took off his hat—somewhat grudgingly, it seemed—and they saw how the sparse, grizzled hair lay wet upon his brow. "You are very kind. But I don't like to accept favors."

Dolliver stared for a moment, on the brink of indignation, and then laughed a little. The man wore wrinkled, baggy clothes of a dingy gray, his linen was limp and soiled and his shoes trodden out of shape, and it was not difficult to trace a direct connection between his evident intelligence, the apparent adversity of his worldly estate, and the uncompromising



"WON'T YOU LET US GIVE YOU A LIFT?"

stiffness of his manner toward these prosperous young people who so unceremoniously thrust their better fortune upon him. Therefore, though Dolliver laughed, there was a nice admixture of deference and fellowship in his manner as he replied:

"I assure you there's no suggestion of obligation about this—no strings whatever attached. You're on foot and we have an empty tonneau behind here, and we're going the same way. Therefore it's up to us to give you a lift. That's the rule of the road. At least, if it isn't, it ought to be. It's the rule of *our* road, anyhow," he added, smiling at his wife.

"If that is true, how comes your tonneau empty?" A shrewd little twinkle appeared in the man's eyes. "There's

never any lack of people willing to be carried free."

"Well, you can see for yourself that some of our invitations go a-begging," laughed Dolliver. "Perhaps we're selfish, and ask only the people whom we think we'd enjoy carrying on."

"I see. Only the *deserving* poor," said the man in the road, dryly. "Well, then—I will accept your invitation, if it is still open."

"Of course it's open!" heartily cried the younger man, as the other unfastened the door and stepped into the tonneau. "Now, where shall we take you?"

"Straight ahead, if you please, to the nearest trolley line. I think it's about a mile farther on. You see, my machine broke down a couple of miles back there,

on a cross-road, and as my fool of a driver couldn't fix it up, I set out to walk to a trolley." The Dollivers both looked back at him, and, observing the humorous wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, laughed light-heartedly, glad that their passenger was sufficiently at ease to jest.

"Isn't that the depraved tendency of every car?" asked Marjorie, quite as if he were in a position to know. "We are told that even the best behaved of them display a diabolical sagacity in choosing for their demonstrations the spot farthest removed from a town or a telephone."

"That's what mine does," said he. "Doesn't yours?"

"Well—we're not very well acquainted with ours yet," confessed Marjorie. "It's new."

"Then this notion of picking up pedestrians along the road and helping them on their way is new, too?" he asked. "It is not your habit, after all?"

"N-no, it isn't exactly a habit—yet. But it's going to be," she quickly added, intuitively combating some vague, intangible change in him, some shadow of coming disappointment or suspicion. "We've had the idea a long time, but we're just beginning to put it in practice, because, you see, we've only just got the car."

"I see. You mean you are beginning to-day? With me? You've never done a thing like this before?"

"How could we, when we had no car? This is the first time we've had it out. And one has to begin somewhere," she submitted, gently, wondering what there was in the situation to affront even his sensitive pride. "Somebody has to be the first to share it with us, you know."

"That's true enough," said he, and lapsed into silence. But although she did not detect him in it, she felt thereafter that whenever her glance was averted he watched her.

She made one or two further attempts at conversation, to which he replied in monosyllables, and presently they came to the trolley line.

"Here!" said the man in the tonneau. "This is what I want. I'll get out here."

"We haven't anything particular to do," pleasantly suggested Dolliver. "Can't we take you on to your destination?"

"No—thanks. I'll take the trolley here." He stepped out and closed the door. "Much obliged."

"Not at all. It's been a pleasure to us," was the cordial response.

The old man nodded and seemed about to turn away. Then, as if realizing that his acknowledgment had been inadequate, he stepped again toward the car, and looked up into the face of the driver.

"I'm really very much obliged to you," said he. "You saved me a long, hot walk."

"That's all right," Dolliver assured him. "Why shouldn't we offer you a seat when we had three empty? That's one of the things we have this machine for."

"People of your disposition are rare."

"Oh, I don't know," deprecated the young man. "I think lots of people have the disposition, but they hesitate to show it, because it isn't quite according to Hoyle. Most people are conventional, you know, and seem afraid to make a few little rules for themselves."

"The rule you are talking about was made long before either you or Hoyle were born," said the man in the road, slowly. "I didn't know anybody remembered it now."

"What's that, sir?"

"When I was a boy they called it 'The Golden Rule.'"

"Oh—well—no, I'm afraid it isn't anything like that, sir," stammered Dolliver, flushed and embarrassed. "I'm afraid it's only that my wife and I have made a new game for ourselves. We've always wondered why some of the nice people who had automobiles didn't share them occasionally with some of the nice people who hadn't, quite regardless of whether they were acquainted socially or not, and we've always said that if ever we owned a car we'd do that. Well, now we have the car, you see. That's all. It's a game we're playing."

"A game without stakes," suggested the old man, with another of his strange, penetrating glances. "You gain nothing."

"What can we gain—except pleasure?" asked Dolliver, simply.

"H'm! That's very interesting. I should like to know your name."

"Dolliver. Page Dolliver."

"Thank you. I'll not detain you any

longer. I think I hear my car coming. Good afternoon."

They watched the dingy, bent figure cross the tracks, and then looked with delight into each other's eyes.

"Wasn't that fun?" whispered Marjorie. "Oh, Page dear, *wasn't* that delicious? Poor, pitiful, proud old soul!"

"I wonder what he is?" mused Page, slowly starting the car. "The old boy certainly takes himself seriously, doesn't he? He wasn't going to accept anything—not even a lift."

"He was trying to save his pride, poor dear! He thought we were offering him patronage—charity—and wasn't he stiff about it, though! And his pathetic little joke about his own car! Probably the poor old thing never rode in an automobile before in his life."

"I suppose it's possible that he's merely eccentric," considered Dolliver, "in which case he may have left a machine back there somewhere."

"Page! He couldn't own a car! Did you notice his clothes?"

"I did. I also noticed his eye, and it was the eye of a man accustomed to command."

"Oh, his spirit is still high," she conceded. "That's the beautiful part of him. Life may have baffled him, but he's never been wholly defeated. He still has his pride left."

"Well, by George! he has plenty of that!"

"Now, why doesn't a man like that succeed?" pursued Marjorie, earnestly.

"He's intelligent and at least fairly well educated; he doesn't look dissipated and he does look determined. Why should his old age be stripped and hard and poor?"

"Business sense is a queer thing, dearie," said her husband, thoughtfully. "A man may be all that you mention and still not have it. That's probably the trouble with our old friend—though he looks as if he had it. Perhaps he's had money and lost it, or maybe he has so large a family he never got a start."

"Did you notice his allusion to a 'game without stakes,' as if he still felt that it might involve an obligation? And I could have cried when he spoke of the Golden Rule! Poor, disappointed, disillusioned, proud old man!"

"Marjoriecum, I'm going to like this game," announced Page. "It's going to be worth playing."

"Isn't it? Oh, dearest, what a good time we're going to have! And what interesting people we're going to find—and help a little!"

So, in the radiance of a good deed done,

they skimmed through the lengthening shadows, and after dining out-of-doors found their way home in the tender light of the young June moon.

The next morning, promising to come back in time to motor out into the country again for luncheon, Dolliver cheerfully betook himself to the business district. Marjorie saw him no more until after twelve, when he returned less buoyantly, a deep wrinkle between his brows.



"YOU SAVED ME A LONG, HOT WALK"



"THIS IS YOUNG MR. GOLDEN-RULE DOLLIVER, ISN'T IT?"

"What's the matter, dear?" asked his wife. "Didn't you get it?"

"I don't know whether I did or not. I think he thought I lied."

"Who thought you lied?" she indignantly demanded.

"Corbin. Marjorie, do you know who our poor but proud old party was yesterday? He was Galen Corbin, President of the D. & G. L.—"

"Page Dolliver!"

"—Who could buy and sell us several thousand times over, and who probably owns more automobiles at this moment than we shall ever own in all our lives."

"Dearest! That shabby old man?"

"That shabby old man. We wondered why he wasn't successful, you remember. When I was shown into his office this morning there he sat, large as life and twice as natural, in the same old gray suit. But it had been pressed and his shoes had been polished and his collar was clean—and he was Galen Corbin."

"Page! What did you do?"

"Do? Why, I grinned and looked

astonished like the cheerful idiot I am, and said, 'Good morning, sir.'"

"And he?"

"He just sat there behind his desk and looked at me, and his eyes were like two gimlets. 'Oh,' said he, with a crooked, sardonic sort of a smile, 'this is young Mr. Dolliver—Golden-Rule Dolliver, isn't it?'"

"You don't mean that he—wasn't he nice to you?"

"Oh, he was very 'nice'! So 'nice' he gave me creeps up my spine! I immediately expressed my surprise in discovering that we had met before, and said that we had no idea yesterday that we were entertaining so distinguished a guest."

"What did he say to that?"

"He said, 'Undoubtedly!'—just like that," dryly replied her husband. "He also said that I had placed him in my debt, and then without giving me a chance to say another word he reminded me that I was there to talk about draught gear."

"But—why"—Marjorie blinked and gasped—"didn't you explain? Didn't you make him understand—"

"Make him understand nothing!" retorted Dolliver, wrathfully. "He made *me* understand that it was up to me to talk business—and nothing else! Well, I talked business! I talked it hard for one solid half-hour. I never worked so hard in my life. At the end of the half-hour he looked at his watch and said: 'Very well, Mr. Dolliver.'" Page reproduced convincingly the old man's curt, detached manner. "'I'll think this over and let you know my decision within a day or two. Good morning.' And that was all."

"And you think he thought—"

"He thought I knew who he was all the time and that I had tried to work him."

"But—didn't you do anything more? Didn't you say anything?"

"What was there to do or to say? There was just one thing left for me. I went into Jim Stanley's office—he's Corbin's assistant and is rather friendly to us—and told him the whole story. He said he'd sound the old man and try to put me straight with him."

"Oh, dearie, I'm so sorry! But it can't be as bad as you think! Surely he'd never let a little thing like that decide an important matter of business! Perhaps— There's the telephone. Will you answer it?"

"What did I tell you?" exploded Dol-

liver, rejoining her after a moment of excited telephonic conversation. "That was Stanley. Five minutes after I left the office Corbin sent for Kleinert's representative and arranged to give them as much of the order as they can swing, and the rest goes to Hoffman and Jones."

"And you?"

"We don't get a dollar of it! When Jim asked him why, the old man grinned that wicked, crooked grin of his and said: 'That young Dolliver is a leetle—too—smooth. He's so smooth he almost fooled me, but he overdid it. He's just a—leetle—slippery.'"

For some time they discussed the matter with indignation, and she tried in pretty feminine ways to comfort him. Presently, after a silence, he said, sighing:

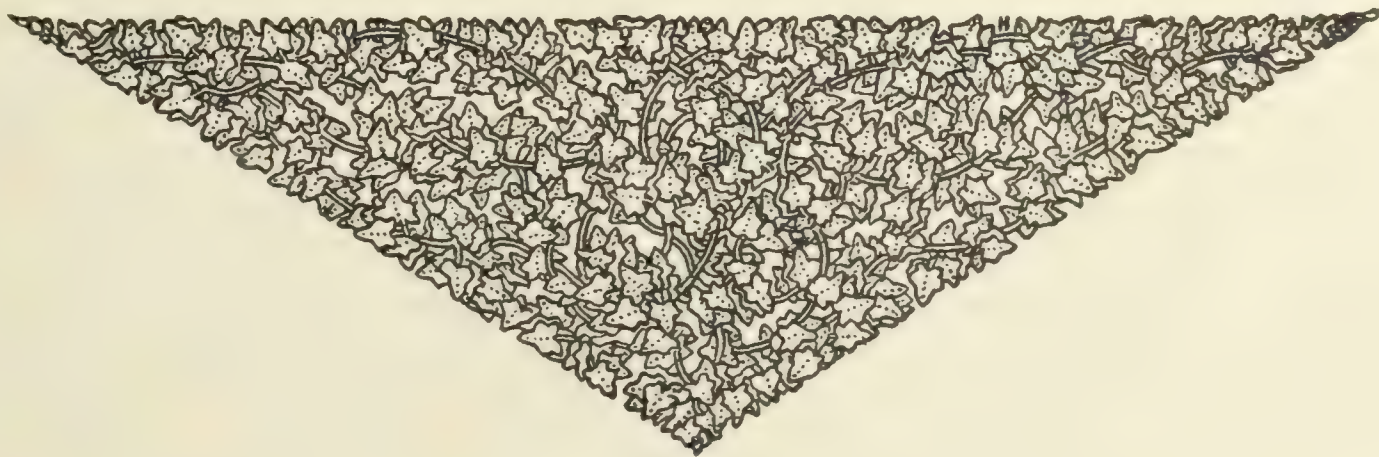
"Well—that's over, and there's no use crying about it now. But I can tell you one thing, anyhow, Marjorie. The next time we see a gray-haired old man moiling along in the dust and heat, he can just keep on trudging!"

"Oh, not every old, tired man is a bloodless corporation," demurred his wife, patting his cheek. "And one rain-drop doesn't make a deluge. Let's try it again, shall we?"

"Not on your life!" stated Dolliver, with decision. "Not any more of that in mine!"

"Just once more?" she coaxed.

"The car's at the door, Mrs. Dolliver," announced the maid.



The Prizes of Chemistry

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor and Director of Industrial Research at the Universities of Pittsburgh and Kansas and Visiting Lecturer at Clark University

THERE is nothing in the action of the present-day forces of Innovation that bears any of the symptoms of past history. For the first time in any known era these aspirational forces have gained control, not through the explosive violence of revolution, but through the processes of evolution. As a result we find ourselves saved from revolution, living in an age intensely dynamic, ignorant of where we are going, but on the way.

As is the case, however, with all evolutionary processes, the new and the old exist in curious and incongruous juxtaposition. This state of affairs is particularly impressive as it refers to the evolution of industrial processes and methods—an evolution which, while it is not proceeding in the open, as with governmental and social conditions, is nevertheless of immense significance to the immediate future.

For example, there came into my office yesterday two letters—one from an industrialist, saying, “One great trouble in business is that men are overtrained in the art of money-making through fraud, manipulation, and in practically stealing it by indirection;” and the other from an inventor *re* the inventor, saying that “the possession of inspirational power is the cause of his financial downfall.” These two men, one the user of invention and the other the inventor, alike express a large agreement in the idea that one generally robs the other—that it is done by “indirection” is not particularly consoling. That they express a fact of past conditions is undeniable to any one who has ever tried to dispose of a new industrial process, but that they express a fact of general contemporary practice would be scandalously untrue. One of the most remarkable features of this swift industrial transformation that is proceeding is the continual replacement of

the common type of commercial pirate, who in the past had directional power over the industries, by men technically trained in the knowledge of the schools and possessed of the determination that their specific type of industry shall win supremacy on its merits and not through the devious paths of business “indirection.” To such men the inventor, the innovator, the man with a new idea, is welcome to a degree that is precisely graduated to what, on the basis of shrewd, careful scientific scrutiny, his idea is probably worth.

To-day, in fact, large fortunes are being accumulated by men of creative genius through the co-operation of corporations anxious, and more than anxious, to conduct their operations through the principles of progressive scientific practice. In order to illustrate the opportunities that are ready to hand for young men of scientific training and creative power, and as well to illustrate the anxiety of these large corporations to eliminate waste and to utilize new ideas, it may be interesting to the reader to place before him a few of the announceable inquiries that in the last five weeks have come before the writer merely in his positional capacity.

To begin: Away up in the silver-mining region of northern Ontario there exist vast deposits, tons upon tons—small hills, in fact—of waste silver-extracted residues from the mines. These residues are rich in *cobalt*. Cobalt is a silver-white metal with a faint suggestion of pink; it is tenacious, it can be readily polished, and it exhibits a high luster. It may be considered as a sister to nickel and a cousin to iron; like iron, for example, it is magnetic. *In the metallic state cobalt has found no application whatever in the arts.* Now, it should be remembered that it is not iron and that it is not nickel, but that as

an elemental substance it possesses properties that differentiate it from every other substance on earth. Having unique properties, it ought to possess unique utilities, and common experience tells us that these unique utilities have only to be sought to be found. As a mere hint of its possibilities, the writer was shown the other day a knife the blade of which consisted not of iron, but of pure cobalt with a trace of chromium.

Of course the future of this metal lies not in imitating iron or steel, but in transcending these for special purposes and in the utilization of its extraordinary wealth of compounds. Altogether, wealth, reputation, and service await the trained *chemist* who has the intelligence and persistence to dig them out of these refuse-deposits of northern Ontario.

As with cobalt, so with *tellurium*, a sister or, it may be, half-sister to sulphur and selenium. For years tellurium residues from certain mining processes have been hawked about university laboratories, looking for this same intelligence and persistence—and so far in vain. One of the very few tellurium utilities with which the writer is acquainted takes advantage of the exceedingly mephitic odor of one of its compounds. It seems that certain society physicians, through this substance, in the form of pills, are able to convey to the breath of patients upon whom it is desired to enforce rest and seclusion—a social impossibility—a truly dignified rôle for one of the eighty-odd elemental components of our universe! Out in Colorado, as a by-product of one of the electrolytic industries, many tons of beautiful, pure metallic tellurium lie piled as briquettes in beautiful inutilities—elemental tellurium, absolutely unique in itself and throughout the full range of its compounds.

Still another element begging utility is *silicon*. In combination, it constitutes more than one-quarter of the crust of the earth; in its elemental condition it is produced at Niagara Falls to the bare extent of about four tons a day, useful for its deoxidizing power in steel manufacture, for the purpose of introducing electrical resistances in electrical circuits (for its resistance is somewhat higher than that of carbon), and, poten-

tially, I should say, for coating in the form of silicide the surface of large steel containers, or possibly even of acting as the actual substance of such containers. Were its utilities fully realized, it would doubtless be produced at the rate of four hundred tons a day.

Writing of pure elemental substances—there is chemically pure iron now produced by an electrolytic process. A pure metal is vastly different from a metal almost pure, and this pure iron (absolutely C. P. but for a trace of hydrogen) is certainly a novelty. The minutest traces of certain impurities may have, either for good or for bad, an astonishing effect. Having, therefore, a metal like iron, fundamentally pure, it may be expected that the addition of metals equally pure will lead to new alloys with new properties. At any rate, it thus begs utilization for unique industrial purposes.

Silver, again, is a metal that has its problems. The tarnishability of silver, particularly to people who live in the smoke-enveloped cities of the present day, is a time and muscle consuming annoyance. It is not surprising, then, that a prominent company manufacturing silverware should inquire as to the possibility of adding small quantities of other elements to silver, with the idea of lessening or eliminating its tendency to tarnish. So far as the writer is aware, no work of any kind whatever has been carried on with such an idea in view, and it thus certainly offers opportunities of distinct promise.

Possibly, of all the anxious inquiries coming in to this department, those pertaining to enamel are the most notable. It is extraordinary, the diversity of demands made by manufacturers for a really resistive enamel with which to coat their wares, and equally extraordinary is the entire inability of manufacturers of enamels to respond to their demands. One manufacturer desires an enamel for coating the malleable iron shells used on the Bunsen burners employed in incandescent gas-lighting mechanisms. The enamel used is destroyed by oxidation and by the ammonia and sulphur found in the gas. Another manufacturer desires an enamel resistive to the reagents used in photography; he manufactures

photographic machinery and photographic trays. Still another is desperately in need of a resistive enamel with which to coat his storage-battery cells. The art of enamelling cooking utensils is practised under medieval conditions of superstition and empiricism, and in no instance do these cooking utensils even remotely approximate the ideal. No enamel in the market intended for the lining of iron or steel containing vessels responds to the needs of manufacturers.

Another subject of inquiry almost equal in importance to that of enamels is that of bleaching agents. We have had to answer many and grievous letters of inquiry from manufacturers desirous of using bleaching agents which do not destroy the fabrics which they bleach. Here is one who manufactures annually some thirty million yards of antiseptic gauze, and here is another who desires to color unfinished yarn without bleaching. The plaint in each case is that bleaching destroys from twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the strength. One anxious inquirer makes horn buttons, and he finds, to his chagrin, that while he can perfectly bleach his buttons, after passing through the laundry *they revert to their original color*. In these and all other bleaching processes it may be said that there is no bleaching agent of an oxidizing character that does not injure the fabric upon which it is employed. Possibly sodium perborate is less injurious than any other.

Still another matter of much contemporary inquiry and anxiety relates to the increasing scarcity of wood—particularly the hard woods. Many men are to-day making and selling composition woods made out of wood-waste—for the most part sawdust. This sawdust is mixed with a binding material, and as such is finding its way into the market as flooring compositions. Still other men manufacture their composition wood out of waste wood-pulp from the paper-factories. Both types of manufacture have the regular tribulations of an unperfected process. Composition wood has an unquestionable future, but its success depends upon the discovery and utilization of a suitable binding material, and this I am sure has been found either in *bakelite*, that remarkably strong and resistive material discovered by Baekeland,

or by *redmanite*, a different substance which is being developed in our laboratories at the University of Kansas. Apart from artificial wood, a great desideratum is artificial wood for special purposes. Thus, owing to the serious depletion of the cork-trees, an artificial cork is desired.

The art of paper-making, into which fifty per cent. of material of pine and hemlock passes, is, according to certain inquiries, by no means in a satisfactory condition. Owing to tariff conditions, actual and potential, and for other reasons, it is necessary now to make paper with qualities different from those that obtained in the past. Thus, a paper is now desired having a higher finish on a lighter weight and for a less cost; this is as yet an unsolved problem. Did the paper-makers but know it, the solution of the problems of paper manufacture and the provision of cheaper paper for all of us that print or read, lies in the transformation of the nitrogenous waste material and residues from the pulp-mills into valuable and utilizable chemical substances. It is incredible that in this age of progress fifty per cent. of the wood should pass heedlessly down the drains. Composition woods and imitation woods are hardly more desired than substitute woods. There is a certain company that uses immense quantities of maple; now, owing to the increased scarcity of maple, its cost has become prohibitive to that branch of manufacture. This company is persuaded that the common gum-tree of the Southern States, when properly treated, would yield a wood capable of substitution for maple, and it would express itself as under infinite obligations to any one who would demonstrate this free of cost.

The wood refuse from the sawmills, cornstalks, waste paper—indeed, all kinds of cellulose refuse are industrially convertible into denatured alcohol, and consequently many inquiries arrive as to the industrial value of such materials. For example, one gentleman in California has immense deposits of the sawdust of fir and of yellow and sugar pine, and all of it beside the way station of a railroad; naturally, he desired “to know a thing or two.” The only hamperment

to the conversion of wood refuse into denatured alcohol is the fact that the process is at present in the hands of one corporation and its ramifying connections; if the holders of wood refuse will but "bide a wee" until such time when, through the exhaustion of an adequate gasoline supply, industrial alcohol becomes inevitable as the source of power for automobiles and other power-consuming mechanisms, they will find their material both useful and valuable.

Finally, in relation to this business of wood supply, there are fiber-making plants whose possibilities are hardly more than suspected. Down in New Mexico there is an immensely plentiful and widespread form of vegetation known as the yucca plant, or, vulgarly, as the "soap-weed" or "bear-grass." This grass yields a fiber of remarkable tensile strength and quality. The only reason that the fiber-making possibilities of the grass have not been exploited is because it has not been properly investigated by men of scientific education and training. Consequently, when there is needed a suitable solvent for the gummy matter between the fibers or an efficient bleaching agent for the fibers themselves, the people interested in "bear-grass" are as helpless as babes.

Farther south, in old Mexico, there are people worriedly concerned with one of the rubber-trees of that region, the *Castilloa elastica*, as to the best method of tapping these trees and the subsequent management of the milk. In New York they are also worried about rubber, for they desire to print rubber sheets "as per sample, after the cloth has been finished"; it seems that the present printing of rubber rubs off.

One of the most interesting problems as related to fruits concerns the utilization of cull oranges and lemons. "Culls" are oranges or lemons that are deformed or over-ripe or under-ripe or that are slightly bruised. Out of the 30,000 cars of oranges shipped last year from California, the contents of at least 600 cars were thrown away. In Florida they cull at least 50,000 boxes a year, but the growers would gladly cull 250,000 boxes if they had but a profitable use for them. We have recently been highly honored by the Florida Citrus Exchange in placing with us, at the University of Pittsburgh,

this problem for solution. We hope to succeed by preserving the juice of these waste oranges in such a way that it does not conflict in the slightest degree with the pure-food laws. We hope also to extract and utilize the oil which the rinds contain, the bitter principles underneath the rinds, and the citric-acid constituent of the juice itself.

But if the Western coast is interested in oranges, it is also interested in oysters. In far-away Seattle the oystermen are deeply concerned to utilize science to the furtherance of their business. The Western oyster is a curious little undersized creature, markedly different in its nature and in its ways from the oyster of the Eastern coast; for one thing, it is hermaphrodite. So different, indeed, are the two types of oyster that no knowledge gained of the Atlantic oyster is applicable to that of the Pacific. The Western growers desire not only to increase the output of the oysters natural to that habitat, but as well to transplant the Eastern oyster to the Western coast.

One of the most remarkable inquiries from the far West relates to a new use for a species of kelp or seaweed, abundant on the Western coast. Certain individuals have succeeded, through long experimenting, in emptying its cells and in extracting from the cell-walls its nauseating taste, in such a fashion that they have been able to refill the cell-cavities with food products and to make of the otherwise worthless sea-kelp a valuable food; they desire a market for their products, which are kelp-candies, jams, and pickles.

Another set of queries, wholly different from those that we have so far considered, concerns uses for raw materials. Despite the extent to which the raw materials of manufacture have been exploited and segregated in ownership, there still remain deposits valuable but not understood by the owners. Men wish to know what to do with large deposits of oil shale near Vermillion, Ohio. Some of this rock, a short time ago, caught fire and burned continuously for eight weeks. A lady in California possesses 350 acres of diatomaceous earth valuable for polishing metals, as mineral wool in cold-storage plants, in place of asbestos for steam-pipe coverings, as the "dope" for

the absorption of nitroglycerin in dynamite, in the manufacture of fire-proof brick, and for many other purposes; she wishes to know what she can do with it. Over in Utah there exist immense deposits of asphaltic substances whose uses, already manifold for varnishes, soaps, binding material, will be infinitely extended. To such an extent is this impressed upon certain men that they have established with us at the University of Kansas a research for this specific object.

Problems of manufacture in the traditional industries swarm in upon us—problems that a few years ago were not only not worried over, but were not known.

Is it possible to recolor and refinish leather? Certainly it is. In the process of chrome tanning, the flanks and shoulders of hides are flat, very, very flat, in the mineral tannage employed. The best answer I can give to such a question is that were I a young chemist seeking an *arbeit*, I should plunge into leather for a life's work. What science does not know about leather would fill volumes.

Shoe-blackening? How to color it, how to treat waxes to produce certain results, and how to arrive at certain results by combining waxes. Is it possible to improve the art?

Ink also has its troubles. A man wishes to dissolve Ghatti gum and at the same time preserve its adhesive properties. A lady writes from a town where the water is hard, suggesting that we should discover a hard-water soap—*i. e.*, a soap the curds of which in hard water would not stick to the sides of the bathtub, as she says, "closer than a brother!" It merely means the discovery of a soap whose calcium and magnesium salts are soluble—a legitimate object of research with not improbably a successful ending.

Then there is glue; a certain manufacturer desires a water-proof glue for holding down the strips of artificial flooring to the floor. But this is a mere incident; as a matter of fact, if there is one substance of which we are densely ignorant, chemically, physically, and biologically, it is glue, and it is therefore a real pleasure to announce the establishment at the University of Pittsburgh of a fellowship for an investigation into the very fundamentals of glue, which, by

the way, involve all colloidal chemistry, a new-born branch of chemistry that hardly anybody knows anything about.

Passing rapidly over announceable problems as they appear—the dentists are desperately in need of a cement that is "absolutely" insoluble in the mouth; manufacturers of toilet preparations need a method of compressing powdered pumice, for "mixing it with Portland cement is not satisfactory." The glass-makers are eagerly desirous of a method of manufacturing a ruby glass in the pots, for, as it is and always has been, the ruby color of the glass flashes out only on one or more reheatings—an expensive operation. A certain enormous manufactory of artificial cereals in packages is seriously concerned with the damage to these same packages by rats, and it desires, if possible, some method of making these packages distasteful to rats without conflicting with the pure-food laws. Another, equally huge in the extent of its manufacture and its operations, is embarrassed through the curious fact that while grasshoppers will have nothing to do with binder-twine made of imported flax, they avidly devour the domestic product, and with a consequent loss of a million a year to the company concerned, to say nothing of its loss of reputation among the farmers. Manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations long ago found that they could preserve the widely used hydrogen peroxide by the addition of small quantities of acetanilide, etc., but now, under the slogan, "Let the label tell," they are embarrassed, never imagining that in all likelihood the decomposition of hydrogen peroxide is due to the catalytic influence of the small quantities of alkali in the glass of the containing vessels.

On the northern coast of Western America the shipping interests need an efficient anti-fouling and anti-corrosive paint for the hulls of iron vessels: they are at present paying \$2.60 for one and \$1.35 for the other, and the merits of both are "alleged." Science has still to discover a paint that, once on the hull of an iron vessel, will actually and truly prevent fouling and corrosion. Very interesting is the desire of one company to utilize its vast deposits of fluor-spar in the

manufacture of hydrofluoric acid, the only objection to the wide-spread use of hydrofluoric acid being the melancholy fact that it attacks glass. On the basis of contemporary knowledge, however, it is easy to indicate methods of coating glass that would make it a safe containing vessel for hydrofluoric acid.

More numerous than any others are inquiries concerning varnish; literally, everybody everywhere demands better varnish. The blades of safety razors are a subject of some inquiry. The remarkably high price of a certain type of these blades suggests that the manufacturers thereof might readily afford an investigation into the steel out of which they are made, particularly with a view to making them a little less rustable. Why cannot the manufacturers of lubricating oils sell their product without admixture with animal fats, which, in certain types of engines, are exceedingly objectionable. They *will* mix in these fats to such an extent that it is almost impossible to obtain lubricating oils free from them. There is no thermo-couple used in industrial operations that is a satisfactory measurer of high temperatures; it is not surprising, then, that queries arrive as to the possibilities of research for the production of high-temperature thermometers.

The great business of transporting bananas, cocoanuts, and so on, from the West Indies, leads to the question as to what these transporting companies do with their immense quantities of banana trash, as well as to what use they put the husks of cocoanuts. The question is easily answered; they do nothing; and yet this banana trash is a valuable product, and the husks of cocoanuts have at least paper-making possibilities. The people of America have been so busy buying essential oils and perfumes from Europe that they have not as yet realized that many plants indigenous to their own country possess oils of high value whose extraction would be profitable; at present these plants cover the fields and forests, only to sink back into the soil. Let the reader who has naturally an interest in such a subject look up the price of oil of wintergreen, and then let him speculate as to why he should not plant the berries of

the wintergreen under his own hardwood trees, and annually thereafter distil the oil from the resulting cut plants; nobody as yet has tried to do this. The present practice is the old practice—that of sending out people over the countryside who ruthlessly pull up the plants and extract the oil by means of portable stills—naturally an expensive and destructive process.

Among so many inquiries, it is inevitable that there should be some stamped with the hall-mark of the old-time “inventor.” I am recommended, for example, to a certain mud as a sure cure for rattlesnake bite, and to the exploits of a certain ancient tramp of Iowa who is able to burn out cesspools with a pinch of powder. One earnest “inventor” has a method of removing the rind of potatoes, the loss of which in kitchen practice exceeds seventeen per cent.; another desires to make a shaving cream instead of soap; still another has “invented” a method of obviating the necessity of “licking” postage-stamps and envelopes; while a gentleman in the North is “positive” that the study of arteriosclerosis would eliminate old age and death. Why do not these ingenious people realize that solid opportunities for wealth lie everywhere at hand? Consider the fact that it is only necessary to bore a small depression in a phonograph record at the end of the script to insure that the needle will stop the machine without the necessity of nervously waiting to “turn it off”; since the phonograph people do not know this, it should be “worth money” to their informant.

The many and important actual opportunities that lie everywhere at hand for applying scientific knowledge and the scientific method to the manufacturing needs of men make one frankly consider why trained and earnest men should devote laborious days to making diketotetrahydroquinazoline or some equally academic substance, while on every side these men are needed for the accomplishment of real achievement in a world of manufacturing waste and ignorance.

The inquiries listed above are but a fraction of those that we might disclose. They are illustrative and significant of the transformation that is sweeping over American industry.

Comrades

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

IN the late May evening the soul of summer had gone suddenly incarnate, but the old man, indifferent and petulant, thrashed upon his bed. He was not used to being ill, and found no consolations in weather. Flowers regarded him observantly—one might have said critically—from the tables, the bureau, the window-sills: tulips, fleurs-de-lis, pansies, peonies, and late lilacs, for he had a garden-loving wife who made the most of "the dull season," after crocuses and daffodils, and before roses. But he manifested no interest in flowers; less than usual, it must be owned, in Patience, his wife. This was a marked incident. They had lived together fifty years, and she had acquired her share of the lessons of marriage, but not that ruder one given chiefly to women to learn—she had never found herself a negligible quantity in her husband's life. She had the profound maternal instinct which is so large an element in the love of every experienced and tender wife; and when Reuben thrashed profanely upon his pillows, staring out of the window above the vase of jonquils, without looking at her, clearly without thinking of her, she swallowed her surprise and tolerantly thought:

"Poor boy! To be a veteran and can't go!"

Her poor boy, being one-and-eighty, and having always had health and her, took his disappointment like a boy. He felt more outraged that he could not march with the other boys to decorate the graves to-morrow than he had been, or had felt that he was, by some of the important troubles of his long and, on the whole, comfortable life. He took it unreasonably; she could not deny that. But she went on saying, "Poor boy!" as she usually did when he was unreasonable. When he stopped thrashing and swore no more she smiled at him brilliantly. He had not said anything worse

than "damn!" But he was a good Baptist, and the lapse was memorable.

"Peter?" he said. "Just h'ist the curtain a mite, won't you? I want to see across over to the shop. Has young Jabez locked up everything? Somebody's got to make sure."

Behind the carpenter's shop the lush tobacco-fields of the Connecticut valley were springing healthily. "There ain't as good a crop as there gener'llly is," the old man fretted.

"Don't you think so?" replied Patience. "Everybody says it's better. But you ought to know."

In the youth and vigor of her no woman was ever more misnamed. Patient she was not, nor gentle, nor adaptable to the teeth in the saw of life. Like wincing wood, her nature had resented it, the whole biting thing. All her gentleness was acquired, and acquired hard. She had fought like a man to endure like a woman, to accept, not to writhe and rebel. She had not learned easily how to count herself out. Something in the sentimentality or even the piety of her name had always seemed to her ridiculous; they both used to have their fun at its expense; for some years he called her Impatience, degenerating into Imp if he felt like it. When Reuben took to calling her Peter, she found it rather a relief.

"You'll have to go without me," he said, crossly.

"I'd rather stay with you," she urged. "I'm not a veteran."

"Who'd decorate Tommy then?" demanded the old man. "You wouldn't give Tommy the go-by, would you?"

"I never did—did I?" returned the wife, slowly.

"I don't know's you did," replied Reuben Oak, after some difficult reflection. Patience did not talk about Tommy. But she had lived Tommy, so she felt, all her married life, ever since

she took him, the year-old baby of a year-dead first wife who had made Reuben artistically miserable. Oh, she had "lived Tommy," God knew. Her own baby had died, and there were never any more. But Tommy lived and clamored at her heart. She began by trying to be a good stepmother. In the end she did not have to try. Tommy never knew the difference; and his father had long since forgotten it. She had made him so happy that he seldom remembered anything unpleasant. He was accustomed to refer to his two conjugal partners as "My wife and the other woman."

But Tommy had the blood of a fighting father, and when the *Maine* went down, and his chance came, he, too, took it. Tommy lay dead and nameless in the trenches at San Juan. But his father had put up a tall gray slate-stone slab for him in the churchyard at home. This was close to the baby's; the baby's was little and white. So the veteran was used to "decorating Tommy" on Memorial Day. He did not trouble himself about the little white gravestone then. He had a veteran's savage jealousy of the day that was sacred to the splendid heroisms and sacrifices of the sixties.

"What do they want to go decorating all their relations for?" he argued. "Ain't there three hundred and sixty-four days in the year for *them*?"

He was militant on this point, and Patience did not contend. Sometimes she took the baby's flowers over the day after.

"If you can spare me just as well's not, I'll decorate Tommy to-morrow," she suggested, gently. "We'll see how you feel along by that."

"Tommy's got to be decorated, if I'm dead or livin'," retorted the veteran. The soldier father struggled up from his pillow, as if he would carry arms for his soldier son. Then he fell back weakly. "I wisht I had my old dog here," he complained, "my dog Tramp. I never did like a dog like that dog. But Tramp's dead, too. I don't believe them boys are coming. They've forgotten me, Peter. You haven't," he added, after some slow thought. "I don't know's you ever did, come to think."

Patience, in her blue shepherd-plaid gingham dress and white apron, was standing by the window—a handsome

woman, a dozen years younger than her husband; her strong face was gentler than most strong faces are—in women. Her hair was not yet entirely white, and her lips were warm and rich. She had a round figure, not overgrown. There were times when she did not look over forty. Two or three late jonquils that had outlived their calendar in a cold spot by a wall stood on the window-sill beside her; these trembled in the slant, May afternoon light. She stroked them in their vase, as if they had been frightened or hurt. She did not immediately answer Reuben, and when she did, it was to say abruptly:

"Here's the boys! They're coming—the whole of them!—Jabez Trent, and old Mr. Succor, and David Swing on his crutches. I'll go right out 'n' let them all in."

She spoke as if they had been a phalanx. Reuben panted upon his pillows. Patience had shut the door, and it seemed to him as if it would never open. He pulled at his gray flannel dressing-gown with nervous fingers; they were carpenter's fingers—worn, but supple and intelligent. He had on his old red night-cap, and he felt the indignity, but he did not dare to take the cap off; there was too much pain underneath it.

When Patience opened the door she nodded at him girlishly. She had preceded the visitors, who followed her without speaking.

The veterans filed in slowly—three aged, disabled men. One was lame, and one was palsied; one was blind, and all were deaf.

"Here they are, Reuben," said Patience Oak. "They've all come to see you. Here's the whole Post."

Reuben's hand went to his red night-cap. He saluted gravely.

The veterans came in with dignity—David Swing, and Jabez Trent, and old Mr. Succor. David was the one on crutches, but Jabez Trent, with nodding head and swaying hand, led old Mr. Succor, who could not see.

Reuben watched them with a species of grim triumph. "I ain't blind," he thought, "and I hain't got the shakin' palsy. Nor I hain't come to crutches, either."

He welcomed his visitors with a distinctly patronizing air. He was conscious

of pitying them as much as a soldier can afford to pity anything. They seemed to him very old men.

"Give 'em chairs, Peter," he commanded. "Give 'em *easy* chairs. Where's the cushions?"

"I favor a hard cheer myself," replied the blind soldier, sitting solid and straight upon the stiff bamboo chair into which he had been set down by Jabez Trent. "I'm sorry to find you so low, Reuben Oak."

"*Low!*" exploded the old soldier. "Why, nothing partikler ails *me*. I hain't got a thing the matter with me but a spell of rheumatics. I'll be spry as a kitten catchin' grasshoppers in a week. I can't march to-morrow—that's all. It's darned hard luck. How's your eyesight, Mr. Succor?"

"Some consider'ble better, sir," retorted the blind man. "I calc'late to get it back. My son's goin' to take me to a city eye-doctor. I ain't only seventy-eight. I'm too young to be blind. 'Tain't as if I was onto crutches, or I was down sick abed. How old are *you*, Reuben?"

"Only eighty-one!" snapped Reuben.

"He's eighty-one last March," interpolated his wife.

"He's come to a time of life when folks *do* take to their beds," returned David Swing. "Mebbe you could manage with crutches, Reuben, in a few weeks. I've been on 'em three years, since I was seventy-five. I've got to feel as if they was relations. Folks want me to ride to-morrow," he added, contemptuously, "but I'll march on them crutches to decorate them graves, or I won't march at all."

Now Jabez Trent was the youngest of the veterans; he was indeed but sixty-eight. He refrained from mentioning this fact. He felt that it was indelicate to boast of it. His jerking hand moved over toward the bed, and he laid it on Reuben's with a fine gesture.

"You'll be round—you'll be round before you know it," he shouted.

"I ain't deaf," interrupted Reuben, "like the rest of you." But the palsied man, hearing not at all, shouted on:

"You always had grit, Reuben, more'n most of us. You stood more, you was under fire more, you never was afraid of anything—What's rheumatics? 'Tain't Antietam."

"Nor it ain't Bull Run," rejoined Reuben. He lifted his red nightcap from his head. "Let it ache!" he said. "It ain't Gettysburg."

"It seems to me," suggested Jabez Trent, "that Reuben he's under fire just about now. *He* ain't used to bein' disabled. It appears to me he's fightin' this matter the way a soldier 'd oughter. Comrades, I move he's entitled to promotion for military conduct. He'd rather than sympathy—wouldn't you, Reuben?"

"I don't feel to deserve it," muttered Reuben. "I swore to-day. Ask my wife."

"No, he didn't!" blazed Patience Oak. "He never said a thing but 'damn.' He's getting tired, though," she added, under breath. "He ain't very well." She delicately brushed the foot of Jabez Trent with the toe of her slipper.

"I guess we'd better not set any longer," observed Jabez Trent. The three veterans rose like one soldier. Reuben felt that their visit had not been what he expected. But he could not deny that he was tired out; he wondered why. He beckoned to Jabez Trent, who, shaking and coughing, bent over him.

"You'll see the boys don't forget to decorate Tommy, won't you?" he asked, eagerly. Jabez could not hear much of this, but he got the word Tommy, and nodded.

The three old men saluted silently, and when Reuben had put on his nightcap he found that they had all gone. Only Patience was in the room, standing by the jonquils, in her blue gingham dress and white apron.

"Tired?" she asked, comfortably. "I've mixed you up an egg-nog. Think you could take it?"

"They didn't stay long," complained the old man. "It don't seem to amount to much, does it?"

"You've punched your pillows all to pudding-stones," observed Patience Oak. "Let me fix 'em a little."

"I won't be fussed over!" cried Reuben, angrily. He gave one of his pillows a pettish push, and it went half across the room. Patience picked it up without remark. Reuben Oak held out a contrite hand.

"Peter, come here!" he commanded. Patience, with her maternal smile, obeyed.

"You stay, Peter, anyhow. Folks don't amount to anything. It's *you*, Peter."

Patience's eyes filled. But she hid them on the pillow beside him—he did not know why. She put up one hand and stroked his cheek.

"Just as if I was a johnnyquil," said the old man. He laughed, and grew quiet, and slept. But Patience did not move. She was afraid of waking him. She sat crouched and crooked on the edge of the bed, uncomfortable and happy.

Out on the street, between the house and the carpenter's shop, the figures of the veterans bent against the perspective of young tobacco. They walked feebly. Old Mr. Succor shook his head:

"Looks like he'd never see another Decoration Day. He's some considerable sick—an' he ain't young."

"He's got grit, though," urged Jabez Trent.

"He's pretty old," sighed David Swing. "He's consider'ble older 'n we be. He'd ought to be prepared for his summons any time at his age."

"We'll be decorating *him*, I guess, come next year," insisted old Mr. Succor. Jabez Trent opened his mouth to say something, but he coughed too hard to speak.

"I'd like to look at Reuben's crop as we go by," remarked the blind man. "He's lucky to have the shop 'n' the crop too."

The three turned aside to the field, where old Mr. Succor appraised the immature tobacco leaves with seeing fingers.

"Connecticut's a *great* State!" he cried.

"And this here's a great town," echoed David Swing. "Look at the quota we sent—nigh a full company. And we had a great colonel," he added, proudly. "I calc'late he'd been major-general if it hadn't 'a' been for that infernal shell."

"Boys," said Jabez Trent, slowly, "Memorial Day's a great day. It's up to us to keep it that way—Boys, we're all that's left of the Charles Darlington Post."

"That's a fact," observed the blind soldier, soberly.

"That's so," said the lame one, softly.

The three did not talk any more; they walked past the tobacco-field thoughtfully. Many persons passed or met

them. These recognized the veterans with marked respect, and with some perplexity. What! Only old blind Mr. Succor? Just David Swing on his crutches, and Jabez Trent with the shaking palsy? Only those poor, familiar persons whom one saw every day, and did not think much about on any other day? Heroes? These plain, obscure old men? *Heroes?*

So it befell that Patience Oak "decorated Tommy" for his father that Memorial Day. The year was 1909. The incident of which we have to tell occurred twelve months thereafter, in 1910. These, as I have gathered them, are the facts:

Time, to the old, takes an unnatural pace, and Reuben Oak felt that the year had sprinted him down the race-track of life; he was inclined to resent his eighty-second March birthday as a personal insult; but April cried over him, and May laughed at him, and he had acquired a certain grim reconciliation with the laws of fate by the time that the nation was summoned to remember its dead defenders upon their latest anniversary. This resignation was the easier because he found himself unexpectedly called upon to fill an extraordinary part in the drama and the pathos of the day.

He slept brokenly the night before, and waked early; it was scarcely five o'clock. But Patience, his wife, was already awake, lying quietly upon her pillow, with straight, still arms stretched down beside him. She was careful not to disturb him. Patience had the genius of love. She was endowed with love as a great poet is by song, or a musician by harmony, or an artist by color or form. She loved supremely, but her husband had never found it out. They were two plain people—a carpenter and his wife, plodding along the Connecticut valley industriously, with the ideals of their kind: to be true to their marriage vows, to be faithful to their children, to pay their debts. There were times when it occurred to Patience that she took more care of Reuben than Reuben did of her; but she dismissed the matter with a phrase common in her class, and covering for women most of the perplexity of married life: "You know what men are."

On the morning of which we speak, Reuben Oak had a blunt perception of the fact that it was kind in his wife to take such pains not to wake him till he got ready to begin the tremendous day before him; she always was considerate if he did not sleep well. He put down his hand and took hers with a sudden grasp, where it lay gentle and still beside him.

"Well, Peter," he said, kindly.

"Yes, dear," said Patience, instantly. "Feeling all right for to-day?"

"Fine," returned Reuben. "I don't know when I've felt so spry. I'll get right up 'n' dress."

"Would you mind staying where you are till I get your coffee heated?" asked Patience, eagerly. "You know how much stronger you always are if you wait for it. I'll have it on the heater in no time."

"I can't wait for coffee to-day," flashed Reuben. "I'm the best judge of what I need."

"Very well," said Patience, in a disappointed tone. For she had learned the final lesson of married life—not to oppose an obstinate man for his own good. But she slipped into her wrapper and made the coffee, nevertheless. When she came back with it, Reuben was lying on the bed in his flannels, with a comforter over him; he looked pale, and held out his hand impatiently for the coffee.

His feverish eyes healed as he watched her moving about the room. He thought how young and pretty her neck was when she splashed the water on it.

"Goin' to wear your black dress?" he asked. "That's right. I'm glad you are. I'll get up pretty soon."

"I'll bring you *all* your clothes," she said. "Don't you get a mite tired. I'll move up everything for you. Your uniform's all cleaned and pressed. Don't you do a thing!"

She brushed her thick hair with up-raised, girlish arms, and got out her black serge dress and a white tie. He lay and watched her thoughtfully.

"Peter," he said, unexpectedly, "how long is it since we was married?"

"Forty-nine years," answered Patience, promptly. "Fifty, come next September."

"What a little creatur' you were, Peter—just a slip of a girl! And how you did take hold—Tommy and everything."

"I was 'most twenty," observed Patience, with dignity.

"You made a powerful good step-mother all the same," mused Reuben. "You did love Tommy, to beat all."

"I was fond of Tommy," answered Patience, quietly. "He was a nice little fellow."

"And then there was the baby, Patience. Pity we lost the baby! I guess you took that harder 'n I did, Peter."

Patience made no reply.

"She was so dreadful young, Peter. I can't seem to remember how she looked. Can you? Pity she didn't live! You'd 'a' liked a daughter round the house, wouldn't you, Peter? Say, Peter, we've gone through a good deal, haven't we—you 'n' me? The war 'n' all that—and the two children. But there's one thing, Peter—"

Peter came over to him quietly, and sat down on the side of the bed. She was half dressed, and her still beautiful arms went around him.

"You'll tire yourself all out thinking, Reuben. You won't be able to decorate anybody if you ain't careful."

"What I was goin' to say was this," persisted Reuben. "I've always had you, Peter. And you've had me. I don't count so much, but I'm powerful fond of you, Peter. You're all I've got. Seems as if I couldn't set enough by you, somehow or nuther."

The old man hid his face upon her soft neck.

"There, there, dear!" said Patience. "Don't you think you'd better be getting dressed, Reuben? The procession's going to start pretty early. Folks are moving up and down the street. Everybody's got flowers— See?"

Reuben looked out of the window and over the pansy-bed with brilliant, dry eyes. His wife could see that he was keeping back the thing that he thought most about. She hurried his breakfast and brought the tray to him. He ate because she asked him to, but his hands shook. It seemed as if he clung wilfully to the old topic, escaping the new as long as he could, to ramble on.

"You've been a dreadfully amiable wife, Peter. I don't believe I could have got along with any other kind of woman."

"I didn't used to be amiable, Reuben."



Howard E. Smith

Painting by Howard E. Smith

"WE'RE ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE CHARLES DARLINGTON POST"

I wasn't born so. I used to take things hard. Don't you remember?"

But Reuben shook his head.

"No, I don't. I can't seem to think of any time you wasn't that way. Sho! How 'd you get to be so, then, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, just by loving, I guess," said Patience Oak.

"We've marched along together a good while," answered the old man, brokenly.

Unexpectedly he held out his hand, and she grasped it; his was cold and weak; but hers was warm and strong. In a dull way the divination came to him—if one may speak of a dull divination—that she had always been the strength and the warmth of his life. Suddenly it seemed to him a very long life. Now it was as if he forced himself to speak, as he would have charged at Fredericksburg. He felt as if he were climbing against breastworks when he said:

"I was the oldest of them all, Peter. And I was sickest, too. They all expected to come an' decorate *me* to-day." Patience nodded, without a word.

"I wouldn't of believed it, Peter; would you? Old Mr. Succor he had such good health. Who'd thought he'd tumble down the cellar stairs? If Mis' Succor 'd be'n like you, Peter, he wouldn't had the chance to tumble: I never would of *thought* of David Swing's havin' pneumonia—would you, Peter? Why, in '62 he slept onto the ground in peltin', drenchin' storms an' never sneezed. He was powerful well 'n' tough, David was. And Jabez! Poor old Jabez Trent! I liked him the best of the lot, Peter. Didn't you? He was sorry for me when they come here that day an' I couldn't march along of them. . . . And now, Peter, I've got to go an' decorate *them*."

"I'm the last livin' survivor of the Charles Darlington Post," added the veteran. "I'm going to apply to the Department Commander to let me keep it up. I guess I can manage someways. *I won't be disbanded*. Let 'em disband me if they can! I'd like to see 'em do it. Peter? *Peter!*"

"I'll help you into your uniform," said Patience. "It's all brushed and nice for you."

She got him to his swaying feet, and dressed him, and the two went to the

window that looked upon the flowers. The garden blurred yellow and white and purple—a dash of blood-red among the late tulips. Patience had plucked and picked for Memorial Day, she had gathered and given, and yet she could not strip her garden. She looked at it lovingly. She felt as if she stood in pansy lights and iris air.

"Peter," said the veteran, hoarsely, "they're all gone, my girl. Everybody's gone but you. You're the only comrade I've got left, Peter. . . . And, Peter, I want to tell you—I seem to understand it this morning. Peter, you're the best comrade of 'em all."

"That's worth it," said Patience, in a strange tone—"that's worth the—high cost of living."

She lifted her head. She had an exalted look. The thoughtful pansies seemed to turn their faces toward her. She felt that they understood her. Did it matter whether Reuben understood her or not? It occurred to her that it was not so important, after all, whether a man understood his wife, if he only loved her. Women fussed too much, she thought. If you loved a man you must take him as he was. Better any fate than to battle with the man you love for what he did not give, or could not give.

"I 'most wish 't you could march along of me," muttered Reuben Oak. "But you ain't a veteran."

"I don't know about that." Patience shook her head, smiling, but it was a sober smile.

"Tommy can't march," added Reuben. "He ain't here; nor he ain't in the graveyard either. There's only one other person I'd like to have go along of me. That's my old dog—my dog Tramp. That dog thought a sight of me. The United States army couldn't have kep' him away from me. But Tramp's dead. I don't know when I've thought of Tramp before. Where's he buried, Peter? Oh yes, come to think, he's under the big chestnut. Wonder we never decorated him, Peter."

"I have," confessed Patience. "I've done it quite a number of times. Reuben—Listen! I guess we've got to hurry. Seems to me I hear—"

"You hear drums," interrupted the old soldier. Suddenly he flared like light-

wood on a camp-fire, and, before his wife could speak again, he had blazed out of the house.

The day had a certain unearthly beauty—most of our Memorial Days do have. Sometimes they scorch a little, and the processions wilt and lag. But this one, as we remember, had the climate of a happier world and the temperature of a day created for marching men—old soldiers who had left their youth and strength behind them, and who were feebler than they knew.

The Connecticut valley is not an emotional part of the map, but the town was alight with a suppressed feeling, intense, and hitherto unknown to the citizens. They were graver than they usually were on the national anniversary which had come to mean remembrance for the old and indifference for the young. There was no baseball in the village that day. The boys joined the procession soberly. The crowd was large but thoughtful. It had collected chiefly outside of the Post hall, where four old soldiers had valiantly sustained their dying organization for now two or three astonishing years.

The band was outside, below the steps; it played the "Star-spangled Banner" and "John Brown's Body" while it waited. For some reason there was a delay in the ceremonies. It was rumored that the chaplain had not come. Then it went about that he had been summoned to a funeral, and would meet the procession at the churchyard. The chaplain was the pastor of the Congregational church. The regimental chaplain, he who used to pray for the dying boys after battle, had joined the vanished veterans long ago. The band struck up "My Country, 'tis of Thee!" The crowd began to press toward the steps of the Post hall and to sway to and fro restlessly.

Then slowly there emerged from the hall, and firmly descended the steps, the Charles Darlington Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. People held their breaths, and some sobbed. They were not all women, either.

Erect, with fiery eyes, with haughty head—shrunk in his old uniform, but carrying it proudly—one old man walked out. The crowd parted for him, and he looked neither to the right nor to the

left, but he fell into the military step and began to march. In his aged arms he carried the flag of the Post. The military band preceded him, softly playing "Mine eyes have seen the glory," while the crowd formed into procession and followed him. From the whole countryside people had assembled, and the throng was considerable.

They came out into the street and turned toward the churchyard—the old soldier marching alone. They had begged him to ride, though the distance was small. But he had obstinately refused.

"This Post has always marched," he had replied.

Except for the military music and the sound of moving feet or wheels, the street was perfectly still. No person spoke to any other. The veteran marched with proud step. His gray head was high. Once he was seen to put the flag of his company to his lips. A little behind him the procession had instinctively fallen back and left a certain space. One could not help the feeling that this was occupied. But they who filled it, if such there had been, were invisible to the eye of the body. And the eyes of the soul are not possessed by all men.

Now the distance, as we have said, was short, and the old soldier was so exalted that it had not occurred to him that he could be fatigued. It was an astonishing sensation to him when he found himself unexpectedly faint.

Patience Oak, for some reasons of her own hardly clear to herself, did not join the procession. She chose to walk abreast of it, at the side, as near as possible, without offense to the ceremonies, to the solitary figure of her husband. She was pacing through the grass, at the edge of the sidewalk—falling as well as she could into the military step. In her plain, old-fashioned black dress, with the fleck of white at her throat, she had a statuesque, unmodern look. Her fine features were charged with that emotion which any expression would have weakened. Her arms were heaped with flowers—bouquets and baskets and sprays; spiræa, lilacs, flowering almond, peonies, pansies, all the glory of her garden that opening summer returned to her care and tenderness. She was tender with everything—a man,

a child, an animal, a flower. Everything blossomed for her, and rested in her, and yearned toward her. The emotion of the day and of the hour seemed incarnate in her. She embodied in her strong and sweet personality all that blundering man has wrought on tormented woman by the savagery of war. She remembered what she had suffered—a young, incredulous creature, on the margin of life, avid of happiness, believing in joy, and drowning in her love for that one man, her husband. She thought of the slow news after slaughtering battles—how she waited for the laggard paper in the country town; she remembered that she dared not read the head-lines when she got them, but dropped, choking and praying God to spare her, before she glanced. Even now she could feel the wet paper against her raining cheek. Then her heart leaped back, and she thought of the day when he marched away—his arms, his lips, his groans. She remembered what the dregs of desolation were, and mortal fear of unknown fate; the rack of the imagination; and inquisition of the nerve—the pangs that no man-soldier of them all could understand. “It comes on women—war,” she thought.

Now, as she was stepping aside to avoid crushing some young white clover-blossoms in the grass where she was walking, she looked up and wondered if she were going blind, or if her mind were giving way.

The vacant space behind the solitary veteran trembled and palpitated before her vision, as if it had been peopled. By what? By whom? Patience was no occultist. She had never seen an apparition in her life. She felt that if she had not lacked a mysterious, unknown gift, she should have seen spirits, as men marching, now. But she did not see them. She was aware of a tremulous, nebulous struggle in the empty air, as of figures that did not form, or of sights from which her eyes were holden. Ah—what? She gasped for the wonder of it. Who was it that followed the veteran, with the dumb, delighted fidelity that one race only knows, of all created? For a wild instant this sane and sensible woman could have taken oath that Reuben Oak was accompanied on his march by his old dog, his dead dog, Tramp. If it had

been Tommy— Or if it had been Jabez Trent— And where were they who had gone into the throat of death with him at Antietam, at Bull Run, at Fair Oaks, at Malvern Hill? But there limped along behind Reuben only an old, forgotten dog.

This quaint delusion (if delusion we must call it) aroused her attention, which had wavered from her husband, and concentrated it upon him afresh. Suddenly she saw him stagger.

A dozen persons started, but the wife sprang and reached him first. As she did this, the ghost dog vanished from before her. Only Reuben was there, marching alone, with the unpeopled space between him and the procession.

“Leave go of me!” he gasped. Patience quietly grasped him by the arm, and fell into step beside him. In her heart she was terrified.

“I’ll march to decorate the Post—and Tommy—if I drop dead for it!” panted Reuben Oak.

“Then I shall march beside you,” answered Patience.

“What ’ll folks say?” cried the old soldier, in real anguish.

“They’ll say I’m where I belong. Reuben! Reuben! I’ve *earned the right to.*”

He contended no more, but yielded to her—in fact, gladly, for he felt too weak to stand alone. Inspiring him, and supporting him, and yet seeming (such was the sweet womanliness of her) to lean on him. Patience marched with him before the people; and these saw her through blurred eyes, and their hearts saluted her. With every step she felt that he strengthened. She was conscious of endowing him with her own vitality.

So the veteran and his wife came on together to the cemetery, with the flags and the flowers.

In the churchyard it was pleasant and expectant. The morning was cool, and the sun climbed gently. Not a flower had wilted; they looked as if they had been planted and were growing on the graves. When they had come to these, Patience Oak held back. She would not take from the old soldier his precious right. She did not offer to help him “decorate” anybody. His trembling fingers clutched at the flowers as if he had been handling shot or nails. His breath came short.

"Hadn't you better sit down and rest?" she whispered. But he paid no attention to her, and crawled from mound to mound. She perceived that it was his will to leave the new-made graves until the others had been remembered. Then he tottered across the cemetery with the flowers that he had saved for David Swing and old Mr. Succor and Jabez Trent, and the cheeks of the Charles Darlington Post were wet. Last of all he "decorated Tommy."

As his sacred task drew to its end he grew remote, elate, and solemn. It was as if he were transfigured into something strange and holy. A village carpenter? A Connecticut tobacco-planter? Rather, say, the glory of the nation, the guardian of a great trust, proudly carried, and honored to its end.

Taps were sounding over the old graves and the new, when the veteran slowly sank to one knee and toppled over. Patience, when she got her arms about him, saw that he had fallen across the mound where he had decorated Tommy with her white lilacs. Beyond lay the baby. The wife sat down on the little grave and drew the old man's head upon her lap.

"You *shall not* die!" she said.

She gathered him and poured her powerful being upon him—breath, warmth, will, prayer, who could say what it was? She felt as if she took hold of tremendous, unseen forces and moved them by unknown powers.

The flag had fallen from his arms at last; he had clung to it till now. The chaplain reverently lifted it and laid it at his feet.

Once his white lips moved, and the people hushed to hear what outburst of patriotism would issue from them—what tribute to the cause that he had fought

for, what final apostrophe to his country or his flag.

"Peter?" he called, feebly. "*Peter!*"

But Peter had said he should not die. And Peter knew. Had not she always known what he should do, or what he could? He lay upon his bed peacefully when, with tears and smiles, in reverence and in wonder, they had brought him home—and the flag of the Post, too. By a gesture he had asked to have it hung upon the foot-board of his bed.

He turned his head upon his pillow and watched his wife with wide, reflecting eyes. It was a long time before she would let him talk; in fact, the May afternoon was slanting to dusk before he tried to cross her tender will about that matter. When he did, it was to say only this:

"Peter? I was goin' to decorate the baby. I meant to when I took that turn."

Peter nodded.

"It's all done, Reuben."

"And, Peter? I've had the queerest notions about my old dog Tramp to-day. I wonder if there's a johnnyquil left to decorate *him*?"

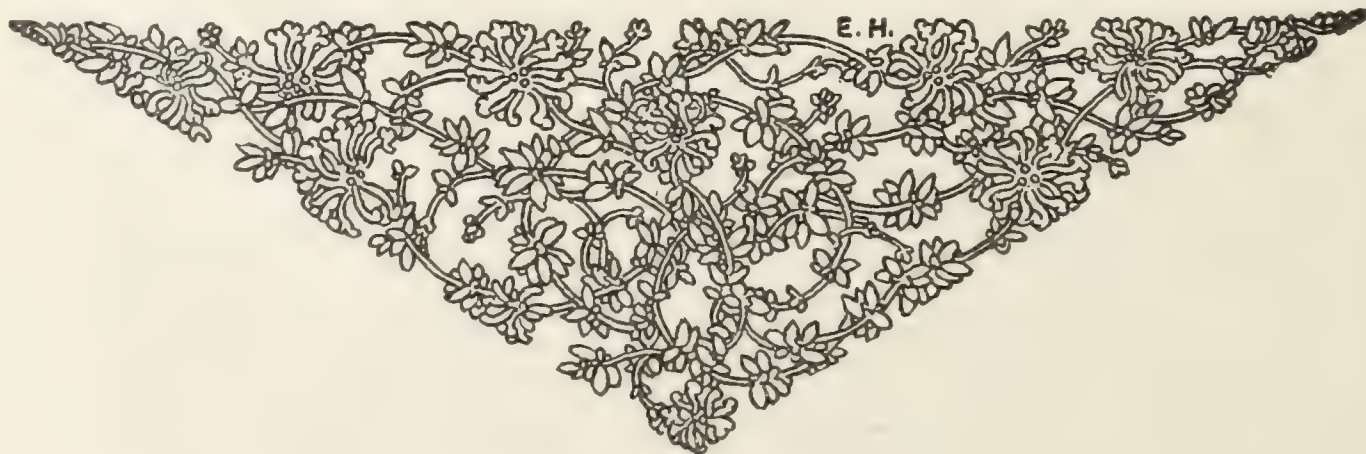
"I'll go and see," said Peter. But when she had come back he had forgotten Tramp and the johnnyquil.

"Peter," he muttered, "*this has been a great day.*" He gazed solemnly at the flag.

Patience regarded him poignantly. With a stricture at the heart she thought:

"He has grown old fast since yesterday." Then joyously the elderly wife cried out upon herself: "But I am young! He shall have all my youth. I've got enough for two—and strength!"

She crept beside him and laid her warm cheek to his.



The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XXXII

IT was not a confession; it was a statement. In the next distressing hour, during which Robert Ferguson succeeded in drawing the facts from Blair's sister, there was not the slightest consciousness of wrong-doing. Over and over, with soft stubbornness, she asserted her conviction: "It was right to do it. Mamma wanted to give the money to Blair. But she couldn't write her name. So I wrote it for her. It was right to do it."

"Nannie," her old friend said, in despair, "don't you know what the law calls it, when one person imitates another person's handwriting for such a purpose?"

"You can call it anything you want to," she said, passionately. "I call it carrying out Mamma's wishes. And I would do it over again this minute."

Robert Ferguson was speechless with dismay. To find rigidity in this meek mind, was as if, through layers of velvet, through fold on fold of yielding dulness that gave at the slightest touch, he had suddenly, at some deeper pressure, felt, under the velvet, granite!

"It was right," she said, fiercely, trembling all over, "it was right, because it was necessary. Oh, what do your laws amount to, when it comes to dying? When it comes to a time like that! She was *dying*—you don't seem to understand—Mamma was dying! And she wanted Blair to have that money; and just because she hadn't the strength to write her name, you would let her wish fail. Of course I wrote it for her! Yes; I know what you call it. But what do I care what it is called, if I carried out her wish and gave Blair the money she wanted him to have? Now he has got it, and nobody can take it away from him."

Mr. Ferguson looked over at his niece and shook his head; how were they to make her understand? "Nannie," he said, "Blair can't keep this money. When he understands that it isn't his, he will hand it back to the estate, and then it will come to you."

"To me?" she said, astounded. And he explained that she was her step-mother's residuary legatee. She looked blank, and he told her the meaning of the term.

"I understand that the estate is going to meet the bequests with a fair balance,—and as that balance will come to you, this money you gave to Blair will be yours, too."

She had been standing, with Elizabeth's pitying arms about her; but at the shock of his explanation she seemed to collapse. She sank down in a chair, panting: "It wasn't necessary! I could have just given it to him."

Later, when Robert Ferguson was walking home with his niece, he, too, said grimly: "No; it 'wasn't necessary,' as she says, poor child! She could have given it to him; just as she will give it to him, now. Well, well, to think of that mouse, Nannie, upsetting the lion's plans!"

Elizabeth was silent.

"What I can't understand," he ruminated, "is how that signature could pass at the bank; a girl like Nannie able to copy a signature so that a bank would not detect it!"

"She has always copied Mrs. Maitland's writing," Elizabeth said; "that last week Mrs. Maitland said she could not tell the difference herself."

Robert Ferguson looked perfectly incredulous; "It's astounding!" he said; "and it would be impossible,—if it hadn't happened. Well, come along home with me, Elizabeth. I think I'd better tell

you just how the matter stands, so that you can explain it to Blair. I don't care to see him myself—if I can help it. But in the matter of transferring the money to the estate, we must keep Nannie's name out of it, and I want you to tell him how he and I must patch it up."

"When he returns it, I suppose the executors will give it at once to David?" she said.

"Of course not. It will belong to the estate. Women have no financial moral sense!"

"Oh," Elizabeth said; and pondered.

Just as he was pulling out his latch-key to open his front door, she spoke again: "If Nannie gives it back to him, Blair will have to send it to David, won't he?"

"I can't go into Mr. Blair Maitland's ideals of honor," her uncle said dryly. "Legally, if Nannie chooses to make him a gift, he has a right to keep it."

She made no reply. She sat down at the library table opposite him, and listened without comment to the information which he desired her to convey to Blair. But long before she got home, Blair had had the information. . . .

Nannie, left to herself, after that distressing interview, sat there in Mrs. Maitland's desolate room, with her face hidden in her hands. *She needn't have done it.* That was her first clear thought. The strain of that dreadful hour alone in the dining-room, with Death behind the locked door, had been unnecessary! As she realized how unnecessary, she felt a resentment that was almost anger, at such a waste of pain. Then into the resentment crept a little fright. Mr. Ferguson's words about wrong-doing began to have meaning. "Of course it was against the law," she told herself, "but it was not wrong,—there is a difference." It was incredible to her that Mr. Ferguson did not see the difference. Then it occurred to her that she had better go at once to the River House, and tell her brother the whole story. "If Mr. Ferguson is going to make a fuss, Blair had better pay the money back right off; I'll give it to him the minute it comes to me; but he will know what to do now."

She ran up-stairs to her own room, and began to dress to go out, but she

was so nervous that her fingers were all thumbs; "I don't want Elizabeth to tell him," she said to herself; and tried to hurry, dropping her hat-pin and mislaying her gloves; "oh, where is my veil!" she said, frantically.

She was just leaving her room when she heard Blair's voice in the lower hall: "Nancy! Where are you?"

"I'm coming," she called back; and came running down-stairs. "Oh, Blair dear," she said, "I want to see you so much!" By that time she was on the verge of tears, and the flush of worry in her cheeks made her so pretty that her brother looked at her appreciatively.

"Black is mighty becoming to you, Nancy. Nannie dear, I have something to tell you. Come into the parlor!" His voice, as he put his arm around her and drew her into the room, had a ring in it which caught her attention, in spite of her own preoccupation. "Sit down!" he commanded; and then, standing in front of her, his handsome face alert, he told her that he had made up his mind not to contest his mother's will. "I pitched up a penny," he said, gaily; "I was sick and tired of the uncertainty. 'Heads, I fight; tails, I cave.' It came down tails," he said, with a half-sheepish laugh. "Well, it will please Elizabeth if I don't fight. I will go into business. I can get a partnership in Haines's office. He is a stock-broker, you know."

Nannie's attention had flagged; in the nature of things, she could not understand how important this decision was, nor was she interested to know how far he had been influenced, by the flip of a penny, to abide by his reluctant conviction that in any effort to break the will, legal odds would be heavily against him. In fact, he hardly knew himself how much the hopelessness of litigation weighed in that penny judgment, for he was perfectly sincere in his reluctance to take any step which might indicate a contempt for his mother's late (if inadequate) repentance. So, thanks to the penny, he was going to accept it, and make his own fortune. He was going to stand on his own legs! He was going to buy Elizabeth's interest in him and his affairs—buy even her admiration,—by making the sacrifice of not fighting for his rights. It was the fervor of sacrifice that brought

him, glowing, to tell his sister of his decision. When he had finished, he waited for her outburst of approval.

But she only nodded nervously; "Blair," she said, "Mr. Ferguson says you've got to give back that money; Mamma's check, you know."

"What?" Blair said; he had sauntered over to the piano, and as he spoke he struck a crashing octave; "what on earth do you mean?"

"Well, he—I—" it had not occurred to Nannie that it would be difficult to tell Blair, but suddenly it seemed impossible. "You see, Mamma didn't exactly—sign the—the check."

"What are you talking about?" Blair said, suddenly attentive.

"She wanted you to have the money," Nannie began, faintly.

"Of course she did; but what do you mean about not signing the check 'exactly'?" In his bewilderment, which was not yet alarm, he took hold of her arm, and shook it, laughing; "Nancy, what is all this stuff?"

"I—I did it—for her," Nannie said.

"Did what?"

"Signed it."

"Nannie, I don't understand you; do you mean that Mother made you endorse that certificate? Nancy, for Heaven's sake, talk straight!" He was uneasy now; perhaps some ridiculous legal complication had arisen. "Some of their everlasting red tape! Fortunately, I've got the money all right," he said to himself, dryly.

"She wrote the first part of it," Nannie began, stammering with the difficulty of explaining what had seemed so simple; "but she hadn't the strength to sign her name, so I—did it for her."

Her brother looked at her aghast. "Did she tell you to?"

"No; she . . . was dead."

"Good God!" he said. The shock of it made him feel faint. He sat down, too dumfounded for speech.

"I—I had to, you see," Nannie explained, breathlessly; she was very much frightened—far more frightened than when she had told Mr. Ferguson. "I had to, because—because Mamma couldn't. She was . . . not alive."

Blair suddenly put his hands over his face. "You forged Mother's name!"

His consternation was like a blow; she cringed away from it: "No; I—I just wrote it."

"Nannie!"

"Somebody had to," she insisted, faintly.

Blair sprang to his feet and began to pace up and down the room. "This is awful. I haven't a cent!"

"Oh," she said, with a gasp, "as far as that goes it doesn't make any difference—except about time. Mr. Ferguson said it didn't make any difference. I'll give it all back to you as soon as I get it. Only you'll have to give it back first."

"Nannie," he said, "for Heaven's sake, tell me *straight*, the whole thing."

She told him as well as she could; speaking with that minute elaboration of the unimportant so characteristic of minds like hers and so maddening to the listener. Blair, in a fury of anxiety, tried not to interrupt, but when she reached Mr. Ferguson's assertion that the certificate had been meant for David Richie, the angry color suddenly dropped out of his face.

"For—*him*? Nannie!"

"No, oh no! It wasn't for David, except just at first—before—not when—" She was perfectly incoherent. "Let me tell you," she besought him.

"If I thought she had meant it for—him, I would send it to him before night! Tell me everything," he said, passionately.

"I'm trying to," Nannie stammered, "but you—you keep interrupting me. I'll tell you how it was if—if you'll just let me, and not keep interrupting. Perhaps she did plan to give it to David. Mr. Ferguson said she planned to more than two years ago. And even when she was sick Mr. Ferguson thinks she still meant to."

"I'll fight that damned will to my last breath!" he burst out. Following the recoil of disgust at the idea of taking anything—"anything *else*"—that belonged to David Richie came the shock of feeling that he had been tricked into the sickly sentimentality of forgiveness. "I'll break that will if I take it through every court in the land!"

"But, Blair! Mamma *didn't* mean it for him at the last. Don't you see? Oh, Blair, listen! Don't be so—terrible; you

frighten me," Nannie said, squeezing her hands hard together in the effort to keep from crying. "Listen: she told me on Wednesday—the day before she died—that she wanted to give you a present. She said, 'I must give him a check.' You see, she was beginning to realize how wrong her will was; but of course she didn't know she was going to die or she would have changed it."

"That doesn't follow," Blair said.

"Then came the last day"—Nannie could not keep the tears back any longer—"the last day; but it was too late to do anything about the will. Why, she could hardly speak, it was so near the—the end. And then all of a sudden she remembered that certificate. And she opened her eyes and looked at me with such relief—as if she said to herself, 'I can give him that!' And she told me to bring it to her. And she kept saying, 'Blair—Blair—Blair.' And, oh, it was pitiful to see her *hurry* so to write your name! And then she wrote it, but before she could sign her name, her hand sort of—fell. And she tried so hard to raise it so she could sign it; but she couldn't. And she kept muttering that she *had* written it 'many times—many times'—I couldn't just hear what she said; she sort of—mumbled, you know. Oh—it was dreadful!"

"And then?" Blair said, breathlessly. Nannie was speechless.

"Then?" he insisted, trembling.

"Then . . . she died," Nannie whispered.

"But the signature! The signature! How—"

"In the night I—" She stopped; terror spread over her face as wind spreads over a pool. "In the night, at three o'clock, I came down-stairs and—" She stopped, panting for breath. He put his arm around her soothingly.

"Try and tell me, dear. I didn't mean to be savage." His face had relaxed now and he breathed more freely. Of course it was dreadful, this thing Nannie had done—but it was not so dreadful as the thought that he had taken money intended for David Richie. When he had quieted her, and she was able to speak again, she told him just what she had done there in the dining-room at three o'clock in the morning.

"But didn't you know it was wrong?"

he said; "that it was a criminal offense!" He could not keep the dismay out of his voice.

"I did it for Mamma's sake and yours," she said, quailing.

"Well," he said, and in his relief at knowing that he need not think of David Richie he was almost gay—"well, you mustn't tell any one else your motive for committing a—"

Nannie winced, and he laughed. "I won't say it. But you must be careful, Nancy. I have no desire to see my sister indicted." Then he frowned; of course in the end he would suffer no loss, but the immediate situation was delicate and troublesome. "I'll have to go and see Mr. Ferguson, I suppose," he said; and again he charged Nannie to hold her tongue. "Things really might get serious, dear, if anybody but Mr. Ferguson knew about it. Don't tell a soul; promise me?"

She promised, and Blair left her very soberly. The matter of the money was comparatively unimportant; it was his, subject only to the formality of its transfer to the estate. But that David Richie should have been connected even indirectly with his personal affairs was exquisitely offensive to him—and Elizabeth knew about it! "She's probably been sitting there—looking like that robin—thinking about him all day," he said to himself angrily, as he hurried back to the hotel. There seemed to be no escape from David Richie. "I feel like a dog with a dead hen hanging round his neck," he said to himself, in grimly humorous disgust; "I can't get away from him."

He found his wife in their parlor at the hotel, but she was not in that listless attitude that he had grown to expect,—huddled in a chair in the window, her chin in her hand, her eyes watching the slow roll of the river. Instead she was keenly alert.

"Blair!" she said, almost before he had closed the door behind him; "I have something to tell you."

"I know about it," he said, gravely; "I have seen Nannie."

Elizabeth looked at him in silence.

"Would you have supposed that Nannie, Nannie, of all people! would have had the courage to do such a

thing?" he said, nervously; it occurred to him that if he could keep the conversation on Nannie's act, perhaps that—that name could be avoided. "Think of the mere courage of it,—to say nothing of its criminality."

"She didn't know she was doing wrong."

"No; of course not. But it's a mighty unpleasant matter."

"Uncle says it can be arranged so that her name needn't come into it."

"Oh, of course," he agreed.

Elizabeth did not speak, but the look in her eyes was a demand.

"It's going to be rather tough for us," Blair said, "to wait until she hands it over to me."

"To *you*?" Elizabeth said.

The moment had come! He came and knelt down beside her, and kissed her; she did not repulse him. She continued to look at him steadily. Then, very gently, she said, "And when Nannie gives it to you, what will you do with it?"

Blair drew in his breath as if bracing himself for a struggle. Then he got on his feet, pulled up one of the big, plush-covered arm-chairs, took out his cigarette-case, and struck a match. His hand shook. "Do with it? Why, invest it. I am going into business, Elizabeth. I decided to this morning. If you would care to know why I have given up the idea of contesting the will, I'll tell you. I don't want to bore you," he ended, wistfully. Apparently she did not hear him.

"Did Nannie tell you," she said, "that that money was meant for a hospital?"

Blair sat up straight, and the match, burning slowly, scorched his fingers. He threw it down, with an exclamation; his face was red with his effort to speak quietly. "She told me of your uncle's misunderstanding of the situation. There is no possible doubt that my mother meant the money for me. If I thought otherwise—"

"If you will talk to Uncle Robert, you will think otherwise."

"Of course I will go and see Mr. Ferguson; I shall have to, to arrange about the transfer of the money to the estate, so that it can come back to me through the legitimate channel of a gift from Nannie; in other words, she will carry out my mother's purpose legally, instead

—poor old Nannie!—of carrying it out criminally, as she tried to do. But I will not go to your uncle to discuss my mother's purpose, Elizabeth. I am perfectly satisfied that she meant to give me that money."

She was silent.

"But of course," he went on, "I will hear what your uncle has to say about this idea of his—and yours, too, apparently," he ended, bitterly.

"Yes," she said, "and mine." The words seemed to tingle as she spoke them.

"Oh, Elizabeth!" he cried, "aren't you ever going to care for me? You actually think me capable of keeping money intended for—some one else!"

His indignation was too honest to be ignored. "I suppose that you believe it is yours," she said with an effort; "but you believe it because you don't know the facts. When you see Uncle Robert, you will not believe it." And with that meager acknowledgment of his honesty he had to be content.

They did not speak of it again during that long dull Sunday afternoon spent in the plush unhumanness of the hotel parlor; but each knew that the other thought of nothing else. The red September sun was sinking into a smoky haze on the other side of the river when Blair suddenly took up his hat and went out. It had occurred to him that if he could correct Robert Ferguson's misapprehension, Elizabeth would correct hers. He would not wait for business hours to clear himself in her eyes—he would go and see her uncle at once. It was dusk when he pushed into Mr. Ferguson's library almost in advance of the servant who announced him: "Mr. Ferguson," he said, "Nannie has told me. And Elizabeth gave me your message. I have come to say that the transfer shall be made at once. My one wish is that Nannie's name may not be connected with it in any possible way—of course she is as innocent as a child."

"It can be arranged easily enough," the older man said; he did not rise from his desk, or offer his hand.

"But," Blair burst out, "what I came especially to say was that I hear you are under the impression that my mother did not, at the end, mean me to have the money?"

"I am under that impression. But," Robert Ferguson added, contemptuously, "you need not be too upset. Nannie will give it back to you."

"I am not in the least upset!" Blair retorted; "but whether I'm upset or not, is not the question. The question is, did my mother change her mind about her will, and try to make up for it in this way? I believe, from all that I know now, that she did. But I have come to ask you whether there is anything that I don't know; anything Nannie hasn't told me, or that she does not understand, which leads you to feel as you do?"

"You had better sit down."

"If it was just Nannie's idea, I will break the will!"

"You had better sit down," Mr. Ferguson repeated, coldly, "and I'll tell you the whole business."

Blair sat down; his hat, which he had forgotten to take off, was on the back of his head; he leaned forward, his fingers white on a cane swinging between his knees; he did not look at Elizabeth's uncle, but his eyes showed that he did not lose a word he said. At the end of the statement—brief, fair, spoken without passion or apparent prejudice—the tension relaxed and his face cleared; he drew a great breath of relief.

"It seems to me," Robert Ferguson ended, "that there can be no doubt of your mother's intention."

"I agree with you," Blair said, triumphantly, "there is no possible doubt! She called for the certificate and wrote my name on it. What more do you want than that to prove her intention?"

"You have a right to your opinion," Mr. Ferguson said, "and I have a right to mine. I cannot see that either opinion affects the situation. You will, as a matter of common honesty, return this money to the estate. What Nannie will ultimately do with it, is not my affair. It is between you and her. So I cannot see that we need discuss the matter further." He took up his pen with a gesture of dismissal.

Blair's face reddened as if it had been slapped, but he did not rise. "I want you to know, sir, that while my sister's act is, of course, entirely indefensible, and I shall immediately return the money which she tried to secure for me, I shall,

nevertheless, allow her to give it back to me, because it is my conviction that, by my mother's dying wish, it belongs to me; not to—to any one else."

"Your convictions have always served your wishes, if I mistake not. I will bid you good evening."

For an instant Blair hesitated; then, still scarlet with anger, took his departure. Mr. Ferguson's belief that he was capable of keeping money intended for—"for any one else," was an insult; "an abominable insult!" he told himself. And it was Elizabeth's belief, too! He drew in his breath in a groan. "She thinks I am dishonorable," he said. Well, certainly that sneak, Richie, would feel he was avenged if he could know how cruel she was; "damn him," Blair said, softly.

There was hardly a day when Blair did not curse the friend he had betrayed.

He said to himself that he could not go back and tell Elizabeth what her uncle had said; he could not repeat the insult! Some time, when he was calmer, he would tell her quietly that he had been wronged,—that she herself had wronged him. But just now he could not talk to her; he was too angry and too miserable.

So, walking slowly in the foggy dusk, that was pungent with the smoke of bonfires on the flats, he suddenly wheeled about and went in the other direction. "I'll go and have supper with Nannie," he thought; "I'm afraid she is dreadfully worried and unhappy,—and all on my account, dear old Nannie!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

"DO you think," Robert Ferguson wrote Mrs. Richie about the middle of September—"do you think you could come to Mercer for a little while and look after Nannie? The poor child is so unhappy and so incapable of making up her mind about herself that I am uneasy about her."

"Of course I will go," Mrs. Richie told her son.

David had come down to the little house on the seashore to spend Sunday with her, and in the late afternoon they were sitting out on the sand in a sunny, sheltered spot watching the slow, smooth heave of the quiet sea. David's shoulder was against her knee, his pipe had gone out,

and he was looking with lazy eyes at the slipping sparkle of sunshine on the scarcely perceptible waves; sometimes he lifted his marine glasses to follow a sail gleaming like a white wing against the opalescent east.

"I wonder why Nannie is unhappy," he ruminated; "she was never, poor little Nannie! capable of appreciating Mrs. Maitland; so I don't suppose she loved her?"

"She loved her as much as she could," Mrs. Richie said; "and that is all any of us can do, David. But she misses her. If a mountain went out of your landscape, wouldn't you feel rather blank? Well, Nannie's mountain has gone. Yes; I'll go and stay with her, poor child, for a while, and perhaps bring her back for a fortnight with us—if you wouldn't mind?"

"Of course I wouldn't mind. Bring her along."

"I wonder if you could close this house for me?" she meditated. "I don't like to shut it up now and leave you without a roof over your head in case you had a chance to take a day off."

"Of course I can close it," he said; and added that if he couldn't shut up a bandbox of a summer cottage he would be a pretty useless member of society. "I'll come down the first chance I get in the next fortnight. . . . Mother, I suppose you will see—*her*?"

Mrs. Richie gave him a startled look. "I suppose I shall," she said.

He was silent for several minutes. She did not dare to help him by a word. Then, as if he had wrenched the question up by the roots, torn it out of his sealed heart, he said, "Do you suppose she—cares for him?"

It was the first time in these later speechless months that he had turned to her. Steadying herself on that advice of Robert Ferguson's: 'when he does blurt it out don't get excited,' she answered, calmly enough, "I don't know; I hope so."

He struck his heel down into the sand, then pulled out his knife and began to clean the bowl of his pipe. The blade trembled in his hand.

"Until I saw her in May," he said, "I suppose I really thought—I didn't formulate it, but I suppose I thought . . ."

"What?"

"That somehow I would get her yet."

"Oh, David!" she breathed.

He glanced at her cynically. "Don't get agitated, Materna. That May visit cured me. I know I won't. I know she doesn't care for me. But I can't tell whether she cares for him."

"I hope she does," she said.

At which he laughed: "Do you expect me to agree to that?"

"But, David," she protested, "think what you are saying!"

"My dear mother, have you been under the impression that I am a saint?" he said, dryly. "If so let me correct you. I am not. Yes, until I went out there in May I always had the feeling that I would get her,—somehow, some time." He paused; his knife scraped the bowl of his pipe until the fresh wood showed under the blade. "I don't know that I ever exactly admitted it to myself; but I realize, now, that the feeling was there."

"You shock me very much," she said; and, leaning against her knee, he felt the quiver that ran through her.

"I have shocked myself several times in the last few years," he said, briefly.

His mother was silent. Suddenly he began to talk:

"At first—I mean when it happened;—I thought she would send for me, and I would take her away from him, and then kill him." Her broken exclamation made him laugh. "Don't worry; I was terribly young in those days. I got over all that. It was only just at first; it was the everlasting human impulse. The cave-dweller had it, I suppose, when somebody stole his woman. But it's only the body that wants to kill. The mind knows better. The mind knows that life can be a lot better punishment than death. I knew he'd get his punishment and I was willing to wait for it. I thought that when she left him, his hell would be as hot as mine. I took it for granted that she would leave him. I thought there would be a divorce and then"—his voice was suddenly smothered to the breaking-point—"then I would get her; or I would get her without a divorce."

"David!"

He did not seem to hear her; his elbows were on his knees, his chin on his two fists; he spoke as if to himself: "Well; she didn't leave him. I suppose she—"

she couldn't forgive me. . . . Curious, isn't it? how the mind can believe two entirely contradictory things at the same time! I realized she couldn't forgive me, and yet—I still thought I would get her, somehow. Meantime, I consoled myself with the reflection that even if she hated me for having pushed her into his arms, she hated him worse. I thought that where I had been stabbed once, he would be stabbed a thousand times;" David spoke with that look of primitive joy which must have been on the face of the cave-dweller when he felt the blood of his enemy spurt warm between his fingers.

Helena Richie gave a little cry and shrank back. These were the thoughts that her boy had built up between them in these silent years! He gave her a faintly amused glance.

"Yes, I had my dreams. Bad dreams you would call them, Materna. Now, I don't dream any more. After I saw her in May, I got all over such nonsense. I realized that perhaps she . . . loved him."

Helena Richie was trembling. "It frightens me that you should have had such thoughts," she said. She actually looked frightened; her leaf-brown eyes were wide with terror. Her son laughed, and then sighed.

"Yes," he said; "of course it frightens you, because you can't understand. You see, Materna, there are several things you can't understand—and I shouldn't like it if you could!" he said, his face softening suddenly with that reverent look which a man gives only to his mother;—"two things; first, the old human instinct, that existed before laws or morals or anything else—the man's instinct to keep his woman. And next to that, the realization that when it comes to what you call morals, there is a morality higher than the respectability you good people care so much about—the morality of nature. But of course you don't understand," he broke off; "so why do I go on talking about it?"

"I understand—a good many things, David."

"Oh, well, I didn't mean to talk about it," he said, impatiently; "I don't know what started me; and—and I'm not howling, you know. I was only wondering whether *you* thought she had come to care for him?"

"I don't know," she said, faintly.

He sighed. "Neither do I. But I guess she does. Nature is a big thing, Materna. When a girl's loyalty comes up against that, it hasn't much show;—especially when nature is assisted by behavior like mine. Yes, I guess by this time she—loves him. I'll never get her."

"Oh, David," his mother broke out, "if you could only meet some nice, sweet girl, and—"

"Nice girl?" he said, smiling. "They are scarce, Materna, they are scarce. But I mean to get married one of these days. A man in my trade ought to be married. But I sha'n't bother to look for one of those 'sweet girls.' I've got over my fondness for sugar. No more sentimentalities for me, thank you. I shall marry on strictly common-sense principles: a good housekeeper, who has good sense, and good looks—"

"And a good temper, I hope," Mrs. Richie said, almost with temper herself—and who can blame her?—he had been so cruelly injured! The sweetness, the silent, sunny honesty of the boy, the simple belief in the goodness of his fellow-creatures, had been changed to bitterness and contempt. Oh, she could almost hate the girl who had done this thing! "A good temper is more important than anything else," she said, hotly.

Instantly the dull cynicism of his face flashed into anger. "Elizabeth's temper,—I suppose that is what you are referring to; her temper was not responsible for what happened. It was my blundering conceit. Please remember that, Materna."

She winced. "I did not mean to hurt you," she said. He was silent. "But it is terrible to have you so hard, David."

"Hard? I? I am a mush of amiability. Come now! I oughtn't to have made you low-spirited. It's all an old story. I was only telling you how I felt at first. As for bad thoughts,—I haven't any thoughts now, good or bad! I am a most exemplary person. I don't know why I slopped over to you, anyhow. So don't think of it again. Materna! Can you see that sail?" He was looking through his glasses; "it's the eleventh since we came out here."

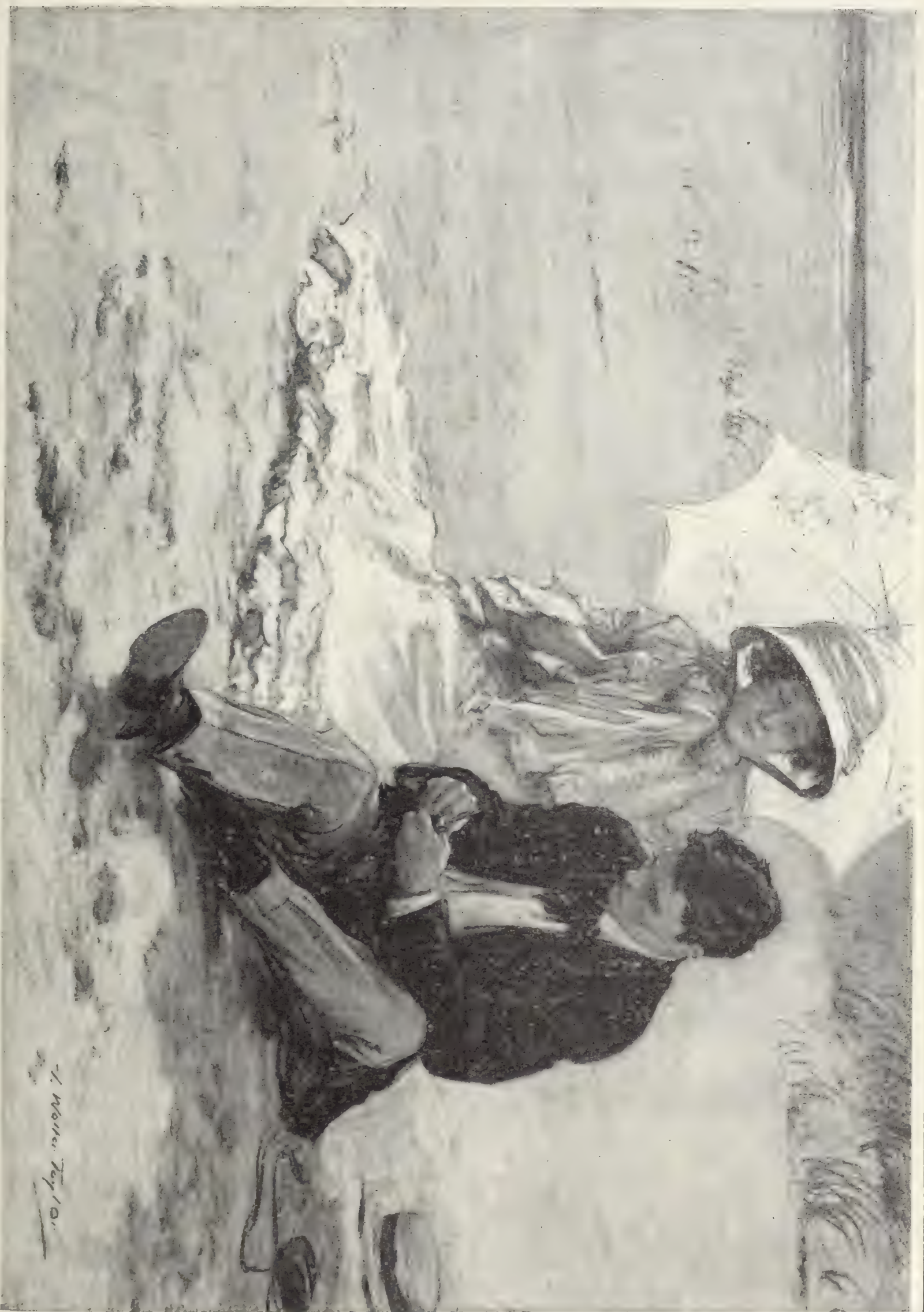
"But, David, that you should think—"

"Oh, but I don't think any more," he

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"DO YOU SUPPOSE SHE CARES FOR HIM?"

Half-tone Plate engraved by F. A. Pettit



declared, watching the flitting white gleam on the horizon; "I always avoid thinking, nowadays. That's why I am such a promising young medical man. I'm all right and perfectly happy. I'll hold my base, I promise you! That's a brig, Materna. Do you know the difference between a brig and a schooner? I bet you don't."

Apparently the moment of confidence was over; he had opened his heart and let her see the blackness and bleakness; and now he was closing it again. She was silent. David thrust his pipe into his pocket and turned to help her to rise; but she had hidden her face in her hands. "It is my fault," she said, with a gasp; "it must be my fault! Oh, David, have I made you wicked? Yes; yes; that must be it; if you had had a different mother—" Instantly the young man was ashamed of himself.

"Oh, Materna!" he said, "I am a brute to you!" He flung his arm around her, and leaned his cheek against hers; she heard the catch in his breath. "I wish—I wish somebody would kick me. I am a brute; I—I hurt you. *You* made me wicked? You are the only thing that has kept me anyways straight! Mother—I've been decent; I want you to know that. But I would have gone to the devil if it hadn't been for your goodness. As for how I felt about Elizabeth, it—it was just a mood; don't you think of it again."

"But you said—" she whispered; "*without* a divorce."

"Well, I—I didn't mean it, I guess," he comforted her; "anyhow, the jig is up, dear. Even if I had a bad moment now and then in the first year, nothing came of it. . . . Oh, Mother, what a beast I am!" He was pressing his handkerchief against her tragic eyes. "Your fault? Materna, your only fault is being so perfect that you can't understand a low critter like me!"

"I do understand. I do understand."

In spite of himself, David laughed. "You!" he said, chuckling; "that's rich. Mother, you ought not to forgive me, but of course you will."

She smiled faintly. "My own boy," she said.

David looked at the ship for a long minute, but his glasses were so dim he could not have determined the rig him-

self. When he put them down, she saw his old, good smile, tender and inarticulate. "What would I have done without you? You've stood by and put up with my cussedness through these devilish three years. It's almost three years, you know, and yet I—I don't seem to get over it. Materna, do you think it will ever stop hurting? Oh, I'm a perfect *girl*, howling this way! How can you put up with me?" He laughed, and hugged her. "Mother, sometimes I almost wish you weren't so good."

"David," she burst out passionately, "I am—" She stopped, trembling.

"I take it back," he apologized, smiling; "I seem bent on shocking you to-day. I won't do it again. You can be as good as you want. Only, once in a while you do seem a little remote. Elizabeth used to say she was afraid of you."

"Of *me*!" Helena Richie said.

"Well, an angel like you never could quite understand her," he said, soberly.

His mother was silent; then she said in a low voice:

"I'm not an angel; but perhaps I haven't understood her. I can understand love, but not hate. Elizabeth does not know the meaning of love."

"You are mistaken, dear," he said, gently.

They went back to the house very silently; David's confidences were over, but they left their mark on his mother's face. She still showed the strain of that talk even a week later, when she started on her kindly mission to cheer poor Nannie. When, on a hazy September morning, Robert Ferguson met her in the big, smoky station at Mercer, there were new lines of care in her face. Her landlord—as he persisted in calling himself—noticed them, and was instantly cross; with some people anxiety expresses itself by crossness.

"You look tired," he scolded; "you've got to rest at my house and have something to eat before you go to Nannie's; besides, you don't suppose I got you on here just to cheer her? You've got to cheer me, too! It's enough to give a man melancholia to live next to that empty house of yours; and you owe it to me to be pleasant—if you can be pleasant," he barked.

But his barking was strangely mild.

His words were as rough as ever, but he spoke with a sort of eager gentleness, as if he were trying to make his voice soft enough for some pitifulness that he felt but could not express. She was so pleased to see him, and hear the kind, gruff voice that tried to scold but broke into pity and love, that for a minute she forgot her anxiety about David, and laughed. And when her eyes crinkled in that old, gay way, it seemed to Robert Ferguson, looking at her with yearning, as if Mercer, and the September haze, and the grimy old depot hack were suddenly illuminated.

"Oh, these children!" he said; "they are worrying me to death. Nannie won't budge out of that old house; it will have to be sold over her head, to get her into a decent locality. Elizabeth isn't well, but the Lord only knows what's the matter with her. The doctor says she's all right, but she's as grumpy as—as her uncle; you can't get a word out of her. And Blair has been speculating, and I'm afraid he is going to lose all her money."

"And you are so poor, you can't look after her," she said, smiling.

"That's not the point," he defended himself, so crossly that when he took her hand to help her out of the carriage at his own door, she patted his arm, and said, "Come; cheer up!"

At which, smiling all over his face, he growled out that it was a pretty thing to expect a man to cheer up, with an empty house on his hands. "You seem to think I'm made of money! You take the house *now*; don't wait till that callow doctor is ready to settle down here. If you'll move in now, I'll cheer up—and give Elizabeth the rent for pin-money." He was really cheerful by this time just because he was able to scold her, but behind his scolding there was always this new gentleness. Later, when he spoke again of the house, her face fell.

"I am doubtful about our coming to Mercer."

"Doubtful?" he said; "what's all this? There never was a woman yet who knew her own mind for a day at a time—except Mrs. Maitland. You told me that David was coming here next spring, and I've been keeping this house for you—I've lost five months' rent." There was a worried note in his voice. "What in thunder—?" he demanded.

Mrs. Richie sighed. "I don't suppose I ought to tell you," she said, "but I can't seem to help it. I discovered the other day that David is still—he is not heart-whole, yet. He is dreadfully bitter, dreadfully! I don't believe it's prudent for him to live in Mercer. Do you? He would be constantly seeing Elizabeth."

She had had her breakfast, and they had gone out into Mr. Ferguson's garden so that he might throw some crumbs to the pigeons and smoke his morning cigar, before taking her to the Maitland house. They were sitting now in the long arbor, where the Isabella grapes were ripening sootily in the sparse September sunshine which sifted down between the yellowing leaves, and touched Mrs. Richie's brown hair; Robert Ferguson saw, with a pang, that there were some white threads in the soft locks. His eyes stung—so he barked as gruffly as he could.

"Well, suppose he does see her? You can't wrap him up in cotton batting for the rest of his life. That's what you've always tried to do, you hen with one chicken! For the Lord's sake, let him alone. Let him take his medicine like any other man. After he gets over the nasty taste of it, he'll find there's sugar in the world yet; just as I did. Only I hope he won't be so long about it as I was."

She sighed, and her soft eyes filled. "But you don't know how he talked. Oh, I can't help thinking it must be my fault! If he had had another kind of a mother—if his own mother had lived—"

"Own grandmother!" said Robert Ferguson, disgustedly; "the only trouble with you, as a mother, is that you've been too good to the cub. If you'd knocked his head against the wall once or twice, you'd have made a man of him. My dear, you really must not be a goose, you know. It's the one thing I can't stand. . . . Helena, before you see Nannie, perhaps I ought to tell you something; I wouldn't, only I know Nannie will, and you ought to understand the matter. Can you keep a secret?" he asked her, smiling.

Mrs. Richie, without smiling, said, briefly, "I can."

"I believe you can," he said, with a sudden dryness. Then he told her the story of the certificate.

"What! Nannie?—forged? *Nannie!*"

"Well, we don't use that word; it isn't pretty. But that's what it amounts to, of course. And that's where David's money went."

"I suppose Mrs. Maitland changed her mind at the last," Mrs. Richie said; "well, I'm glad she did. It would have been too cruel if she hadn't given something to Blair."

"I don't think she did," he declared; "changing her mind was not her style; she wasn't one of your weak womanish creatures. She wouldn't have said she was coming to live in Mercer, and then have tried to back out of it! No, she simply wrote Blair's name by mistake; her mind wandered constantly in those last days. And seeing what she had done, she didn't endorse it."

Mrs. Richie looked doubtful. "I think she meant it for him."

Robert Ferguson laughed grimly. "I think she didn't; but you'll be a great comfort to Nannie. Poor Nannie! She is unhappy, but not in the least repentant. She insists that she did right! Could you have supposed that a girl of her age could be so undeveloped, morally?"

"She's only undeveloped legally," she amended; "and what can you expect? What chance has she had to develop in any way?"

"She had the chance of living with one of the finest women I ever knew," he said, stiffly; then they paused for their usual wrangle about Mrs. Maitland. But as they rose to go indoors, he looked at his guest, and shook his head. "Oh, Helena," he said, "how conceited you are!"

"I? Conceited?" she said, blankly.

"You think you are a better judge than I am," he complained.

"Nonsense!" she said, blushing charmingly; but she insisted on walking down to Nannie's, instead of letting him take her in the carriage;—a carriage is not a good place to ward off a proposal.

At the Maitland house she found poor Nannie wandering vaguely about in the garret. "I am putting away Mamma's clothes," she said, helplessly. But a minute later she yielded, with tears of relief, to Mrs. Richie's placid assumption of authority:

"I am going to stay a week with you, and to-morrow I'll tell you what to do with things. Just now, you must sit down and talk to me."

And Nannie sat down, with a sigh of comfort. There were so many things she wanted to say to some one who would understand! "And you do understand, Mrs. Richie," she said, sobbing a little. "You know Mamma meant the money for Blair? Mr. Ferguson won't believe me!"

"Yes; I am sure she did," Mrs. Richie said, heartily; "but, dear, you ought not to have—"

Nannie, comforted, said, well, perhaps not—"considering that I can give it to him. But I didn't know that, you know, when I—did it." Pretty much all that day, poor Nannie poured out her full little heart to her kind listener; they sat down together at the office-dining-room table—at the head of which stood a chair that no one ever dreamed of occupying—and Harris shuffled about as he had for nearly thirty years, serving coarse food on coarse china, and taking a personal interest in the conversation. After dinner they went into Nannie's parlor that smelt of soot, where the little immortal canvas still hung in its gleaming gold frame near the door, and the cut glass of the great chandeliers sparkled faintly through the slits in the old brown paper muslin covers. Sometimes, as they talked, the house would shake, and Nannie's light voice be drowned in the roar of a passing train, whose trail of smoke brushed against the windows like feathers of darkness. But Nannie gave no hint that she would ever go away and leave the smoke and noise, and just at first Mrs. Richie made no such suggestion; she did nothing but enfold the vague, frightened, unhappy girl in her own tranquillity. Sometimes she lured her out to walk or drive, and once she urged her to ask Elizabeth and Blair to come to supper.

"Oh, Blair wouldn't come when you are here!" Nannie said, simply; and the color came into David's mother's face. Elizabeth came, however, and Mrs. Richie understood her uncle's anxiety about her. She had grown very thin that summer; there was a brooding look in her amber eyes that was not good to see; she was so

self-absorbed that apparently she was not even uncomfortable in Mrs. Richie's presence. "I know," Nannie told her guest when they were alone—"I know *she* thinks Mamma meant that money for David. And she is not pleased because Mr. Ferguson won't make the executors give it to him."

Mrs. Richie laughed. "Well, that is very foolish in Elizabeth; nobody could give your mother's money to David; besides, I don't believe that Mrs. Maitland meant to give it to him herself. I must straighten that out with Elizabeth."

But she did not have a chance to do so; Elizabeth, as well as Blair, preferred not to come to the old house while David's mother was there. And Mrs. Richie, unable to persuade Nannie to go back to Philadelphia with her, stayed on, in the kindness of her heart, for still another week. When she finally fixed a day for her return, she said to herself that at least Blair and Elizabeth would not be prevented by her presence from doing what they could to help Nannie.

"But is she going to live on in that doleful house forever?" Robert Ferguson protested.

"She's like a poor little frightened snail," Helena Richie said. "You don't realize the shock to her of that night when she—she tried to do what she thought Mrs. Maitland wanted to have done. She is scared still. She just creeps in and out of that dingy front door, or about those awful, silent rooms. It will take time to coax her into the sunshine."

"Helena," he said, abruptly—she and Nannie had had supper with him and were just going home; Nannie had gone up-stairs to put on her hat—"Helena, I've been thinking a good deal about your cruelty to me."

She laughed: "Oh, you are impossible!"

"No, I'm only permanent," he said. "Don't laugh; just listen to me." He was evidently nervous; the old friendly bullying had been put aside; he was very grave, and so plainly finding it difficult to say what he wanted to say, that for a moment she thought she had misunderstood his purpose. ("He's *not* going to," she said to herself, with relief. But he was.) . . . "I just want to say I don't know what your reason is for refusing me, but I know it isn't a good

reason. You are fond of me, and yet you keep on saying 'no' in this exasperating way;—upon my word," he interrupted himself, despairingly, "I could shake you, sometimes, it is so exasperating!—You like me, well enough; but you won't marry me."

"No, I won't," she assured him, gently.

"It is so unreasonable of you," he said, simply, "that it makes me think you've got some bee in your bonnet; some silly woman - notion. You think—Heaven knows what you think! perhaps that—that you ought not to marry because of something—anything—" he stammered, and then went on: "But I want you to know this: that I don't *care* what your reason is! You may have committed murder, for all the difference it makes to me." The clumsy and elaborate lightness of his words trembled with the seriousness of his voice. "You may have broken every one of the Ten Commandments—I don't care! . . . Helena, do you understand? *It's nothing to me!* You may have broken—all of them." He spoke with solemn passion, holding out his hands toward her; his voice shook, but his melancholy eyes were serene with knowledge and understanding. "Oh, my dear," he said, "I love you and you are fond of me. That's all I care about! Nothing else, nothing else."

Her start of attention, her dilating eyes, made the tears spring to his own eyes. "Helena, you do believe me, don't you?"

She could not answer him; she had grown pale and then red and then pale again. "Oh," she said in a whisper, "you are a good man! What have I done to deserve such a friend? But no, dear friend, no."

He struck her shoulder heavily, as if she had been another man. "Well, anyway," he said, "you'll remember that when you are willing, I am waiting?" She nodded.

"I shall never forget your goodness," she said, brokenly.

He did not try to detain her with arguments or entreaties, but as she went toward the library door he suddenly pushed it shut, and quietly took her in his arms and kissed her.

She went away quite speechless. She did not even remember to say good night

and good-by to Miss White, although she was to leave Mercer the next day.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WHEN Blair heard that Mrs. Richie was coming to stay with Nannie he said, briefly, "I won't come in while she is here." He wrote to his sister during those three weeks and sent her flowers—kindness to Nannie was a habit with Blair; and, indeed, he really missed seeing her and was glad for other reasons than his own embarrassment when he heard that her visitor was going away. "I understand Mrs. Richie takes the 7.30 to-night," he said to his wife. Elizabeth was silent; it did not occur to her to mention that she had seen Nannie and heard that Mrs. Richie had decided to stay over another day. She rarely volunteered any information to Blair.

"Elizabeth," he said, "what do you say to having supper at Willis's, and rowing home in the moonlight? We can drop in and see Nannie on the way back to the hotel—after Mrs. Richie has gone." He saw some listless excuse trembling on her lips, and interrupted her: "Do say 'yes'! It is months since we have been on the river."

She hesitated, then seemed to reach some sudden decision. "Yes," she said, "I'll go."

Blair's face lighted with pleasure. Perhaps the silence which had hardened between them since the day the question of his money had been discussed would break now.

The late afternoon was warm with the yellow haze of October sunshine when they walked out over the bridge to the toll-house wharf, where Blair hired a boat. He made her as comfortable as he could in the stern, and when he gave her the tiller-ropes she took them in a business-like way, as if really entering into the spirit of his little expedition. A moment later they were floating down the river, but there was nearly half a mile of furnaces and slag-banked shore before they left Mercer's smoke and grime behind them and began to drift between low-lying fields or through narrow reaches where the vineyard-covered hills came down close to the water.

"Elizabeth," Blair said, "what do you

say to going East next month? Perhaps we can persuade Nannie to go, too."

She was leaning back against the cushions he had arranged for her, holding her white parasol so that it hid her face. "I don't see," she said, "how you can afford to travel much; where will you get the money?"

"Oh, it has all been very easily arranged; Nannie can draw pretty freely against the estate now, and she makes me an 'allowance,' so to speak, until things are settled; then she'll hand my principal over to me. It's a nuisance not to have it now; but we can get along well enough."

Then Elizabeth asked her question: "And when you get the principal, what will you do with it?"

"Invest it; pretty tough, isn't it, when you think what I ought to have had?"

"And when," said Elizabeth, very softly, "will you build the hospital?" She lifted her parasol slightly, and gave him a look that was like a knife; then lowered it again.

"Build the hospital! What hospital?"

"The hospital near the Works, that your mother put that money aside for."

Blair's hands tightened on his oars. Instinctively he knew that a critical moment was confronting him. He did not know just what the danger in it was, but he knew there was danger. "My mother changed her mind about that, Elizabeth."

She lifted the parasol again, and looked full at him; the white shadow of the silk made the dark amber of her unsmiling eyes singularly luminous. "No," she said; "your mother did not change her mind. Nannie thought she did, but it was not so." She spoke with stern certainty. "Your mother didn't mean you to have that money. She meant it for—a hospital."

Blair stopped rowing and leaned on his oars. "Why don't you speak his name?" he said, between his teeth.

The parasol fell back on her shoulder; she grew very white; the hard line that used to be a dimple was like a gash in her cheek; she looked suddenly old. "I will certainly speak his name: *David Richie*. Your mother meant the money for David Richie."

"That," said Blair, "is a matter of opinion. You think she did. I think

she didn't. I think she meant it for the person whose name she wrote on the certificate. That person will keep it."

Elizabeth was silent. Blair began to row again, softly. The anger in his face died out, and left misery behind it. Oh, how she hated him; and how she loved—*him*. At that moment Blair hated David as one only hates the human creature one has injured. They did not speak again for the rest of the slow drift down to Willis's. Once Blair opened his lips to bid her notice that the overhanging willows and chestnuts mirrored themselves so clearly in the still water that the skiff seemed to cut through autumnal foliage, and the ripple at the prow was like the rustle of leaves; but the deep abstraction in her face silenced him. It was after four when, brushing past a fringe of willows, the skiff bumped softly against a float half hidden in the yellowing sedge and grass at Willis's landing. Blair got out, and drawing the boat alongside, held up his hand to his wife, but she ignored his assistance. As she sprang lightly out, the float rocked a little and the water splashed over the planks. There was a dank smell of wet wood and rankly growing water-weeds. A ray of sunshine, piercing the roof of willow leaves, struck the single blossom of a monkey-flower, that sparkled suddenly in the green darkness, like a topaz.

"Elizabeth," Blair said in a low voice—he was holding the gunwale of the boat and he did not look at her—"Elizabeth, all I want money for is to give you everything you want." She was silent. He made the skiff fast and followed her up the path to the little inn on the bank. There were some tables out under the locust-trees, and a welcoming landlord came hurrying to meet them with suggestions of refreshments.

"What will you have?" Blair asked.

"Anything—nothing; I don't care," Elizabeth said; and Blair gave an order he thought would please her.

Below them the river, catching the sunset light, blossomed with a thousand stars. Elizabeth watched the dancing glitter absently; when Blair, forgetting for a moment the depression of the last half-hour, said impulsively, "Oh, how beautiful that is!" she nodded, and came out of her abstraction to call his attention

to the reflected gold of a great chestnut on the other side of the stream.

"Are you warm enough?" he asked. He said to himself with a sigh of relief that evidently she had dropped the dangerous subject of the hospital. "There is a chill in these October evenings as the sun goes down," he reminded her.

"Yes."

"Elizabeth," he burst out, "why can't we talk sometimes? Haven't we anything in common? Can't we ever talk, like ordinary husbands and wives? You would show more civility to a beggar!" But as he spoke the waiter pushed his tray between them, and she did not answer. When Blair poured out a glass of wine for her she shook her head.

"I don't want anything."

He looked at her in despair: "I love you—well; I suppose you wouldn't believe me if I should try to tell you how I love you; and yet you don't give me a decent word once a month."

"Blair," she said, quietly, "that is final, is it—about the money? You are going to keep it?"

"I am certainly going to keep it."

Elizabeth's eyes narrowed. "It is final," she repeated, slowly.

"You are angry," he cried, "because I won't give the money my mother gave me—all the money I have in the world—to the man whom you threw off like an old glove."

"No," she said, slowly, "I don't *think* I am angry. But it seems somehow to be—more than I can bear; a sort of last straw, I suppose," she said, smiling faintly. "But I'm not angry, I think. Still, perhaps I am. I don't really know."

Blair struck a match under the table. His hand holding his cigarette trembled. "To the best of my knowledge and belief, Elizabeth, I am honest. I believe my mother meant me to have that money. She did not mean to have it go to—to a hospital."

Elizabeth dug the ferrule of her parasol into the gravel at her feet. "It is David's money. You took his wife; now you are taking his money. . . . You can't keep both of them." She said this very gently, so gently that for a moment he did not grasp the sense of her words. When he did it seemed to him that she

did not herself realize what she had said, for immediately, in the same calmly matter-of-fact way, she began to speak of unimportant things: the river was very low, wasn't it? What a pity they were cutting the trees on the opposite hill. "They are burning the brush," she said; "do you smell the smoke? I love the smell of burning brush in October." She was simpler and pleasanter than she had been for a long time. But he could not know that it was because she felt, inarticulately, that her burden had been lifted; she could not have said why, but she was almost happy. Blair was confused to the point of silence by her abrupt return to the commonplace. He glanced at her with furtive anxiety. "Oh, see the moon!" Elizabeth said, and for a moment they watched the great disk of the harvest-moon rising in the translucent dusk behind the hills.

"That purple haze in the east is like the bloom on a plum," Blair said.

"I think we had better go now," Elizabeth said, rising. But though she had seemed so friendly, she did not even turn her head to see if he were following her, and he had to hurry to overtake her as she went down the path to the half-sunken float that was rocking slightly in the grassy shallows. As he knelt, steadying the boat with one hand, he held the other up to her, and this time she did not repulse him; but when she put her hand into his, he kissed it with abrupt, unhappy passion, and she drew it from him sharply. When she took her place in the stern and drew in the tiller-ropes she looked at him, gathering up his oars, with curious gentleness. . . .

She was sorry for him, for he seemed to care so much;—and this was the end. Well—she had tried to bear her life. Nobody could imagine how hard she had tried; with all her soul, and with all her body, she had tried! But this was the end. It was impossible to try any more. "I have borne all I can," she thought. And yet, as she had said, she was not angry. She wondered vaguely, listening to the dip of the oars, at this absence of anger. She had been able to talk about the bonfires, and she had thought the moon wonderfully beautiful. No; she was not angry. Or, if she were, then her anger was unlike all the other angers that

had scourged and torn the surface of her life; they had been storms,—all clamor and confusion and blinding flashes, with more or less indifference to resulting ruin. But this anger, which could not be recognized as anger, was a noiseless cataclysm in the very center of her being; a tidal wave, that was lifting and lifting, moving slowly, too full of sound, in the resistless advance of an overwhelming purpose of ruin. "I am not angry," she said to herself; "but I think I am dying."

The pallor of her face frightened Blair, who was straining at his oars against the current: "Elizabeth! What is the matter? Shall I stop? Shall we go ashore? You are ill!"

"No; I'm not. Go on, please."

"But there is something the matter?"

She shook her head. "Don't stop. We've gone ever so far down-stream, just in this minute."

Blair looked at her anxiously. A little later he tried to make her talk; asked her how she felt, and called her attention to the bank of clouds that was slowly climbing up the sky. But she was silent. As usual, she seemed to have nothing to say to him. He rowed steadily, in long, beautiful strokes, and she sat watching the dark water lap and glimmer past the side of the skiff. As they worked upstream, the sheen of oil began to show again in faint and rocking iridescence; and once she leaned over and touched the water with her fingers; then looked at them with a frown.

"Look out!" Blair said; "trim a little, will you?"

She sat up quickly: "I wonder if it is easy to drown?"

"Mighty easy—if you lean too hard on the gunwale," he said, good-naturedly.

"Does it take very long?"

"To drown? I never tried it, but I believe not; though I understand that it's unpleasant while it lasts." He watched her wistfully; if he could only make her smile!

"I suppose dying is generally unpleasant," she said, and glanced down into the black oily water with a shiver.

It was quite dark by this time, and Blair was keeping close to the shore to avoid the current narrowing between the piers of the old bridge. When they



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"YOU TOOK HIS WIFE; NOW YOU ARE TAKING HIS MONEY"

reached Mrs. Todd's wharf, Elizabeth was still staring into the water.

"It is so black here, so dirty! I wouldn't like to have it touch me. It's cleaner down at Willis's," she said, thoughtfully. Blair, making fast at the landing, agreed: "Yes, if I wanted a watery grave I'd prefer the river at Willis's to this." Then he offered her a pleading hand; but she sat looking at the water. "How clean the ocean is, compared to a river," she said; then noticed his hand. She took it calmly enough, and stepped out of the boat. She had forgotten her displeasure about the money, he thought; there was only the usual detachment. When he said it was too early to go to Nannie's,—“it isn't seven yet, and Mrs. Richie won't leave the house until a quarter past,”—she agreed that they had better go to the hotel.

"What do you say to the theater to-

night?" he asked. But she shook her head.

"You go; I would rather be alone."

"I hear there is a good play in town?"

She was silent.

Blair said something under his breath, with angry hopelessness. This was always the way so far as any personal relation between them went; she did not seem to see him; she did not even hear what he was saying. "You always want to be alone, so far as I am concerned," he said. She made no answer. After dinner he took himself off. "She doesn't want me round, so I'll clear out," he said, sullenly; he had not the heart even to go to Nannie's. "I'll drop into the theater, or perhaps I'll just walk," he thought, hopelessly. He wandered out into the street, but the sky had clouded over and there was a soft drizzle of rain, so he turned into the first glaring entrance that yawned at him from the pavement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Secret

BY CHARLES F. MARPLE

ERE I had come to three feet high,
My father said to me:
"You soon will be as tall as I!"
Whereat we laughed in glee.

"Soon you will grow, soon you will know
The things I know!" said he;
It seemed so long a while to grow—
Ah, might it ever be!

Within a year my father died;
So very young was I,
I did not know just why they cried;
I sat and wondered why.

Now years have flown and I have grown
Almost as tall as he;—
Could I have known! *He* must have known,
That day he laughed with me!

Legendary Ladies of the Poets

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

IN addition to the well-authenticated "muses" of certain poets, women of known name and history who have been loved and sung into that literary legend we grandiosely speak of as "immortality," the world of poetry is haunted by less-defined shapes of womanhood, women who live for us only in the verse which they have ostensibly inspired, often mere decorative names at the head of a poem, flowery nominations, pretty labels, as it were, on the conserves of past emotions. Such are Petrarch's Laura, Herrick's Julia, Waller's Saccarissa, and, more shadowy still, the fragrant sisterhood of Lesbias, Chloes, and Corinnas, from the days of Catullus, Horace, and Ovid to the coming of Wordsworth's Lucy and Tennyson's Mariana.

The question "Who is Sylvia?" may be asked equally in vain of many another name lyrically illustrious, and it is to be feared that such pretty names too often stand for no one faithfully loved girl, but for many girls loved faithlessly and thus collectively honored—or, to put it more magnificently, "not woman, but the angel that is the type of all women." As a matter of fact, all love-poems, however sincerely addressed to one woman, who may indeed be the immediate provocation of them, are actually inspired by and written to all women. The poet is by nature a born lover of women, and however faithfully he may deem himself to be celebrating the one woman of the moment, or even of a lifetime, it is his general sentiment for the sex at large that really floods his poem with vitality and gives it universality. Usually, too, the one great love of a poet's life is the culmination of other lesser loves, which are absorbed in it, as by a process of transmigration. The dead passion for Chloe lives again in the live passion for Corinna, and even the casual tenderness learned from a forgotten Amaryllis may

contribute to the perfection of that deeper emotion reserved for the heart's Beatrice or Laura. "How many suns it takes to make one speedwell blue!"

Besides, woman in general must also share with a still more universal muse the credit of a poet's inspiration, no less a muse than Nature herself, which is a poet's first and last passion, and of whom woman is but one, though the chief, accident. In the inspiration of all great love-poems woman must consent to divide honors with the universe; with the starry night, with the sea's mystery, or the singing of some April bird. She is so much to the poet because she stands for so much more, mysteriously gathering up in her strange being the diffused thrill and marvel of existence. Probably if a poet told the truth, he would admit that the moon or the sea is more to him than any woman, however wonderful; but a woman is as near as he can get to those mysteries:

"Sometimes thou seemest not as thyself
alone

But as the meaning of all things that are."

It is in that mood that a poet loves his beloved best—when, that is, she transcends herself and becomes the sacramental vessel of the universe. One might compare a woman's eyes to those magic crystals employed by seers for the purpose of divination.

The poet's rapt gaze is not at them, but through them into that spiritual azure of which they are the fairy windows. For this reason, perhaps, then, a poet's ranging fancy, from one fair face to another, should not be imputed to him for a vulgar inconstancy, but rather for a divine instinctive constancy to the spirit of beauty in all things which he was born to seek, to worship, and to celebrate.

It is this universal quality of a poet's love that in its turn gives to its accidental

objects their universal significance and appeal, thus charging the beloved's name with more than a merely personal historical meaning, and making it symbolize for all men certain types of beauty and certain ways of loving. Even where the poet's mistress is historically individualized, as in the case of Beatrice Portinari, she ceases to be one individual woman and becomes the symbol for all time of love in its loftiest spiritual exaltation, as that Clodia, the pleasure-loving wife of Quintus Metellus Celer, who wept so bitterly at the death of her sparrow, and likewise poisoned her husband, becomes for all time, as the Lesbia of Catullus, the symbol of love whose joys are mainly of the senses. "The poet's Lesbia, the poet's Beatrice, ours is the choice," it comes naturally to Meredith to write: for these two names have become fixed formulæ of expression, a part of the picture-language of mankind.

Similarly Petrarch's Laura is not remembered for herself, for any of those gifts and graces Petrarch so industriously sang; but as the symbol of the lifelong faithfulness and high-flown adoration of her lover. The interest that survives for us in Laura and Petrarch to-day is not in the poetry, or even in the lovers themselves, but in the spiritual and social conditions of a time which could make possible a kind of fame that should elevate a private love-affair into a matter of public European importance. Consider this incident and its significance. When Charles of Luxemburg paid a visit to Avignon—Laura's city—being entertained at a great festival in his honor, at which all the local nobility attended, he desired that, among the ladies present, Laura should be pointed out to him. This being done, he motioned the other ladies aside, and, approaching Laura, he gazed with reverent interest into her face for a moment, and then respectfully kissed her on the forehead and on the eyelids. Thus even in her own lifetime had Laura become a canonized figure; and nearly two hundred years after, when her tomb was discovered and opened, no less a king than Francis the First was there to do her honor. Through Laura alone we realize how real and influential a

fact was that troubadour convention of which Petrarch's poetry was the supreme culmination, and what a genuine force it must have been in the spiritual development of the time. The love of Petrarch for Laura was not, indeed, regarded as merely a private affair, but as a crowning conspicuous example of what one might call the public worship of Womanhood, just then elevated by the troubadours into a sort of poetic religion. The fact of Laura being the wife of another man, Hugh de Sade, a noble of her own rank, was, of course, but in keeping with the curious troubadour convention, which in the choice of a married woman for its muse implied the high platonism of its adoration.

Love of an object too high for its attainment, and therefore a love of pure spirit, though expressed in the language of passion, was its ideal. That is the reason why troubadour poetry for the most part, Petrarch's included, is such dreary reading. It is so evidently mere literary ingenuity displaying itself in a vacuum of feeling, the bloodless euphuism born of the feigned worship of an abstraction. Thus Laura, for all Petrarch's protestation, became less a woman than a theme, much as in our time the death of Arthur Hallam grew to be less a grief to Tennyson than a starting-point for meditation on death and immortality. Yet Petrarch was very positive that none should doubt either the reality of his mistress or his passion. There is extant a letter of his to his friend the Bishop of Lombez, who, it would appear, had manifested a modern scepticism on the subject of his grand passion. "Would to God," writes Petrarch, "that my Laura were indeed but an imaginary person and my passion for her but sport! Alas! it is rather a madness! Hard would it have been, and painful, to feign so long a time—and what extravagance to play such a farce in the world! No, we may counterfeit the action and voice of a sick man, but not the paleness and wasted looks of the sufferer; and how often have you witnessed both in me."

Petrarch has recorded his first meeting with Laura in a famous inscription in his copy of Virgil preserved at Milan. After the manner of Dante in the *Vita*

Nuova, he writes: "Laura, illustrious by her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, I beheld for the first time, in my early youth, on the 6th of April, 1327, about the first hour of the day, in the church of Saint Claire in Avignon: and in the same city, in the same month of April, the same day and hour, in the year 1348, this light of my life was withdrawn from the world while I was in Verona, ignorant, alas! of what had befallen me."

Petrarch had, therefore, been writing sonnets to Laura for twenty-one years, as he was to continue doing at intervals for another twenty-six. Surely a monstrous constancy. Schlegel has said that Laura herself might well have been *ennuyé* had she been compelled to read the whole of Petrarch's sonnets to her at a sitting; and Byron has his own cynical explanation of the matter:

"Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's wife

He would have written sonnets all his life?"

Though it seems to be a general truth that the voice of the nightingale is hushed by marriage—as sings George Meredith:

"... the nightingale scarce ever charms the long twilight:

Mute with the cares of the nest"—

yet some married men have written exceedingly long and dull poems on their wives, as some wives have inspired some excellent poetry, too. The once famous Castara of William Habington is an example of the muse matrimonial. Habington was a pious man of the metaphysical school of poets that enjoyed a certain vogue during the first half of the seventeenth century, and he prides himself on the propriety of his inspiration. "If," he says, ironically, in a preface, "the innocency of a chaste muse should be more acceptable and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition"; and again he says: "When love builds upon the rock of chastity, it may safely condemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the wind, since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest struc-

tures, shall itself be ruined before that be demolished." Would that the poet were as good as the husband, yet Castara—in life Lucia, daughter of the first Lord Powis—has contrived to live in literary history through verses such as these:

"Like the violet which, alone,
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For she's to herself untrue
Who delights i' th' public view. . .

"She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me."

Another very different champion of the muse matrimonial is John Donne. Through all the crust of metaphysical conceits there breaks in Donne's poetry the flame of white interior fires, set alight by one of the bravest and most attractive wives in the history of love. Anne More was the daughter of Sir George More, lord lieutenant of the Tower, a father whose sternness made a runaway marriage necessary, and whose implacability hampered the devoted couple for years. Yet, through all, their love wore a gallant feather of romance—romance productive of no less than twelve children, as well as Donne's finest poems, and living still in one or two anecdotes of a peculiarly vivid humanity. Such is the story of Donne during an absence from England seeing his wife in a vision. She was in childbed at the time, but did not die. "I have seen," he told a friend who was with him, "my dead wife pass twice by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders and a dead child in her arms." We get a glimpse of her spirit in her wish, on the occasion of one of Donne's enforced business visits abroad, to accompany her husband dressed as a page. One has a childish wish that he had given in to her whim and taken her with him. He wrote her a charming lyric instead:

"Sweetest love, I do not go,
For weariness of thee,

Nor in hope the world can show
A fitter love for me;
But since that I
At the last must part, 'tis best,
Thus to use myself in jest
By feignèd deaths to die."

For another absence he has this gayer
solace:

"By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain.
There I embrace and kiss her;
And so I both enjoy and miss her."

But the brave story, like all brave
stories, had to end; and she was to leave
Donne alone with a new-born child,
their twelfth, when he was but forty-
two. Her death was to make him a great
divine, as her love had made him a great
poet. Who does not know those solemn
lines written against his burial:

"Whoever comes to shroud me, do not harm
Nor question much
That subtle wreath of hair about mine
arm;
The mystery, the sign, you must not
touch,
For 'tis my outward soul,
Viceroy to that, which unto Heav'n being
gone,
Will leave this to control,
And keep these limbs, these provinces
from dissolution."

As some of these half-legendary wom-
en live as the symbols of the great ways
of loving, love's passion, love's idealism,
love's faithfulness, so others stand for
the more tender, playful aspects of love,
or survive by some trait of manner, some
one charm, or even some trick of dress.
So Lesbia, as we have said, lives by her
little sparrow, which still chirps so pret-
tily and pathetically—*ad solam domi-
nam usque pipilabat*—in royal Latin till
this day:

"O it was sweet to hear him twitter-twitter
In the dear bosom where he made his
nest!
Lesbia, sweetheart, who shall say how
bitter
This grief to us—so small to all the
rest? . . .

"And in no other bosom would he sing,
But sometimes sitting here and some-
times there,

On one bough and another, would he sing—
Faithful to Lesbia—as I am to her. . . .

"Foul shades of Orcus, evil you befall!
'Tis true you smote her little sparrow
dead—

But this you did to Lesbia worse than all:
You made her eyes with weeping—O
so red!"

Ben Jonson's Celia, who seems to have
been no one in particular, lives for us
only with her eyes, as Sir John Suck-
ling's "dearest princess Aglaura" by her
delicious feet, those feet that

"beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light,"

and Waller's Saccharissa by her famous
girdle:

"A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

Waller's great fame as a poet is hard
to realize nowadays, and even the name
of "Saccharissa" seems to survive with
a sort of silent derision as being an ex-
treme example, almost a parody, of the
affected names under which it was once
the fashion for poets to celebrate their
mistresses. Probably the "Sophonisba"
of James Thomson—

"O Sophonisba! Sophonisba O!"

reached the limit of affectation. Lady
Dorothea Sydney, eldest daughter of the
Earl of Leicester, whose hand Waller in
vain sought, in his frigid courtly fash-
ion, was a personality deserving a more
warm-blooded immortality. But true
passion was as lacking to Waller's nature
as it is to his poetry. He was, it would
seem, the first poet to abstain from in-
toxicating drink. He was almost as well
known as a "water-drinker" as a wit;
and of his "wit" one ungallant example
does not show him in a very favorable
light either as a lover or even a gentle-
man. It is said that when both he and
Saccharissa, then the widowed Lady
Sunderland, had grown somewhat elder-
ly, she had met him at some reception,
and, smilingly reminding him of their
young days, had asked him, "When will
you write such fine verses on me again?"

"When you are as young, madam, and as handsome as you were then," was the brutal answer of her one-time lover. Very evidently she had done well in bestowing her hand elsewhere, and it is presumed that Waller was then too old to be called out for his insolence. It is rather the reverse of an honor that Saccharissa should live by association with such a coxcomb. It is pleasanter to think of her as the sister of Algeron Sydney.

As Saccharissa by her girdle, so Herick's Julia lives by her "tempestuous petticoat," that most bewitching and gallant of all immortal garments. Julia's mortal identity is even more completely hidden in her anonymous immortality than her buxom comeliness was hidden in "the winning wave" of her famous petticoat, and there is no reason to wish her more definitely individualized. Herick was not the man to have a great love-affair: woman was to him a seductive impersonality, a being of bloom and bright eyes, red lips, pearly teeth, and rounded contours, good to go a-Maying with—just a woman, but *not* "a spirit too." He confessed that he never wished for marriage, and though he wrote some fine religious poetry he was, as a rule, very well contented with the charming surfaces, the flower-like forms and perfumes of things; and he loved women as he loved his daffodils, with a pagan simplicity of satisfaction in their beauty and freshness, an enjoyment untainted with cynicism, and, though touched with pathos, never troubled with those Wordsworthian thoughts too deep for tears. It is a healthy, sweet-smelling, May-morning world, a veritable Hesperides, of golden apples and "golden lads and lasses," in which he invites us to go a-Maying—whether it be with Julia or Corinna is all one to the easy-going, light-hearted vicar:

"Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the springtime, fresh
and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you. . . ."

He might well have preached worse sermons to his Devonshire parishioners.

As one turns over the leaves of any collection of old love-songs, many another flower-like name "pleads against oblivion," surely not in vain; for in nothing is the preservative magic of words more strikingly illustrated than in the manner in which, by little more than the musical mention of a name, they contrive to make it live for us with a creative suggestiveness. All that is needed is a name—not necessarily a beautiful one—and a lyrical word or two, a brief rhythm sincerely accented with feeling, enough stalk, so to speak, to carry the flower, and we have evoked for us as by enchantment an undying face of legend.

Such is old Skelton's "merry Margaret":

" . . . merry Margaret
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk on the tower."

Such, too, is Champion's Amaryllis:

"I care not for these ladies,
That must be wooed and prayed:
Give me kind Amaryllis,
The wanton country maid."

Such sometimes even is the power of the mere title of a poem, as Lovelace's "To Lucasta on going to the Wars" or Cleveland's "On Phyllis—Walking before Sunrise."

Such, to come to later times, is Lamb's magic with "When Maidens such as Hester Die"; or Landor's immortalizing sigh over Rose Aylmer. Alfred de Musset and Rossetti—with those names that are "five sweet symphonies"—employ this gift with charming results.

All that seems to be necessary is for the poet to love the name enough, and to speak it or sing it or sigh it as though he loved it, to carve it like Rosalind's on some tree in the forest, and the miracle is done. Next to nothing need be said, except her name, called out on that wind of Time that blows so many beautiful names about the world. Not idly, therefore, have the poets claimed to set the names of their beloved among the stars. Their lightest song has proved their power to keep their word, and only those women are forgotten who have been as unfortunate as she of whom it was said:

"She had no poet—and she died."

Socrates Invents a New Sin

ANOTHER "KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE" STORY

BY IRVING BACHELLER

THE wedding of Miss Betsey Smead and the Hon. Socrates Potter was a fine, old-fashioned comedy, distinguished by some novel lines and incidents now a part of the imperishable history of Pointview.

"I'm scairt and perfectly defenseless," Socrates said that evening in answer to my jest as he stood in a group of merry-makers. "You must be kind to me. I'm an island of silence in a sea o' noise, and as the late Mr. Jeffries said to a rival, 'Nobody is permitted to land on me this evening.' My beach is strewn with silver plate and jewels and gold-headed canes. Bill Warburton is responsible for the most of it. I suppose there's no great gain without some small loss."

He got even by putting this notice over his mantel, and it became the talk of the town:

"Burglars are warned, if they wish to get out of here without trouble, not to take the chairs, or the wood-box, or the kitchen table, or the crockery, or the pots and pans, or the contents of the what-not. A full assortment of jewels, including tiaras, studs, stick-pins, and finger-rings, will be found in a box on the top shelf of the hall closet and may be taken without resistance. The silver plate and gold-headed canes are stored in a chest under the bed of Bill Warburton on Potter's Hill."

In August, about six months after the wedding, I learned of a social earthquake in that community, the shock of which had shaken the continent. I hastened to the land of Lizzie and found the Hon. Socrates Potter under a cloud of tobacco smoke in his law office with a heavy report of legislative proceedings in his lap and his feet on a table. He slowly closed the book and tossed it upon his desk.

"Guilty or not guilty?" I demanded.

"Both," he answered. "I have a large and growing stock of both guilt

and innocence. Just what grade and pattern do you require?"

I came at once to the subject which had brought me there.

"Would you mind turning the key in that door?" he asked. "Thanks! You see, I am the inventor of a new sin and it promises to be very popular. It will fill a long-felt need. There are sure to be imitators who will try to rob me o' some o' my guilt. Now the fact is it's my best possession. I prize and cling to it, and when I open my heart I have to be careful. I have offended the bishops and head men of the Connecticut churches. I have charged that they feed certain regiments in the Army of the Faithful with a cheap, stale, and harmful quality o' goods, thereby filling their camps with sickness and hunger and every byway with deserters. Not that I blame the bishops and head men. I suppose they're doin' the best they can, but I demand fresh, wholesome food for the rank and file, and plenty of it. Then, further, I am guilty of hopes—fond hopes, that we who try to follow the Man of Peace may get together and make a king's army instead of being scattered in corporal's guards. I've blazed a trail to that end and therein is my offense.

"It happened in this way. The Rev. Robert Knowles was, until recently, pastor o' the First Congregational Church o' Pointview. He was young, handsome, good-hearted, and amiable, but as a fountain o' light and inspiration he was not a success. He came wrapped in broadcloth and fine linen—a kind o' matrimonial prize package. The trustees hoped that he would revive the interest o' the young people in Sunday worship; and he did, but it was the worship o' youth and beauty. As he strode along the streets his face and form were an excellent advertisement,

in large and handsome type, that read about as follows:

"'Wanted—a wife. Apply at the First Congregational Church Sundays at 10.30 and 7.45.'

"Many young ladies began to be threatened with a renewal and some with a change o' faith. They thronged to the First Congregational Church, and of course the boys followed 'em. They were deeply concerned for the welfare o' the young ladies, and they wanted to know that the new minister was the right kind of a man. Well, the other churches were emptier than ever, and so the spiritual life o' the community was in no way improved. In fact, I guess it was a little embittered by the new conditions.

"By and by young Mr. Knowles united Betsey and me in the bonds o' wedlock and did it well. It was a thoroughly satisfactory job and I was grateful to him. The next Sunday Betsey asked me to go to church with her, and I cast aside my scruples and went. Well, by that time the young man had lost his newness, and also his heart, or so we were informed. Miss Bessie Montagu-Smith, a pretty little Congregational maid, whose father had all kinds o' money, had drawn the prize, it would seem, and the lottery was off; and the other girls had returned to their native haunts, having discovered that the new minister was vain, worldly, and conceited.

"'Yes, he is attractive,' they admitted, 'but he knows it, and he's not so spiritual as he ought to be.'

"Lettie Davis, who had made a dead set for him, had been strongly convinced of that as soon as he began to show a preference for Miss Bessie Montagu-Smith, and the Davis family had left the church and gone over to the Methodists. The young man had told Betsey about it with tears in his eyes. He feared it would wreck the church. That old ship o' the faith was leaky and iron sick and down by the head and heel, as they say at sea. She rolled if one got off or on her. Such was the condition of things when we walked down the center aisle that Sunday. When we sat down in the Smead pew the service was about to begin. There were by actual count forty-seven people gathered around the

altar o' the old church, and behind us a great emptiness and the ghosts o' the dead. In my boyhood I had sat in its dim light with six hundred people filling every seat to the doors and a man of great power and learning in the pulpit.

"Faces long forgotten were there in those empty pews—old faces, young faces; some touched by the fear of God and some by His love and transfigured with a wonderful beauty; some full of happiness and the love of this world. How many thousands had left its altar to find distant homes or to go on their last journey to that nearer one in the churchyard! My heart was full and ready for strong meat, but none came to me. The moment of silence had been something rare—like an old Grecian vase wonderfully wrought. Then suddenly the singing fell upon us and broke the silence into ruins. It was in the nature of a breach of the peace. If harmony is the corner-stone of religion, that music was a crime. I shall say no more on the subject. The choir is still there, chained to its task with a righteous sense o' duty. It's like Samson in the temple, with the power to pull it down upon your head. Yet the choir means well. In music the best intentions often lead to the worst results, and the pure in heart have been known to sing too freely. There are two kinds o' people who ought to be gently but firmly restrained—the person that talks too much and the person that sings too much."

"But what about the preacher?" said I.

"The boy who preached the sermon that followed undoubtedly meant well. He's about the kind of a chap that I've seen in law offices workin' for fifteen dollars a week—industrious, zealous, and able up to a point, and all right under supervision. He can be trusted to handle a small case with intelligence and good judgment. But I wouldn't go to him for instruction in philosophy, and if I wished to re-lay the foundations o' my life I should naturally consult some other person. As one might expect, he had searched the cellars of theology for canned goods and with extraordinary success. This sermon had come from the musty cans of cloth and buckram in the

public library labeled Bushnell, Edwards, Knox, and Beecher, and when it was fresh fruit it was excellent. That young man seemed to be living in a dead world. He could hardly be said to have arrived in the twentieth century and to have learned anything of its harvests o' good and evil. I say it with no disrespect to him. He couldn't be expected to know much about the spiritual needs o' this generation. There are Englishmen who write their impressions of America after a week's stay on Fifth Avenue, but we read them only to be amused. His sermon was like old straw going through a threshing-machine—the usual noise, but no grain fell into the sacks. He wound up by breaking our hearts with a dramatic recitation of 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.' He met us at the door.

"'You must manage to keep these people awake,' I suggested to him.

"'How am I to do it?' he asked.

"'Well, in two ways. You might have a corps o' pin-stickers carefully distributed in the pews, or you could put the pins in your sermon and shove 'em home every minute or two.'

"We came away with a sense of injury. When I open my soul to a man—and can't talk back—he ought to treat it with respect. At least he oughtn't to use it for a waste-basket.

"Being deeply religious, Betsey thought it was our duty to try the other churches.

"'I could feel at home,' she said, 'in any of the churches here. These days there's no essential difference between Congregationalists, Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians. I've talked with all of them, and their differences are dead and gone. They stand in the printed creeds, but are no longer in the hearts of the people.'

"'Then why all these empty churches?' I asked. 'Why don't the people get together in one great church that would be filled with worshippers and light and inspiration? They could then afford to hire a man to keep 'em awake, who would be likely to succeed, and some singers who could sing.'

"'Don't talk about the millennium,' said Betsey. 'We must try to make the best of what we have.'

"Well, in the next four Sundays we

went from church to church to get strength for our souls, and found only weakness and disappointment. Immune from ridicule and satire, the sacred inefficiency of our pulpit had waxed and grown and taken possession o' the churches. It had become almost as lonely as the boy on the burning deck. Sleep—nature's great shield and panoply, the kind defender of the bored, was everywhere. And one thought came to me as I listened. There should be a number of exits to every Christian church plainly marked: 'To be used in case o' fire.' Ancient history, dead philosophy, sophomoric periods delivered in soporific tones, bad music, empty pews, weary and somnolent little groups o' the faithful longing for home, were in brief the things that we saw and heard. It was pathetic. It stirred the long-neglected soil o' my spirit and things began to grow there. In the pews of almost every church I saw men o' parts—numbers o' them—men whose brains command five thousand to fifty thousand dollars a year. In the pulpits were men whose brains command from eight hundred to eighteen hundred a year. The ability was all in the pews. I'm not the kind that measures worth by earning power, but the latter has some value as an index o' capacity; and the fact is that most o' the pew-holders in either church could have gone into the pulpit and beaten the minister at his own game."

"But they are all good men," I ventured.

"Yes, in the matter o' walk and behavior we must all take off our hats to the clergy o' this village. In one way they've been preaching well—viz., by example. In Pointview their lives have been pure and above reproach. They have visited the sick and the poor and worked hard for little pay, and so they have held the respect of our community.

"I began to think about it. Here were five church organizations, all weak, infirm, begging, struggling for life. The automobile, the golf and country clubs, the yacht club, the songs of the birds and the beauty o' the woods and fields, had nearly finished the work o' destruction which incompetence had so ably begun. There was not much left o' them; yet their combined property was worth

about one hundred thousand dollars. They spent in the aggregate fifty-six hundred dollars for ministers' salaries, and their total average attendance was only four hundred and forty-nine. I could see no more extravagant waste o' time, work, and capital in any other branch o' human effort. Some would call it wicked, but though we speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity we had better have kept still.

"Betsey and I were holding hands and conversation by the fireside one evening when we heard a big motor-car roll up, and in half a minute the bell rang. I opened the door and there stood Miss Bessie Montagu-Smith with her footman. She took off her wraps and sat down by the fire with us—a beautiful girl with lovely brown hair and dark eyes and a merry smile, and a waist that always made my arms kind o' restless. She started the earthquake, and one look at her would demonstrate her capacity.

"'Bob and I have just had a long talk,' she said, and of course we knew that she referred to the Rev. Robert Knowles. 'I'm afraid it's all off between us,' she went on rather sadly, and I observed that her dainty foot trembled a little on the fender. 'He will not give up his silly preaching and go into business; says he cannot afford to have it end in failure.'

"'He has the right spirit. He'll succeed,' I ventured.

"'In what?' said Bessie.

"'In discovering that he cannot preach—perhaps.'

"'But—he—he says that he cannot marry for years yet—that he cannot afford to,' said Bessie.

"'Well, of course you'll wait for him.'

"'But not until I'm prehistoric. I do not even know that he would care to marry me. On that subject he's horribly reticent. I'm sure he's very fond of me, but—you know—we're not engaged.'

"'He's right—he can't afford to marry now,' I said. 'You're too much of a luxury for him and he knows it.'

"'Why, don't you know—he's going to be rich?' Bessie went on. 'He's the only heir of his grandfather.'

"'But he hasn't got it yet,' I said.

'The old man is keeping him poor o' purpose. He wants him to accomplish something by his own efforts. Then his grandfather isn't dead yet, and he may never give the boy a cent.'

"'Who cares a rap whether he does or not,' said Bessie. 'I don't see why a girl should be set down as worthless simply because her father is rich. She can be as economical as anybody if she has to. A friend and I have been secretly taking lessons in cooking, and we enjoy the rolling-pin as much as the tennis-racket.'

"'Great!' I exclaimed. 'Now you're talkin' business and I'm with ye. Maybe between us all we can head him off. But we mustn't be in a hurry. He's a young man o' spirit and he doesn't want to be supported by his wife.'

"'It wouldn't be necessary. He's awfully able and he could get something to do,' Bessie answered.

"'But I don't blame him for not wanting to back down,' says I. 'Maybe he'll make a preacher yet. He's improving—they tell me. You wait. He'll arrive somewhere before long.'

"'Of course I'll wait,' said Bessie. 'The silly fellow! I must wait—what else can I do?—I'm so fond of him. But can't we do something to hasten his progress?'

"'Bessie, I believe I could,' I said. 'I believe I have a plan that would make him one of the most successful and best-paid ministers in New England—a plan that would give us a great church with at least seven hundred active members in Pointview.'

"The ladies began to sit up and take notice, and Miss Bessie Montagu-Smith clapped her hands and said, joyfully:

"'If you can do that, Mr. Potter, I'll pay all the expenses.'

"Her remark seemed to open the way before me and I saw clearly to the end of it. Not that I intended to let her pay all the bills.

"'Why, Soc, are you going crazy?' Betsey laughed.

"'No, I'm going sane,' I said. 'I know it's dangerous to go sane too sudden in this world. Many a man has been imprisoned for that. If I establish a church that shall be a great power for good and filled with people every Sun-

day for a year, will you girls help me with the needful? To be good is inspiring but expensive. It will cost you at least five thousand dollars each, but it will be cheap at that price. If it costs more I'll get other people to help. I won't ask you for a dollar unless I make it go for a year and convince you that it can and ought to live on.'

"'I'm with you,' said my wife, with enthusiasm.

"'So am I,' said Bessie, 'only I want Bob to be in it.'

"'He shall be in it—very much in it—if he will, but not as a preacher. He shall have a chance to reform and improve his mind by study and reflection. Meanwhile he shall be the pastor and assistant business manager of our church.'

"They were delighted and eager for more information, but I left them, to keep an appointment.

"Next day I got busy on my plan, and before night I had bought the old skatin'-rink on Bedford Street and the ground under it and some more alongside. Then I went to work with an architect, and by the middle o' June our church was ready, with a new carpet on the floor and a fine old pulpit from which Jonathan Edwards preached his first sermon, and comfortable seats, and some handsome pictures on the walls loaned by friends o' mine. I'm a lover of art, and I believe in it as a power for good because it makes us feel the beauty that surrounds us, and no man is fit for a better world until he appreciates the beauty of this one: the restful quiet of green fields, the majesty of mountains, hushed and holy places in the deep wood. Christ and scenes in his ministry were there shown, and descending from the pulpit was a little garden of ferns and palms and vines and mosses, all alive and growing in good ground, with a small fountain in their midst—a symbol of purity. The walls were tinted a rich cream-color, the woodwork painted white. The effect was simple, homey, restful, cheering, but not unchurchly. We called it the Church of All Faiths.

"I wanted to help and not to hinder the other churches, and that spirit went into all my plans. First, then, we decided that our services should begin at nine o'clock every Sunday morning and

close at or before twenty minutes after ten. That gave our parishioners a chance to go to the other churches if they wanted to. I traveled from Boston to St. Louis and returned *viâ* Washington to engage talent for our pulpit. I wanted the best that this land affords and was prepared to pay its price. I engaged nine ministers, distinguished for eloquence and learning, three Governors, the mayor of a Western city, two United States Senators, one Congressman, and a justice of the Supreme Court of the land. They were all great-souled men who had shown in word and action a touch of the spirit of Jesus Christ. Some of them had been throwing light into dark places and driving money-changers from the temple and casting out devils. They were all qualified to enlighten and lift up our souls.

"I had to assess my friends with a firm but polite hand, and every day the silence o' Pointview was broken by the shrieks o' my victims. I made old Jake Ford give me a hundred dollars, and of all my accomplishments I put that first. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Warburton gave me fifty-two hundred dollars for the services of a good male quartette for one year. No one has a proper respect for the human soul until he has heard its aspiration expressed in great music or in noble speech. The first step toward a proper respect for God is a proper respect for men. No one can love God who hasn't first learned to love His best creation. So, therefore, the foundations of my work were ready.

"I put a full-page advertisement in each local paper, which read about as follows:

"'The Church of All Faiths.

"'Built especially for sinners and for good people who wish to be better.

"'Will begin its work in this community Sunday, June 19th, at nine o'clock, with a sermon by Socrates Potter, Esq., of Pointview, in which he will set forth his view of what a church should do and an account of what this church proposes to do for its parishioners. Other churches are cordially invited to worship and to work with us for the good of Pointview.'

"The curiosity of the people had been whetted to a keen edge. They had

begged for information, but Betsey and I had said that they should know all about it in due time. I had given my plan to the contributors only and they were to keep still about it. Women couldn't sleep nights; they stood in groups on Bedford Street staring at the new edifice, to which only the workmen were admitted. Their worry showed in their faces and expressed itself in absurd gossip. They came to our home and implored Betsey for more knowledge, but in vain. They upbraided their husbands for ignorance.

"Sometimes silence is the best advertisement, and certain men who seem to be so modest that they are shocked by the least publicity are the greatest advertisers in the world. The man who hides his candle under a bushel is apt to be the one whose candle is best known. So it happened with us. Nine hundred and sixteen people filled the seats in our church that morning by nine o'clock and two hundred more were trying to get in. The quartette sang, young Mr. Knowles read the Scriptures and offered prayer. Then I held forth; and right here I shall slip my candle out o' sight, so it may shine in your imagination as brightly as you please. I announced my glittering programme; I talked just as I talk to you, and you had a good time. The music thrilled us, and everybody wanted more. They left the church with joy in their hearts and faces, and they came again and have been coming ever since.

"At the next service an honored minister, whose soul is even greater than his fame, preached for us, and that week a petition came to me, signed by six hundred citizens, complaining that the hour of the service was too early and asking that it be changed to 10.30 A.M. I believe in the voice of the people and obeyed it, but I knew what would happen and it did. The other churches were deserted and silent. One by one their ministers came to see me—all save one old gentleman in whom the brimstone o' wrath had begun to burn more fiercely. I needed every one of 'em and was glad to have their help. There were the sick and the poor to be visited; there were weddings and funerals and countless details in the organization of the new church to be attended to.

"I ought to tell you that a curious and unexpected thing had happened. Fisher-folk, street gamins, caddies, loafers on the docks and in the livery-stables, millionaires and millionheireses—people who had thought themselves either above or below religion, came to our meetings. Each resembled in numbers a political rally. Work! Why, sir, I could see so much to be done it scairt me. We have started an Improvement School for Sunday evenings, in which the great Story is told in lectures, and fine photographs thrown on a screen. And not only the great Story, but any story calculated to inspire and enlighten the youthful mind. The best of the world's work and art and certain of the great novels will be presented in this way. I am going to get the great men of the world to give us a series of three-minute sermons on the phonograph. Thus I hope to make it possible for our people to hear the voices and sentiments of kings, presidents, premiers, statesmen, and prophets—the men and women who are making history.

"We have started a small country club where poor boys and girls can enjoy golf and tennis. Any poor lad or lassie in this town who has a longing for better things is sought and found by our ministers, and all kinds of encouragement are offered. People and clergy of almost every faith that is known here in Pointview are working side by side for one purpose. Think o' that! The revolution has been complete and mainly peaceful. As to the expense of it all, we tax the rich, and for the rest we temper the wind to the length of their wool.

"Bessie came into my office the other day.

"'We must raise Bob's salary,' she said.

"'Bob is doin' great work,' I said, 'but I've already doubled his salary.'

"'But that isn't enough,' she said.

"'I suppose he doesn't think it enough to get married on,' said I.

"'If you'll double his salary I'll pay the amount of the raise,' she proposed, with a smile.

"'Bessie, you're a grafter,' I said. 'I couldn't agree to that; it's underhand. But I've got some good news: Bob's

grandfather is so pleased with the work the boy is doin' here that he has decided to give him fifty thousand dollars on the 15th of September. I have sent for Bob and he is due here now. If you wait you'll hear me tell him.'

"In a minute Bob entered. I had begun to like the boy very much. He was a frank, four-square, straight-from-the-shoulder sort o' chap and was growin' fast.

"I broke the news to him.

"'I'm very grateful,' said he, 'but I don't know what I shall do with it.'

"'Really!' Bessie exclaimed.

"'Unless you'll marry me,' said Bob, takin' her hand in his.

"'Oh, Mr. Knowles,' she said, with suppressed astonishment, 'this is so sudden—so unexpected! Of course you *don't* expect an answer to-day.'

"I let out a laugh that could have been heard in Chesterville.

"She smiled and blushed to the roots of her hair and turned to Bob and said:

"'Would you mind seeing me home? My car is waiting outside and—perhaps—you're so accustomed to it—perhaps you wouldn't mind a small audience.'

"Within a month or so their engagement was announced, and I was glad, for while Bessie is very human, she has a noble heart.

"The good work goes on and we shall soon need a bigger church. Certain people have declared war on me, some have lied about me, but I don't mind that. To lie is human; to confess, divine. If there were no liars, life would lose half its zest and there would be no need of a church or a lawyer or a world of struggle. If a man has never been lied about, he has never tasted success or known flattery. Mendacity hath its many uses. The fact is, Truth is a great wrestler. She needs opposition to develop her strength.

"It's an odd thing that those who wish to fight with us claim to be followers of Him who was wont to say at every door, 'Peace be unto this house,' and who, when He was about to leave this world, said to His disciples, 'My peace I give unto you.'

"For that peace most of us are working with one accord here in Pointview. God send it farther."

"Sunset and Evening Star"

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

LAST night I leaned upon my window-sill
 And watched across the western sea and sky
 The twilight draw a purple veil until
 No light was left, save, shining clear and high,
 The evening star, and one warm gleam that lay
 Beneath it there—some lamp of home, new-lit
 Upon a distant island in the bay,
 Calling the day-long wanderer back to it.
 And then I thought the constant star that shone
 Remotely bright, was like the heaven above
 This night-bound earth where each gropes on alone,
 Save for the wavering light of human love.
 Yet near and warm that flame; and oh, how far
 Beyond our reach the white, unchanging star!

“O Times! O Customs!”

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

JULIE could never make up her mind to anything beyond the purchasing or not purchasing of a blouse. And in that she showed no great strength of character, for she always bought it, although she had soared far over the hundred-dollar limit which our Customs granted her, and sailing was still ten days off.

Julie's mother, recognizing her daughter's weakness (of mind, and for clothes), showed almost a European eagerness to marry her to a young man who was not only willing but eligible. It was her contention—for she discussed this every evening with us in our little hotel in Paris (unless the Illustrator saw her coming)—that Julie liked Richard, but that her heart was not awakened. “She needs romance to feed upon; now you two—”

I felt the thin edge of the wedge, but the Illustrator bit the apple, and we took Julie with us on our zigzag journey up to Havre, while her mother remained in Paris and “held the thought.” We travel for improvement always, and as soon as the Illustrator heard that there was an aviation school near Rheims, he wished to motor us to that city immediately “to sketch the cathedral.”

He sat up very straight, humming sentimental airs, all the way to Rheims, and allowed me to put my arm over the back of his seat so as to make Julie, sitting serenely in the rear, feel lonesome and unloved. We believed that the exquisite countryside combined with our carefully paraded happiness would force her into an active longing for Richard and a definite cry of the heart.

To be sure, we should not have known where to find Richard had she suddenly cried. He had left Paris in a huff the night she ate eleven kinds of *hors d'œuvre* for dinner, because she couldn't decide what else to have, and nothing had been heard of him since. She had shown

no concern over his disappearance, and at the crafty suggestion of her mother that we might visit the morgue, was plainly relieved at the thought of so definite a settling of the vexing problem. After that Richard was revived; but Julie, bouncing loosely around in the back seat, refused to admit that it would be pleasant to have him along as ballast. “It might and it mightn't,” was her conclusion.

The lace-work of the cathedral fretted a mild evening sky as we drew up before the ancient hotel, which has kept its excellence unspotted through force of many years' proximity to Holy Church. Once before, we had been assisted to descend by the same green-aproned porters who now gathered about us, and the talk had been from arrival to departure of the cathedral: the best hours, the best light, the best guides, and the photographs of these. Times have changed; new France greeted us with the courtesy of old France, but the phrasing was different. “Good flying weather, madam—not a breath to-night, sir—early to-morrow will be the time. Church services? No, madam, but full flights, please God.”

As I write, my sentences feel the nervous tension of that moment. Before the door shabby, unkempt motors were carelessly herded; they had the manner of oxen driven only for actual service. In the courtyard airmen were chaffing one another at the sudden dropping of the wind. Now it was too late to reach the Champ de Châlons. The Illustrator dashed from bar to bar, then back to us with news: “A little hotel where we might dine and spend the night—one must arise at three to see the flying. Yes, Mourmelon—they practise on the military field—the government loans it to them—at sunrise and at sunset. We've missed the sunset, but there's the sunrise—what? Hang the cathedral!”

Dinner was on when we reached the

inn at Mourmelon—little tables for chance guests, long ones for the schools. Men grotesquely arrayed, tired, dirty, ate their meal in company with gorgeously dressed women. Some had soared among the clouds and were insanely happy; others who had not been able to leave the ground were depressed and snapped at the gorgeous ladies. The mail came, and the air was thick with titles as Madame dispensed the letters. The scions of great names clumped out into the garden to smoke and drink their coffee; a tin-pan piano played the Matchiche—some one essayed to dance Apache fashion; some one from the shelter of the arbor sang in a brilliant tenor. The maids came and went: "Bien, m'sieu," and "Bien, m'sieu."

At ten, doors banged and the house grew quiet. At three, in the heavy darkness before dawn, alarm-clocks rang from room to room. Some were smothered by exasperated Othellos, others were conscientiously heeded. A little later motors, shaggy as those at Rheims, coughed from out the courtyard, and not long afterward, as the sun was obeying the alarm of chantecleer, we too drove toward the field.

The great plain stretched mistily before us. At the far end thirty or more wooden hangars flanked the confines. Gaudy booths made of yellow pine sold liquors, post-cards, and toy aeroplanes. All of it was new, different from anything else in the world, and yet it was familiar to us. This we could not analyze, but we were at home.

Monoplanes and biplanes were circling around a clump of trees in the middle of the field, from which bored soldiers reconnoitered during the day. Men in blue blouses were wheeling the machines from the hangars—new men, a new race of men; the pilots gave directions as the youngsters rose in the air. The planes darted above us like darning-needles, and the Illustrator was observed to kick his motor and address it as a cow. It lolled in the road, clumsy and soulless.

At six we drank our coffee under a canvas stretched before a booth. The cups were cracked, the spoons were tin, the blue blouses were there, and the aristocrats as well, but nothing mattered. The machines were still clicking above

us, while from across the plain a snake of cavalry was twisting itself into the day's manœuvres. A solitary scout detailed to cover our end of the ground halted under the shadow of a fir-tree. It was the little tree which gave the key to the sensation that we had lived all this before. It was the homely scrub which we knew in our far West on the edge of our great deserts. This was the raw life of our mining-camps, our frontier life, the roughness that accompanies development. Wooden shacks, a stretch of country, the military in silhouette, a roistering hotel, and men moving about with a fresh purpose: America in a nutshell.

Julie was finding difficulty in deciding whether the scene was that of the Mojave or the arid waste of Arizona, when an aeroplane, which had been frolicking about in the skies, brought up at her feet and deposited Richard literally where he had been groveling figuratively for the length of the summer. The girl continued uncertain in her welcome of him, but the man returned to groveling with great joy, and the Illustrator was whooping. He tried to hide his own unwieldy machine, but it was too big for him. Failing this, he made a virtue of necessity and boasted proudly of our happy motoring-party. Richard turned his back upon his lovely humming-bird to look enviously at our earthly vehicle. "Wish I was going, too," he sighed.

"You wouldn't!" exclaimed the Illustrator.

"Wouldn't I!" replied Richard. Which, I take it, is equivalent to a masculine invitation and acceptance, for the four of us left Rheims the following morning.

It was not an early start. Julie disappeared as we were strapping on the luggage, to return an hour later with her arms full of petticoats. As my consort said, no one but Julie could find petticoats in Rheims. We reminded her of those grim guardians to the sea gates of New York, that "Welcome Home" in immortelles which hangs above the Customs and makes our European trip one sad struggle between pale conscience and black fear. But Richard seized the parcel to hold it tenderly, and gave further evidence—inveigling her into the tonneau by this promise—that he would

wear them off the boat if necessary to shield his lady.

We snorted on, presenting, in spite of motoring temptations to deviate from such a cloying pose, affectionate backs leaning toward each other. Yet it occurred to us as the day flew by, and we flew with it into the sun, that this was having small effect upon our guests. As the *Illustrator* crudely put it, we might as well be natural—and happy. Richard didn't notice us, and Julie seemed invulnerable save to the practical.

At Beauvais, after she had bought a jabot under the shadow of the cathedral, Julie had made a list of all her purchases and had screamed to find the duty she should pay. I say "should pay," as Julie said she wouldn't. It was a matter of principle with her, she added. To uphold her in this moral attitude it was decided that from now on we would stop only in the villages which sold nothing, and she thanked us sincerely for keeping her from temptation. But at Gisors, while the *Illustrator* sketched the castle, she bought eight pewter peppers from the landlord of the *Trois Poissons*, and Richard abetted her.

This was exhibiting a weakness of character which one accepts in a woman as a sweetly feminine trait. We doubted the wisdom of tempting these two to matrimony by loving pictures, and returned to our normal selves, disputed in whispers, then twisted the engine to La Roche Guyon as a Machiavellian stroke. The village would serve two purposes. If one could buy anything in La Roche Guyon, except worms for bait, the *Illustrator* would be jiggered. Besides this quality, there was the charm of the town itself, a sort of mating charm. It should be a test to all uncertain couples. A day on the Seine, a dinner on the shaded sidewalk of the *Maison Rouge*, and if the two were doubtful still—back to the Intelligence Offices once more and a list of fresh loves.

While the *Illustrator* and I boast no friends in the châteaux of France, we have many fond acquaintances throughout the inns. And is not this a comfortable way of making visits? Always welcome, we need never hesitate to ask for what we want, nor when the visit may be made, nor when we must away. We

spend the hours as it best pleases us, sometimes without the irksomeness of conversation, again shelling pease in Madame's kitchen, hearing of the folk. And at our parting every one is sorrowful: he who presents the bill—and he who pays it.

Bills are not formidable at the *Maison Rouge*. We wonder if M'sieu, tall, thin, with the keen face of the mechanic, has done well to take the inn. American dollars bought the place and we show a friendly interest in their equivalent. I wonder, as M'sieu serves the soup, feeds the horses, or sits among his guests to look out upon the darkening valley, if the night is blacker to him through the recollection of the lights of our great city. Can one so young have acquired enough philosophy to give up that splendid row of motors—cars over which in the livery of the house he ruled supreme? Is it just for the brain or a skilled mechanician to be applied to the scrubbing of stone steps? His children are many now; he must stay on. And has he found this out too late, or has he found that the pride of the householder sweetens all service, and that the gay trappings of a menial are only for the harnessed soul?

Julie made no purchases at La Roche Guyon, for the reason that she wished for nothing but a motor-boat and she hadn't the money. The one which had aroused her covetousness tied up at our little wharf as we were dining under the awning, and our host had hastened down to assist the crew of three to carry up their baggage for the night. The Duke and Duchess who owned the lovely craft would sleep aboard. We could see them taking their meal comfortably on the tiny deck; the Duke, with his napkin tucked under his left ear as homey as could be, served by a white-aproned *chef* to whom an American kitchenette would have been a wilderness of space. Our landlord told us with glistening eyes of the so great power of the boat. Titles were nothing to him as compared to a carbureter; but we lingered on, fascinated by the glimpses of aristocracy going to bed in Pullman fashion.

Julie from a neighboring bench wished passionately to have a boat also, but when Richard whispered loudly that it

lay within her power, she asserted that gold could not buy her. At this the young lover charged her with seeing no farther than her nose, which the girl clung to as a restful thought, saving much effort. Her complacent attitude only maddened him the more, and he flung himself up the village road, making, I thought, for the Intelligence Office.

I wish he had remained a little longer, for in a minute she arose and spoke aloud to the soft darkness with a turbulence of heart that we did not think she had ever yet encountered. "'It's easy to you that have just one mind.'" she quoted, wildly, "'but if you had as many minds as I have!'" And we knew that sentiment had come to her in La Roche Guyon, for she had found herself in "Sentimental Tommy."

Richard hadn't gone away. The next morning he was slinging on our luggage stubbornly, with the air of a man whose great singleness of purpose was to thwart a young girl's purpose of remaining single. And Julie was calmly picking out franc pieces for the little girls, and giving them all two francs when the moment came for distribution.

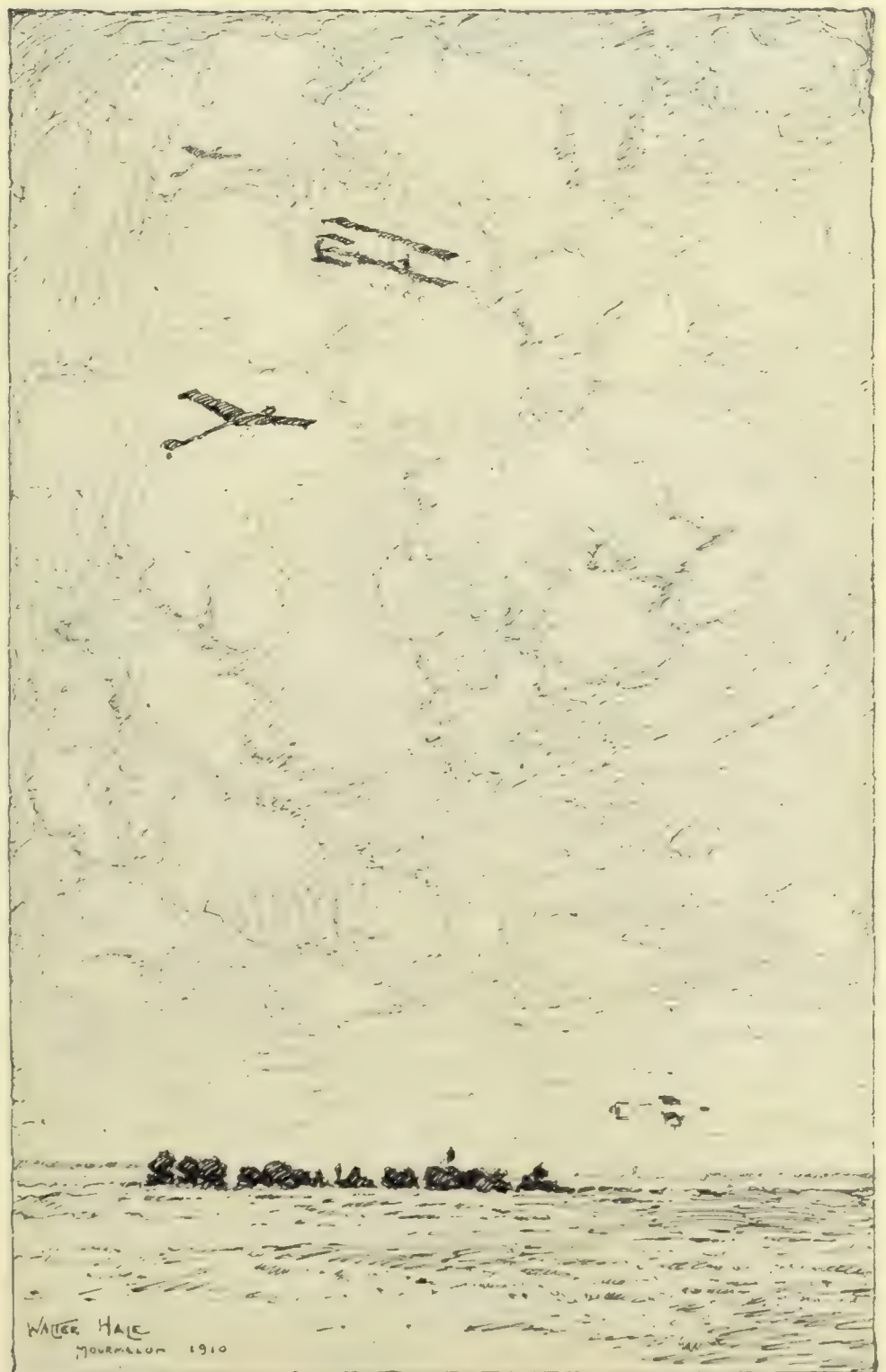
There was a roundelay of hand-shaking, then up the valley into the paradise of the painter. Every cottage about Giverny has taken unto itself a huge window giving upon the north. The old stone houses have flushed brown at this searching exposure of their inmost lives, yet there is always something to be thankful for: sundered as have been their roof-trees, their faces are turned toward the road—toward the straight and narrow path. They need not witness, as must the unhappy summer-houses, the secrets of the gardens. Even the Illustrator besought our party to peep not over the garden walls, for in the warm-spotted sunshine un-

derneath the trees the school of Giverny paints beauty unadorned.

We need not have gone to Vernon. It is not direct, although the engine kept curving toward it like a homesick horse. "There is a church in Vernon," the Illustrator had begun; not once, but many times, until I became suspicious, then convinced, then spoke.

"'Too early?'" he repeated after me, reprovingly; "'too early'—for a church?"

I remained silent. He bartered with me: "I'll promise you I'll really find and draw one." We went on to Vernon; very pleasant once we were anchored there. There were no screens; lace curtains were at the windows, and Madame off in a corner selling tea. Had Madame selling tea and the Duchess of the motor-boat exchanged places the arrangement would



THE BIRD-MEN AT CHAMP DE CHÂLONS

have been quite as congruous. M'sieu was not M'sieu at all, save that thirty-seven years of France had bestowed a courtlier manner upon an American than a century of our life could have given him. Thirty-seven years without a sight of home, yet thirsting still he was for news.

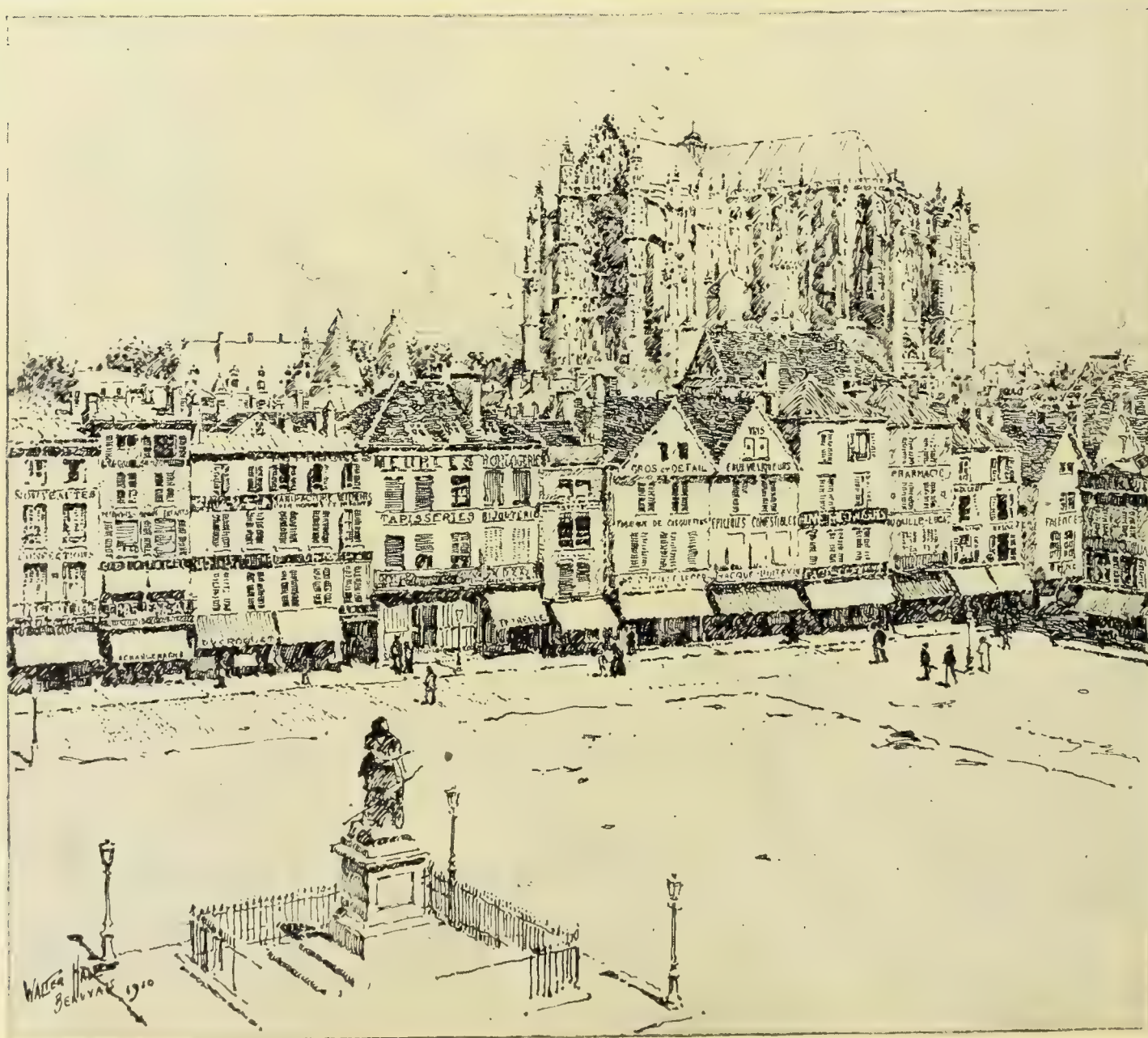
The four of us were not content to rest one foot upon the rail—the famous brass rail of America which we women can know out of our country only—we climbed upon it. We leaned for once over the mahogany to tell our host stories of heights and depths, of sky-scrapers and of subways. The Illustrator gave him recipes for strange concoctions associated with this forbidden foot-rail. Richard sang a Delsartian song which had kept our hurdy-gurdies cozy through the winter; and our host, ready to do his share, picked up an old guitar and gave to us what New York had given him the year he left. "Whoa, Emma,"

he sang, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," and "I'm the Dandy Copper of the Broadway Squad."

The Illustrator was driven off to find a church, Julie bought tea from the unwilling Duchess when no one was looking, and Richard, "un bon diable," as Madame called him, leaped around to the other side of the piano and showed her lord the chords for "Kelly," and presented "Mr. Dooley" as a creation of the year. When we left them the proprietor was carrying on the work, and from her corner Madame was lisping:

"'Ell-e-phan to r-r-ride oop-on.' Si drôle!"

All that gentle day of rain the back seat remained impervious to the melting condition of the surroundings. Things were not going on there that would force us, who were in front, to clear our throats in lieu of knocking before we turned around. Julie looked for bargains along the road and Richard sat tight, shuffling



THE CATHEDRAL AT BEAUVAIS

imaginary cards. When the rain fell more heavily we enveloped them in a canvas cavern, but the girl behaved as in a show-case.

The Illustrator, mindful of the lost opportunities of his youth—of the few that he had lost—waxed sorrowful for Julie when, grown old, she would live largely in the retrospect. The very heavens were for love-making in the sheltered tonneau. If we were in doubt about the road that day we had but to follow up a rain-cloud and it fell upon us. "Nature cannot cease from sobbing," Richard was heard to say, which only reminded Julie she had better buy a mackintosh.

I caught a glimpse of her diary that night: "Lunched at Les Andelys. No rain-coats there, but a tame crow, and some erudite Americans who were summering at the inn. They sort of shut us out. The French at the table d'hôte never do that. We may not talk to them nor they to us, but they don't mind our living. I should like to marry a Frenchman—I think. No, I don't think I should. Rain-coats at Louviers, a charming town, but not good for rain (the coats, I mean; Louviers is good for days of rain). Bought some gloves there and threw my wet ones away. Richard picked them up and kept them. He is kind, but hovers. A fine church at Lisieux—I was so glad. While the rest saw it I bought two candlesticks. By 'the rest' I mean the others—that is, not Richard. No mackintoshes at Lisieux. I love motoring, but not when sitting in a tun-

nel. How shall I get my clothes through those old Customs! We are now in Caen. They have good shops here. Oh, la belle France!"

The Hôtel d'Angleterre of Caen must know us as a serious-minded couple—we have discussions on our visits there that disturb the slumbers of the night watchman. Once it was upon the cooking of their tripe; again, how to get money when we had none; and on this third occasion the mental attitude of Julie; all philosophical themes as vexing and as unsolvable as the number of the Quattrocento angels who danced upon the needle's point.

Since the chance peep into the young



THE DONJON, GISORS CASTLE



TWILIGHT--LA ROCHE GUYON

girl's diary, "the others" felt that we did not occupy the place in her esteem that we deserved. We could say this in all modesty, for the exemplary height on which we perched was as unreal to us as it was real to her, and it nettled us to have her take for granted what was costing us so much effort. Since she had no knowledge of the sacrifice, she had no appreciation of it, and upon the Illustrator learning of "the others" he hoped Julie would marry Richard as soon as possible and find out by contrast how marvelous we were. I was thirsting for more immediate vengeance and less enduring. Julie, for all of me, could now buy what she wished. Let her sow the wind. At the Customs underneath the letter of her surname she would reap the whirlwind.

Unconsciously in plotting I at last plotted rightly, but I did not learn this

until we reached Dinard, and between Dinard and Caen lay a day of lovely towns containing shops so ugly that only a Julie could have found solace in the inner sanctuary. At Bayeux one goes to see the tapestries—all go except the man who earns our way by sketching; though Julie attends pookingly, as they are not for sale. It was the habit now for her to plan how she could take things past the Customs "and no one know." The tapestries were a temptation—two hundred feet of linen, the size of towel-ing, she could wind them all around her body, she asserted, and enter port—once more restored to health!

Bayeux pottery has done its best to reproduce the story of these tapestries on various dishes, and it was Richard who gave to her a platter with Halley's Comet in 1066 frightening William the Conqueror almost off the edge—the edge,

not of France, of course, but of the platter. Julie said she had a plan for the disposal of the gift. In spite of my open condemnation of the unhealthy trend of Julie's smuggling thoughts, she had encouraged them to grow into a tendency, and from that into a definite request to hide the platter in the tire-case, there to remain until it reached the smuggler's cove — Glen Cove, Long Island, was her destination.

The Illustrator was amazed, I was amazed. He said it was dishonest, forbade her to touch the box, and, climbing a high peak of virtue, looked down upon her from the uncomfortable point. Richard defended Julie hotly; I climbed upon the peak, made dizzy by the eminence, but ever the loyal wife; we motored on in silence.

After a time a tire was punctured, and before we could get down from off our peak the younger couple had, in an ingratiating attempt to help us, opened the tire-box. The lifting of the lid revealed to them several Bayeux decanters depicting William's trip to England in a small canoe. The Illustrator hung his head, and intimated that they were all for me. They were good decanters and I defended him.

We motored on. Richard was more than ever on Julie's side; "the others," in their shame, more aggressively affectionate (almost meaning it); and Julie even more harassed with the thought that, should she marry Richard, they might grow base like us!

All day the pa-

riahs in the front seat drove them toward the cold northwest. The architecture grew more stern with the climate. From San Lo to Avranche it tilted uncertainly. We rounded a cliff before reaching Pontorson, and Mont San Michel rose from the sea to greet us, even us.

The Illustrator shut off his power. "Strange!" he mused. "That's the only work of man without an ugly moment. It's like the beauty of a soul."

I sighed remorsefully. "But not our soul."

There was a murmur from the tonneau. "That's repentance," whispered Julie.

The Illustrator pulled my hat over my eyes in way of a caress. I answered him as roughly: fun of the heart!



NOTRE DAME, VERNON

"And that's love," returned Richard. "Even in disgrace they stick. Oh, Julie!"

"I can't say yet," Julie hastened.

"Other times, other customs!" At Dinard we found our trunks awaiting us, sent on by the "little swiftness." Here we shook out our pretty garments, to show the place that we could be as smart as it, and then repacked them for the ocean trip; some in our cabin trunks, others "Not Wanted" until the officials of our port should want them very much.

It was a sad hour for Julie, but not for me. I divided my purchases in lots and pinned the bills upon them tranquilly. When secreting hats in laundry-bags and shoes in mouchoir-cases became

too horrible for the young girl, she came to watch my calm procedure. "Why are all your things in two heaps?" she asked. There was a bewildered look in her tired eyes that made mine ache in sympathy. Chaos was in Julie's mind and heart and boxes.

"Some for his trunk and some for mine," I answered, smooth as silk in my complacency.

"Looks like more than a hundred dollars' worth," she commented, suspicion in her tone.

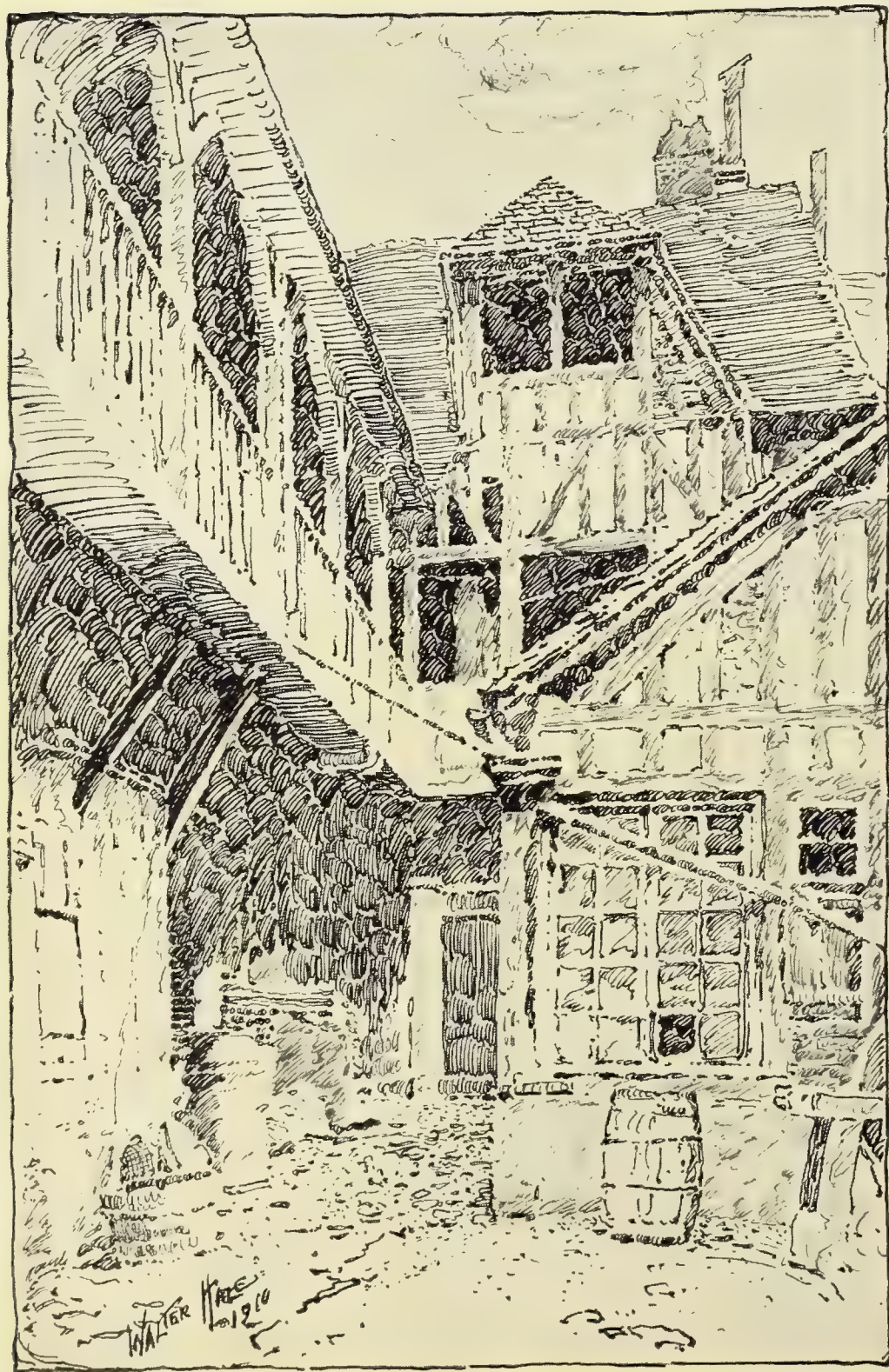
"It is more," I answered; "but he bought nothing for himself and that allows me twice the sum."

My head was buried in a swift cascade of lace as I bent low into the box, but

Julie's voice reached me like the click of a castanet: "Because you two are married you can do that?"

"Certainly; we're one. The government allows—" I came out from the lacy shower to find I was alone. Julie's heels were tapping down the hall, to stop at the far end. A defiant knock was heard upon a door, then a swift mingling of a man's and a woman's voice, overtopped at last by a jubilant note from Richard. I stood uncertainly in the middle of my room. History was being made about me, but from events in which I had no place. Yet an instant later the young man, leaping past my open door, checked himself long enough to cry: "Bless you, oh, bless you! I don't know how you did it, but, oh, bless you! I'm going to the mayor's."

Julie did not return. What mysteries of life had opened to the girl by the sight of our two



COURT OF AN OLD AUBERGE—LISIEUX



Drawn by Walter Hale

AFTER THE RAIN—BAYEUX



WINDMILLS SAVORING OF ANOTHER DAY

trunks and our soft heaps of mingled linen? After a space I stepped into the corridor. She was issuing from her room, arms heaped high with garments, her face radiant. "It's decided; we're going to be married. I'm putting some of my things in his trunks. He'll get them through without a cent of duty."

"Julie," I screamed, fiercely, "are you happy?"

She beamed at me. "Wouldn't you be—to beat the Customs?"

I put on my hat to seek the Illustrator and find out if an old-fashioned love that I once knew, a small, chubby imp with arrows, was still about, when the Illustrator, feeling that I wanted him—which often happens as two go on together and have faith in imps with arrows—came to me instead.

At first I feared that he would laugh, then that he wouldn't, for he was very grave as he pulled a paper from his pocket and spread it on his knee—the one that wasn't occupied. "I'd say let them go on," he counseled, "since they're meant for each other and only one is sure of it; but I don't want you mixed

in this if she should change her mind—when it's too late. I've just been reading that a wife can't bring apparel which is hers into our country over and above the limited sum. No, not if she has eighty husbands. You'd better tell her before—well, before she's finished packing."

I crawled to Julie's room, but it was empty. I went on to Richard's, for he was still buying up the Mairie, and found her sitting alone among a mass of men's apparel and a fluff of skirts, a peaceful look upon her face, such as I had never seen before. Her hands were folded in her lap and she was dreaming happily.

"Julie," I managed to articulate, "it's a mistake; I must pay duty, we must all pay duty; a husband isn't any good at all. I felt that you must know."

A rosy color stole across her temples. Very shyly she lifted up her eyes, so shameful was this new sensation creeping over her. Her hand sought mine, and, catching at my little finger, she tweaked it imploringly.

"It is decided now," she begged, "and—who knows?—I might never make my mind up so happily again!"

The Derrington Ghost

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS

EVERYBODY was sorry when old Mr. Atherel had to give up Derrington. "Everybody" had known for years that he couldn't really afford to live there. But everybody was equally of opinion that for an Atherel to live anywhere else was an unthinkable proposition.

Why this was held to be so, and why people should recoil from seeing a hale and hearty person make the attempt, might have puzzled a stranger to that remote corner of Sussex.

For nobody pretended that John Atherel was, or ever had been, a public benefactor, or even a moderately good neighbor. He was freely admitted to be a bad-tempered old gentleman with a supposed liking for books, and an undoubted liking for solitude and good wine.

Not even the faculty of such genial associations—connoisseurship in the matter of vintages,—not even that had mellowed the crudities of the old man's character. Nor, before becoming himself financially involved, had he been the man to go to if you were in a tight place. No, he cared nothing at all about you or your perplexities. All he asked of you, demanded rather, was that you should let him alone. Generation after generation of his neighbors had done this—with the result that one of the most beautiful examples of fifteenth-century domestic architecture in all England was tumbling about the ears of a choleric recluse who drank port laid down in 1815 and dozed away such hours as were not rendered wakeful by cursing at chance callers.

In these days of real and feigned concern for the relics of antiquity, the least enlightened farm-hand who lounged at the bar of the "Goat and Compasses" could not escape knowing there was something about Derrington that made people come long distances and beg for

a glimpse of it. The people of Sussex pride themselves on their astuteness. They smiled at the pretense that middle-aged men in their right minds had come there solely to look at "a Hiding Hole," a fireback, a staircase and hall. You couldn't take in Sussex folk by pretending anything was explained by saying that priests had made use of the Hiding Hole, that the fireback had been cast by Leonard Gale, that the oak in Derrington Hall was "good Elizabethan."

The circumstance of these features being so much more a matter of faith than of sight was due to the owner's passion of dislike to letting even the most highly accredited have a look at his house. To catch one of his own neighbors so much as peeping at the outside across the overgrown shrubberies would send Mr. Atherel into a rage that found vent in certain full-bodied phrases of condemnation bearing the stamp of a sturdier age.

Wherein, then, the stranger might well ask—wherein lay the practical, least of all the ethical, ground for this desire on the part of the gentry, yeomen, and villagers alike to see Mr. Atherel left undisturbed at Derrington?

The inquiring stranger will be told: "*That's Sussex.*" He may extract from the more articulate an explanation that, in this remote corner of old England, even the least historically minded are ready with a meed of indulgent affection, of sturdy loyalty, to those whose sole claim to consideration is their gift of continuance. Mere failure to pay interest upon a figment "mortgage"—that was less justification for turning out a man who had "always lived there" than was his failure to patch the crumbling walls. Yet those neighbors John Atherel had flouted and cursed would tell you roundly that "th' owd man was crumblin' too. Let 'en alone."

Beyond doubt Mr. Atherel would have been let alone longer but for the local parson's indiscretion. Some said boldly, but for his most unchristian revenge. The village had not forgotten how, in his adventurous young days, the Rev. Mr. Lewknor—with as much daring as mistaken zeal—had gone to Derrington to ask Mr. Atherel why he did not come to church. For he *had* gone to church, now and then, in the time of Mr. Lewknor's predecessor. Report, through the mouth of a servant, said that Mr. Atherel had fallen upon the parson with fury. Why did he not come to church? Because the only time that Mr. Atherel had gone abroad, the fools at home had taken such base advantage of his absence that he was determined they should have it for good and all. Behind his back they had ruined Derrington Church. "Perhaps you say 'restored.' I say gutted! Call it a church? A bare hole, no whit better now than any damned Dissenters' chapel."

Mr. Lewknor protested that all that had unhappily occurred under his predecessor . . . but St. Giles's was still the house of God.

"House of newfangled idiots," stormed Mr. Atherel. "You come and ask me why I don't go there? — you haven't got a place for a gentleman to sit in!"

Mr. Lewknor answered him that though the old high pews were, alas! done away with, there were nevertheless "places"—too many of them empty. It was therefore—Mr. Atherel's undoubted influence—

"I said a place for a gentleman!" roared Atherel. "If you want to see me there, go and find my pew—you'll know it by the brass scutcheon with the Atherel arms, and the fireplace in the corner. You'll know it by its being too high for any Paul Pry to see over. When you can come and tell me the Atherel pew is back in its place, maybe an Atherel will come and sit in it—for there's the key to lock the door!" He had pointed to a piece of ancient warded iron, half as long as the poker, and fully as thick round.

And Mr. Lewknor was forced to realize that this parishioner would never sit in a pew into which he might not lock him-

self as his forebears had done—sitting out of sight, dozing and toasting their toes.

The villagers had no doubt but that Mr. Lewknor had nursed his discomfiture all those years. Out of sheer revenge he had written for the Sussex Archæological Society that silly interfering article about Derrington—setting in motion the silly interfering people, who had come pestering to be shown things which were nobody's business but just John Atherel's. When they wrote letters asking permission to see the carved oak of the great hall, the owner simply put their requests in the fire. When persons, forgetting that an Englishman's house is his castle, ignorant in spite of archæological papers that Derrington was built not only for shelter but for defense against intruders—when such folk drove up to the door and made assault upon the rusty bell, then it was that Massing, the butler, would tremblingly take his stand between two fires. The besiegers would be met with: "Very sorry, sir; it is never allowed." "No, madam, on no account." More unnerving the fusillade from out the gloom of the famous hall, those dark mumblings and consignments to the devil. Thus directed, the visitors would take their departure.

Though he had sat so many years sipping wine, and turning pages, while his house fell to decay, John Atherel beyond question had always cared for Derrington. These repeated assaults upon his privacy made him yet more jealous in ownership. His few, and as time went on still fewer, servants saw him wandering about the house, hawk-nosed, his white locks lying on his collar, the bushy eyebrows bristling terribly at sight or sound of a stranger—pausing now and then, head on one side, hands crossed on stick, the dimming eye fixed on some detail of Sussex iron or upon that Elizabethan paneling he was so determined other folk should never see—so help him Heaven.

And Heaven did help him. Heaven, and an ally of pure British breed.

Mr. Atherel checkmated the hungry antiquarians, the swarms of artistic ladies. He installed a bulldog at Derrington.

That was ten years ago.

The bulldog was still there.

But so was the motor-car. The advent of this device had left no corner of England free from invasion. To the English intruder, learned or "artistic," was added now the casual tripper and the determined tourist. Worst of all, the ubiquitous American. A being incapable of understanding "no," denying proper respect even to bulldogs. Type and sign of the conspiracy against the Past, the American "commercial spirit" made merchandise of ancient sanctities. He bought historic association as he would buy prize bulls. He paid for his audacity by becoming the object of Mr. Atherel's most vitriolic rage.

The first appearance of bailiffs on the scene was made bearable, almost genial, to the owner of Derrington by reason of several recent encounters with Goths and Vandals from overseas. The bailiffs were got rid of. Derrington was erroneously supposed to be stuffed with portable treasures. The general belief was that some picture or piece of ancient plate had been sold to pay the interest due on the mortgage. Massing said no. He knew the bare old place from attics to cellars. Nothing had gone out of the house. Few things indeed made the master so unmanageable as a suggestion that he should part with one of the few Derrington heirlooms. A man may fall behind in the matter of a mortgage, but to go hawking odds and ends, like an old parish granny pledging her spoons for a pound of tea—anybody who thought John Atherel would stoop to that sort of thing, could never have heard of the experience of Mrs. Jennie Hathersage Dawkins, of Poughkeepsie. Derrington rang all one autumn with the news of the American lady in the great Panhard car who had forced her way past Massing and bearded Mr. Atherel in the Great Hall. He told her what he thought of her. The amazing lady had smiled. "You *do* go with this dear, grim old place," she said. Mr. Atherel had thrown the punch-bowl at her. She dodged, picked it up, caught sight of the hall-mark, and only then it was she screamed, "I'll give you three thousand pounds for this!" Mr. Atherel had himself lent Massing a hand in turning the female vandal out. But Mr. Atherel had never been the same since.

Although those first bailiffs had somehow been got rid of, they had been birds of evil omen. After them the vulture agents. The estate-dealers had had their eye on Derrington for years.

"Did they really think it was enough to get old Atherel out?" There wasn't man, woman, or child in the parish who could not have told them that nobody who lacked the qualification of being an Atherel would ever be able to live at Derrington.

Why? To less difficult questions your true Sussex man will decline to make direct answer.

If not an Atherel—then no one. The old house must stand empty. "That is to say, empty but for—"

"For what?"

"Well, just let 'em try it." The sly Sussex laughter—nearly noiseless, a grimmer thing than frowning—would deepen to a gravity you might try in vain to probe.

Even after the bailiffs were temporarily dislodged, those notorious fabulists the estate agents went on pretending that anybody who was well enough off to "do up" Derrington might live there in peace and happiness.

They even thought George Washington Oxenbridge might!

For those unpatriotic scamps of agents had not hesitated to put themselves in communication with foreigners. Derrington was just the place, they said, for an American with means and a taste for the antique. Photographs and copious extracts from Mr. Lewknor's article, being despatched across the Atlantic, clinched the business. In the brisk way of those people who know what they want and say so, instead of chaffering for months, the American client had cabled:

"Buy instantly. Draw on Brown Shipley. Sailing *Celtonia* to-morrow.
OXENBRIDGE."

The creature expected to be put in possession on arrival! The Piccadilly agent spent a fruitless day at Derrington trying to get speech of Mr. Atherel. By evening the entire parish had heard of the audacious Oxenbridge. Mr. Lewknor, shaking his head, had said it was inevitable that Derrington should soon

pass into other hands. In that case, the postmaster thought it just as well that the brunt of the outrage should be borne by one of those purse-proud Americans. Mr. Woolgar, the grocer, thought it mightn't be bad for business. But Blakiston, the farrier, was doubtful. A motorful of persons of that nationality had given Blakiston's little boy three farthings for opening a gate. The schoolmistress was especially severe. "They are always coming over here and buying up the stately homes of our old nobility!—if they can't get them given to their daughters along with the eldest sons. It was time something was done. Make an example of Oxenbridge!"

That gentleman, flying through London, alighted an instant at the agents'.

"Papers all in order?" he asked, taking out his "stylo."

The agents explained a little—a very little—of the situation.

"Well, why wait?"

"If you knew Mr. Atherel—"

Well, he had no objection to knowing Mr. Atherel. He would run down and call on the old gentleman.

All that the parish knew of that visit was that George Washington Oxenbridge, a pleasant-seeming, rather good-looking young man about thirty, had bearded the lion in his den and reappeared, sobered, rueful, silent.

All the agents knew was that Mr. Oxenbridge paid them for their trouble (which wasn't customary), and withdrew from the negotiation.

No, he wouldn't explain. He guessed Derrington wasn't what he wanted.

So the agents had to begin all over again. And they did—since, if there *are* creatures more abandoned than Americans prowling round to pounce upon the treasures of old England—if, I say, there are, in the nether Dantean circles, souls more surely damned—they are without doubt the dealers in real estate.

Mr. Atherel lived those last months in a state of siege. It would be a story by itself to tell the tragedy of the final sale and of John Atherel's last hours as master of Derrington.

His neighbors had hardly recovered from their rejoicing over the rout of George Washington Oxenbridge, when

they heard that Derrington had been disposed of to Mr. Joseph Benskin—a Liverpudlian of great wealth. *The Benskin*, in fact, whose Pegasus motor-bicycles are in use from China to Peru.

And John Atherel! Where, how, was he going to live? Nobody could find out. But every one agreed that he would refuse to let the motor-bicycle man have any single object that could be removed from the house. Furniture, pictures, plate, bit by bit, out of some meaner dwelling they would go to buy bread for the last of the Atherels.

To every one's amazement the old gentleman, after a fit of maniacal fury, recovered himself sufficiently to instruct his solicitor to make the sale and the desired "early possession" contingent upon the motor magnate's taking over the contents of the house! Benskin must, moreover, agree in writing not to sell the movables unless he also sold the house. Though John Atherel had lost them, Derrington was to keep for a while its few old treasures. These formalities being arranged, Mr. Atherel, disdainful, silent, was ready to take his leave.

Would he come and stay a while at Scraes? asked Lord Peverel. No, he wouldn't. "Let me lend you Clunbury Manor for the winter," suggested Sir William Quin.

"Massing," was Mr. Atherel's rejoinder, "look up the London trains. I'll take the last on Monday night."

"The last would get him there too late," Massing ventured. "It don't leave till nine-fifteen, sir."

That was the train for John Atherel. So he departed, wrapped in the kind of suffering rage that keeps the sympathetic, equally with the curious, at bay. The old butler, who had played up nobly by refusing to stay and take care of the motor-man—even he was told to put his master's valise down on the platform and "Go—go!"

The often-described parting had not been at Derrington Station. Every one understood why the old master did not want to take his departure amid the pitying glances of porters and people he had known all their lives. He was leaving from the new station on the branch line. Massing told a hundred times how the last he saw of him on that stormy March

night Mr. Atherel was standing alone in the driving rain on a platform deserted even by the station functionaries. It was twenty minutes before the train was due. Yet there he stood, doggedly, waiting in the rain.

In the inn parlor, in cottage and hall, people talked as if the lateness of the hour, the very wind and the rain, were intensely to the discredit of Mr. Benskin. "Only wait—!"

Not long, as it turned out. Benskin, quite a friendly, inoffensive little man, came down with his family to spend Easter.

"Just to camp, you know," he said to the Rev. Mr. Lewknor. "Of course there's a lot to be done before we could *live* there. But just to camp— *You* know. The Simple Life."

They brought eighteen servants and three motor-cars.

They had not been at Derrington twenty-four hours before the second footman and two maids left without warning or wages.

On the third day an agitated French governess and two young children took tickets for Brighton.

"Do you require return, madam?" asked the station-master, in his grand manner.

"Non! non! P-pas de retour," stutted the French lady.

In and out of Derrington during the Benskin residence swept a continuous double stream—domestics leaving, domestics arriving—only to depart with an unexplained alacrity.

The villagers would report: "Another lot off this marnin'!" and the slow smile would go round. With that pleasant Sussex guile the countryside would ask: "What d'ye think's makin' 'em so uneasy like?"

Mrs. Benskin said it was the horrible inconvenience of these old houses. "Servants nowadays—"

Mistresses, too, appeared to have grown restless. At the end of the first week Mrs. Benskin went to spend a day or two with her sister. Her two elder daughters accompanied her. None of them returned to Derrington. They had left the third girl, Angela, to keep Mr. Benskin company. Not that he needed company. The cheerful little man, whose rotundity of

figure was so at variance with the sharpness of his nose and the energy of his movements, bustled about all day with architects and builders. He sat all evening over plans and specifications. He told Mr. Lewknor that the house was ridiculously planned. "Why, we make out there's a waste space eight feet wide between the dining-room and the hall. Room for a down-stairs bath-room. Another in the powder-closet up-stairs." Miss Angela remarked she had selected the muniment chamber for her boudoir. Mr. Benskin broke in upon the parson's anxious inquiry as to the fate of the muniment chests. He demanded jovially if the antiquarian fellas had ever found out where people in the old days had put their guests, or even their own servants. It beat Mr. Benskin to discover how anybody who *was* anybody had ever contrived to live in those old Elizabethan houses. He spoke as if such dwellings were as plentiful as rough-cast cottages. Mr. Lewknor urged desperately that Derrington had been held worthy to offer hospitality to kings in the old days.

"Yes, yes, I know. The standard of comfort has changed. It may have done for Charles II., but I'm blessed if it will do for us. We entertain a great deal. The house I built at Seccombe Park has thirty-seven bedrooms." He showed poor Mr. Lewknor the plans for the new Derrington wing.

"And wh-what is this?" stammered the parson.

"Ah, *that* plan is going to make the biggest difference of all." Benskin told with gusto how the great draughty hall was to be turned into a fine modern kitchen and servants' offices.

"It—it isn't possible," gasped Lewknor. "You can't sacrifice that magnificent paneling."

"How could you think I would?" said Benskin. "My orders are, it is to receive every care."

"The 'care' of boot-boys and scullions!" groaned Mr. Lewknor.

"You misunderstand me." Mr. Benskin drew his pendulous chin back against his collar with an air of offended dignity. "I take too great interest in history, and all that style of thing, to leave paneling worth hundreds of pounds a foot to servants. There's enough here"—he glanced

round with narrowed, calculating eyes—"enough for the greater part of the new wing."

Mr. Lewknor clutched the arms of his chair and swallowed rapidly. "It—it is twice the height of any modern room."

"That's better than if it was too short," said little Benskin, cheerily. "Easy to cut it down a bit."

"C-cut those carved pilasters—!" Lewknor raised his eyes toward the cornice as though in appeal for supernatural intervention. And not in vain. "You forget," he came back, with an inspiration, "you did not realize—(the light is not very good)—"

"Quite right! Electric—"

"No, no, in Heaven's name! You have not observed, sir, there are inscriptions underneath the cornice."

"Oh yes, we shall just take them round the new drawing-room as far as our space allows—"

"Chop up the inscriptions!"

"Chop them up? No, no, not 'chop.' Just divide them. Oh, we've calculated very carefully—I'll show you!" Benskin hopped up on a chair and perched there like the plumpest of stumpy young starlings, very round in front, and sleek in the back, short in the leg, and thick in the neck, an inquiring beak lifted to the worm-pitted upper reaches of the oak. "Starting from the door, the new dining-room will take it in to here."

Mr. Lewknor rose. All the ancient authority of his holy office clothed the dignity of his protestant form. "You cannot 'take in' *Flagrantior æquo non debet dolor* without adding *esse viri nec vulnere major*."

"Just come and see, when it's all done, my dear sir!" little Benskin soothed and patronized.

Lewknor stumbled out of the presence, full of a dumb wretchedness that only before his daughter Persis broke forth into speech.

"If Mr. Atherel knew what I know, he would—I verily believe he would murder Joseph Benskin."

Nobody but Miss Lewknor ever knew how it happened that George Washington Oxenbridge got wind of what had taken place since he had obliged Mr. Atherel by not buying Derrington. In the midst of the gossip that retailed the

doings of the motor magnate—how he had confessed to moments of fearing that all he could do to the old barrack might not suffice to make a fit abode for Benskins—down from the skies drops Mr. Oxenbridge of New York!

He made instant friends with Miss Benskin.

"Ah," said Lewknor.

"No, father," returned little Miss Persis, gravely, "I don't think so."

But what could so young a girl know about it?

Behind closed doors the two men sat either side of a writing-table, in the small Gothic antechamber, which gave access to the Hall.

Nothing, said Mr. Benskin, absolutely no other consideration in the world, could have induced him to entertain Mr. Oxenbridge's proposal to take over Derrington—nothing short of a concern for Mrs. Benskin's health.

She was not well here?

"Oh, perfectly," said Benskin, hurriedly—"that is, she isn't *very* well anywhere. And she takes likes and dislikes. Women are like that."

Yes, it was the same in America.

They were getting on.

Mr. Benskin crossed his stumpy legs and confessed that he was weak—little as Mr. Oxenbridge might think it, he was positively weak in his dealings with his womenfolk. The truth was, he said, Mrs. Benskin had never cared for Derrington. She liked things cozy. It was Mr. Benskin who had the large ideas—witness Seccombe Park with thirty-seven bedrooms. Beside Seccombe, Derrington was positively poky. He caught himself up. It was, of course, "a very fine specimen"—he quoted glibly from the agents' advertisement. Mr. Benskin had a great feeling for history and all that style of thing. The rats didn't trouble him. Neither did—He pulled himself up. He *still* liked Derrington. But better even than history, embodied in sixteenth-century architecture, Mr. Benskin liked pleasing his womenfolk. Out of mere good-natured indulgence he was ready to resell Derrington, lock, stock, and barrel—at a handsome profit—to Mr. Oxenbridge.

He betrayed some haste in the matter



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

"I WOULDN'T STAY ANOTHER NIGHT FOR TEN THOUSAND POUNDS"

of final formalities. He wanted to motor Mr. Oxenbridge to London that very afternoon. Mr. Oxenbridge thought it a little late. Besides, he didn't mind spending a night in Derrington. Whereupon Mr. Benskin became queerly nervous, not to say jumpy. He stuttered excuses. With Mrs. Benskin away—he was afraid he could not offer hospitality. But Oxenbridge said that was all right, he would go to the “Goat and Compasses.” Queer people, the Americans! Here was a rich man ready “to put up at a pub” just because, having asked Miss Lewknor what the goat wanted with compasses, she had explained that the name was a corruption of *God encompasseth us*.

Although he did actually stay the night at the inn, Mr. Oxenbridge dined luxuriously with the Benskins. The host talked wines. He complained that he had imagined in getting Derrington he was getting a cellar. Not a blessed bottle. Had the wine appeared in the inventory? Oxenbridge asked. “No, but I had heard about it. I took for granted it was still here.”

Oxenbridge smiled. “Forgotten.”

“Well, it hadn't been forgotten.” Old Atherel had either drunk it all or got it sent off in secret. The fact that it belonged to the late owner seemed not, in Mr. Benskin's eyes, to excuse his having disposed of it. The party adjourned to the little antechamber after dinner, the hall being, in Miss Angela's opinion, too cold and cheerless.

Neither epithet could with justice have been applied to the young lady. Her warmth and her vivacity seemed to indicate that the stranger had favorably impressed her. Indeed, she flirted with him rather more unreservedly even than was her custom with respect to well-off, good-looking young men, because she opined that a coming-on disposition was what he—being an American—would be used to in young ladies.

Returning, as agreed, the next morning to meet Benskin and Benskin's solicitor, Oxenbridge found Miss Angela standing by the fire in the Gothic antechamber, dressed to go out. She started as the door opened. Oxenbridge had an odd feeling that the heavy-eyed young woman with the enormous hat, and the

distracted manner, was not Miss Angela at all, but some one else.

“Oh,” she said, awkwardly, “I—I thought it was father.”

Why, then, had the scared look come into her face? Oxenbridge wondered if Benskin was as “weak” as he'd made out, in his relation with his womenkind.

“He won't be long,” she said.

“You're not going out this pouring day,” returned the visitor, holding a chilled hand over the fire.

Yes, she was going to Brighton as soon as her father got back with the only chauffeur. “I ought to have gone with mamma and the girls!” she said.

Oxenbridge protested that had she done so he would have been deprived of the pleasure—but all Miss Angela's facile familiarity had evaporated overnight. She fixed him almost sternly with her boiled-gooseberry eyes. “Have you bought this place?” she demanded.

“Why, yes.”

“Could you get out of it now if you wanted to?”

“No, not even if I wanted to, which I don't.”

“Are you *sure* it's quite settled?”

Without confessing that he had been hustled, Oxenbridge told her he considered the purchase made. But why did she ask that? Did she so regret leaving?

“No, no. I'm fed up with Derrington!” Then glancing nervously about, she said in a burst: “How long father is! The train must be late.”

“In such a hurry to leave Derrington—and me!” said Oxenbridge, laughing.

“Not you exactly!” (Heavens, she was trembling!) “But—I don't know if I ought to tell you.”

Oxenbridge looked as if he didn't know either. The young woman was certainly being a little “queer.”

She decided for herself. “No, I can't.”

Oxenbridge reflected. “What's it about?”

Miss Angela, without turning away from the fire, flung one hand out backward. “This place,” she said, comprehensively.

“About Derrington?”

She nodded.

“Oh, if it's about Derrington, you've

simply got to tell me." He came nearer. He smiled that beguiling smile of his.

"No, father wouldn't like it—"

"I sha'n't tell father—"

Poor Miss Angela faltered. "Do you know why I'm here at all?"

"Because my lucky star is in the ascendent," the young man proclaimed, unblushingly.

"Listen!" She sunk her voice and came so close she could lay her hand on his arm. "*I'm here because I'm the brave one.*" Oxenbridge stared. She gripped his sleeve. "But I wouldn't stay another night for ten thousand pounds."

"Why?"

"Because—" she looked round apprehensively. "Heavens!" Her voice sank. "That idiot footman has left the door open!"

It occurred to Oxenbridge to wonder if the indulgent Benskin could be lurking behind them there in the great hall.

"Go on," he urged, softly.

Speechless, she shook the dangles on her huge hat. Her eyes seemed unable to leave the open door.

"You were going to tell me. You must," and he caught the hand she was withdrawing from his arm.

"No. No, father would kill me—" And then, to Oxenbridge's bewilderment, "Shut the door," she whispered. He hastened to obey. As he leaned across the threshold for the handle of the door he glanced into the hall, and gave a sudden cry.

Miss Benskin stifled a scream and put her hands over her eyes. "Shut it. Shut it quick."

But Oxenbridge stood rooted.

"He never told me he had begun to tear down the paneling."

"Oh, *that*," said Miss Angela, and raised her head. As Oxenbridge did not return to her, Miss Benskin, seeming unable to endure solitude, moved to the door and looked in. No wonder she shivered. The gloom and chill of the day had invaded the high dim spaces. She joined Oxenbridge, who stood staring at the detached panel. "It's easily put back," she said. Suddenly her limp figure stiffened. Oxenbridge himself winced under the clutch she fastened on his arm. "Look there!" Her eyes were

riveted on a silver punch-bowl, the only object on a low black wine-cupboard.

"What of it?" demanded Oxenbridge

"It's back again," she breathed.

"Back?"

She nodded. Then clinging to Oxenbridge, she poured out: "I put it on my own little table again yesterday—full of roses. Each time I do it, he—somebody puts it back."

"Your father?"

"Father? No, no, no—"

"One of the servants—"

"They wouldn't dream— *They* notice, too. If they change the place of any mortal thing, they always find it put back when they come down in the morning. I told you I'm the brave one. Three times I've tried using that bowl for flowers. *He won't have it.*"

Leading the way back to the little room, Oxenbridge tried to reassure her. She had nodoubt meant to put the roses in the bowl, and had forgotten. Through the chill, gray spaces a shriek rang. Oxenbridge turned in a flash, to see his companion's face distorted, hideous, with fear.

"What is it?" He seized her by the shoulder.

Her lips mammered, uttering no recognizable word, but one hand pointed at the floor. There in the shadow, behind a section of detached wainscot, was something bright. Spots of brilliant red. Oxenbridge stooped. "Only flowers," he said.

"*'Only'!*" echoed Miss Angela, clinging to him. "It's my dozen of hot-house roses flung away—bruised, trodden on."

The sound of a motor-car, driving up, seemed to help her to regain self-possession. "Good-by," she said, hurriedly, at the anteroom door, in a voice loud enough for her father to hear. "We shall be at the Metropole for a week at least. Come over and tell us how you—" a little shiver ran through the thin body. "I think you'd like the Metropole."

Life, which for so long had gone unchanged at Derrington, had become kaleidoscopic. Mr. Benskin had vanished. The architectural advisers, the small army of brand-new servants, and

imported workmen—they had melted away more completely than the Atherels, for they had left Derrington for a sign. This new horde left but a wrack behind. With a daring more apparent than real, Oxenbridge supervised local workmen in putting back the wainscot and removing the last vestiges of the brief reign of Benskin. A talk with Massing resulted in the old butler's consenting to return—"as a tempory arrangement."

"You see, I want the old things in the old places," the new master had said. "You know how they used to be."

Oh yes. Massing knew.

Massing's granddaughter, also as a "tempory accommodation," came to cook; and two of the Burtenshaws on the same terms discharged the duties of parlor and house maid. While they tidied the house Mr. Oxenbridge would be in London for a few days.

The village had been kept well informed of every phase of the Derrington fortunes. Public feeling had veered round. Mr. Oxenbridge was held to have certain qualities—yes, he was a free-handed young gentleman.

Chipperfield, the station-master, very dignified, not to say imposing, in his be-medaled uniform, stood on the platform with his peaked cap drawn over his clear-blue eyes, and watched the new master of Derrington pace the platform waiting for the 5.20 train. Mr. Chipperfield, in spite of his military mustachios, snow-white and gleaming like spun glass—in spite of a martial manner and an imposing precision of speech, Chipperfield was a sentimentalist. He had been visibly melted by Massing's account of the piety of Mr. Oxenbridge's attitude toward Derrington. The station-master stood contemplating the interloper with an air of benevolent pity. Oxenbridge glanced up in passing, caught the look, and paused.

He had talked with Chipperfield more than once and delighted in him. "Well, Mr. Station-master," said the American, in his boyish way, "I'm coming back for good next week."

"For good, sir?" said Chipperfield, doubtfully.

"You don't say that as if you were glad." The interloper was smiling in the most cheerful way in the world.

Chipperfield glanced up and down the deserted platform. "I don't know as I ought to be—not to say glad, sir."

"Why not?"

"On your account. Thank you, sir." He took the cigar, and added in a confidential tone, "I *hope* you'll be comfortable, sir."

"You say that as if you were dead certain I wasn't going to be!" Oxenbridge's laugh had jarred on the station-master. He glanced about, but nobody was in sight. He stroked his white mustachios and said magnificently, "My brother and his wife will be pleased at any time to see you again at the 'Compasses.'"

Oxenbridge stared. "Oh, that's very good of them—"

"They express their intention of keeping the best room in readiness."

"What for?" said Oxenbridge, holding a match at the end of a fresh cigar. Thomas Chipperfield did not answer at once. "There's some mistake. I didn't order any room."

"No, sir. I know. But I may say they'll have a room ready *in case*—"

Oxenbridge stared. "They think the servants won't stay?"

"It's not the servants, sir, *this* time."

"You think *I* won't stay?"

"Well, sir," he spoke with extreme preciseness, "I could not—so to say—advise it."

Oxenbridge looked at him without speaking. "You'd better tell me why."

Chipperfield glanced over his shoulder, ostensibly at the station clock. "I must attend to my duties," he said. But all the same he lingered to add, "You know, I presume, sir, that Mrs. Benskin was taken very bad after she got here."

"What was the matter?"

Chipperfield shook his head. His blue eyes darted about the empty platform and came back to Oxenbridge. "She tried one thing and another." Again the head-shake. "At last"—he came nearer—"at last, sir, she was obliged to retrench into her own compartments."

"Oh," said Oxenbridge, biting his lips. "Well, if I'm taken bad *I'll* retrench into my compartments."

"Nobody can stand it long, sir."

"Look here, Chipperfield. Stand *what*?"



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

HE SAW THE OLD HEAD, DIMLY WHITE, LAID AGAINST THE WAINSCOT

"*Insomania*, sir."

"Lord, you don't say so!"

"They all get it at Derrington."

The signal dropped. Upon which, right-about, quick march, Mr. Chipperfield beat a dignified retreat.

Massing brought in an excellent dinner on the night of the new master's return. But Mr. Oxenbridge was too much pleased at finding himself installed, far too delighted and excited, to waste time in eating. He disturbed Massing's sense of fitness by cutting the meal short in order to resume his wandering from room to room.

Beautiful with a strange new beauty, the place looked shining in the light of a forest of wax candles. The new master had a feeling of never having seen the real Derrington before. He laid the blame of this upon the Benskins, the workmen, and the general muddle. He had not fathomed yet the shyness, the jealousy in a certain sort of beauty. You shall not see it all in any company. Come alone, come unencumbered, receptive, reverent, and then—perhaps. A house with a soul will not stand and deliver at command. It withholds its finer quality till the hour of its choice.

The hour had struck.

At ten o'clock he rang and told Massing to lock the doors and go to bed.

While the old man mended the fire Oxenbridge sat down near a little pile of books which he had brought from London that evening—faded second-hand volumes of the Sussex Archæological Collections.

Massing asked if Mr. Oxenbridge would require anything to eat before going to bed. He seemed scarce satisfied with "No." When he came in with the bedroom candle he remarked that he had put a few sandwiches on the sideboard.

Oxenbridge sat turning over leaves, coming on the name of Atherel with a sense of meeting friends and allies, getting the fine threads of relationship and collateral descent firmly in his hand, after the fashion of those with wits for the ramifications of genealogy. He looked up that far-back marriage between a Lewknor and Persis Atherel.

Persis Atherel! She had opened her eyes upon the world under this roof. She had trod these very boards. Persis Atherel had sat here by the fire.

The sense of romance in the continuity of family history seized upon the stranger as though this race had been his own. He was glad of their good fortune and sorry for the ill. He was proud for them—jealous for them. The blood of these people deflected into female lines was flowing to this hour in half the great families of England. What a vitality in some of the old strains! What a power in one generation after another to make common cause, and to fight shoulder to shoulder against the common cause of others—to wander to the ends of the earth and to return unerringly to this quiet place to marry, breed, and die! Well, Derrington had been a fitting frame for men like that. The stranger in their halls shut up the book of history and lit the bedroom candle. This was a pleasant bit of old plate, but fashioned for a smaller taper than that which had been fitted into its campanula-shaped socket. The candle threatened to topple out. Oxenbridge worked it in more firmly. The shreds of wax curled up in fine translucent shavings above the lip of the socket. Beginning to extinguish the other lights, Oxenbridge bethought him to see what sort was the night. He drew back a curtain and the moon looked in through the black horizontal bars of a cedar. So eerie and fine it was that Oxenbridge left the curtain, and went on snuffing the candles, looking forth from time to time at the barred face of the moon. He carried an armful of the Sussex books up-stairs, meaning to return for more, since you never could tell what volume you might want. But when he reached his bedroom, he suddenly became conscious of hunger—not for knowledge, but for the food he had refused at dinner-time. Thirst was upon him, too, after all this stirring in the dust of the past. He would go down and make a raid on Massing's domain.

Near the bottom of the stairs the top-heavy candle tumbled out of the candlestick and rolled away into blackness. No matches nearer than the great fireplace. He could see the dull glow from

where he stood. He could see, beyond, a gulf of shadow cut sharply across by the shaft of white light from the window. He stood still, smiling to himself, proud of his steady nerves. The house was silent as a church. In the hush his sense of exhilaration, instead of waning, seemed to grow. His body was full of pulses, and the night was full of eyes. Painted eyes, first of all—mere painted eyes of Atherels in tarnished frames. But they did not stay in the frames. They winked in the corners and shone in the firelight. Off and on all the evening, behind the actual history of the dead who had been masters here, lurked and whispered the tales of the villagers and remembrance of the Benskin girl's stark dread. But Oxenbridge was too well disposed toward the Derrington ghost to have any hope of meeting him. None the less, as the young man stood there, staring across the banded dark with its zone of fire-glow and its shaft of moonshine, he lent himself to the idea of a supernatural apparition—just as earlier he had lent himself to the veritable history of the ancient dwellers here. No sound, no faintest movement in all the place, and yet quite suddenly the sense came to the watcher that he was not alone. It was too interesting to be true. Yet it *was* true. He drew back noiselessly behind a tall Gothic chair, and as he did so he felt, still, rather than saw, that a figure was creeping along the far end of the hall. Oxenbridge gripped the canopied top of the chair and looked out with straining eyes. It was too wonderful to be true—yet, beyond any possible doubt, a man was lurking there in the shadow. No honest ghost making himself free of the place. A figure bent low, and hugging the wainscot, secret, furtive.

A burglar after the old silver? The shadow moved slowly on. Almost clear now. The spare, bent back, the white hair. What was the lean hand doing fumbling there at the oak, as though seeking to turn invisible handles. No, the fingers slid along the polished panels till they were stopped by the pilasters. The hand paused, and then those ghostly fingers went feeling the carved garland wrought round the fluted column—they

touched the delicate leaves and tendrils as they might have touched the curls on the head of a well-loved child. They moved on to the next panel—that flanking the dining-room door. This section was one of those which Benskin had taken down and Oxenbridge put back. The ghostly hand traveled eagerly over the surface and stopped. Distinctly Oxenbridge heard a sigh, and then saw the old head, dimly white, laid against the wainscot. And all the while it rested there the hand went back and forth over the arabesque, verifying the delicacy of the pattern and caressing the beauty of its execution. While Oxenbridge debated what he should do, the groping hand of the apparition had found the handle of the dining-room door, opened it, and vanished.

Oxenbridge made his way noiselessly upstairs, lit another candle set in a sturdy candlestick of brass. With none of his previous light-footed silence, he came a second time down the stair, striking his heels on the oaken treads and stirring echoes. He did not re-enter the hall, but went to the dining-room by way of the small Gothic chamber. The door that Massing had shut was open. Of the sandwiches he had placed on the sideboard, only an empty plate and a crumb or two.

The next night, in spite of having done justice to an excellent dinner, the new master gave orders for supper to be laid in the dining-room. He was even at the pains to order it in detail, with no small care. "Covers for how many, sir?" asked Massing, bewildered. "Oh—a—only for me," Oxenbridge had answered, with an embarrassed laugh. The respectable Massing looked grave.

As on the previous evening, his master sat late over Sussex records. But half the time he stared across the volume at the fire, or now right, now left, at reflections on the wall.

At half past eleven he went to the dining-room and lit the candles in the branch candlesticks. He smiled, seeing the board so generously spread, and proceeded to cut the wires on the champagne. But he did not draw the cork. He dressed a salad and carved the capon, but it was the merest pretense he made

at eating. And when he had finished, he put his plate on the sideboard and a clean one on the table. His eyes were shining, his face as eager as a lover's. In his preoccupation he seemed to forget to put the candles out; and when he went upstairs, to forget, once there, to go to bed.

He began to smoke a cigar at the open bedroom window, looking out upon the tower of Derrington church. Square and white the tower rose out of inky shadow—that shadow that rested on the graves of all the Atherels except the last. Oxenbridge threw away his cigar and began to pace the floor. He looked at his watch every few moments. At last he sat down, took off his shoes, and holding them in his hand, he felt his way down-stairs in the dark. The fire in the hall was low. The dining-room door, which he had left wide, was all but shut. A luminous crack showed that the candles within were still alight. Oxenbridge stopped, noiselessly set down his shoes, and listened. Not a sound. He drew nearer on silent feet. He looked through the crack—and held his breath.

In the great oak chair at the head of the table sat John Atherel, with the candlelight on face and hair. Oxenbridge stood staring. (Why was the figure so still?) He opened the door an inch—the ancient hinges creaked, protesting, and the young man drew sharp breath. But the old man looked straight before him, paying no heed.

Was this the Derrington ghost? Or if it were the old master come back, what stony reverie was this . . . what sleep with unshut eyes?

Oxenbridge, moving slowly, scarce an inch at a time, crossed the threshold and stood facing the figure in the chair.

And all the time John Atherel never stirred. Just sat there in the High Seat, looking straight before him with a strange still dignity—type and sign of the masters of Derrington.

Oxenbridge, at the foot of the board, saw only how piteously changed the old man was. No spark of hostility to fire the eyes. No quick blood, now, to flush the wax-white face.

Something swift, unexpected, filial, surged in the stranger's heart.

"Mr. Atherel, sir," he said, gently, and went to his side. He touched the old

man's arm, and seeing the face was still unchanged, he opened the shabby cloak and put his hand over the quiet heart.

What to do? To leave him there till morning was to leave him bare to that gossip he so loathed. They would say he had crept back like a poor old dog to die at home. People's pity. Ah no! This sudden desire to protect the old man's dignity showed how sorely it was menaced. The countryside, all the county, would ring with the story. Where had he been? How had he got in? Fifty questions crowded into Oxenbridge's brain, every one an infringement of the dignity of the man at the head of the table.

After all, why shouldn't he have made a visit to Derrington? Why not have supped with Oxenbridge?

Massing was faithful, but even Massing would ask— For the first time Oxenbridge's eye fell upon the glass at Atherel's right hand. It was half full, but not with the honey-colored wine of Oxenbridge's bringing. The gilded cork had never been out of the champagne. And here was another bottle on the board. A mouldy and ancient vessel, showing as different beside that trim, bright champagne-bottle as Oxenbridge himself, well kept and shining in his golden youth, beside the silver-pale old man with shoulders bowed under the long gray cloak. Just so the added vessel on the board. It was gray with eld and cloaked in cobweb. The glass would be cleaner had it been carried far. Where had it lain until to-night? For some moments Oxenbridge looked about, finding no clue to the mystery. He carried one of the branch candlesticks into the hall, bending low to follow what might be dusty footprints on the polished floor. A current of air, musty-smelling, chill, struck him across the neck. He stood erect, and saw in the far corner one of the panels standing out at right angles from the wall, like a door half open. Behind this gaping piece of wainscot a black square showed cavernous, a doorway opening into the dark. When he stood at the threshold, holding the candlestick high, Oxenbridge could see a flight of stone steps leading down. He set the candlestick on the floor and thrust his feet in his shoes. Then holding one side



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"YOUR HEALTH, SIR," HE SAID, AND BOWLED

of his coat to shield the light, he made his way down, winding, winding till his head whirled and the darkness underneath seemed full of minute stars, and the air full of unfamiliar, half-pungent scents—mixture of mould and must and close decay. At last the bottom.

A crypt with vaulted ceiling supported on Norman pillars. To the right a stone table . . . no, an altar. Yes, that would be the east. The flaring light was set beside two other candlesticks, massive, splendid. The stone was littered with candle ends, and all one side was piled with ancient books. Upon a long stone lying on the ground, at right angles to the altar, was the open traveling-bag that had been brought on this strange journey. On the opposite side of the crypt a camp bed piled with blankets and furs. Oxenbridge stood thinking—and, with raised head, listening. Suddenly he shut the portmanteau and lifted it. He could see now the long stone was a tomb. He set the candlestick on the gray-flagged floor, making out clearly the sculptured face and form of a knight in armor, lying with hand upon his sword. Clear, now, another stone as well, on the opposite side of the crypt—the recumbent effigy of a woman wearing a curious head-dress.

Across the stone cushion at the lady's feet six letters: *PERSIS*. . . . What else was in the crypt he did not stay to see, except that a recess had been used as wine-cellar. Row on row, nearly to the ceiling, the unbroached bottles ran.

Again Oxenbridge listened fearfully for sounds from overhead; then, seizing portmanteau in one hand and candlestick in the other, hurried up the winding stair. He shut the panel back into its place, hardly marveling at the precision of its crafty adjustment, so great his haste to get back to that grim supper table, where the guest waited for his coming. . . .

The young man put his burdens down and, breathless, stared an instant at the unchanged face. Then he lifted the dusty bottle and poured out a bumper of the famous Waterloo port.

"Your health, sir," he said, and bowed. When he had drunk, he set the glass on the table, and took the portmanteau out into the lobby. He unbolted the front door. Then he went back to the dining-room and rang the bell. *Peal on peal.*

"Your master came to see how we were getting on, Massing. But the journey has been too much. Come, we'll lay him down in the hall."

The Watcher

BY JAMES BARDIN

GOLD East, and amethystine mist
That hangs athwart a level sea;
Gray cliffs above a silver beach,
Where heaving waves roll ceaselessly
In dull, lead lines that break and show
A flowing crest of foaming snow.

Beyond the beach, a fisher's hut
With roof of straw and wall of stone;
Before the low and narrow door
A woman's form, forlorn, alone—
And 'gainst the brightening East outlined,
A lessening sail, tense in the wind.

Bail

BY GEORG SCHOCK

HIS friends said that the Squire was aging, but he did not look old as he and Frederick, his dignified red setter, walked cheerfully up the street. It was a rejuvenating morning: the sky was a soft, remote blue, and the sunshine was unusually bright after the snow-storm. All the dwellings had the comfortable, satisfied look peculiar to a village, where the difference between desires and possessions is not so wide nor so aching as in larger communities. The Squire knew who lived in each house, and could get news items from house fronts: here was a new doorbell, quite up to date, although everybody used his knuckles or went around to the back door; here they had put up the new curtains for which they had been saving all winter; there the Christmas tree still stood at the front window, because the mistress liked to make a holiday last as long as she could. He also received many gratifying salutations. The school-children smiled at him from the bright-colored folds of their scarfs and caps, and the older folk greeted him heartily. One man said:

"We don't need to nominate a justice of the peace on Saturday, Squire. All the Democrats want you, and all the Republicans too. The election is just a compliment which we pay you."

It was necessary to look at him more than once to see why he should be welcomed so. He was an undersized man, dressed in gray clothes and overcoat, with a gray slouch-hat, a black hat-band, and a black string tie. His hair and chin beard were silver gray, and he had the grayish-olive complexion symptomatic of the disease for which he took a walk at this hour every morning. He was sixty-nine: not old for a successful and well-surrounded man; but it was different with him, because he had to do without the inspiration of success, and because he had no family at all, ex-

cept Frederick. However, it could be seen in his face that he had not ceased to imagine, and to be interested in other people's prospects, and that made him dear; and he had a quiet brown eye with a sparkle in it, which dated his spirit years later than his ailing frame.

Peacefully enjoying the favor of the community all along the way, he stopped at his own door to look up and down the friendly street with a philosopher's gaze before he let himself into the room which was his particular shell. Not every one would have liked that room, but the Squire liked it. Because he enjoyed light, the blinds were drawn to the tops of all three windows, and the sunshine entered in streams. There was an old desk, and a lounge upholstered with carpet, and the table had a felt cover ornamented with appliqué flowers; one knew on seeing it that the woman who made it was dead. These objects promised to last about as long as their owner. Two bright spots were to be seen; the red binding of ten thin volumes of the *Life of Frederick the Great*, and the red coat of the dog Frederick.

Before he had time to settle down he heard a crunching step, which sounded as if it could not easily be gainsaid, and a possessive knock fell upon the door.

"If I could choose to be rid of him or of my ailment, I should not know which to choose," the Squire reflected.

Another knock.

"I believe he comes here because it is the only place in town where he is not called Pappy or Mosey."

A third knock: the Squire opened the door, and Moses Weber came in.

His little face looked as pleasant as it could, for he found the business which was transacted here much more interesting than anything which went on in his own sphere of retired farmer and of grandfather. His inveterate companionship was one of the hard facts of the

Squire's life, but the Squire was the romance of his. However, his pleasantest expression was not genial. Although he was capable both of sudden fierceness and of sudden astuteness beyond the common run, he had another capability which he displayed oftener: he was a man to whom people rejoiced to listen while he ran down their neighbors.

"I am glad to be here," he complained. "It is much too cold for a man of my age, seventy-six years, to be out; and at home they are washing: there is nothing but washing and scolding."

"Well, there is no washing here. Sit down."

"How are you to-day?" This was the highest degree of mellowness which Moses ever reached.

"Fair."

"You have it *good*. Living alone, everything your own way, able to make yourself perfectly comfortable; and you don't need to go outside if you want to know what goes on in town. It goes on right here before you."

"Well, yes. Here the days pass comfortably, one like the other."

"And on Saturday we shall nominate you again. Any business this morning?"

"Not yet. How is Dolly B? She is the most talked-about female in town."

"Fine as silk."

Moses pulled out of his pocket a morning paper, which he would offer to the Squire after reading it himself, if he remained in a good humor so long; and the Squire opened one of the red books. Moses had seen them all a thousand times before, but this was the time when he noticed them.

"All English, aren't they?" he remarked. "Where did you get them?"

"I heard about it when I was at Kutztown school, and later, when I could afford to, I bought it second-hand." The Squire recognized the ten books as a single entity.

"You were there several years, weren't you? Then you had plenty of time to learn."

Frederick lay and slept, and growled or twitched his paws as he dreamed, Moses, with his feet against the stove and the sunshine on his back, studied the paper, holding it high; his spectacles

magnified his eyes, which were greenish, with red rims; his smooth wig had slipped, and some thin old hair appeared under it in duck-tails. Frequently he read paragraphs aloud or made comments, regardless of whether he interrupted, and the Squire was so used to this that it did not interrupt him. He was going over the battle of Leuthen. Once more the phrases braced him: he realized "Borne, the first Village on the Highway"; perceived "the dim incipiences of dawn"; shared the triumphant haste with which they drove "the whole outpost at full gallop home"; heard the song of the column nearest the King, "breaking the commanded silences." The old, sick villager looked happy.

Moses Weber yawned, put down his paper with a rattle, hummed the only tune he knew in a voice like a slow wind, and said:

"No business to-day. You are losing your popularity. Maybe you will not be nominated on Saturday. Play a game of pinochle?"

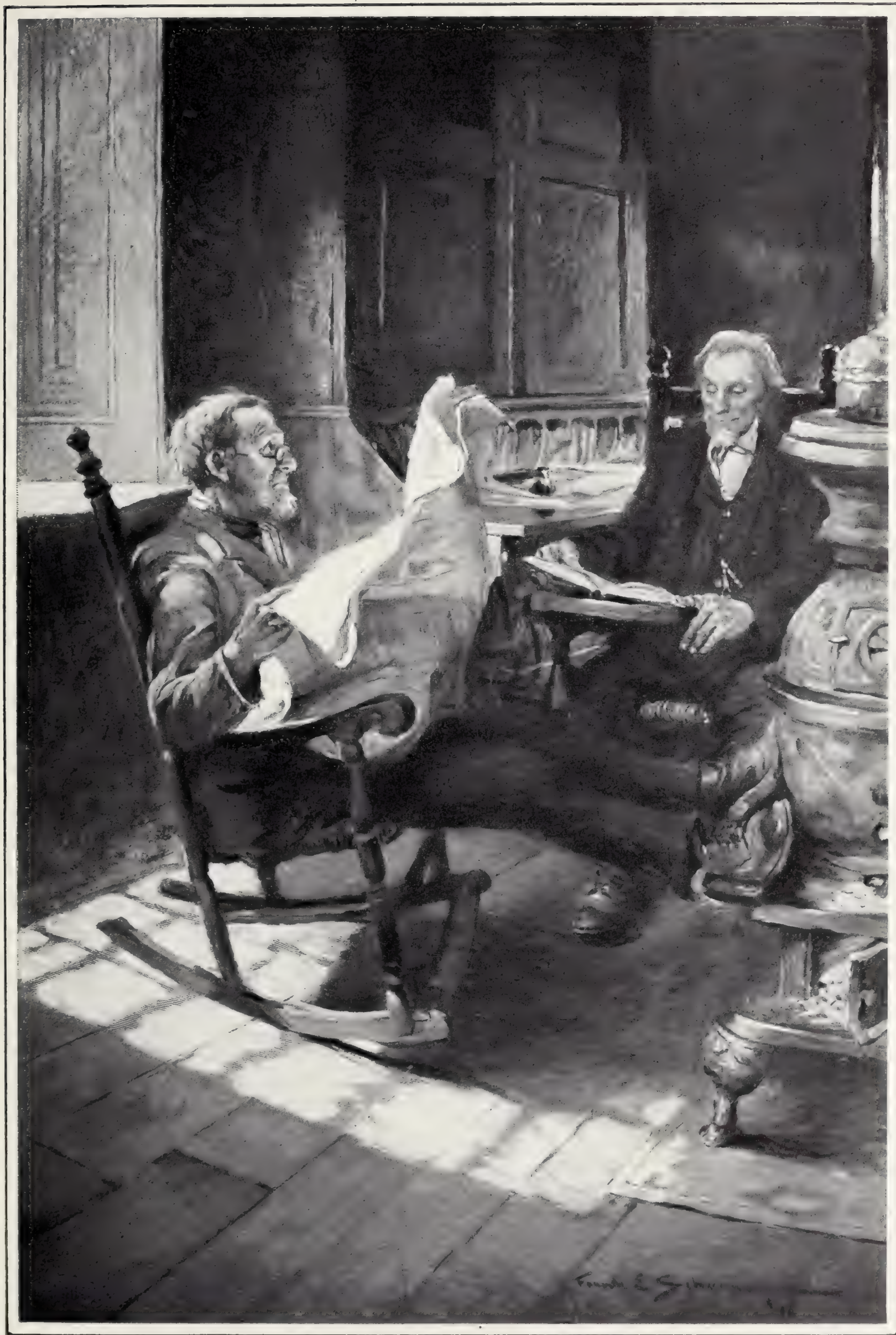
Just then some one was heard at the door, and a young man appeared. His face was plain, and his eyes revealed a mind not as old as it should have been; but he was so happy and so sure of a welcome that he suggested Spring.

"Squire, I want you to write me another. Here are the paper and the envelope and the stamp," he said, in a joyous voice.

The Squire smiled, but objected: "Don't you think that it is too soon, Jim? I read her last letter to you only a couple of days ago."

"Ah no, Squire. It is so delightful to think every morning that perhaps I shall hear from her during the day, and I can't do that if I have not answered her. You write it for me now, and make it sound beautiful. Here is your ten cents," he added, as an argument.

After looking at the young fellow as if he took pleasure in the sight of him, the Squire went to his desk and wrote. The letter was much more of a literary achievement than the sender could appreciate; but he was so delighted when it was read to him that his thanks bubbled out in felicitations on other subjects, while he directed equally toward the



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

MOSES, WITH HIS FEET AGAINST THE STOVE, STUDIED THE PAPER

Squire, Moses, and Frederick his bright smile, unmodified by too much intelligence.

"Squire, I was twenty-one last week, and the first vote I cast on Saturday will be for you. And in your case, nomination and election are the same thing. All the fellows say so. And I heard all about Dolly B," he continued, to Moses. "I heard that you had her at the Three-mile House to show her off to the horsemen, and that they said a finer pacer never came out of Berks County; and that you refused two big offers for her because you are going to put her on the track next fall. Did you hear about it, Squire? Oh, you knew it yesterday."

Having thus politely met the interests of both his hearers, he beamed at them and departed. Moses had listened condescendingly, but as soon as the door closed he said:

"That's a nice thing for you to do! If the girl is respectable it is bad enough, and if not it is very bad."

"Oh, well," said the Squire, "Jim Henne is not qualified to be President, but I think he might do worse than try to court a nice young girl. She is sensible; I can tell that by her answers to him; and he is a steady fellow, and a good worker, and he has a little property. I hope that she will marry him, and then he will be well settled."

"Writing love-letters for the feeble-minded at ten cents per letter."

The expression of the Squire's eye changed. "Suppose you mind your own business," he said.

Moses raised one hand and turned away his head, with a deprecating gesture which called attention to his weakness: he often protected himself so.

Immediately the Squire thought: "Poor old Pappy! Now we can have that game of pinochle," he said, in a pitying tone.

However, the game had to wait while destinies were settled. A young man and woman came in, both of whom were so determined to be calm that their calmness was the most conspicuous thing about them. He was dark and stocky; she was small and slender, with a beautiful mass of pale-yellow hair: they had trustworthy, rather appealing faces, were

dressed in well-worn, self-respecting best, and looked poor.

"Well, Nathan! Well, Beulah!" said the Squire, shaking hands with them, while Frederick also received them benignly.

"We have come to get you to marry us," the young man announced. "Here is the license."

His very businesslike tone was intended to expedite matters, but the Squire did not hurry at all. "So you are going to do it now?" he commented, paternally.

Although he expected Nathan to justify himself, the manner of his expectation was so kind that the young man, nervously ready as he was to be angry, spoke without questioning.

"I know this seems a bad time for it, Squire; and I shall tell you our reasons, because you have always been a friend to Beulah and to me. In the first place, we have waited a long while, and Beulah has worked harder than she would in her own house. Since my employer failed and left me out of a job and cheated me of all he owed me, it has cost me as much to board at the hotel while I looked for work as it would to keep the two of us. Now I am going into the cigar-factory, and in three months, when I have learned the trade, I shall get pay. So—"

"Where will you live?"

"In that log tenant-house that stands back from the road, about two miles up the pike. It has stood empty for years. Seventy-five cents a month we have to pay."

"What have you to begin with?"

"One stove, one cord of wood, one mattress, one comfort, one bag of wheat, one ham. I have a little money and Beulah has some savings, and neither of us needs clothes. It will not be such hard sledding; and we are both alone in the world, and there is no one to be shamed if we do start poor."

"What are you going to sit on?"

"Store-boxes. Now, Squire, marry us. We have a lot of work to do to-day, and we came here instead of going to the minister because we did not want to be lectured."

"You need another witness. Mr. Weber will do, but Frederick will not."

The Squire called in a passing boy, who

sat staring. Promptly, as if to finish as soon as possible and avoid emotion, the couple stood up.

When the witness had gone and the two were ready to go, the Squire introduced some warmth into the atmosphere. "No, there is no fee for this, Nathan," he said, "and I want to make a wedding-present—"

"We can't accept charity."

"You are too quick on the trigger. This present is for Beulah. I have much more furniture here than I need, Beulah, and I should like to get rid of a bed and some chairs and a table or two if you can persuade your independent new husband to come for them."

"Thank you, Squire. I shall be very grateful. This is the time when we appreciate kindness. Nathan will come," the young woman answered, with a smile which Nathan could not contradict.

At this cordial moment the antagonizing voice of Moses was heard from where he sat behind them.

"Now I have something to say. At my age, seventy-six years, it is my duty to advise young people when I see them acting without judgment."

They all faced around, forming an audience, and Nathan, in his former pugnacious manner, returned quickly:

"That sounds as if to be young were a disgrace that you had never undergone. If you have anything to say, why didn't you say it before we were married?"

"I have no objection to your being married if you are satisfied with that. What I now advise is this: you, Beulah, ought to go back to your place, and you, Nathan, ought to work and save until you have enough to begin decently. A year from now will be soon enough for you to go to housekeeping—when you have something to keep house with."

"A year?" said Nathan, in an angry and pitiful voice. "Wait a year to take my wife home?"

"How selfish and how foolish it is to want to take her from a place where she earns money, to live with you from hand to mouth and sit on store-boxes! When I was your age I had seventeen hundred dollars saved. I doubt if you are worth fifty dollars."

The Squire interposed: "Now you have said quite enough, Weber." Beulah put

out her hand toward Nathan in a gesture both comforting and dissuasive, and Moses suddenly tried to protect himself by feebly turning away his head.

"At your age, seventy-six years, which you are always bragging about," said Nathan, selecting his remarks, "you might be easier on a young fellow on his wedding-day, especially when you know that he works hard and has had bad luck. However, I am not surprised, because I know how you treat your daughter who takes care of you, and how you nag your granddaughters."

"Oh, be quiet, Nathan!" exclaimed Beulah.

"When there is story-telling going on down at the store in an evening, any one can see when you are talking by the men's faces: your low stories make them look so mean."

"Nathan, you must not be disproportionate in resenting an insult," the Squire urged.

"You are not even respected enough to be named like a man. Old Mosey Weber! Old Pappy Weber! That's all you are. And I was at the Three-mile House on Saturday, and saw you driving that mare of yours around the track in a trotting-sulky, with your coat tails flying, and drinking and swearing with the sports. At your age—seventy-six years! How do you think that becomes an elder?"

Moses and Nathan glared at each other; but the Squire and Beulah began to laugh, and Beulah tried to draw Nathan away. Their laughter, Frederick's sudden barking, and a joke made by the Squire about his neighbor's new character created a merry confusion; during which Beulah assisted the Squire, who pushed Nathan out of the room and shut the door on both of them.

Moses growled: "There is a fellow whom I should be glad to see in jail. I should like nothing better than to put him there myself."

Having muttered over this theme for some time, he at last got up and walked out, banging the door behind him.

"I shouldn't wonder if he stayed away two or three days," thought the Squire, cheerfully.

He was so delighted with his morning's work that a reaction was unavoidable;

and in the afternoon he gave hardly a thought to what had been going on, for the sky darkened, his ailment asserted itself, and he lay for hours on his lounge, alone except for Frederick, stretched solicitously near by. About twilight he pulled himself to his feet and went over to the window in search of a change from the silent chilly room. What he saw was, first, his garden, with some frozen stalks shaking in the wind; then the street of little houses; snow-covered fields with the crepuscular gray upon them; a commonplace hill that did not look worth climbing; and a sad red sunset.

This "village on the highway" was no Borne. Nothing great had happened here.

He looked at it passively. For a man who spent his life here, loneliness and a succession of small failures, and a wearing, undecided disease that did not kill him, were in the nature of things. Here pains not mortal and the society of Moses Weber took the place of griefs; a dog and ten red volumes and leisure in which to be sick took the place of joys. The desire for what becomes a man had been with him for so long that he did not know whether it was a real desire yet or whether he only recalled it.

The twilight hour, and the quiet, of which the clock-tick was a condition, disposed him to remember rather than to plan.

"Sixty-nine long years I have lived, and I have never been anything more than a clerk. Nothing happened to make me try hard, and there are no great chances hereabouts. I went away to school. I went to work and worked moderately, my parents died, what I had saved was lost, I became sick, I returned here. I can tell it all in a few words; and I am now justice of the peace, and that sums it up."

As Frederick pressed against his knee and licked his hand and whined for food, that affectionate voice made him think of other voices greeting him.

"After all, in every one of those little houses live friends of mine. I have good friends. They re-elect me time after time."

With cheerful haste he went about feeding Frederick and making the room light and warm; and by the time he had

sat down for the evening he was in such a pleasant state of mind that the absence of Moses, the carping old hearth-spirit, was a positive satisfaction. However, that did not last long. He heard outside the tiresome voice which signified to him one element of his life as the friendly voices signified another element; and this time it was so loud and accompanied by such sounds of excitement that he threw down his book and hurried to the door.

Hatless, scuffling in green carpet-slippers, panting so that the red bandanna around his neck shook up and down, Moses came up the steps, holding by the collar and one arm the bridegroom, who made no resistance, and even stooped so that the little man could hold him more easily.

"Squire," Moses shouted, "I caught this fellow in the act of stealing my Dolly B. I caught him. Now I have him where I want him. Send for the constable. Make out the committal. To jail he goes! He will spend his wedding-night in jail."

"What nonsense are you telling me? Stand still and talk sense."

"Make out the committal, send for the constable! Did you ever hear anything like it? On his wedding evening, to be out stealing my Dolly B!"

"What does all this mean, Nathan?" the Squire asked, indignantly; but Nathan said:

"Oh, let him talk."

With a great effort Moses stopped his gesticulations and his stamping to and fro, but he kept turning his glittering eyes from Nathan to the Squire and back again.

"I was eating my supper with my family," he said, "and I heard some one outside who was trying to walk quietly, and I thought I had better make sure that the stable door was locked; so I ran out, and I found him mounting my Dolly B. I caught him; and I sent her into the stable—she goes when she is told, she is as gentle as my own child—and I held him while I locked the door, and I brought him here."

"You expect me to believe that Nathan Bauer, whom every one knows for a good, honest fellow, first tried to steal your mare, and then came with you without resistance, so that you could send

him to jail, when he might have gotten away on the fastest pacer in the county?"

Moses was so furious that he could not articulate words; he emitted empty sounds.

"Nathan, you tell me what really happened."

The defendant began by showing some packages.

"Squire," he said, "you look at these, and judge for yourself whether a horse-thief would carry such baggage while he was operating. Here I have four eggs in a paper bag; here are some coffee and sugar; here is a small pie. I walked from our house to buy the eggs, thinking that we might afford them for our wedding supper; and the pie is a wedding-present to Beulah from the store-keeper's wife."

"How did Weber get hold of you?"

"I went to his barn, found the door unlocked, brought out Dolly B, and was mounting her when he caught me, just as he said; and I did come with him without resistance."

"Is this possible, Nathan?"

"What he did not say is, that he met me in front of the store, when there was no one else about, and told me that he was sorry for his part in what happened this morning, and that he would be glad to help me along with odd jobs. Then he said that Dolly B needed exercise, and offered me fifteen cents to ride her a few miles. He insisted that I must do it this evening, and he told me to go and get her out of the stable; and he gave me the fifteen cents, and I bought the coffee and the sugar, which I had not expected to afford."

"He lies, he lies!" shrieked Moses. "All that about my meeting him is a great lie. I didn't see him. I never would trust him with my Dolly B."

"It was a pretty good trap that he laid for me," Nathan remarked.

"I can't commit him, Weber," said the Squire. "I have no faith in this charge."

"You aren't going to jail this horse-thief?"

"Certainly not. If I did believe you, I should have to give him a chance to get bail."

"Very good; that's the idea, bail. Put his bail at ten thousand dollars."

"Weber, you must try to control yourself; you will have a stroke," the Squire answered. "You know there is no sense in that. The sum is at least twenty times Dolly B's value; and he could not get bail for a tenth of it."

"What do you know about Dolly B's value? How do you know the amount of the offers made to me, or how much she will win on the track next fall? Ten thousand dollars it is! I don't want him to get it."

"If I did do what you say, the next thing would be that he would be down on you for false imprisonment. I have no doubt at all that you laid a trap for him. I heard you say this morning that you would like nothing better than to send him to jail. That is pretty good evidence."

"That's my risk. Now you listen to me. Will you do what I order in this matter?"

"No, I won't. I will dismiss the case."

"Then you will not get your nomination."

There was a silence of a minute's length, in which Moses' mastery of the situation became evident in the faces of all three men.

"How do you propose to bring that about?" asked the Squire, in a tone of anxious derision.

Moses smiled before replying, the smile of a man who knows that he holds an invincible weapon. "I'm going to talk about you."

Nathan began to look very apprehensive. The Squire said nothing.

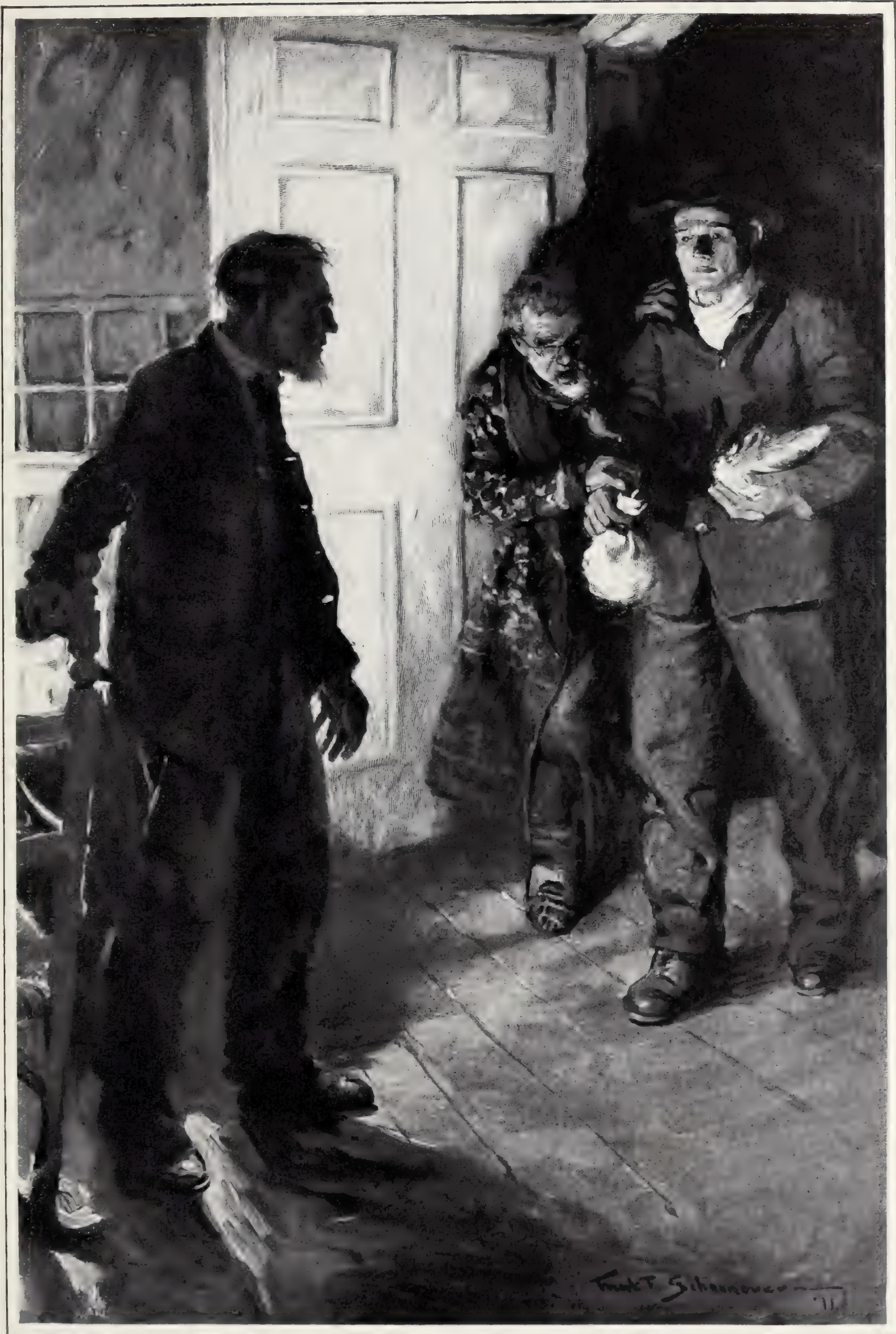
"It will be good-by to you at the primaries next Saturday," Moses remarked.

Still nothing was said.

"How will you make out when you are no longer justice of the peace? When the fees stop coming in you can't sit around and pet yourself as you do now. You may even have to work."

"Damn you, Weber!" exclaimed the Squire. Then he stood up and observed, "You are a funny-looking tempter."

The balance of power in the group moved back toward its former level. Nathan drew a loud breath as he watched his friend, who had a fine color and suddenly looked lusty.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

"WHAT NONSENSE ARE YOU TELLING ME?"

"Here, Nathan," the Squire said. "This case is dismissed. You be off to Beulah."

"What?" Moses snarled.

"I know very well that you have the meanest tongue in six townships, Weber, and that you will make me out a bad party; and I know too how it will be if I am put out of office: I have just enough to starve on without those fees. But I don't believe that you can do it. The people like me, Moses. I never said a word about it before, but it has been the greatest satisfaction I have had for many a year. No, sir, I don't believe they will go back on me."

"We will try that."

"And if they do—well, here is my chance."

"I believe you have gone crazy."

"I have no doubt you think so. All the same, I have a chance at last; not to do something to my own advantage, but to do something that it becomes a man to do. It is not much—a little chance for a little man—but I never expected to have any at all. I have thought about it, as I have thought how it would be if the King of Prussia fought one of his battles here—"

"You must be crazy. I don't know what you are saying."

"That is why I say it: because I know very well that you don't understand. It feels good, Moses, to do as a great man would do—"

"To think how often I have sat here alone with you—!"

"That you will not do again. Get out!"

They all looked at one another.

"Thank you, Squire," said Nathan; and left without another word. Moses backed part of the way toward the open door: his red face and red bandanna and green slippers made color-spots against the dark. His silence expressed a wicked threat.

The Squire was so uplifted that he felt perfectly well. He slept better than usual, and began the morning, not with a mild, voluntary interest in the affairs of other people to be transacted by him, but with an animating expectation for himself. Although the elements of his life were not altered, its tension was increased; and he knew that he was causing

things to happen in the outer world when he heard a joyful sound of bells and a vivacious thud of hoofs, as Dolly B paced up the road.

"Very good," he said, aloud. "Great events are always celebrated by the ringing of bells. For mine there are sleigh-bells."

Nathan Bauer came bursting in, looking much more excited than he had done when he was a prisoner.

"Squire," he exclaimed, "Mosey Weber has started out with Dolly B—"

"Is he going to take the case elsewhere?"

"No, not that. He has become such an enemy to you that he has lost interest in me. He has started out in his cutter to see voters; and we know what kind of a story he will tell them. Now I want to follow him up and tell our side of it, and save you your nomination."

The Squire thought it over for a while.

"No," he said at last. "You let it alone."

Nathan began to make anxious representations.

"If you or I said anything, it would only give importance to his lies; and it would look as if we were afraid of him."

"But, Squire! He will probably say that you were to get your share from my sale of Dolly B. You stand to lose—"

The Squire had assumed a curious expression of connoisseur-like enjoyment.

"Well," he answered. "Suppose I lose? I am going to give my friends a chance to show their friendship. I am going to see if they really do think well of me."

Nathan listened respectfully; but he was thinking: "You are a very nice old man, but it is easy to see why you never got along very well. I will do as you say, of course, Squire," he answered. "But you are throwing away your election, and I don't see why. And I didn't understand what you said last night, about a chance."

"You understood what I did for you, didn't you?"

Nathan assented readily, but was shy of the subject.

"That is all I expect you to understand," said the Squire, his manner full of intellectual exclusiveness.

All through the next three days—

although his business decreased and he heard Dolly B's bells every morning—he continued to enjoy like a connoisseur of life the accelerating of events and his personal hazard; and on the morning of the primaries, when he and Frederick sat at their window and watched the voters drive by, he felt as interested as a gambler in the game. One sleigh after another passed, containing men of all ages, with weather-beaten faces partly hidden by their head-gear, and puffing out clouds of frosty breath. The doctor walked by, also the minister and the schoolmaster, the learned aristocrats of the village. The Squire said good morning to them, and wondered whether he could be at the point of official death.

"But it is worth it," he declared, heard only by Frederick. "If they don't nominate me, I am old, I have not long to endure discomforts, while Nathan could not have gotten over the effects of going to jail as long as he lives; and if they do nominate me, that means that they are my friends in good earnest."

The day went by; the longest day of the year for the Squire, for he did not leave the house, and had no business at all. He read, and kept a good fire, reflecting that very soon there might not be much coal; and he spent a couple of hours calculating how he could reduce his expenses so that they should not exceed his microscopic private income. By the time evening set in he was sure that he was dead officially.

It was late enough to be quite dark when Nathan came running up the street. His joyful countenance imparted news; and at the sight of it a hesitating joy appeared in the Squire's face.

"Can it be possible—?" he asked.

"It is. That has happened which I did not think could happen. Pappy Weber's scheme did not work. You are nominated; and you know that means an election."

"How was it?"

"It has been the greatest primary election that you ever heard of," Nathan answered, in a delighted shout. "That old scalawag drove around to all the voters, and talked and talked; and to-day he spent the whole day down at the hotel, sitting on a beer-keg, and whenever a man came in to vote he would button-

hole him. All but me. Lord, you ought to have seen the face he made when I came in! The men were laughing about it out in the street; and I thought that I had had hard luck before, but positively I could not stand it if you were to lose that nomination."

"So they wouldn't desert me. My friends would not desert me!"

Nathan looked embarrassed, but chose the truth. "Well, Squire, it was not exactly a landslide of popularity. The fact is, Pappy could not arouse any interest, because he was too tight-fisted to offer anything but talk. Some of the men whom he went to see shut him up promptly, and some made no answer, but most of them said, Oh, well, if you were corrupt, another Squire would be so too; so there were very few who took the trouble to vote. There sat old Mosey on his beer-keg, all ready to be an orator, but the audience didn't turn up. And there was an orator on your side, too. Jim Henne heard what Pappy was up to, and he also came down to the tavern and buttonholed the voters."

"How many votes were cast?"

"For this office, only sixteen: seven against you and nine for you. You get your majority from Jim Henne and me. I tell you I am glad!"

The Squire needed some time to comprehend this.

"So they don't care," he said. "And I owe my nomination, half to simple Jim Henne—" Then he laughed.

"And half to me. Why, Squire, I thought you would be so delighted," said Nathan, naïvely hurt. "I am sure I am as happy over this as I was when you did not send me to jail."

His manner was that of one conspirator speaking frankly to another.

"When I did not send you to jail?" repeated the Squire, sharply. "Nathan, did you expect me to believe Weber?"

"Certainly I did," replied Nathan, with the most open surprise. "I didn't know what in the world I could say to break down his story, and I told you to let him talk because I was trying to think of something."

"Why didn't you know what to say?"

"He came out and caught me, just when I thought I had plain sailing; and everything was knocked out of my head."

Why, Squire, I thought you knew it all the time!"

Here was something more which the Squire needed time to realize.

"Tell me how you happened to do it," he said.

"You know that I have had a pretty hard time, Squire—no particular chances, and never any luck except in getting Beulah; and that evening I was thinking it all over: how he had insulted her, and how he would make a pile of money without earning it when he put Dolly B on the track, and how I had been cheated by my employer out of what I had earned; and I had to do something to him. I saw the whole family at their supper, and the stable door was unlocked when I tried it, and I know a man in town who would have taken the mare off my hands, and no questions asked; she would have been on her way to New York by the time Mosey went to feed her in the morning. It all looked so easy; as if it should be done, to punish old Pappy. Then he ran out; and I didn't break away from him and ride off because I was too much surprised."

"So it was all done on impulse?"

"Yes. You need not regret that you let me off, Squire. I did no real harm; he has his Dolly B; and—I have heard a preacher talk about men who were ennobled for life by going wrong once. Well, I am not ennobled; but I am *scared*."

"You did not look scared. So you think all this was intended to bring about your regeneration?"

"Maybe I did not look scared; but, oh, how I felt when I expected to go to town to jail instead of going home to Beulah! And how much worse I felt when she told me her opinion of me! I thought for a while that she would leave me. Yes, Squire, you can trust me henceforth. I shall be an honest man, no matter what easy money other people make on pacers."

"When will you come to get that furniture?" said the Squire, in a tired voice.

"Now that I have started work at the factory, I must be there all day. Shall I come in the evening? Will this evening suit?"

Permission was given; and after the

young man had departed, radiant in spite of his experiences, the elderly man sat and thought.

"This nomination does not mean that I have friends; it means that the voters are too lazy and indifferent to defeat me. I owe my majority to a feeble-minded boy and an unsuccessful horse-thief. I wanted a chance to be more of a man than I have been, and the chance came through an old scandal-monger in a wig and a young lightweight with a pie in his hand. I thought I was doing a manly thing, and I only shielded a horse-thief. And now I am exactly where I was before all this happened. Oh no! I am rid of Weber. That is a suitable reward for my nobility."

The door was opened hesitatingly, and there appeared a head at which the Squire gazed in fascination, as if he saw Poetic Justice walking visibly away around the corner.

After looking shyly all over the room, and studying the Squire's face to see what he might safely say, Moses came in, appropriated his usual chair, and spoke:

"Squire, on last Monday evening you did me a great wrong, and also failed in your official duty; and I thought that I would not set my foot in this house again. All this week I did my best to put you out of office, because I was convinced that you were unfit. The voters, however, decided otherwise. Then, after I had gone home and had been alone for a while"—Moses' tone was unctuous—"then it came to me that this is intended for me, for a test and a trial. Now I am here to do what becomes me. I forgive you, Squire, and I will not lay this up against you; and I will continue to befriend you, and to keep you company."

"So you also have an ideal of what becomes you; and you think all this was for your good? Nathan thought it was to improve him."

"If Nathan gets good out of it, I am glad. He needs all the good he can get."

"You forgive me. I can hardly believe it."

"Yes. It becomes my age, seventy-six years, to be forgiving. After all, no harm was done to me. I have my Dolly B."

"Nathan said that too. Besides, you may just as well continue to enjoy games

of pinochle, and a warm place to sit, and plenty of opportunities to criticise other people's business. Moses, you have some of the best qualities of a general."

"All shall be as it was."

After a balmy silence Moses drew an evening paper from his pocket and began to read.

"All shall be as it was," thought the Squire, watching him. "It will all be as it was." The detested presence had the effect of a nobler form of inspiration. "It shall not! I will not have it!"

He heard a wagon backing into place at the door, and knew that Nathan had come for the furniture; and he was so anxious to be doing, that it seemed a long time until the door opened.

Nathan, on entering, was all pleasure; but at the sight of Moses he gave expression, without saying a word, merely by contorting his eyes and mouth, to a most exhaustive jeer; and Moses sat up stiffly, like Frederick in moments of indignation, and looked ready to growl like Frederick. The Squire waited for no remarks.

Much more loudly than the distance between them required, he said, "I want you and Beulah to come here to live."

The attention which the two would have given to each other was drawn to Moses, and the proposition rested while they watched him. This single sentence acted like the right charm on a goblin. He opened his mouth and shut it; directed at his host a look which did his feelings justice; began to hum his tune; and, turning his head so that he could keep his eyes on the Squire until the last moment, he shuffled toward the door and vanished out of it. He was a master of dramatic departure, and there was no mistaking the finality of this one.

Looking after him, and then looking at each other, the Squire and Nathan purified the air by a hearty, delighted laugh.

"Poor old Pappy!" said the Squire.

"That was a good way to get rid of him," Nathan answered. "I did not expect to see him here again."

The Squire told what had happened, and hastened to ask, "Now, will you accept my invitation?"

"You did not mean that? I thought you said it to scare Moses away."

His friend gave him some assurances;

there was a short discussion; and Nathan asked, rather wistfully, "Do you really want us, Squire?"

"I do. This house is much too big for me alone. Beulah will make a home of it, Beulah will cook for me."

"Beulah will have a parlor!"

"I want you to come now."

"We shall be here to-morrow morning."

With one accord they went to inspect the house, and Frederick went too, joyfully barking while they joyfully talked. The Squire set forth plans which came to him while he explained them, and the light from his candle shone through windows which had not been lighted at night for years. Both men saw the forlorn place as it was about to be.

When they returned to the front room, they felt themselves at the beginning of something good; but the discussing and determining of it had made them a little pensive.

"Squire," Nathan questioned, thoughtfully, "what is your real reason for asking us to come here?"

"I want you."

"It is such a great kindness that I cannot understand it, and I can hardly believe it."

"I want you to stop thinking that you have no luck and no chance. I know what that does for a man. With such a beginning, when you are as old as I am you will feel—empty, fruitless."

Nathan awaited more.


"I am going bail for you, Nathan," said the Squire, with his connoisseur's smile. "The bail that I did not demand. 'Bail is the security given for the release of a prisoner from custody of the officer.' I take you into my house and make myself responsible for you: not for your appearance at court; for more: for your integrity, in our little public here."

Nathan's face showed that he was capable of appreciations like the Squire's.

"What is the security?" he asked. "If I default, what do you pay?"

"By a long life of not succeeding I have learned what you need. If you do well, I piece out my life with yours; there will be the good result of my poor life. If not—I have no result."

Nathan stood in thought. Then he shook the Squire's offered hand, with no words, but with a beautifying smile.



Editor's Easy Chair

DURING the spring and summer past and passing there have been hopes of peace on earth such as could not have been so reasonably cherished at any other time since the heavenly host were heard praising God and prophesying good will to men. Nation has approached nation with the olive branch of arbitration, first America, then England, and then France, with just expectations of Japan, and some probabilities that Russia, Austria, and Germany would hardly hold aloof if the others continued firm. It is possible that since the month of May, when this prospect was brightest, it may have been wholly clouded, and the peoples, under cover of the darkness, are at one another's throats now in August. The writer is one and the reader is another; the magazine brings them together only with the lapse of months, and if the August event has belied the pacific signs and portents of May, the reader shall not say that it was not without something of foreboding in the writer. At the very moment when the prospect of arbitration was fairest, when even a pageant representing the triumph of Canadians over the Americans at Chateaugay in the War of 1812 failed to mar the mutual desire for reciprocity, a voice was lifted at an ecclesiastical conference in Maine which might well have given potentates and powers pause in their mad rush for universal brotherhood.

The voice was the voice of a bishop, who said, or is said to have said, that "we should be on our guard lest we carry the talk of peace and disarmament too far." "War," he said, "is indeed an evil, and cannot be carried on without frightful suffering and horrible consequences. But war," he said, "is a training in moral courage, in self-discipline, in zeal for righteousness, and in contempt for the social vices that destroy national strength." "War," he said, "has developed noble soldiers, noble statesmen,

and noble women." "Without war a nation would become effeminate," he said, "morally and physically." Without it, inferably, the women themselves would become effeminate and not noble.

It is all very strange, coming from a clergyman, but not so novel as strange. Language like it we think we have heard before, but not so often from soldiers as civilians. A bishop, though with such militant sentiments in his mouth, is still a sort of civilian, and may know whereof he speaks better than a soldier. A soldier, in writing or speaking of war, is apt to dwell upon its horrors without reservation; when, for example, General Sherman called it hell, he did not say that it was compensatingly a school of morals for either statesmen or women. The late Professor Shaler of Harvard, who fought bravely through the Civil War, and so might have been prejudiced in favor of war, held that the great qualities of soldiers were those which they had acquired in peace. To the present writer a distinguished general of that war once noted in himself the loss of reverence for life which irrevocably went from him one evening when he came upon a meadow strewn with the bodies of the enemy slain in a recent skirmish; it never again, he said, seemed the sacred thing it had been, and he apparently regretted the effeminacy of his previous point of view.

We know that these are not the effects of war on character as civilians have imagined them. They observe a bluff honesty together with a peculiar gentleness in old soldiers which they naturally suppose has come from the habit of risking or taking life; and when there is a storm of hostile feeling to be worked up in one people against another, such civilians as poets goad themselves and others to a frenzy of delight in bloodshed as sanative of the diseases which infest the body politic in the unwholesome conditions of peace.

When once the war is declared, the poets seldom go to the front in a body, and they fail to profit by the ennobling opportunities which they have helped throw open to others. As a matter of fact, in the very best, the very holiest of wars, comparatively few individuals out of the many millions of a nation take part in the hostilities. Even some bishops remain at home, and the great mass of citizens, not to particularize the statesmen and women, deny themselves the ennobling occasions of battle. Most people continue eating and drinking, making or losing money, marrying and giving in marriage, much as if there were no war at all. They shunt the chances of moral development upon the fine fellows who have enlisted or been drafted, whose families are left to subsist on a soldier's pay, and whom they will begrudge their pensions to the latest generation. The very contractors, who really enter actively into the affair, do not escape the prevalent tendency to avoid the front; in some cases they are believed to make money out of the army, and to scamp in food and clothing the elect minority developing, on the field of battle "in zeal for righteousness, in patriotism, in contempt for the social vices that destroy national strength." The comparative few do this by means of shooting and being shot, stabbing and being stabbed, blowing or being blown to bits by shells; at the safe distance of the national capital the statesmen who contrived and declared the war are ennobling themselves in other departments of self-sacrifice.

But we understand that the best effects of the carnage in the field are not felt at once. These are to be felt by the whole body politic when the disbanded soldiers return to it in such entire or fragmentary form as may be. In the hell (it is again the great soldier's word) where they have been schooled "in moral courage and self-discipline," they have sometimes unlearned respect for the property of others, and have irrevocably forgotten the sacredness of life, having stolen so many things from the enemy, armed or unarmed, and seen so many thousands of men slaughtered and helped to slaughter them. In that university of violence, where they have been acquiring contempt for the social vices that

destroy national strength, they have learned the illimitable lying which military strategy involves, and which they find may be applied in the game of politics, or the warfare which is called business. This, though the bishop does not directly say so, will tend to uplift the community fallen into the slough of peace, where blood cannot be used to wash out the sin and shame of falsehood.

We would not force a meaning from the bishop's words which they do not justly bear, and it is a pity that he was not more explicit. There is often too much vagueness in the phrasing of those who would have us study virtue from the paradoxes of human experience. Formerly it was taught that the Deity sent pestilences upon cities to chastise them for their iniquities; earthquakes and tornadoes were held to be no less instructive than punitive, but modern science and art have largely defeated the supposed aims of Providence in these means of reform. Various serums and improved sanitation have protected the most sinful communities from epidemics; steel construction is providing safe habitations in the most dangerous seismic centers, and cyclone cellars are, we believe, universal in the towns of the farther West where tornadoes prevail. Mankind is left in doubt whether the divine purposes in the past were correctly interpreted; and it may be questioned whether war as a means of reform is really quite what that bishop says.

In other days, when a nation or a city was visited with a plague for its sins, it seems to have gone on sinning worse than ever as soon as the plague was past, and sometimes it abandoned itself to wicked pleasures in the very midst of its chastisement. If we may regard the mixed blessing, or the qualified curse, of war as something in the nature of a punishment sent upon an erring people, we must allow that the effect is not always one attributable to a logical omnipotence. We have lately seen Russia, so far from profiting by the educational influences of her conflict with Japan, collapsing at first into anarchy and then reinstating herself in a despotism crueler than before. In just what measure or manner would our bishop say her statesmen and women have been ennobled by

the fighting at Port Arthur, or her people trained in moral courage and self-discipline by the sinking of so many of her battleships? In what kind or degree has England been rescued from moral or physical effeminacy by the Boer War? Which people spiritually profited by the Franco-Prussian War: the French or the Prussians? It is known that the Germans entered upon an era of corrupting extravagance after their victory, and it has never been ascertained that France was morally the better for her defeat.

It is believed by fair-minded and well-informed observers that few of our statesmen were noticeably ennobled by our war for the liberation of Cuba, or the invasion of Mexico, or even by our last war with Great Britain, which these States came out of by exactly the same hole they went in at, so far as concerned the contested right of search. The Revolution itself left a long trail of evils behind it, and some of the soldiers bred in it, as Burr and Wilkinson, have not remained monuments of integrity and nobility in history. In the more signal instance of Benedict Arnold it appears that the ennobling influences of war may ultimately miss fire, as it were, and a man of unquestionable heroism and self-devotion, being overtrained in the school of virtue, may turn out a traitor.

There is from time to time much lively objection made to peace, though Franklin, who was something of a philosopher, said he never knew a bad one. It may disable his judgment with some that at the same time he said he never knew a good war. Peace has been blamed by a great many people; our bishop himself is not the only thinker who has said that we should degenerate morally and physically without the tonic of battle. Yet, curiously enough, as we need hardly remind him, a blessing was invoked upon the peacemakers, who should be called the children of God, while nothing of the kind was pronounced concerning the makers of war.

We wish very much that the bishop

had not interposed just at this juncture with ideas which may possibly delay the experiment of international arbitration if they should come to the notice of the authorities now promoting it. We think it very desirable that arbitration should be tried on the world-scale, if only to prove its fallacy. In such an event we can easily return to the arbitrament of arms, and perhaps it might be well for the nations to think twice before disbanding their troops and putting their navies out of commission. It is not to be supposed that a bishop would address a church conference in the language held by this bishop without seriously considering the effect of his words. We ourselves have read them with something like dismay, and have summoned all our available arguments for their controversion. But we are by no means sure that we have succeeded, and we tremble for the effect.

It would be peculiarly disappointing if the present movement, apparently world-wide, toward peace, were to be stayed. For the first time in history, the peacemakers have come to the front in international politics, and have persuaded the Powers to bethink them whether an injury or insult of national proportions may not be as peaceably compounded as a like offense to the person or the honor of an individual. The duel has gone, they say, and they ask, Why not the battle? The bishop answers, Because, unless an injured or insulted nation sends a minority of its citizens to wash out the wrong in the blood of antagonists whom they personally never saw or knew before, while the vast majority stays safely and comfortably at home, that nation will degenerate, physically and morally; it will not develop noble soldiers, statesmen, or women; it will not be trained in zeal for righteousness, in patriotism, and in contempt for the social vices.

To ask the bishop to hold such powerful convictions as these in suspense is to ask a good deal, and we can at the best expect our appeal to be granted only provisionally or experimentally.

Editor's Study

WE are so accustomed to think of culture as inseparable from scholarship, and even from scholarship with some stamp upon it of scholasticism, that we ignore those essential qualities which make it a humanism. It is just to connote culture with lofty ideals. It would be a grave charge against the Americans, if it were a just one, that they are crass materialists.

What is peculiar and distinctive in American humanism is not indicated by hasty generalization from those particular phases of activity which are most obvious, but is to be divined only from a consideration of the essential qualities of American character itself—its original traits, and the surprising variations of these in its new-world evolution.

In the estimate of a people's life its sensibility is larger than its faculty, the ground and measure of its possible accomplishment, the source of those intimate and indefinable qualities which constitute its racial heritage, and the seat of its ideals and enthusiasms. It represents the continuity of the race and, whatever other breach there may be, remains forever unbroken. The limitations imposed by circumstance upon action do not, to a like degree, affect sensibility, which itself gives a quality to action in whatever field, be it of faith, heroism, or romance. Education gives information and practical equipment; sensibility with never-failing appetite assimilates every aliment upon which the soul may feed, and informs the life; through it education becomes culture.

It was through their sensibility that the American people, cut off from Europe, remained keenly alive to the main currents of European life. When this people was so absorbed in other fields of activity that it had little or no literature of its own, it was responsive to the best which England produced—to the great poets and essayists of the eighteenth century, to the fiction of Fanny Burney

and Maria Edgeworth, and, later, to Scott and Byron. At the time when Sydney Smith asked, "Who reads an American book?" the Yankees might have answered by asking another question, "Who are the most avid readers of English books?" Still later, Macaulay's and De Quincey's essays and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* were published in book form in this country before there was a demand for such publication in England.

In its susceptibility to imaginative impressions and in the appreciation of works of genius, the American people from the beginning have shown a capacity to comprehend and enjoy the things which belong to the realm of disinterested activity. The education of children was an obligation of conscience. Following the lines of the English grammar-school, it included the classics. If in general it induced a narrow humanism, still, for a brief period, the child was withdrawn from the field of tensely practical endeavor and had some glimpse of the human past not wholly barren of suggestion or, possibly, of inspiration. Familiarity with the Bible was universal, arbitrarily imposed, but, even so, a culture of the imagination. This education widened the bounds of consciousness and gave new leverages to sensibility.

But American humanism as a distinctive thing has grown out of living American experience; it is not scholastic or bookish. The British less than any other strain of the Teutonic race, except the German, suffered itself to be dominated in life or art by the classic mortmain. Puritanism accentuated the revolt. The Englishman in the New World, whether Puritan or not, retained the characteristic traits of his race. What had been the British humanism became an implication of the American. But the pioneer offshoot of a mature civilization, having an independent growth in a new country, developed a surprisingly variant character. Original

traits persisted, but traditions were cast aside, slowly and almost imperceptibly in the Colonial period, but afterward with amazing celerity—especially social conventions and prejudices.

The English race in America was not merely transplanted, geographically projected, but translated. Its religious faith and its heroism were exalted and intensified in the vast Western solitudes, peopled only by alien savages. In such an environment the Powers of the Air haunted the imagination; conscience inhabited a field of mystery beyond the bounds of morality. Government in New England became the realization of a theocracy of which the Scotch covenanters had only dreamed. Witchcraft lived again as a kind of Hebraic renaissance, and there were engendered the human elements and atmosphere which Hawthorne re-created in his earlier weird romances. Generations afterward, when in the capital of the Puritans the intellectual reaction culminates in Emerson, we find in the Middle West, and notably in that region out of which Lincoln came, the same somber mysticism—a mysticism which blends with intensest practicalism.

Americans have always had that tensely forward look which betokens speculation, discounting the future and ignoring intervals of time and space. They have clearly foreseen what they desired, and ideally desired, and made directly for it, ignoring all obstacles, if, after the Colonel Sellers manner, they have not fancied it already in their grasp.

After all, this American forwardness, whatever of boldness or even of bluster it may have involved, is only the intensification of a British trait. It would be only that if the terms of its expansion involved the expectation of world-dominion. It was an English statesman, as Sir Edward Grey has recently reminded us, who suggested to President Monroe the policy which bears that President's name, and the Englishman seemed as oblivious as Americans have always seemed of any adequate visible means for the enforcement of this continental assumption.

Americans—that is, those Americans who have shaped the national character—have always had the long view and acted as if it were the short one. The pro-

jected end of an enterprise was instantly seized upon as something to be worked up to. In so vast a leverage their optimism was like their religious faith—the evidence of things not seen.

This speculation was a kind of transcendentalism, the hitching of one's wagon to a star; the projection of a nerve into space, waiting for bone and tissue to follow. Surely, in all this, the psychical dominance, rather than the materialistic, was manifest. Benjamin Franklin, with his kite in the clouds, tempting the lightning to disclose its identity with electricity, was more typically American than he was as the author of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Such practicalism as was characteristically American was large of scope, organically expansive. Matter, money, any means, was but the fulcrum for its lever. If it had been mere practicalism, sordid and plodding, it would have had no distinction, no alliance with the traits confessedly in a peculiar sense American—ingenuity, aptitude, quick invention, and masterly organization. What it lacks in discipline and thoroughgoing efficiency, as compared with the German during the last forty years, clearly proves that this practicalism is not primary or ultimate as an American characteristic.

Moreover, this practicalism was forced upon the American people, though its peculiar phases were due to native traits and impulses, intensified by the conditions of pioneer life, the horizon of which was always extending westward. Nature is indulgent to the savage even in his degeneration. But the civilized English colonist in America had no indulgence from any quarter. He was at war with nature, with Spanish, French, and Dutch competitors, and with the aborigines; and in this stress he had to devise expedients of every sort as well as institutions. The habit of improvisation was thrust upon him, and it remained with him. He became nomadic, shifty, and resourceful—thrifty only by compulsion. To the stranger his civilization seemed to have a mushroom growth. Not until a little after the middle of the nineteenth century had the Americans completed, and then at terrible sacrifice, a national fabric which had the semblance of a sound integrity. They had never

had time to wait, but had been carried forward by the drift of necessity upon an unprecedented course, which they had charted as they traversed it, with a long and confidently optimistic look ahead. But, with little to show in art or literature, they had created an American humanism—of what kind they saw somewhat when they had the face of Lincoln to look back upon.

What has the last half-century done for this humanism?

Those who regard only the immense leap made in material progress during this period are likely to look back regretfully upon the American past, missing what seem to them more impressive ideals, and even the traditional narrowness, passions, and prejudices associated with them. The retrospect has for these a more heroic, romantic, and picturesque investment. But this wonderful half-century has been distinguished by psychical more than by mechanical triumphs.

Psychical reaction is indeed the keynote of the period which in both Europe and America has been the era of a new modernism, far advanced beyond that which was the issue of the Romantic revolt, because it was the result of disillusion. The prospect opened by science in its quest of real knowledge was but one of the fresh outlooks of the emancipated human spirit.

In America what was most conspicuously apparent at the beginning of this era was the momentum of material progress, responsive to the impetus imparted by the new scientific knowledge translated into practical terms through inventive ingenuity. Instead of a Darwin, or Spencer, or Lord Kelvin, America developed an Edison, as in a previous generation it had developed Henry and Morse and Fulton; and in the study of economic problems it kept far in advance of Great Britain. But there were not wanting signs of creative genius in fields of disinterested activity—in art and literature and philosophy. The modern psychical trend was apparent in our new fiction, the old didactic habit yielding place to the interpretative. If we did not have a Meredith we had a Henry James, as, in other fields, while we had no profound interpreters to match Pater and Symonds, we had in place of a

Huxley the still more versatile John Fiske, and, in place of a Canon Liddon, Bishop Brooks.

In a survey of the more recent field, right at the beginning of our twentieth century, we find American life and culture more distinctly defining themselves against the background of the past. The traces of old antagonisms have disappeared, and with them a great deal of the old boastfulness. Americans have come to have a sense of their shortcomings, past and present, and especially of their prodigal wastefulness of natural resources and of the ruinous waste of competition. If it is theirs, as the fulfilment of their now manifest destiny, to carve into perfect form a statue of Liberty, the final lineaments of its countenance will express Peace. The waste of war is the most shameful, because the most wanton, of all wastes in an age like ours, an age characterized by psychical reaction, which does not involve inimicalness of any sort; and the shame of it should be the ground of the ideal most fitly to be entertained by a democratic commonwealth.

Our speculative expansion having reached its utmost scope, having before the last century's end even assumed a kind of imperial grandeur, and, in all its course, having, in some ways, illustrated our heroism and, in others, the magnificence of our incapacities, has been followed by a more reflective and intensive culture, developed under conditions of greater freedom—such as release the creative faculty. While American humanism thus more nearly approaches the European, it more clearly illustrates its distinctive character for what in it is essential rather than accidental or eccentric.

The dynamic character of industrial and social organization, on a large scale, involves not merely greater efficiency; it renders possible the realization of collectivist ideals, the substitution of harmony for irrational antagonisms, and, eventually, the consummation of a real democracy.

The alchemy of a living experience determines our American humanism, which has thus a creative evolution. We have faith to believe that it is not the alchemy of the witches' caldron.

Editor's Drawer

Placing the Blame

BY GEORGE WESTON

HUNNEWELL is eighty-five miles from the nearest large city. It will thus be seen that when the ladies of the Hunnewell Ethical Society, intent upon reducing the increased cost of living, made an agreement to wear no dress costing more than fifteen dollars and no hat costing more than five dollars (with the exception of wedding hats and gowns) the place afforded unusual opportunities for carrying out the idea. The ladies of Hunnewell started work at once, and the lords of Hunnewell looked on in wondering approval.

Suddenly, and as if by magic, the Merry Widow hat disappeared, the Peach-Basket retreated, the Princess dress abdicated, and the Moyen Age effect returned to its medieval resting-place. Ostrich feathers became a memory. Velvets suffered the same fate. Silks were seldom seen, and were eyed askance. Silk braiding became a lost, an unregretted art. "Real lace" collars, cuffs, jabots, and insertions were seen no more. And rising triumphant from the ashes of sacrifice appeared the shirt-waist, the simple skirt, and the businesslike little hat. Evening dresses were fashioned exclusively from lawns and dimities, and Hunnewell became famous in the land.

"My dears," began Mrs. Pembroke at a meeting of the Ethical Society, "it is unnecessary for me to dwell upon the success which our movement has achieved here. But do you know that we have received thirty-six letters from other associations throughout the country asking for full information? The secretary will read you a few of these."

A proud silence ensued while the letters were being read.

"To reply to all these letters in detail," continued Mrs. Pembroke, "would put too great a tax upon our corresponding secretary. I therefore move that the proceedings of our historic meeting be printed, together with a copy of the Agreement; and I also move that these thirty-six inquirers, together with all others, be advised that the foregoing literature will be mailed to them upon receipt of one dollar, and that all the receipts be placed in a special fund to be used in the Cause!"

The motion was being carried, when the door opened and Mrs. Jenkins entered, impetuous and breathless.

"There!" she exclaimed, "I knew I would be late, but I could not help it. What do you suppose I have been doing? . . . Packing!"

The regular order of the day was temporarily suspended.

"We are leaving Hunnewell!" Mrs. Jenkins burst out. "Leaving for good! Oh, my dears, if you only knew how I feel! But Mr. Jenkins has received an offer to go to Chicago. So he has sold his interests in the Hunnewell National Bank, is resigning as president, and we are leaving for Chicago on Saturday morning! I can only stay a minute. The Willets arrive on Friday to take possession of the house, and I have to arrange a reception for them, and—oh, my head is just *spinning*!"

"The Willets?" asked Mrs. Pembroke. "Are they new people?"

"Yes. Mr. Willets has bought the bank, and will be its new president. They have leased our house—furnished, you know—an awfully nice man. I haven't seen Mrs. Willets. I am having cards printed for the re-



THE SHIRT-WAIST, THE SIMPLE SKIRT,
AND THE BUSINESSLIKE LITTLE HAT

ception—our good-by and their introduction, you know—of course you must all come—I must run now—Friday evening—don't forget—but when I think of leaving dear old Hunnewell—!”

And so it happened that on Friday evening all Hunnewell assembled at the Jenkins mansion to meet the new bank president and his wife, and to give their predecessors God-speed.

“They will be down in a few minutes,” whispered Mrs. Jenkins to each of the new arrivals. “They missed a train, or it was late, or something. They are up-stairs now, getting ready. They won't be long. . . .”

A stir was heard in the hall and Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins appeared with the guests of honor. The ladies of Hunnewell looked at each other, looked at each other's lawns and dimities, and then looked back at the radiant group which surrounded their hostess.

Mrs. Willets, undeniably autocratic in her appearance, was attired in ruby-red satin, studded with ruby beads.

Miss Willets, a distinguished brunette, was attired in pale apple-green silk, bordered with gold fringe, and embroidered with apple blossoms. Around her throat was a loose necklace of pearls.

Miss Anne Willets, a charming blonde, wore pink mousseline de soie over changeable-blue taffeta, adorned with lace and with clusters of rosebuds.

Miss Maude Willets was gowned in soft mauve satin and foamy mauve chiffon, with girdle and trimmings of metal embroidery.

The ladies of Hunnewell looked at all these things. As for the lords of Hunnewell, they positively *stared*!

When the Agreement was broached to Mrs. Willets by a special committee of the Ethical Society, she looked at the printed matter and exclaimed, “How very odd!”

“We rather thought that you would have heard of the movement,” said Mrs. Pembroke.

“No.”

“But we may count upon your support, may we not?”

“I'm afraid not. There is no coercion about the matter?”

“Oh no! Not the slightest!”

“So I imagined. Of course, I recognize your right, as individuals, to follow whatever style of dress may appear advisable to you. Similarly, of course, I and my daughters possess the same right. You exercise your right in your way, and we in ours. It appeals to me as a perfectly simple situation, and one which cannot permit of further discussion. Another cup of tea, Mrs. Pembroke?”

“And she is going to give a ball in the assembly hall next month,” said Mrs. Pembroke, as the committee walked home.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Stevens. “My dears, what *shall* we do? We can't very well stay away, can we?”

“Not very well,” said Mrs. Pembroke, thoughtfully. “She could make it very unpleasant for any one. For ourselves, of course, we wouldn't mind it—but the bank is the bank, and we don't want to get our husbands into possible disfavor, however natural our own feelings may be.”

“If they weren't such *pretty* girls,” said Mrs. Boswick, “it wouldn't be so bad.”

“That,” frowned Mrs. Pembroke, “is the trouble.”

The lords of Hunnewell, when the night of the ball arrived, didn't seem to consider the Misses Willets' pretty faces as being troublesome in the slightest degree. Wherever a knot of young men was tied together there was certain to be a Miss Willets in the center of it. Young men hurried through the rooms openly searching for a Miss



THERE WAS CERTAIN TO BE A MISS WILLETS IN THE CENTER OF IT



"SOME TIME AGO," SHE BEGAN, "WE PLACED OUR SIGNATURES TO A CERTAIN AGREEMENT"

Willets, and disregarding all others. Old men smiled after them. Favored messengers brought them ices. One lucky man shut a window for one of the Misses Willets. Another favorite of fortune was commissioned to go for a lace shawl. All the other ladies of Hunnewell were dressed faithfully, even sternly, according to the Agreement. But as for Mrs. Willets—! And as for the Misses Willets—!

At eleven o'clock, Miss Ainsworth, looking from her chair and seeing Mr. Denny dancing his second waltz with a dazzling girl in pale apple-green silk bordered with gold fringe and embroidered with apple blossoms—Miss Ainsworth, seeing all this, decided to go home. She smiled pleasantly, even merrily, at all beholders, and sauntered toward the cloak-room.

Almost simultaneously Miss Spencer, watching Dr. Bishop waltzing with a dreamy-eyed girl in soft mauve satin and foamy mauve chiffon—Miss Spencer, seeing this, also smiled joyfully at the company, and also strolled toward the cloak-room. There she met Miss Ainsworth. They helped each other with their wraps. Other girls came in, and began putting on their wraps. The silence was very ominous.

The regular weekly meeting of the Ethical Society fell due the following afternoon. The members gathered early, and the order of the day was accomplished with unusual despatch. It was noticeable that when the treasurer reported an item of one hundred and sixteen dollars in the treasury "received from sales of Agreement literature," there was no applause.

"Is there any other business?" asked Mrs. Pembroke.

Miss Ainsworth arose. She was a Barnard graduate, and possessed a winning manner which served her well in her capacity as chairman of the Committee for Improving Front Lawns, and she had, moreover, a charming idiosyncrasy of talking in capitals. The members watched her with hopeful eyes.

"Some time ago," she began, "we placed our signatures to a certain Agreement." An emphatic nodding of businesslike little hats showed that no one had forgotten the circumstance. "Recent Developments," continued the speaker, "over which we have had No Control, lead me to believe that the Agreement is only Beneficial when it is Universally Observed. We have nevertheless signed a Covenant agreeing to do certain definite things, and surely an Ethical Society is the Last Place in the World where one would look to see an Agreement wilfully broken for the Mere Reason that it no longer seemed Expedient to Keep it."

"But I don't understand—" Mrs. Thomas was beginning, when Mrs. Pembroke silenced her.

"Let us turn to the Agreement, therefore, and consider its Terms," continued Miss Ainsworth. "We find that we have Bound ourselves to wear no hat costing over Five Dollars"—a sigh arose from many—"and no dress costing more than Fifteen Dollars"—a sigh arose from more—"but, and mark this *well*, an Important Exception is made in favor of Wedding Hats and Gowns. The question now arises—What is a Wedding Hat and what is a Wedding Gown?"

"But, my dear—" began Mrs. Thomas, and again Mrs. Pembroke succeeded in quieting her.

"It may be argued," continued Miss Ainsworth, "that a Wedding Dress is not a Wedding Dress unless one wears it at her Wedding. But let us suppose that a housewife has three cook-stoves. She uses one for her cooking, another for her ironing, and the third, let us say, she uses as a refrigerator. And yet the fact remains that they *are* cook-stoves. The Point is this: She can use them for that purpose if she so desires. And so, I take it, it is with a Wedding Dress. The governing question is, 'Could a person be married In that dress?' In other words, 'Is it physically possible?' If the answer is 'Yes,' then I contend that the dress may be called a Wedding Dress."

"Sh!" said Mrs. Pembroke to Mrs. Thomas.

"One more argument will make my construction clear," continued Miss Ainsworth. "I have here a copy of *David Copperfield* from which I quote these Significant Words: 'She even had her wedding dress made, but she couldn't decide on the man.' You see? She was not married in it, but she *might* have been. Isn't it perfectly clear?"

"But how does that apply to those of us who *are* married?" asked Mrs. Thomas, eluding Mrs. Pembroke's restraint long enough to ask the question.

"Oh, Mrs. Thomas!" cried Mrs. Pem-

broke. "Don't you know that one never can tell?"

"But how about those," persisted Mrs. Thomas, thinking possibly of the septuagenarian Mrs. Carlisle who was sitting in front of her, "who are too *old*?"

"Is a woman *ever* Too Old to be Married?" asked Miss Ainsworth, blandly.

"Certainly not!" cried Mrs. Carlisle, her interest in the proceedings having carried her away.

"And as I look at it," said Miss Stephens, "it is also possible to construe a wedding gown as one that may possibly be worn *at* a wedding. By a guest, you know."

"Why, of course!" cried little Miss Spencer.

The motion was made and unanimously carried that the Agreement should be construed accordingly.

"But what shall we do with the \$116?" asked the treasurer. "We can't very well further the Cause with it now; can we?"

"I wonder," said Miss Ainsworth breathlessly, "if it wouldn't be a Splendid Idea if we were to take that Money and if *we* were to give a Ball!"

"One thing is certain!" cried Mrs. Adamson in tones of portent after this motion also had been unanimously carried: "It isn't *our* fault if we have large dress-making bills from this time forth. The men have no one to blame but themselves. *They* are the weak ones—not we!"



SHE. "John, why on earth are you wearing those goggles?"

JOHN. "Only a moment, dear, until I finish this grape-fruit."



Drawn by William L. Jacobs

The Toll-Gate



Another Who Won't Tell Exactly

"And how old are you, my dear?"

"I'll be six years old a year from next Wednesday."

Special Ties that Bind Men

A PHILADELPHIA club-man, engaged in buying a necktie for himself, turned the pile over and over, and at last put aside two as not worthy of further consideration. The salesman placed the rejected ties in a separate box. The club-man asked whether they had been placed by mistake with those he had been examining.

"Oh no," was the polite response; "but we have orders when five or six men turn down a tie to take it out and put it aside."

"What becomes of them?"

"We sell them to women who come in here to buy ties for men."

How the Missionary Could Help Him

A BOSTONIAN, who has done considerable missionary work in the Far East, not long ago addressed a Bible meeting in a church of that city, on which occasion he spoke of the adventures, as well as the work, of the missionaries in that quarter.

There was one youngster in the audience, a lad of twelve, who had been brought to the meeting by his father. It was with considerable surprise and gratification that the missionary observed, when his discourse had been finished and he had asked whether any one had any questions to put, that the aforesaid youngster evinced a disposition to make an inquiry.

"Come, my lad," said the missionary, "speak up. If there is anything I haven't made clear, tell me."

"Oh, everything is clear to me," said the boy. "What I want to know is, have you any foreign stamps you can give a fellow?"

The Newest Horror

FAIR women I love and adore,
Abjectly I bow 'neath their sway;
Their beauty I sing o'er and o'er,
Their lightest behest I obey.
I approve of their gorgeous array,
I want them to dress as they please;
But I really must voice my dismay
At those gowns that are tied round the knees!

A fluffy mass trailing the floor
Is a graceful and charming display;
And even the sheath gowns they wore
Were pretty enough in their day.
A costume of stiff white piqué
With my notion of order agrees;
But no words can my horror convey
Of those gowns that are tied round the knees!

I'm certain that never before
Was a fashion so sadly astray;
When one wabbles in at the door,
My amusement I fear I betray.
They try to look happy and gay—
The ladies at afternoon teas—
But they walk such a comical way
In those gowns that are tied round the knees!

L'ENVOI

Dame Fashion, you hear what I say.
Oh, please put your ban upon these;
Remove from my vision, I pray,
Those gowns that are tied round the knees!

CAROLYN WELLS.

It Sometimes Happens

A LITTLE boy, noticing the absence for several days of the little girl next to him in school, inquired of the teacher where she was.

"She was sick," replied the teacher, "and the Lord took her away."

"Hm!" said the boy; "I was sick all last week, and He never came near me."



The Engagement Ring



When an Irresistible Force meets an Immovable Body

The Fairy Balloon

BY EDWARD HALL PUTNAM

WHEN we blew bubbles on a day
 Not very long ago,
 I thought what fine balloons they'd be
 For fairies—and then suddenly
 I saw a bubble sail away
 With one inside, I know.

Although it sailed up overhead
 And quickly out of view,
 Just to make sure that I was right
 Before it went quite out of sight,
 I asked my mother, and she said
 She thought she saw it, too.



MRS. CAT. "Are you going to sit there and mew all day? Why don't you paint?"

MR. CAT. "I am waiting for my mews to inspire me."

Tom's Temporary Job

A CERTAIN house in an Indiana town and its old mistress, too, had improved so greatly in comfort and appearance that a friend, returning after an absence of some time, surmised that the son of the house, a lazy chap in the old days, must have turned over a new leaf.

"Yes, indeed," said the old lady, smilingly, when the visitor had expressed herself as above, "Tom he's makin' good money now. Got a fine job. All he has to do is to go twice a day to the circus and put his head in the lion's mouth. The rest of his time he has to himself."

Probably Not

IT was at a suffragette meeting. A woman was speaking bitterly of the many rights and privileges which the men enjoyed but which were so unjustly denied to the women.

"Say," broke in a male hearer, tauntingly, in a small, high-pitched voice that sounded well in proportion to his physical make-up, "wouldn't you like to be a man?"

"Yes," replied the woman; "wouldn't you?"

Why Point It Out?

AT the Art Museum the sign "Hands off" was conspicuously displayed before the statue of Venus de Milo.

A small child looked from the sign to the statue.

"Anybody could see that," she said, dryly.

Not Purely Curiosity

AMONG the passengers in one of the cars of a train running between Springfield and Boston was a nervous little old man, who evinced a keen interest in a sinister-looking person who took a seat beside him.

"How do you do?" said the nervous little old man to the sinister-looking person. "Now what might your name be? Do you live in Boston or beyond?"

"What business is it of yours where I live or who I am?" growled the other.

"Strictly speaking, it ain't none of my business," admitted the old gentleman, mildly, "but it's jest like this: I've got a cousin in this part of the State that I've never seen, and I've always thought I might come upon him some time jest by asking folks their name and so on."

The Danger of a Foreign Spouse

ONE of our most prominent college professors took unto himself as wife a very charming and highly cultured German lady who is exquisitely particular about all small matters.

Several years ago, just after she had come to live in this country, she was ever on the *qui vive* for new forms of expression.

One night the professor came home worn out with the troubles of Commencement. As he was dressing to attend a very formal reception, he remarked:

"I wish we weren't going to this shindig."

"Shindig?" repeated his wife; "what is that?"

"It's the sort of thing we're going to tonight," answered her husband.

At the close of a very enjoyable evening the professor heard his wife saying, "Oh, Mrs. B——, I have so much enjoyed your shindig."



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Dead Finger"

"EVERYTHING YOU WISH FOR SHALL BE YOURS"

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The Dead Finger.

Written and Illustrated
by
Howard Pyle.

EVERY man, so the saying goes in Italy, carries his troubles about with him on his shoulders. Be he rich or be he poor, or be he neither the one nor the other, yet his cares cling to him as close as fleas.

Beppo was a porter of Florence; he was no exception to this saying. He was a ragged, lousy fellow. He wore wooden shoes, no doublet, and a ragged shirt. He was poor, he was mean and obscure. These seemed to him to be causes for trouble. He was, moreover, in love with Elisabetta, the baker's daughter, and she cared nothing for him,

for her heart was set upon Pietro the cobbler. This was a further cause of care. So Beppo, while he lounged at the corner at the market-place, whistling softly to himself between his teeth and scratching his elbow, though he had no outward appearance of being vexed with care, yet felt the bite of his troubles—even though the sunshine shone upon his back and shoulders and warmed him through and through.

Montofacini the magician appeared at the door of the bookseller's shop. He was clad all in black from top to toe; a black velvet robe; a tall, soft, black cap bordered with fur. The only bits of color about him were his white face and hands and the red sash tied about his waist. He looked and saw Beppo. He whistled, beckoned to him, and called, "Facchino!"—which is to say, "Porter." Beppo saw that he was wanted; he gathered himself up from where he lounged and went over to where the magician stood in the doorway. He touched the brimless hat upon his head

as the magician said to him: "Beppo, here are several books I want carried home. I will pay you two soldi for bringing them."

"Three soldi," said Beppo.

"Two," said the magician.

"Three," said Beppo.

"Two," said Montofacini.

Beppo shrugged despairingly. "Two it is," he muttered. He shouldered the package of books and followed the footsteps of the magician.

He had no idea that Montofacini read such heavy books. Before long his muscles ached, and the sweat ran in great drops down his face. He was glad when they turned the corner toward Montofacini's house, for he was hot and weary.

Montofacini opened the door and beckoned with his hand. "Come in, Beppo," said he. Beppo took off his hat and put it under his arm. He crossed himself before he opened the door, for he had no wish to carry any of the effect of the evil eye away with him. He made the sign of the horns with his fore and little fingers, and kept them pointed down to the ground.

Beppo deposited his books upon the bench beside the wall. He was thinking of the two soldi which he should get for carrying them. He wanted his money and he wanted to go. Montofacini had seated himself in a great carved arm-chair beside the window. He was looking very earnestly at Beppo where he sat wiping his forehead. He was in the mood to try an experiment. Presently he said, "Beppo, tell me, would you rather have money for carrying the books, or would you rather have something better than money?"

"What is there better than money?" said Beppo.

"Oh," said Montofacini, "there are many things better than money. There is Love," said he, "and Glory."

"As for those things," said Beppo, "I would like to have the love of Elisabetta, the baker's daughter. I think she loves the cobbler Pietro, who lives three doors below Barnabo's shop. She is there half the time, leaning against the door and talking to him—a great, ugly fellow he is, too, with a leather apron, and thick lips, and fingers as black as your honor's hat with shoemaker's wax."

"Well, look you, Beppo," said Montofacini, "I am of a mind to make an experiment. I myself have all the money I want; I am too old and dried to care for love. As for glory, I am so high in favor now with the Grand Duke that I am afraid of falling from where I stand. Do you see this?" And he held up something that appeared to be a dried stick about four inches long. It was tied about with a piece of whip-cord.

"Yes," said Beppo, "I see it. What is it?"

"It is a dead finger," said Montofacini. "I cut it myself from the hand of a murderer who was hung."

"Jesu guard us," said Beppo, and crossed himself.

"Would you rather have this, or the two soldi I promised you?" said Montofacini.

"I would rather have the two soldi," said Beppo. "Whatever would I do with a dead man's finger?"

"You judge only from the outside look of things," said Montofacini. "You do not know the value of this finger. Listen; it has this value, that when you wear it around your neck everything you wish for shall be yours."

"That would be a blessing," said Beppo, "if it is true."

"You will find it true," said Montofacini. "Try it."

"Well," said Beppo, "two soldi are but two soldi, and they are not much. I will take the dead man's finger."

"But you must buy it," said Montofacini, "for it will not be yours if you do not buy it."

Beppo remembered that he had one soldo, which he intended spending for a glass of wine. It was in his pocket; he could feel it with his hand. "I have only one soldo in the world," said Beppo.

"That will be enough," said Montofacini. "The finger is yours for one soldo."

Beppo drew the soldo out of his breeches pocket and offered it to the magician. Montofacini hesitated a moment before he took the soldo and gave the finger to Beppo. His face assumed an unusually solemn look. "Think well what you do, Beppo," said he. "There is no such thing as a man in the world who is without trouble. You will get

rid of the sorrows that now stand at your elbow, but they will only give way to other and perhaps more bitter sorrows than the old ones were. Beware what you do."

As Beppo listened, something strange befell him. His brain seemed to swim, the daylight whirled around and around him. This lasted for a few seconds, and then his brain cleared again.

"Here is the soldo," said Beppo. "I will take the dead finger."

The magician laughed. He took the soldo, and gave Beppo the dead and dried finger. Beppo immediately hung it about his neck by means of the whipcord. "And now," said the magician, "wish, and whatever you wish shall come true."

"First of all," said Beppo, "I will wish for a bottle of wine and some bread and meat."

"Oh," said the magician, "I was about to offer you that." And he called out to his servant, "Francesca, bring Beppo a bottle of wine and some bread and meat."

So Beppo's first wish was fulfilled.

As Beppo went homeward he thought to himself how wonderful it would be if his dead finger really should point the way of fortune for him. He believed in it, yet he disbelieved. Signor Montofacini had promised him that it should bring him whatever he desired; but how could a dead finger do that? A living hand could not do so much; certainly the finger of a dead murderer's hand could not. He had wished for bread and meat and wine, and instantly he had them. But then he would have had what he wanted even without the dead finger, for Montofacini had said that he was about to feed him. Well, it did him no harm to wish, and he would wish—he would wish—he would wish—what should he wish for? Yes, he would wish

to be rich; he would wish to be very rich. That was it; he would wish to be very rich.

He said aloud, "I wish to be very rich."

A boy came running up the street. He was a boy from the bakery. He was looking from right to left, as if in search of somebody. Presently his eyes beheld Beppo. He came running across the street to him. "Beppo, Beppo!" he cried, "I have been looking for you everywhere, Beppo!"

"What is it?" said Beppo. "What is it you want with me?"

"There is a man at the bakery who is looking for you," said the boy. "He has two horses; one he rides himself, the other he leads. Come, hurry your legs, or maybe he will go!"

Beppo's slouching gait broke into a run. He ran to the bakery. There was a man there with two horses, as the boy had said. He was a big, low-browed fellow with straight locks of red hair hanging about his face like a bunch of carrots. He wore a discolored blue jerkin of frieze, loose breeches, and cowhide boots drawn up above his knees. He evidently was a countryman. He sat upon one big raw-boned horse, and he



SO BEPP0'S FIRST WISH WAS FULFILLED

held another by the bridle-rein. "This," said the boy who brought him, "is Beppo. Here he is."

"Are you Beppo the porter?" said the man.

"Yes," said Beppo, "I am."

"Then get on this horse," said the stranger, "and ride with me. Your mother's cousin is dying at Grassena, and she has sent for you."

Then Beppo mounted the led horse, and the two rode away together. All the neighbors said to one another, "Look at Beppo on horseback!"

As they went they talked together. The man said that he did not know what the Widow Fausti wanted with Beppo. She was an old cat of a woman. She had quarreled with all her neighbors, so that no one now spoke well of her. But death wipes a clean slate. Who

never saw her. I have heard my mother (God rest her soul!) speak of her; but I never saw her."

"What is she like?" said the man. "She is brown as the rind of one of her own smoked hams. She is as wrinkled as a last year's apple. Her hair is white—it is as white as yonder pigeon," pointing to one that flew just then across the blue sky.

"God knows what she wants me for," said Beppo.

"God knows," assented his companion.

So they talked as they galloped, klippety-kloppety, to Grassena.

The Widow Fausti's butcher-shop was in the main street facing the square where the fairs were held at Easter season. There were hams and sausages in the window, and a dead sheep, peeled of its hide. Now, however, the shop was closed. A number of people hung about the door, and a fat, brown friar, with the wine and the wafers of extreme unction, was just leaving the house.

The people around the door drew back as the horsemen galloped up, and Beppo freed his feet from the stirrups and leaped to the ground. He entered the house directly, but his companion remained where he was, explaining to those who gathered in a knot about him how he had just found Beppo at Florence, and how they had ridden thence without drawing rein excepting at the high hills.

Beppo went into the house and up to the sick-room. The Widow Fausti lay there dying upon a soiled and rumpled bed. The wrinkled face was yellow-white, like the wax of a church candle; her nose was pinched and blue at the tip, her cheeks sunken, and her mouth twisted askew and to one side. A fat woman sat at the head of the bed. Her thick lips projected, and every now and



THE TWO RODE AWAY TOGETHER

would want to refuse one who was fighting for breath? Word had come to him to bring Beppo, and he had taken the horses out of the stable, and here he was.

As he talked, Beppo remembered that he had heard his mother speak of her cousin at Grassena. She was, she had said, a widow and rich. Could this be the woman who had sent for him?

"What is she like?" said Beppo. "I

then she would half utter, but not quite audibly, a "Tut! tut! tut! tut!" of pity, and would wipe the dew of sweat from the brow of the dying creature. Two men sat at a little distance; one was fat and gross, the other was thin and bald. Every now and then they looked suspiciously at each other, and would hitch their chairs. They were the brothers of the sick woman.

The dying woman opened her gray and filmy eyes. "Is that Beppo?" she said. "Dear Beppo!" The brothers started and looked at each other. Beppo was a new and dangerous personality in the problem. Who knew what would happen now?

As Beppo had never seen his mother's cousin before, he was surprised at her very affectionate tone. "Here I am," he said, pushing forward to the bedside. "I came as soon as I could."

"Give me your hand, Beppo," she said, and Beppo yielded his warm hand into her cold and bony clutch. "Beppo," said she, "Beppo, you never wronged me, did you? You never cheated me of four soldi, did you? You never complained to the magistrate of my pig, that he broke into your garden and rooted up your turnips. You never made me pay for what he had done, did you?"

"No," said Beppo, "I never did."



BEPP0 SAT IN THE NOTARY'S HOUSE,
TALKING ABOUT THE WILL

"Well," said the dying woman, "my brother Tomaso—he is the fat one; is he there?"

"Yes," said Beppo, "he is."

"Well, he cheated me of four soldi once, when he bought a sheepskin from me—it was twelve years ago, but I have not forgotten it."

The fat man looked as though hope and strength had both gone from him. He sighed deeply, and wiped his face, upon which the sweat was now gathering.

"And my brother Marco—he is the tall, lean one—the one that looks like a pair of iron tongs—he with a bald head—I did not see him—"

"He is here," said Beppo.

"Well, he made me pay last fall a year ago for my pig when it broke into his garden."

Now it was the turn of the lean, bald man to look as if he had hung a dog.

Beppo looked at him. "That is a pity," said he.

"So now," said the dying woman, "I am near my end. I have saved a bit of money, but I will leave nothing to those two because of their wickedness. I will leave all to you, dear Beppo, for you never cheated me and never robbed me. For I have some money, Beppo; I have made some money, and I have saved some, and all from my butcher-shop."

She fumbled and plucked at her pillow. Finally she drew out from underneath it a sheet of yellow parchment. "Take this, Beppo," said she; "it is my will, and was made by the notary, so that it is safe and sound. It will bring you all that money that it speaks of. But do not spend it, Beppo. Keep it! Keep it!"

Beppo took the parchment and opened it. It gave him six thousand three hundred lire. He was rich.

Beppo was amazed. He had said that he wanted to be rich, and lo! he was rich upon the voicing of his wish. And yet he was only rich by the death of another. He shuddered at the thought. And yet on second thoughts he saw that his wish could not have moved this affair to the breadth of a hair. Even if he had never owned the dead man's finger, it would have been exactly as it was now. Three hours ago he had not even heard of the dead man's finger. His mother's cousin had been sick for a week, and her will had been made for more than a year. Then he thought of how rich he was, and his heart swelled as though it would burst with joy.

Some one near him laughed. It was not any one in the sick-room, for they were all very solemn for many reasons. The laughter sounded like Montofacini the magician.

Beppo's mother's cousin was dead, and now Beppo sat in the notary's house, talking to him about the will. All was right and as it should be. He was the master of six thousand three hundred lire. They were his, and his ownership in them could not be in any way questioned. He was a rich man. Then he thought of Elisabetta, the baker's daughter. He sighed deeply, profoundly.

"What ails you?" said the notary.

"Ah," said Beppo, "I am thinking of Elisabetta, the baker's daughter. I am rich, but I am not happy, for she does not love me!"

The notary laughed. "You are a fool," said he. "A man with six thousand three hundred lire may hope for a better match than a baker's daughter, if he has a mind for such a match."

"Aha!" said Beppo, "you do not know her. She is big and fat," said he, with much unction; "she has cheeks that are red and shining like a ripe apple, and her hair is like black glass, spun very long and fine. Ah, she is a pear upon the top of the tree, and I have no stick long enough to reach it!" Then, bethinking himself of his dead man's finger, he said, "I wish she were mine!"

Again the notary laughed. He was a little man. He looked like a mouse; and if you can think of a mouse laughing, you can think how the notary looked. "Nothing easier than that," quoth he. "Why, man, go you to the girl's father. Tell the old man what you want, and say that you have six thousand three hundred lire, the half of which you will settle upon your wife. Then she will drop into your hands like that pear you speak of when it is ripe. You need not climb for it, and you need not shake it. It will drop into your hands without the climbing or shaking."

Beppo caught the little notary's hand in his. "Sir," he cried, "do you think that this is so?"

"I know it is so," said the notary.

"Then fare you well," quoth Beppo.

He ran down the stairs three at a time. He got him a horse, and he posted away toward Florence with all the speed he could command.

Barnabo the baker was a great man. He was rather short than tall, but he was enormous about the body, with soft and gelatinous fat. He always wore a white apron, but the strings around his belly were drawn so tight and the fat of his body was so soft that they were quite hidden, and it looked as though his body were being cut across with a sharp knife. His face, even to the color, was like one of his own unbaked loaves, and his eyes were heavy and indolent, so that when he winked they closed slowly and opened slowly. He was

in the room back of the bake-shop, drinking a bottle of red wine, when Beppo was introduced to him.

"What can I do for you, Beppo?" said he.

Beppo said, "Signor, it is your daughter I came to see you about."

"My daughter?" said the baker, and his dull eyes opened wide upon Beppo.

Beppo remembered that he was now the owner of six thousand three hundred lire, and the recollection gave him strength. "Signor," said he, "I love your daughter, and I wish to ask of you for her hand in marriage. My mother's cousin has just left me by her will six thousand three hundred lire. Three thousand one hundred and fifty I will settle upon her if she becomes my wife."

Barnabo the baker smiled. His dough-like face expanded to a wide grin that displayed his teeth. You could see the hole where one of the front teeth had been knocked out when he slipped and fell against the dough-trough. "Beppo, my son," said he, "this is a strange matter that you bring to me. God forbid that I should say no to you—if it is as you say. Where did your mother's cousin live?"

"She lived," said Beppo, "at Grassena. The notary Benuchi lives there; he drew the will of my mother's cousin, and he will tell you that what I say is true. My mother's cousin passed over her brothers and made me her heir. And now she is dead, and may God rest her soul!"

Barnabo smiled still more broadly than before. "What you tell me is great



HE SAW A GREAT COACH APPROACHING

pleasure for me to hear," he said, "and I give you joy of being so rich. Have a glass of wine with me, son Beppo! Ho! Elisabetta!" he called. "Another tumbler for Beppo. He will take a little wine with me."

Elisabetta appeared at the door. She seemed surprised to see Beppo. She stared and frowned and shrugged her shoulders.

"Elisabetta," said Barnabo, "you must be kind to Beppo now, for he is suddenly a rich man. He has inherited six thou-

sand three hundred lire from his mother's cousin. He proposes for your hand, and offers to settle half his money upon you; so you must treat him kindly."

Elisabetta disappeared upon this news as a wisp of a cloud disappears from the sun when a strong wind blows upon it. She vanished from the doorway, and in a little while she returned, not with one glass, but with two. She herself sat down with Beppo and her father, and tasted the wine with them. She inquired of Beppo concerning his inheritance, and questioned its every detail. There was no doubt about it. Since the morning, Beppo had become a rich man. Gradually she unbent. Pietro the cobbler was now nothing compared with Beppo. She talked more and more kindly to him. She touched his knee under the table with hers, and she pressed his foot with her foot. Beppo was very happy. Before he went away they were betrothed.

Again there was a laugh that sounded like Montofacini.

Within a week after this, Beppo married Elisabetta, the baker's daughter, and so this wish of his became true, for she was now his.

Later, Barnabo died, and Beppo took the bakery in his stead. He was always lucky. He made at that time the best bread in Florence.

Marriage has its sorrows. Elisabetta did not love Beppo, and Beppo discovered this to his pain. She yawned when she was alone with him; she did not hear him when he spoke to her; by a thousand and one of these little signs he discovered, as many a husband has done since that time, that his wife did not love him. Beppo had to acknowledge that while he owned Elisabetta's body, he did not own her heart.

"Why do you not do something?" she would say. "You make the best bread in Florence, but you do nothing but stand in the door of the bake-shop and stare into the street. Even Pietro the shoemaker has something to do, but you—bah!—you do nothing." Then Beppo would walk into the street and look up and down the thoroughfare. It was as though he were seeking for something to do.

One day as he stood so at the bakery

door he saw a great coach approaching. In it was an official clad in a doublet embroidered with threads of gold. He wore red hose and fine black shoes of cut leather. Red ribbons were pulled through the toes of the shoes and knotted into bows. It was one of the Grand Duke's gentlemen.

"I wish," said Beppo, "that I had a position of state with the Grand Duke like that gentleman yonder."

The coach of the splendid gentleman approached where Beppo was standing, and pulled up at the door. "Is this where Beppo, the baker, lives?" said the gentleman.

Beppo was amazed at seeing the gentleman stopping at his house, and still more amazed at being addressed. "Yes," said he, "this is where Beppo lives."

"Is he about?" said the gentleman. "I would speak to him."

"I am Beppo," said he.

"Yesterday," said the gentleman, "the Grand Duke ate a manchet loaf of yours. He says it is the best bread ever he ate in his life. The Grand Duke desired me to tell you that he will appoint you his master baker at the palace."

Beppo hardly knew whether he had heard the gentleman aright. His head buzzed and whirled. Head baker to the Grand Duke! He did not know whether he stood on his head or on his feet.

"You are to begin your office at once," said the gentleman, "and I am to take you to the Grand Duke now, in this coach."

So Beppo began his office that day at the palace. He was a pleasant-spoken, cheerful body; he became a great favorite, and was constantly called in to the Grand Duke's presence. When he was not working he dressed in silks and satins, and the Grand Duke gave him a golden chain set with big garnets as a reward of merit for the bread he baked. Beppo rode in his carriage to the Grand Duke's palace in the morning and back again to his bakery at night. He looked like a lord and dressed like one, and the people who knew him took off their hats as he passed. He was a great man now.

"I wonder," said Beppo one day—"I wonder if it is the dead man's finger that has brought me all this fortune. It

cannot be, however, for the gentleman was upon his way to my bake-shop when I wished. He would have stopped at any rate."

Nevertheless, the fact remained that Beppo had got every wish he had wished for since he had got the dead man's finger. First he had wished for bread and meat and wine, and that had come to him. Then he had wished for money, and that had come to him. Then he had wished for Elisabetta, and she had come to him. Now he had wished for rank, and that was his.

Still he could not quite believe that it was the finger that had brought all these things to him.

But now that Beppo was beginning to rise, he began also to look down on his wife. It is true that the higher you climb the more you see at the bottom—but nevertheless it is true that what you see looks smaller. Beppo began to acknowledge that his wife was a mere illiterate woman without breeding or knowledge of the world. He now saw lords and ladies every day of his life, and the more he saw of them the more excellent they became, and the more poor and mean did his wife look in his eyes. Besides that, she did not love him.

It seemed to him that it would have been something to him if she had been fond, but as she still shrugged her shoulders and still said "Bah" to him (for so a wife will do to her husband), he saw her as a poor, mean thing of whom he was ashamed. There was Floriziana at the court. She was a lady's-maid there, and she was herself like a lady. If he had only seen her before he had seen Elisabetta, he would have asked for the almond and not for the walnut.

The higher he mounted in the world,

the less happy Beppo was. He had now a thousand wants where he had ten before, and the worst of it was he did not know what to ask for. Rank? He had no birth to support his rank, and he had wisdom to know that the higher he climbed the more he would show, as the country people say, the seat of his trousers. Wealth? He had all the money now that he could spend, and every day his wealth was growing greater. Love? He thought of Elisabetta and he shuddered. Those old days when he had stood



THE GRAND DUKE GAVE HIM A GOLDEN CHAIN

at the market-place to carry packages seemed to him now to be the happiest days of his life. Perhaps he had troubles in those days, but it did not seem to him now that he had had any sorrows.

His tongue tasted bitter. Perhaps he was bilious. He would go and consult a doctor.

One night Beppo was coming home from the palace. He was more than usually melancholy; perhaps he was more bilious than usual; at any rate, life seemed to have lost its savor to him.

Yet that day a great honor had come to him.

The Grand Duke had talked to him and had laughed at him. He had said to him, "Beppo, your rolls are so wonderful that you ought to have a golden medal of honor for them."

"I wish I had the medal," said Beppo. The Grand Duke laughed. "Kneel," said he, "and I will bestow it upon you." Then, hardly knowing what he did, Beppo kneeled. The Grand Duke took the medal from off his own neck and flung it around the shoulders of Beppo. "Take this," said he. "It is now yours. I institute a new order, and you shall be the first knight of the Order of the Freshly Risen Bread. I make you with this the chief baker of the world."

Beppo rose from his feet and looked about him. His soul had been full of joy. He was the first knight of the Order of the Freshly Risen Bread! But now this joy subsided, and he sank into a corresponding depression. "What is the good of all these honors?" said he. "What is the good of being the first nominated knight of the Freshly Risen Bread, when Elisabetta is my wife? Bah! And she does not love me, either. If she were only Floriziana now! But God forbid that I should wish for that, for I would not be the husband of two wives at once."

So Beppo brooded on as he approached the bakery at the corner of the street.

A little whiffet of a boy thrust out a face like the face of a monkey from behind the house, and sang a scurrilous couplet that went through Beppo's heart like the blade of a sharp knife.

"Beppo cooks bread for the Duke,
But Pietro cooks bread for Beppo."

So sang the boy, and then was gone,

for Beppo heard him clattering away over the stones in his wooden shoes.

Beppo stood rooted to the spot. He did not love his wife, and he believed that she did not love him. But such a belief is different from the truth, and now the truth had reached him and had gone home. It is one thing to have a wife not love you, and quite another thing to have her love some one else.

But what should he do? He stood for a long time thinking. Then he thought he would go to the cobbler's shop and have it out with Pietro. Yes, he would go down and have it out with Pietro now. Should he? No. Why should he not? Yes; he would go now.

So he went down to the cobbler's shop, but it was closed. The shutters were shut, and the door was locked. Beppo stood for a little, chewing the cud of bitter thoughts. He felt that the world and its people were all against him. He was more unhappy now than he had ever been in all of his life. He turned homeward with laggard footsteps. Every footstep he took seemed to lead him into a still deeper bog of troubled thought.

He reached the door of his house. Here he stopped and smote the fist of one hand into the palm of the other. "I wish," said he, "that I was free of Pietro the shoemaker. I wish, for that matter, that I was free of my wife also."

At that moment the door of the house opened, and the cobbler stepped out directly under his nose. "Hah!" cried Beppo. "Villain, what do you do here?"

He grasped the shoemaker by the collar of the coat as he spoke. The shoemaker struggled to release himself, but Beppo was very strong and held him fast. Pietro struggled in silence, but still Beppo held him as in a vise.

"Let me go, you rascal," said the shoemaker, panting and gasping. "You will not let me go? Well, then, 'tis your own fault."

Suddenly, even as he spoke, he drew from his bosom a sharpened shoemaker's knife. The blade was whetted down from the handle to a long, sharp point, as shoemakers' knives usually are. He struck at Beppo with his knife, but Beppo seized his wrist. He was very strong, and was, besides, now endowed



Painting by Howard Pyle

HE THRUST THE COBBLER BACK AGAINST THE DOOR

with the strength of three. "Would you stab me?" he cried. He bent back the wrist till the bones cracked and the hand relaxed.

Beppo was insane with a thousand conflicting passions and emotions that surged within him like the waters of a strong sea—jealousy, fear, rage, hate. He knew not what he did. It seemed to him that a strength he had never known before was in his body. He thrust the cobbler back against the door. Pietro still fought desperately, but in silence. In his struggles his heels struck violently against the panels of the door. He breathed as though he were smothering.

Beppo wrenched the knife out of his grasp. He himself was breathing as though his breath choked him like smoke. He struck the shoemaker once and again in the breast with the sharpened knife. It seemed to him that the breast was very soft. The blade of the knife penetrated it without resistance, so that the hasp thumped violently against the ribs.

The shoemaker ceased his struggles. Beppo was leaning his weight against him. The second blow of the baker's fist against his ribs drove the breath in a shrill wheeze from the cobbler's lips. Then he sank down all in a heap at Beppo's feet.

A moment before, Beppo had been tossed on a tempest of passion. Now, of a sudden, the tempest was stilled. He had killed a man. A great roaring in his ears hummed rapidly away to silence. He gazed, with white face, with distended eyes and gaping mouth, at what he had done. He had killed a man, and the man lay dead at his feet.

He reached out his hand and opened the door. Then he stepped over the corpse and entered the house, closing the door softly behind him, and leaving the cobbler lying where he was. He went feeling his way with his left hand by the wall along the now nearly dark passageway. He still had the cobbler's bloody knife in his right hand. He opened the door at the farther end of the passage and entered the room where his wife had just lit the lamp. Hearing him enter, she turned to look at him.

The disgusted indifference with which she regarded him gradually underwent a succession of changes. Surprise, fear,

and a deathly horror rapidly followed one another. Beppo was a terrible object. He still held in his hand the bloody knife which he had just used. His hand was bloody, and his clothes and his face were spotted with blood.

"What have you done?" she cried, harshly.

"I have killed Pietro the shoemaker," he said, dully. "His body lies just outside the door. I met him as he came out and I killed him there."

She was now white as death and was trembling all over. "Perhaps he is not dead," she said, in a hoarse, smothering voice. "Let me see!"

She would have gone out of the room past Beppo, but he held her back. "You shall not go!" he said. "I tell you he is dead!"

She began struggling with him to get past him, but his great strength overcame her.

"Stay where you are!" said he. He held her, and she could not advance. At last she ceased to struggle. She panted violently, but between the wheezing throes of her breath she continued to gasp out:

"I hate you! I hate you! I hate you! I loved Pietro, and you have killed him. An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth! The law shall have you and deal with you!"

She broke away from him and ran to the window. She tried convulsively to open it, but it stuck and would not open. Beppo ran to her and caught her. He tried to draw her away, but she clutched her fingers into the window ledge, and he could not move her.

"Well!" he cried. "Then join Pietro!" and he struck her with the knife.

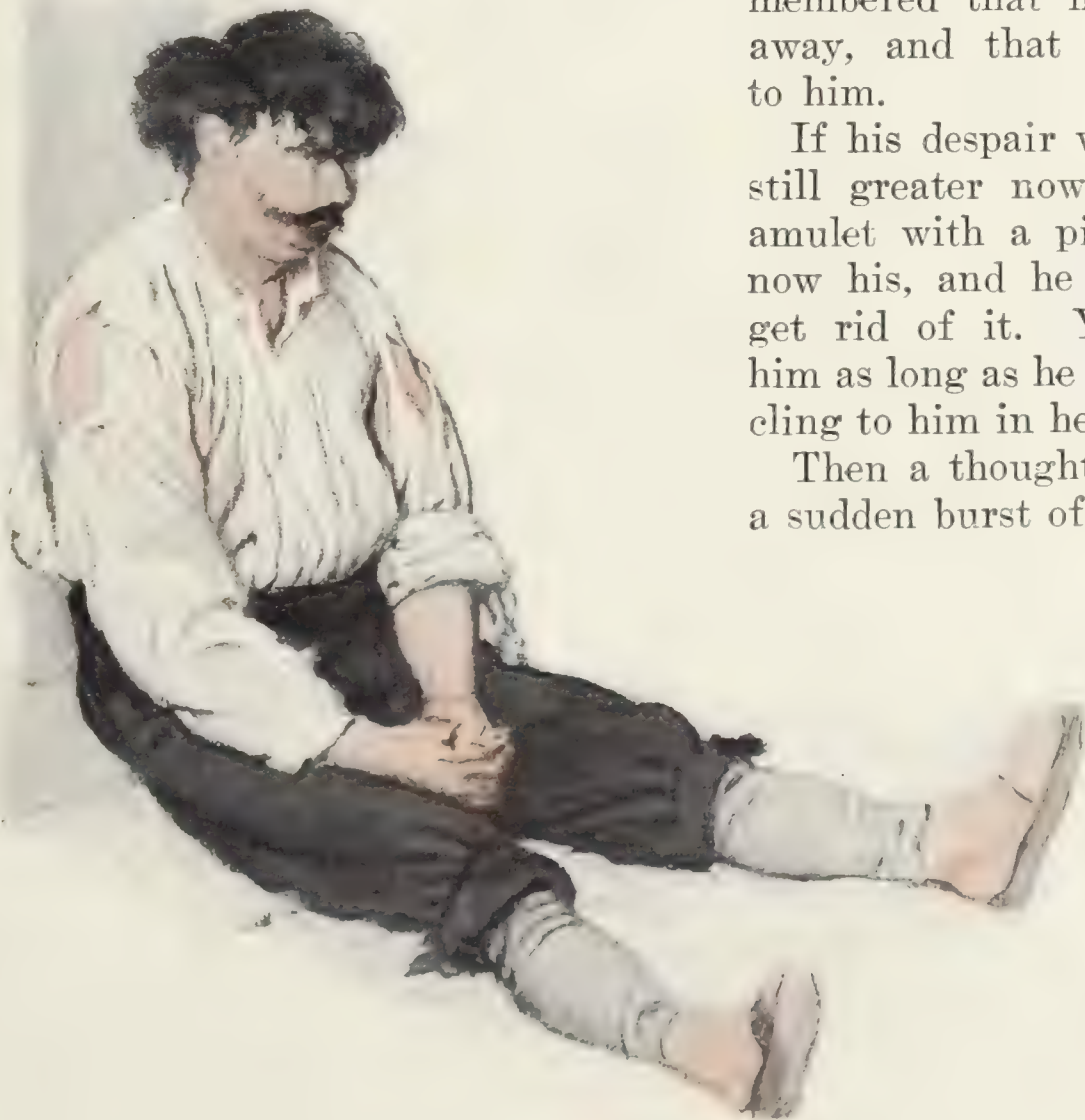
She screamed very horribly. He struck her again—again—again—again. Two blows had killed Pietro. She was hard to silence. She still cried out, but now hoarsely, not screaming, but gasping. He struck her again—again—again. She sank down upon her knees and thence sank down upon the ground. He stood looking at her. He saw her head move a little—still he watched her. Then she stretched and lay silent. His bloody face glared horribly at her. She was dead.

The blood surged in his ears like the

recurrent beating of the waves against the rocks. His ear-drums hummed and roared. The room looked like a shambles and he like the butcher.

All the time his brain worked with great velocity. His mind seemed to regard him, not as its operator, but as its subject. He, Beppo, the peaceful baker, he who an hour before, if not a happy, had at least been an innocent man. He, to kill two people with his own hand and in such a horrible way. He, at whom the Grand Duke had laughed gaily a short time before, and had created with his own hand First Knight of the Order of Freshly Risen Bread! How did he look now? He was covered with blood; what would the Grand Duke say of him now if he saw him?

And then he thought of his charm. The dead finger was to bring him whatever he wanted. He had wanted the death of Pietro and of his wife—and now they were dead. The damned Montofacini had given the charm to him, and it had worked to his undoing. It had brought all this trouble upon him. This is what had come of meddling with Providence.



HE WAS AS POOR AS EVER

He reached up to his neck. The whip-cord was there. He removed the dead finger from him and hurled it with all of his strength to the farthest corner of the room. His brain was in a tumult. He was no longer sane. His thoughts tumbled over one another so rapidly that he could hold no one of them long enough to analyze it and to understand it.

He put his hand up to his throat. The whip-cord was there; the dead finger lay against his bosom. He thought he had taken it off just now and had thrown the cursed amulet away. He must have been mistaken, and had not done it. He took the whip-cord off his neck and again hurled away the finger with all his strength. It struck against the farther wall of the room. He heard it fall to the floor like a dead lizard.

What should he do now? His joy was gone—he was a murderer. He would go to the Arno and throw himself in. What had he now to live for? He had destroyed everything with the shoemaker's knife! The Signoria would bring him now to trial for the murders he had committed. They would hang him—perhaps they would torture him.

He put his hand up to his throat; his fingers felt the whip-cord. Then he remembered that he had twice thrown it away, and that twice it had returned to him.

If his despair was great before, it was still greater now. He had bought the amulet with a piece of money. It was now his, and he felt that he could not get rid of it. Yes; it would cling to him as long as he lived. Perhaps it would cling to him in hell—who could say?

Then a thought came to his mind like a sudden burst of light. Hah! Why not

try yet once more to regain his salvation by means of the charm? He grasped it convulsively in his hand. "I wish," said he, in a high and piping, yet quavering voice—"I wish I had not murdered Pietro and my wife! I wish they were both yet alive!"

There was a laugh. It was Montofacini's laugh. "You have had your dream!" said he. "Tell me now, will you take the dead finger, or will you take the two soldi? Remember, the dead finger will bring you whatever you wish for as soon as you ask for it."

Beppo's brain still whirled. God be merciful, what had happened to him? He winked rapidly and looked about him. Yes, he was awake; he was in Montofacini's house. Nothing had happened to him. He had not murdered any one. It all had been a dream bred of enchantment. Montofacini had thrown him into an enchanted sleep—nothing had happened to him! He had not even had the bread and meat and wine he had asked for.

"I would like," said he, "to have my

two soldi. I do not want the dead finger. You may keep it."

Montofacini laughed. "You are wise," said he. "If you had everything you wanted, you would be no better off than you are now, and you would still have your troubles upon your shoulders." He gave Beppo his two soldi, and he threw the dead finger away from him upon the table.

Beppo took his money and slunk out of the house. He was as poor as ever, but anyhow he had not murdered any one. He went to the market-place and stood where the sun shone upon his back. It warmed him through and through. Still he did not know whether he stood upon his head or upon his heels.

Well, it was only enchantment, after all. Thank God, we do not any of us have a dead finger about our neck.

Love's Miracle

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

MANY wondrous things there be—
 Wax and honey of the bee,
 Milk of cow, and song of bird
 In the dawn of morning heard;
 Bloom of flowers from dark earth,
 Myriad creatures come to birth,
 Children's laughter, and the sea's
 Deep, antiphonal harmonies;
 Sun that kindles with a spark
 Day's strange conquest of the dark;
 Moon and stars that glow afar
 Where unheard-of beings are;
 Clouds that paint the wistful sky
 With ethereal artistry;
 Winds that weave long symphonies
 On the bough-strung harps of trees,—
 Wondrous things, but none to us
 So divine, miraculous,
 Hath such awe the mind to bow
 As—thou art I, and I am thou.

The Cycle of the Eternal Heavens

BY A. W. BICKERTON

Formerly Professor of Physics and Chemistry, University of New Zealand

WE are self-conscious beings; we know that we exist, and this knowledge is the starting-point of every possible kind of further knowledge. By means of the senses we also know that the world of Nature exists, but not with the same kind of absolute knowledge which self-consciousness gives; still, for all practical purposes, we know and admit that besides the self, or ego, there is the not-self, equally real but realized in a different way. We find an admirable fitness or correspondence between ourselves and our world, and the more we know of both the more complex and wonderful we find the affinities and relationships between the microcosm of man and the macrocosm wherein he dwells. There appears to be no limit to what we may discover in these directions. The glory of modern science is twofold, as it reveals progressively the wonders of Man and the wonders of Man's dwelling.

But there are questions which science cannot answer, though a natural curiosity, a hunger for ultimate knowledge, leads us to ask them. Was there ever a beginning of time? Is there a limit to space? When did the cosmic whole begin to be? Whence did it come? How and why did it become what it is? What will be the end of us and it? If God is the first cause and origin of all things, was there a time when there was only God and no universe? These are only a few of the questions to which the utmost development of scientific research can promise but imperfect replies. Much to the order of our minds seems to be unknowable.

Lord Kelvin asked another question, prompted by the profound acquaintance with physics to which he attained, and, put briefly, it was this: Do the cosmic processes, of which we know the principal laws, contain a promise of permanence, of endless renewal? He was reluctantly compelled to reply in the negative.

Although Lord Kelvin exercised sound

reasoning, we may still ask, Is it not possible that in coming to his conclusions his logical mind overlooked some important physical factors? Were his inductions wrong when he pictured the scheme of creation as similar to a clock that, having been wound up once, is now running down—a scheme in which all the tendency of matter is to aggregate and of energy to dissipate?

The dissipation of energy is often regarded as the converse of the conservation of energy, whereas the conservation of energy actually involves and necessitates dissipation. We can never do any kind of work involving the transfer of energy without its dissipation being involved. Milk spilled on the sand is still milk, only it is no longer available to quench our hunger or thirst. And similarly we may say that dissipated energy is no longer capable of sustaining life. The conservation of matter and energy may be regarded as rigidly true even in "a wound-up and running-down" scheme of creation.

Although Kelvin's idea of life and phenomena as being transitory may appear to be scientifically sound, it is philosophically repulsive. It does not agree with man's intuitions, and these, being the product of Nature, must have a certain value in the interpretation of Nature, although they have no scientific precision, and, of course, can hardly bear to be tested by the rules of logic. We instinctively feel that what has so long been prepared for, what has been so minutely and correctly correlated, and so lately comprehended in much of its glory and beauty, cannot have appeared only to be quenched again in endless night.

It is difficult to think that the thread of infinity should go on smooth and continuous for countless eons, that then comes a time when the kink in it which we call life should come into being, that this kink should occur only to be dis-

sipated, and that the thread of existence should again straighten out into an eternal lifelessness. The intuitions of most of us tell us that the beautiful thread is ever spun of the multiple fibers of life: an intricately interwoven, complex cord, continually rich in that interaction of things and agencies we call animated existence, and that consequently life is not a kink, but a continuity.

Agencies exist that can deal with the ceaseless radiation that is continually being so prodigally poured forth from the sun and his peers, the stars, seemingly to be dissipated and rendered unavailable. There are agencies that can pick up this degraded energy and convert it into those higher forms of energy that are involved in life. There are also factors that can distribute as well as concentrate matter.

Able philosophers have rightly said that the clash of dead suns may give birth to vivid stars, but each new star, made up of completely colliding dead suns, has taken two such dark stars to supply the fuel for this rebirth. Is this rolling up into larger and larger masses to continue until the whole matter of creation is aggregated and has finally become one cool, dead cinder? Is all the energy that is now giving life and beauty to the universe doomed to ultimate degradation? Is this living stream, so incessantly poured out toward the endless regions of space, to remain spilled and unavailable in those boundless voids?

The answer in each case is emphatically no. Degraded energy can be lifted up, agencies can diffuse matter as well as concentrate it. Gravitation is not the only aggregating agent that Nature may use in the mechanism of existence. There is another collecting agent in addition to gravitation, not mysterious and elusive, but quite easy to understand. The whole creation is like the differential governor of an engine, in which all inequalities are enabled to right themselves. The life of the universe is this struggle of two sets of opposing agencies, one set tending to inequality, while, on the other hand, another set is ever regulating this tidal action and converting it into a rhythmic cycle of eternal life.

Clerk-Maxwell showed that a set of imaginary "demons" could render the theory of dissipation ineffective. He sug-

gested that, were the swift atoms alone allowed to escape from the bounds of a system and keep together, energy in this way would be elevated. It will be shown that atoms actually do thus sort themselves by natural means, and that the recently detected aggregating agency tends to the concentration of such escaping atoms.

Let us try to understand some of these agencies which Lord Kelvin overlooked. It must first of all be stated that almost the whole cyclic scheme of the creation about to be discussed depends upon grazing collisions between cosmic bodies and systems, of all orders of complexity of dimensions and of mass. An atom when isolated is a molecule. Except in special cases, the temperatures dealt with in problems of cosmic collisions are generally so high that complex molecules must be largely dissociated into atoms. Professor See accepts this idea as demonstrated in his remarkable and most suggestive book *The Capture Theory*.

A number of astronomers accept the idea that suns collide; some doubt it. Were the collision of two suns a chance event, dependent alone on their accidental hitting, and were their permanent paths to remain in the same straight line, we might well doubt. But no fewer than eleven agencies actually tending to accelerate collision have already been detected. One alone, namely, deflection produced by attraction, has been calculated by Mr. Gavin Burns, B.Sc., to increase the chance of a graze about one hundred times. Suppose the other ten agencies each increase the chances only twice, though some of them are certainly nearer ten times. We have then 100×2^{10} , that is, over 100,000 times more hits than mere chance encounters would suggest. It is also shown by many spectroscopic and other observations, until the evidence is indisputable, that solar grazing impacts do occur: that when we see Nova we are actually observing the explosions produced by grazing suns.

Lord Kelvin and a great number of other learned men who have discussed solar impacts appear to have omitted from their calculations the following fundamental consideration:

We know that flint and steel swiftly struck do not expend all the energy of

the blow on a general increase of temperature. A spark is produced. The same is true of grazing suns. It can easily be shown by the laws of dynamics that the speed acquired by the falling toward one another in the case of a slightly grazing pair of similar stars must result in the greater portions of the stars passing on, and the actually colliding parts forming a third body. It is the formation of the third body, an intensely heated, stupendous cosmic spark, that has been so generally missed. Although Lord Kelvin discussed solar impact in great detail, he, as well as the other numerous students of impact, missed the principle here alluded to. The conception is basic and all-important in cosmic physics. The idea threads itself through the problems of all kinds of collisions, except direct encounters, center to center. It applies equally to the impact of dense bodies such as suns and planets, and to such vast nebulae as we find clothing the Galactic poles. It plays a most important part in the consideration of the collisions of such gigantic cosmic systems as the clouds of Magellan—systems similar to those which I regard as having mutually interpenetrated and formed the "Galactic Universe," of which our own solar system is one of the kingdoms.

Upon the theory of the Third Body, produced by partial collision of dead suns, an understanding of the wonderful mechanism that orders the movements of the whole Cosmos largely depends. Moreover, the careful study of the groups of phenomena included in this comprehensive theory and its deductive products supplies us with the materials out of which we may evolve the grand conceptions of an immortal Cosmos, an endless cyclic scheme of creation, involving birth, maturity, decay, and renovation.

The average speeds developed by gravitation during the falling together of stars may be taken to be such that were two railway locomotives to meet while each was going at a similar speed, the blow would possess some hundreds of millions of times the kinetic energy of a unit mass of colliding express trains moving at the rate of a mile a minute. Hence it is quite certain that a grazing blow would not stop the main portions of the

stars; they would pass one another, while the portions that actually met would arrest one another's motion, would be torn from the passing stars, and would coalesce to form a third star. Granting solar collisions, the formation of the third body has never been contested.

Dead suns are perhaps much more numerous than bright stars, so that the most frequent case of stellar collision would be between dead suns, but sometimes a bright star would be involved. In either case the portions cut away would result in a third body being formed.

The speed arrested in this graze must develop such high temperatures that the newly formed third body explodes and must appear to us as a temporary star. The two torn suns, while passing each other, will be heated on the struck side, will revolve and become a pair of variable stars. The new body possesses great attractive powers, to which must be added the retarding pull of each upon the other, so that the speed of the escaping torn suns will be greatly lessened, and the pair will often be welded into a double star.

The revelations of the spectroscope render it certain that most cosmic bodies are made up, like our earth, of a mixture of elements. The third body consists of parts taken from two suns; therefore it also must consist of many elements. When at the same temperature the atoms of various gases have different velocities, the less the atomic weight the greater is the speed of their motion. In a mechanical mixture of all the elements, hydrogen will be moving about ten times as fast as the mean velocity. Every temporary star whose spectrum has been photographed at the right period shows hydrogen moving at incredible speeds. In the case of Nova Persei the velocity of hydrogen recorded in this way amounted to over a thousand miles a second. Heavier elements would be moving at less speed. These great velocities would carry the lighter elements completely out of our Galactic System. The question is, Whither will they go? They will gradually lose speed during countless ages, while wandering away from our system, and they will probably travel to other cosmic systems. That there are such systems is strongly held by Sir David Gill and other astronomers.

The system of which our solar system is part is often called the Galactic Universe. It has a very singular and quite definite form and structure; it consists of a vast belt of stars that has probably roughly the form of a double spiral. At the poles of this belt in both directions the celestial sphere is covered with hundreds of thousands of dust nebulae. A careful physical study, made over thirty years ago, suggested that exactly such a configuration might be deduced on dynamical grounds as having been produced by the interpenetrating of two previously existing cosmic systems. The double drift of stars in the Milky Way, recently discovered by Kapteyn, and the observations of many other able astronomers, offer most valuable evidence as to the truth of these deductions.

If our system is granted to have been made up from two cosmic systems, we are justified in assuming that there may be others. Perhaps an infinite number of such systems may be sparsely spread through the infinitude of space. The light atoms expelled from exploding stars would be reduced to their least speed somewhere midway between such systems, and it is easily seen that if atoms are moving in every direction indiscriminately through space they will linger longest where they move slowest; thus the empty parts of space not occupied by massive bodies will tend to become the resorts of light gases; and because the position where these gaseous atoms move slowest is the position of highest potential, this principle, when it was detected some thirty years ago, was named "the aggregating power of the position of high potential."

Thus there are two aggregating tendencies in nature: gravitation, that tends to concentrate the heavy atoms in decaying cosmic systems, and this new agency, which may perhaps be called levitation, as it tends to retard and concentrate the light elements of matter; doing this in those parts of space which without the operation of this agency are most devoid of matter. Thus old cosmic systems tend to consist of widely separated immense masses of densely aggregated heavy elements; and the newly forming systems, cosmic systems of the first order, consist of widely diffused masses of light gas.

By many agencies bodies are sent out beyond the gravitational reach of systems. (These agencies are discussed in the *Romance of the Heavens* and *The Birth of Worlds and Systems*.) Such bodies will tend to pass through the old groups of compact bodies of decaying systems, but must be retarded upon arriving at the widely diffused masses of gas that constitute the systems in process of birth. As material accumulates in these comparatively vacant parts of space, the energy necessary to carry other atoms so far becomes less, and permanent gases of greater atomic weight, such as the noble gases discovered by Professor Ramsay in the atmosphere—helium, neon, argon, etc.—will be able to attain that goal. From the fact that these bachelor elements have no combining power, and seem to have no place in chemical union with other elements, I have called them "cosmic pioneers," as undoubtedly they must possess most valuable functions in the building of the foundations of new systems. By these agencies we see that gaseous matter tends to be distributed and escape from old cosmic systems, and to regather in regions of space that previously have been drained of matter by gravitation. Other material, such as compact bodies and cosmic dust, escaping from systems, must tend to be entrapped by these extensive gas-fields, which will also of themselves get denser by the mutual attraction of their constituents. We thus see that there are agencies tending to diffuse as well as to concentrate matter.

We have now to ascertain if any agency exists by which the radiant energy that flows so incessantly from millions of suns can continue to do work in the evolution of cosmic life. What becomes of all this energy? Perhaps it partly falls on finely divided matter in space. There are many lines of evidence to suggest that all space is interpenetrated with cosmic dust. The immense number of dust nebulae at the poles of the Galactic Circle, comets, meteoric swarms, the Zodiacal Light, and other phenomena, all tell what vast numbers of wandering particles of dust exist in space. Emphatically we detect dust-clouds in the photographs of nebulae. So that, perchance, let radiant energy but go far enough and it will fall on some

cosmic body or some particles of cosmic dust, and tend to raise their temperature; and it will do so as long as their temperature is lower than that of the radiating source. By this means matter in space tends gradually to become warmer, and we have before us what the Germans called "Warm Death," unless there is some agency that can transmute this diffused heat into another form of energy.

A study of Crookes's radiometer suggests a solution of the problem. The cool particles of residual gas that strike upon the warm, blackened vane bound away with a higher velocity than that with which they approach it. The same action must be at work in space. Slowly moving atoms of hydrogen and other light gases coming into contact with a particle of warm cosmic dust would leave the particle with a higher velocity than that with which they approach it, having turned some of its vibrating diffused heat, which is considered to be the lowest form of energy, into potential energy of gravitation, which may be looked upon as the highest form of energy.

But the question may be asked, Would such an apparently feeble interchange be sufficient to pick up all the radiant energy that has warmed the dust of space? It is quite possible that it is sufficient. Hydrogen is an abundant element on the earth, and it looms large in the atmosphere of every star; indeed, few spectrograms are ever taken that show any elements at all without hydrogen being one of them.

Consider now the length of time during which free atoms would remain at low velocity compared with high speeds, and by inference the relative number of such atoms. The study of the motions of matter free in space, and not entrapped by massive bodies or systems into orbits, tells us that each occupies countless ages at very low speeds, as compared with a very short space of time at high maximum velocity; it must be the same with the hydrogen molecules. Hence as each molecule of hydrogen tends to use up its velocity by doing work against gravitation, such molecule will be apt to take energy from every particle of cosmic dust it meets. In this way the vagrant hydrogen atom obtains energy for its journey from particle after particle of cosmic

dust. So gradually it wanders, till it reaches those high potential portions of space where gas is accumulating and where the foundations of new cosmic systems are being laid.

This radiometer principle, that applies to the free gases of space, must involve a ceaseless elevation of energy; nor does this principle apply to hydrogen alone; it applies to all free molecules, and suggests a most important function for those bachelor elements, the noble gases helium, neon, argon, krypton, etc.

It is something like a dozen years since I first called these elements "cosmic pioneers," and all the study devoted to these non-combining elements since then only confirms me in the faith that their chief function is to act as a kind of scaffolding in the building of cosmic systems of the first order. These elements, never becoming compounds, only play the part of temporary adjuncts during the growth of cosmic systems.

Thus we see how molecular selective escape acts the part of Clerk-Maxwell's "demons"; how radiometer action elevates energy; how the principle of retardation at positions of high potential tends to fill the more empty parts of space with gas. We know that many agencies exist capable of discharging massive matter out of systems, and that such material tends to be entrapped by the gas aggregating where matter is sparsest. These and other agencies taken together present us with the picture of a cyclic scheme of creation infinite and immortal.

The following series of steps represents a sequence in this continuously acting set of agencies:

(1) Diffusion of heat by radiation, and consequent death of suns.

(2) This radiation, falling on the dust of space, heats it.

(3) The heat of this cosmic dust is taken away by slowly moving molecules of small atomic weight, and the velocity of the molecules is at the same time increased.

(4) These free molecules are thus projected beyond stellar systems, and other atoms also are sent out of systems by partial impacts, by selective molecular escape, and other agencies.

(5) Free molecules will move slowest, and therefore remain longest, in the posi-

tions of maximum potential. Where their motion is least, that is, in the more empty parts of space, they will tend to aggregate.

(6) By the interaction of three bodies the velocity acquired by one sometimes takes it out of its cosmic system.

(7) Hydrogen, other light gases, and the noble gases, together, become a trap for wandering bodies, which are stopped and partially volatilized and sometimes converted into dense nebulae.

(8) These dense nebulae attract more surrounding gas; they cool and shrink, some ultimately forming nebulous suns.

(9) These entrapped bodies by attraction gradually increase the density of new cosmic systems.

(10) Such gaseous cosmic systems are of the first order—that is, are in the first stage of evolution. They have no definite structure.

(11) The coalescent impact of two systems of the first order produces a system of the second order, with its consequent double spiral structure.

(12) Coalescent impact in which one only of the colliding systems is a dying one—that is, is a heavy-element universe—produces a system of the third order, of which our Galactic Universe is the type.

(13) In such systems condensations around nuclei originate and develop suns.

(14) The coalescence of two cosmic systems does not necessarily, as a final result, produce a system of a larger mass than one of two original systems from which it was formed, as partial impacts, selective molecular escape, radiometer action, and the action of three bodies are tending to send material out of the coalescing mass.

(15) It is thus seen that dissipation of energy is but a factor in a complex cyclical process; and there is consequently the possibility of an immortal cosmos, in which we have neither evidence of a beginning nor promise of an end, the present being but a phase of an eternal rhythm.

These suggestions involve the scientific use of the imagination, that at present is too much neglected. For a thousand years intellectual Europe produced nothing but scholastic speculations, and human progress stood still. Observation and experi-

ment afterward came in, and the world marched forward with giant strides. Mere speculation was discounted, and rightly so. But now, as the late Simon Newcomb suggested, we are in danger of being buried under the mass of the uncorrelated facts which we are accumulating. Co-ordination must now be used. Scientific imagination, using the revealed facts of phenomena and the laws of nature, must play a great part in the immediate future. Mentally we must bridge time and space and think no longer of flying suns as fixed stars.

Were we to picture time as passing so swiftly that centuries are as seconds, to the eye of the mind we should see the star clusters appearing as moving masses of many-hued fireflies, the planets as rings of silver light, and we should see the whole stellar heavens astir as a swarm of shining bees. Again, were we able to transcend the limits of the finite, survey the whole celestial vault, and read the greater book of Nature, whose messages come to us in the language of light, then we should peruse the rainbow-tinted sentences that tell of atoms, suns, and systems, the whole story being the epic of creation, whose uncut leaves are able to tell us of an infinite cosmos eternal and perfect. Thus instructed, our faith would perchance become such that we should see the sublime whole to be a scheme of creation, flawless, boundless, and immortal. In this great realm a being traveling through infinity on the wings of light would see birth, maturity, death, and rejuvenescence of dead suns and cosmic systems, but in the mighty whole would see as little permanent change as does the sea-bird in the restless ocean.

Such is the cycle of the eternal heavens which the scientific use of the imagination can now reveal to the starved soul of humanity. Is not such mental food the true nectar of the gods? Does it not suggest an optimistic philosophy, securely based on scientific fact? On such a foundation we can only conceive of evil as indication of wrong action. When nature is fully understood we shall realize, with the firmest faith, that the cosmic whole is a perfect system, without evidence of a beginning or promise of an end, the object of existence being a maximum of joy to all organic life.

Miss Tarrant's Temperament

BY MAY SINCLAIR

PART II

VI

IT was as if nothing had happened that Philippa came to him on the terrace the next morning (which was a Tuesday) before breakfast. As if nothing had happened, as if she had hardly met Furnival, as if she were considering him for the first time, she began cross-questioning Straker.

"You know everybody. Tell me about Laurence Furnival. Is he any good?"

Straker replied that she had better inquire at the Home Office, the scene of Furnival's industry.

Philippa waved the Home Office aside. "I mean, will he ever *do* anything?"

"Ask Fanny Brocklebank."

He knew very well that she had asked her, that she had got out of Fanny full particulars as to Furnival's family and the probable amount of his income, and that she had come to him as the source of a finer information.

"Fanny wouldn't know," said she.

"Then," said Straker, "ask Mrs. Viveash."

She turned on him a cold and steady gaze that rebuked his utterance. How dare he, it said, how dare he mention Mrs. Viveash in her presence?

She answered, quietly: "There will hardly be time, I think. Mrs. Viveash is going to-day."

Straker turned on her now, and his look expressed a sort of alien and repugnant admiration. He wondered how far she had gone, how much she had told, by what intimations she had prevailed with Fanny to get Mrs. Viveash out of the house. Mrs. Viveash, to be sure, had only been invited for the week-end, from the Friday to the Tuesday, but it had been understood that if her husband prolonged his business in Liverpool she was to stay till his return. Viveash was still in Liverpool—that had been known at Amberley yesterday—and Mrs. Viveash

had not been asked to stay. It had been quite simple. Mrs. Viveash, not having been asked to stay, would be obliged to go.

"And is Furnival going, too?" he asked.

"I believe not," said Philippa.

An hour later Mrs. Viveash joined him in the avenue where he waited for Miss Tarrant, who had proposed that he should walk with her to the village.

In the clear and cruel light of the morning Mrs. Viveash showed him a blanched face and eyes that had seen with miserable lucidity the end of illusion, the end of passion, and now saw other things and were afraid.

"You know I'm going?" she said.

Straker said that he was sorry to hear it; by which he meant that he was sorry for Mrs. Viveash.

She began to talk to him of trifles, small occurrences at Amberley, of the affair of Mr. Higginson and Miss Probyn, and then, as by a natural transition, of Miss Tarrant.

"Do you like Miss Tarrant?" she asked suddenly, point-blank.

Straker jibbed. "Well, really—I—I haven't thought about it."

He hadn't. He knew how he stood with her, how he felt about her; but whether it amounted to liking or not liking he had not yet inquired. But that instant he perceived that he did not like her, and he lied.

"Of course I like her. Why shouldn't I?"

"Because"—she was very slow about it—"somehow I should have said that you were not that sort."

Her light on him came halting, obscured, shivering with all the vibrations of her voice; but he could see through it, down to the sources of her thinking, to something secret, luminous, and profound—her light on Philippa.

She was instantly aware of what she had let him see.

"Oh," she cried, "that was horrid of me. It was feline."

"It was a little," he admitted.

"It's because I know she doesn't like me."

"Why not say at once it's because you don't like her?"

Her eyes, full, lucid, charged with meaning, flashed to him. She leaped at the chance he offered her to be sincere.

"I don't," she said. "How can I?"

She talked again of trifles, to destroy all cohesion between that utterance and her next.

"I say, I want you to do something for me. I want you to look after Furny."

"To look after him?"

"To stand by him, if—if he has a bad time."

He promised her. And then Miss Tarrant claimed him. She was in her mood of yesterday; but the charm no longer worked on him; he did not find her adorable that morning.

After a longish round they were overtaken by Brocklebank in his motor-car. He and Furnival were returning from the station after seeing Mrs. Viveash off (Furny had had the decency to see her off). Brocklebank gave a joyous shout and pulled up two yards in front of them.

As they stood beside the car Straker noticed that Furnival's face had a queer, mottled look, and that the muscles of his jaw were set in an immobility of which he would hardly have believed him capable. He was actually trying to look as if he didn't see Miss Tarrant. And Miss Tarrant was looking straight at him.

Brocklebank wanted to know if Miss Tarrant cared for a run across the Hog's Back before luncheon.

Miss Tarrant did care—if Mr. Straker did.

Furnival had got down from his seat beside Brocklebank and had opened the door of the car, ignoring Straker. He had managed in his descent to preserve his attitude of distance, so much so that Straker was amazed to see him enter the car after Miss Tarrant and take his, Straker's, place beside her. He accomplished this manœuvre in silence, and with an air so withdrawn, so obscurely predestined, that he seemed innocent of all offense. It was as if he had acted

from some malign compulsion of which he was unaware.

Now Brocklebank in his motor was an earnest and a silent man. Straker, left to himself, caught fragments of conversation in the rear. Miss Tarrant began it.

"Why did you give up your seat?"

"You see why," said Furnival.

Straker could see him saying it, flushed and fervent. Then Furnival went one better, and overdid it.

"There's nothing I wouldn't give up for a chance like this."

Straker heard Philippa laughing softly. He knew she meant him to hear her, he knew she was saying to him, "Could anything be more absurd than the creature that I've got in here?"

There was a pause, and then Furnival broke out again:

"I've seen Mrs. Viveash off."

"That," said Miss Tarrant, reprovingly, "was the least you could do."

Furnival made that little fierce, inarticulate sound of his before he spoke. "I hope you're satisfied. I hope I've done enough to please you."

"Oh, quite enough. I shouldn't attempt to do *anything* more if I were you."

After that there was silence, in which Straker felt that Furnival was raging.

VII

Fanny Brocklebank came to him the next morning in the library, where he had hidden himself. She was agitated.

"Put that book down," she said. "I want to talk to you."

Straker obeyed.

"Jimmy—I'm fond of Philippa. I am, really."

"Well—what's up?"

"Philippa's making a fool of herself and she doesn't know it."

"Trust Philippa!"

"To know it?"

"To make a fool of anybody on earth—except herself."

"This is different. It's Larry Furnival."

"It is. And did you ever see such a spectacle of folly?"

"He doesn't understand her. That's where the folly comes in."

"He's not alone in it."

But Fanny was past the consolations

of his cynicism. Her face, not formed for gravity, was grave.

"He's got an idea in his head. An awful one. I'm convinced he thinks she isn't proper."

"Oh, I say!"

"Well, really—considering that he doesn't know her—I can't altogether blame him. I told her so straight out."

"What did she say?"

"She said how funny it will be when he finds out how proper she is."

"So it will, won't it?"

Fanny considered the point.

"It's not half as funny as she thinks it. And funniness and all, she didn't like it."

"You could hardly expect her to," said Straker.

"Of course," said Fanny, musing, "there's a sort of innocence about him, or else he couldn't think it."

Straker admitted that as far as Philippa went that might be said of him.

"That's why I hate somehow to see him made a fool of. It doesn't seem fair play, you know. It's taking advantage of his innocence."

Straker *had* to laugh, for really, Furny's innocence!

"He always was," Fanny meditated aloud, "a fool about women."

"Oh, well, then," said Straker, cheerfully. "She can't make him—"

"She can. She does. She draws out all the folly in him. I'm fond of Philippa—"

That meant that Fanny was blaming Philippa as much as she could blame anybody. Immorality she understood and could excuse; for immorality there was always some provocation; what she couldn't stand was the unfairness of Philippa's proceeding, the inequality in the game.

"I'm very fond of her, but—she's bad for him, Jimmy. She's worse, far worse, than Nora, poor dear."

"I wouldn't worry about him if I were you."

"I do worry. You see, you can't help liking him. There's something about Furny—I don't know what it is, unless it's the turn of his nose—"

"Do you think Philippa likes him? Do you think she's at all taken with the turn of his nose?"

"If she only would be! Not that he means to marry her. That's the one point where he's firm. That's where he's awful. Why, oh, why did I ever ask them? I thought he was safe with Nora."

"Did you?"

"Something must be done," she cried, "to stop it."

"Who's to do it?"

"You or I. Or Will. Anybody!"

"Look here, Fanny, let's get it quite clear. What are you worrying about? Are we saving Philippa from Furnival or Furnival from Philippa?"

"Philippa," Fanny moaned, "doesn't want saving. She can take care of herself."

"I see. You are fond of Philippa, but your sympathies are with Furny?"

"Well, he can *feel* and Philippa—"

She left it there for him, as her way was.

"Precisely. Then why worry about Philippa?"

"Because it's really awful, and it's in my house that it 'll happen."

"How long are they staying?"

"Lord knows how long."

"Poor Fanny. You can't get them to go, can you?"

"I've thought of things. I've told Will he must have an illness."

"And will he?"

"Not he. He says, as I asked them, I ought to have the illness. But if I did she'd stay and nurse me. Besides, if we ousted the whole lot to-morrow, *they'll* meet again. He'll see to that; and so will Philippa."

There was a long pause.

"I want *you* to do it. I want you to tell her."

"Good Lord, what am I to tell her?"

"Tell her it isn't nice; tell her it isn't worth while; tell her Furny isn't fair game; tell her anything you can think of that 'll stop her."

"I don't see myself—"

"I do. She won't listen to anybody but you."

"Why me?"

"She respects you."

"I doubt it. Why should she?"

"Because you've never made yourself a spectacle of folly. You've never told her you're in love with her."

"But I'm not," said poor Straker.

"She doesn't know that. And if she did she'd respect you all the more."

"Dear Fanny, I'd do a great deal for you, but I can't do that. I can't really. It wouldn't be a bit of good."

"You could speak," Fanny said, "to Furny."

"I couldn't."

"Why *not*?" she cried in desperation.

"Because, if I did, I should have to assume things—things that you cannot decently assume. I can't speak to him. Not, that is, unless he speaks to me."

VIII

He did speak to him that very night.

It was after ten o'clock, and Straker, who ought to have been in the drawing-room playing bridge or in the billiard-room playing billiards or in the smoking-room talking to Brocklebank, Straker who ought to have known better, had sneaked into the library to have a look at a brief he'd just got. He ought to have known better, for he knew, everybody knew, that after ten o'clock the library at Amberley was set apart as a refuge for any two persons who desired uninterrupted communion with each other. He himself, in the library at Amberley—but that was more than two years ago, so far before Philippa's time that he did not associate her with the library at Amberley. He only knew that Furnival had spent a good deal of time in it with Nora Viveash, and poor Nora was gone. It was poor Nora's departure, in fact, that made him feel that the library was now open to him.

Now the library at Amberley was fitted, as a library should be, with a silent door, a door with an inaudible latch and pneumatic hinges. It shut itself behind Straker with a soft sigh.

The long room was dim and apparently deserted. Drawn blinds obscured the lucid summer night behind the three windows opposite the door. One small electric globe hung lit under its opaline veil in the corner by the end window on the right.

Straker at the doorway turned on the full blaze of the great ring that hung above the central table where he meant to work. It revealed, seated on the lounge in the inner, the unilluminated corner on the right, Miss Tarrant and Laurence Furnival.

To his intense relief, Straker perceived that the whole length of the lounge was between the two. Miss Tarrant at her end was sitting bolt upright with her scarf gathered close about her; she was looking under her eyelids and down her beautiful nose at Furnival, who at his end was all huddled among the cushions as if she had flung him there. Their attitudes suggested that their interview had ended in distance and disaster. The effect was so marked that Straker seized it in an instant.

He was about to withdraw as noiselessly as he had entered, but Miss Tarrant (not Furnival; Furnival had not so much as raised his head)—Miss Tarrant had seen him and she signed to him to stay.

"You needn't go," she said. "I'm going."

She rose and passed her companion without looking at him, in a sort of averted and offended majesty, and came slowly down the room. Straker waited by the door to open it for her.

On the threshold she turned to him and murmured: "Don't go away. Go in and talk to him—about—about anything."

It struck him as extraordinary that she should say this to him, that she should ask him to go in and see what she had done to the man.

The door swung on her with its soft sigh, shutting him in with Furnival. He hesitated a moment by the door.

"Come in if you want to," said Furnival. "I'm going, too."

He had risen, a little unsteadily. As he advanced, Straker saw that his face bore traces of violent emotion. His tie was a little crooked and his hair pushed from the forehead that had been hidden by his hands. His mustache no longer curled crisply upward; it hung limp over his troubled mouth. Furnival looked as if he had been drinking. But Furnival did not drink. Straker saw that he meant in his madness to follow Philippa.

He turned down the lights that beat on him.

"Don't," said Furnival. "I'm going all right."

Straker held the door to. "I wouldn't," he said, "if I were you. Not yet."

Furnival made the queer throat sound that came from him when words failed him.

Straker put his hand on the young



Drawn by Frank Craig

THEIR INTERVIEW HAD ENDED IN DISTANCE AND DISASTER

man's shoulder. He remembered how Mrs. Viveash had asked him to look after Furny, to stand by him if he had a bad time. She had foreseen, in the fierce clairvoyance of her passion, that he was going to have one. And, by Heaven! it had come.

Furnival struggled for utterance. "All right," he said, thickly.

He wasn't going after her. He had been trying to get away from Straker; but Straker had been too much for him. Besides, he had understood Straker's delicacy in turning down the lights, and he didn't want to show himself just yet to the others.

They strolled together amicably toward the lounge and sat there.

Straker had intended to say, "What's up?" but other words were given him.

"What's Philippa been up to?"

Furnival pulled himself together. "Nothing," he replied. "It was me."

"What did you do?"

Furnival was silent.

"Did you propose to her or what?"

"I made," said Furnival, "a sort of p-proposal."

"That she should count the world well lost—was that it?"

"Well, she knew I wasn't going to marry any one, and I knew she wasn't going to marry me. Now was she?"

"No. She most distinctly wasn't."

"Very well, then—how was I to know? I could have sworn—"

He hid his face in his hands again.

"The fact is, I made the devil of a mistake."

"Yes," said Straker. "I saw you making it."

Furnival's face emerged angry.

"Then why on earth didn't you *tell* me? I asked you. Why couldn't you tell me what she was like?"

"You don't tell," said Straker.

Furnival groaned. "I can't make it out *now*. It's not as if she hadn't got a t-t-temperament."

"But she hasn't. *That* was the mistake you made."

"You'd have made it yourself," said Furnival.

"I have. She's taken me in. She *looks* as if she had temperament—she *behaves* as if she had—oceans. And she hasn't, not a scrap."

"Then what does she do it for? What does she do it for, Straker?"

"I don't know what she does it for. She doesn't know herself. There's a sort of innocence about her."

"I suppose," said Furnival, pensively, "it's innocence."

"Whatever it is, it's the quality of her defect. She can't let us alone. It amuses her to see us squirm. But she doesn't know, my dear fellow, what it feels like; because, you see, she doesn't feel. She couldn't tell, of course, the lengths *you'd* go to."

Straker was thinking how horrible it must have been for Philippa. Then he reflected that it must have been pretty horrible for Furny too—so unexpected. At that point he remembered that for Philippa it had not been altogether unexpected; Fanny had warned her of this very thing.

"How—did she—take it?" he inquired, tentatively.

"My dear fellow, she sat there—where you are now—and lammed into me. She made me feel as if I were a cad and a beast and a ruffian—as if I wanted k-kicking. She said she wouldn't have seen that I existed if it hadn't been for Fanny Brocklebank—I was her friend's guest—and when I tried to defend myself she turned and talked to me about things, Straker, till I blushed. I'm b-blushing now."

He was.

"And of course, after that, I've got to go."

"Was that all?" said Straker.

"No, it wasn't. I can't tell you the *other* things she said."

For a moment Furny's eyes took on a marvelous solemnity, as if they were holding for a moment some sort of holy, supersensuous vision.

Then suddenly they grew reminiscent.

"How could I tell, Straker, how could I possibly tell?"

And Straker, remembering the dance that Philippa had led him, and her appearance, and the things, the uncommonly queer things, she had done to him with her eyes, wondered how Furny *could* have told, how he could have avoided drawing the inferences, the uncommonly queer inferences, he drew. He'd have drawn them himself if he had not known Philippa so well.

"What I want to know," said Furnival, "is what she did it for?"

He rose, straightening himself.

"Anyhow, I've got to go."

"Did she say so?"

"No, she didn't. She said it wasn't necessary. *That* was innocent, Straker, if you like."

"Oh, jolly innocent," said Straker.

"But I'm going all the same. I'm going before breakfast, by the seven-fifty train."

And he went. Straker saw him off.

IX

That was far and away the most disconcerting thing that had happened at Amberley within Straker's recollection.

It must have been very disagreeable for Philippa.

When, five days ago, he had wondered if he would ever live to see Philippa disconcerted, he had not contemplated anything like this. Neither, he was inclined to think, had Philippa in the beginning. She could have had no idea what she was letting herself in for. That she had let herself in was, to Straker's mind, the awful part of it.

As he walked home from the station he called up all his cleverness, all his tact and delicacy, to hide his knowledge of it from Philippa. He tried to make himself forget it, lest by a word or a look she should gather that he knew. He did not want to see her disconcerted.

The short cut to Amberley from the station leads through a side gate into the turning at the bottom of the east walk. Straker, as he rounded the turning, saw Miss Tarrant not five yards off, coming down the walk.

He was not ready for her, and his first instinct, if he could have yielded to it, would have been to fly. That was his delicacy.

He met her with a remark on the beauty of the morning. That was his tact.

He tried to look as if he hadn't been to see Furnival off at the station, as if the beauty of the morning sufficiently accounted for his appearance at that early hour. The hour, indeed, was so disgustingly early that he would have half an hour to put through with Philippa before breakfast.

But Miss Tarrant ignored the beauty of the morning.

"What have you done," she said, "with Mr. Furnival?"

It was Straker who was disconcerted now.

"What have I done with him?"

"Yes. Where is he?"

Straker's tact was at a disadvantage, but his delicacy instantly suggested that if Miss Tarrant was not disconcerted it was because she didn't know he knew. That made it all right.

"He's in the seven-fifty train."

A light leaped in her eyes; the light of defiance and pursuit, the light of the hunter's lust frustrated and of the hunter's ire.

"You must get him back again," she said.

"I can't," said Straker. "He's gone on business." (He still used tact with her.) "He had to go."

"He hadn't," said she. "That's all rubbish."

Her tone trod his scruples down and trampled on them, and Straker felt that tact and delicacy required of him no more. She had given herself away at last; she had let herself in for the whole calamity of his knowledge, and he didn't know how she proposed to get out of it this time. And he wasn't going to help her; not he!

They faced each other as they stood there in the narrow walk, and his knowledge challenged her dumbly for a moment. Then he spoke.

"Look here, what do you want him for? Why can't you let the poor chap alone?"

"What do you suppose I want him for?"

"I've no business to suppose anything. I don't know. But I'm not going to get him back for you."

Something flitted across her face and shifted the wide gaze of her eyes. Straker went on without remorse.

"You know perfectly well the state he's in, and you know how he got into it."

"Yes. And I know," she said, "what you think of me."

"It's more than I do," said Straker.

She smiled subtly, mysteriously, tolerantly as it were.

"What did you do it for, Philippa?"

Her smile grew more subtle, more tolerant, more mysterious; it measured him and found him wanting.

"If I told you," she said, "I don't think you'd understand. But I'll try and make you."

She turned with him and they walked slowly toward the house.

"You saw," she said, "where he was going before I came? I got him out of that, didn't I?"

He was silent, absorbed in contemplating the amazing fabric of her thought.

"Does it very much matter how I did it?"

"Yes," said Straker, "if you ask me, I should say it did. The last state of him, to my mind, was decidedly worse than the first."

"What do you suppose I did to him?"

"If you want the frankness of a brother, there's no doubt you—led him on."

"I led him on—to heights he'd never have contemplated without me."

Straker tried to eliminate all expression from his face.

"What do you suppose I did to him last night?"

"I can only suppose you led him further, since he went further."

By this time Straker's tact and delicacy were all gone.

"Yes," said Miss Tarrant, "he went pretty far. But on the whole it's just as well he did, seeing what's come of it."

"What *has* come of it?"

"Well, I think he realizes that he has a soul. That's something."

"I didn't know it was his soul you were concerned with."

"He didn't, either. Did he tell you what I said to him?"

"He did tell me you gave him a dressing down. But there was something that he wouldn't tell. What *did* you say to him?"

"I said I supposed, after all, he had a soul, and I asked him what he meant to do about it."

"What does he?"

"That's what I want him back for," she said, "to see. Whatever he does with it, practically I've saved it."

She turned to him, lucid and triumphant.

"Could any other woman have done it? Do you see Mary Probyn doing it?"

"Not that way."

"It was the only way. You must," she said, "have temperament."

The word took Straker's breath away.

"You didn't like the way I did it. I can't help that. I had to use the means at my disposal. If I hadn't led him on, how could I have got hold of him? If I hadn't led him further, how could I have got him on an inch?"

"So that," said Straker, quietly, "is what you did it for?"

"You've seen him," she answered.

"You don't seriously suppose I could have done it for anything else? What possible use had I for that young man?"

He remembered that that was what she had said about Mr. Higginson. But he confessed that, for a lady in a disconcerting situation, she had shown genius in extricating herself.

Fanny's house-party broke up and scattered the next day. A week later Straker and Will Brocklebank saw Furnival in the Park. He was driving a motor beyond his means in the society of a lady whom he certainly could not afford.

"Good God," said Brocklebank, "that's Philippa."

By which he meant, not that Furnival's lady in the least resembled Philippa, but that she showed the heights to which Philippa had led him on.

X

Brocklebank agreed with Straker that they had got to get him out of that.

It was difficult, because the thing had come upon Furnival like a madness. He would have had more chance if he had been a man with a talent or an absorbing occupation, a politician, an editor, a journalist; if he had even been, Brocklebank lamented, on the London Borough Council it might have made him less dependent on the sympathy of ruinous ladies. But the Home Office provided no competitive distraction.

What was worse, it kept him on the scene of his temptation.

If it hadn't been for the Home Office he might have gone abroad with the Brocklebanks; they had wanted him to go. Straker did what he could for him. He gave him five days' yachting in August, and he tried to get him away for week-ends in September, but Furnival

wouldn't go. Then Straker went away for his own holiday, and when he came back he had lost sight of Furnival. So had the Home Office.

For three months Furnival went under. Then one day he emerged. The Higginsons (Mary Probyn and her husband) ran up against him in Piccadilly, or rather he ran up against them, and their forms interposed an effective barrier to flight. He was looking so wretchedly ill that their hearts warmed to him, and they asked him to dine with them that evening, or the next, or, well, the next after that. He refused steadily, but Mary managed to worm his address out of him and sent it on to Fanny Brocklebank that night.

Then the Brocklebanks, with prodigious forbearance and persistence, went to work on him. Once they succeeded in getting well hold of him they wouldn't let him go, and between them, very gradually, they got him straight. He hadn't, Fanny discovered, been so very awful; he had flung away all that he had on one expensive woman and he had lost his job. Brocklebank found him another in an insurance office where Fanny's brother was a director. Then Fanny settled down to the really serious business of settling Furnival. She was always asking him down to Amberley when the place was quiet, by which she meant when Philippa Tarant wasn't there. She was always asking nice girls down to meet him. She worked at it hard for a whole year, and then she said that if it didn't come off that summer she would have to give it up.

The obstacle to her scheme for Furny's settlement was his imperishable repugnance to the legal tie. It had become, Fanny declared, a regular obsession. All this she confided to Straker as she lunched with him one day in his perfectly appointed club in Dover Street. Furny was coming down to Amberley, she said, in July; and she added, "It would do you good, Jimmy, to come too."

She was gazing at him with a look that he had come to know, having known Fanny for fifteen years. A tender, rather dreamy look it was, but distinctly speculative. It was directed to the silver streaks in Straker's hair on a line with his eye-glasses, and he knew that Fanny

was making a calculation and saying to herself that it must be quite fifteen years or more.

Straker was getting on.

A week at Amberley would do him all the good in the world. She rather hoped—though she couldn't altogether promise him—that a certain lady in whom he was interested (he needn't try to look as if he wasn't) would be there.

"Not Philippa?" he asked, wearily.

"No, Jimmy, not Philippa. You know whom I mean."

He did. He went down to Amberley in July, arriving early in a golden and benignant afternoon. It was precisely two years since he had been there with Philippa. It was very quiet this year, so quiet that he had an hour alone with Fanny on the terrace before tea. Brocklebank had taken the others off somewhere in his motor.

She broke it to him that the lady in whom he was interested wasn't there. Straker smiled. He knew she wouldn't be. The others, Fanny explained, were Laurence Furnival and his Idea.

"His idea?"

"His idea, Jimmy, of everything that's lovable."

There was a luminous pause in which Fanny let it sink into him.

"Then it's come off, has it?"

"I don't know, but I think it's coming."

"Dear Mrs. Brockles, how did you manage it?"

"I didn't. That's the beauty of it. He managed it himself. He asked me to have her down."

She let him take that in too in all its immense significance.

"Who is she?"

"Little Molly Milner—a niece of Nora Viveash's. He met her there last winter."

Their eyes met, full of remembrance.

"If anybody managed it, it was Nora. Jimmy, do you know, that woman's a perfect dear."

"I know you always said so."

"*He* says so. He says she behaved like an angel, like a saint, about it. When you think how she cared! I suppose she saw it was the way to save him."

Straker was silent. He saw Nora Viveash as he had seen her on the ter-



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

A WEEK LATER THEY SAW FURNIVAL IN THE PARK

race two years ago, on the day of Philippa's arrival; and as she had come to him afterward and asked him to stand by Furnival in his bad hour.

"What is it like, Furny's idea?" he asked, presently.

"It's rather like Nora, only different. It's her niece, you know."

"If it's Nora's niece, it must be very young."

"It is. It's absurdly young. But, oh, so determined!"

"Has she by any chance got Nora's temperament?"

"She's got her own temperament," said Fanny.

Straker meditated on that.

"How does it take him?" he inquired.

"It takes him beautifully. It makes him very quiet, and a little sad. That's why I think it's coming."

Fanny also meditated.

"Yes. It's coming. There's only one thing, Jimmy. Philippa's coming too. She's coming to-day, by that four-something train."

"My dear Fanny, how you *do* mix 'em!"

It was his tribute to her enduring quality.

"I asked her before I knew Laurence Furnival was coming."

"*She* knew?"

"I—I think so."

They looked at each other. Then Fanny spoke.

"Jimmy," she said—"do you think you could make love to Philippa? Just, *just*," she entreated (when, indeed, had she not appealed to him to save her from the consequences of her indiscretions?), "until Furny goes?"

Straker's diplomatic reply was cut short by the appearance of Laurence Furnival and Molly Milner, Nora's niece. They came down the long terrace with the sun upon them. She was all in white, with here and there a touch of delicate green. She was very young; and, yes, she was very like Mrs. Viveash, with all the difference of her youth and of her soul.

Furnival was almost pathetically pleased to see Straker there; and Miss Milner, flushed but serene in the moment of introduction, said that she had heard of Mr. Straker very often from—

she hesitated, and Straker saw what Fanny had meant when she said that the young girl had a temperament of her own—from Mr. Furnival. Her charming smile implied that she was aware that Straker counted, and aware of all that he had done for Furnival.

As he watched her he began to see how different she was from Nora Viveash. She was grave and extraordinarily quiet, Furnival's young girl. He measured the difference by the power she had of making Furnival—as Straker put it—different from himself. She had made him grave and quiet too. Not that he had by any means lost his engaging spontaneity; only the spontaneous, the ungovernable thing about him was the divine shyness and the wonder which he was utterly unable to conceal.

It was at its height, it had spread its own silence all around it, when, in that stillness which was her hour, her moment, Philippa appeared.

She came down the terrace, golden for her as it had been two years ago; she came slowly, more slowly than ever, with a touch of exaggeration in her rhythm, in her delay, in the poise of her head, and in all her gestures; the shade too much that Straker had malignly prophesied for her. But with it all she was more beautiful and, he could see, more dangerous than ever.

She had greeted the three of them, Fanny, Brocklebank, and Straker, with that increase, that excess of manner; and then she saw Furnival standing very straight in front of her, holding out his hand.

"Mr. Furnival—but—how *nice*!"

Furnival had sat down again, rather abruptly, beside Molly Milner, and Fanny, visibly perturbed, was murmuring the young girl's name.

Something passed over Miss Tarrant's face like the withdrawing of a veil. She was not prepared for Molly Milner. She had not expected to find anything like that at Amberley. It was not what she supposed that Furnival had come for. But whatever he had come for, that, the unexpected, was what Furnival was there for now. It was disconcerting.

Philippa, in fact, was disconcerted.

All this Straker took in; he took in also, in a flash, the look that passed be-

tween Miss Tarrant and Miss Milner. Philippa's look was wonderful, a smile flung down from her heights into the old dusty lists of sex to challenge that young Innocence. Miss Milner's look was even more wonderful than Philippa's; grave and abstracted, it left Philippa's smile lying where she had flung it; she wasn't going, it said, to take *that* up.

And yet a duel went on between them, a duel conducted with perfect propriety on either side. It lasted about half an hour. Philippa's manner said plainly to Miss Milner: "My child, you have got hold of something that isn't good for you, something that doesn't belong to you, something that you are not old enough or clever enough to keep, something that you will not be permitted to keep. You had better drop it." Miss Milner's manner said still more plainly to Philippa, "I don't know what you're driving at, but you don't suppose I take you seriously, do you?" It said nothing at all about Laurence Furnival. That was where Miss Milner's manner scored.

In short, it was a very pretty duel, and it ended in Miss Milner's refusing to accompany Furnival to the Amberley woods and in Philippa's carrying him off bodily (Straker noted that she scored a point there, or seemed to score). As they went Miss Milner was seen to smile, subtly, for all her innocence. She lent herself with great sweetness to Brocklebank's desire to show her his prize roses.

Straker was left alone with Fanny.

Fanny was extremely agitated by the sight of Furnival's capture. "Jimmy," she said, "haven't I been good to you? Haven't I been an angel? Haven't I done every mortal thing I could for you?"

He admitted that she had.

"Well, then, now you've got to do something for me. You've got to look after Philippa. Don't let her get at him."

"No fear."

But Fanny insisted that he had seen Philippa carrying Furnival off under Molly Milner's innocent nose, and that her manner of appropriating him too vividly recalled the evening of her arrival two years ago, when he would remember what had happened to poor Nora's nose.

"She took him from Nora."

"My dear Fanny, that was an act of the highest moral—"

"Don't talk to me about your highest moral anything. I know what it was."

"Besides, she didn't take him from Nora," she went on, ignoring her previous line of argument. "He took himself. He was getting tired of her."

"Well," said Straker, "he isn't tired of Miss Milner."

"She's taken him off *there*," said Fanny. She nodded gloomily toward the Amberley woods.

Straker smiled. He was looking westward over the shining fields where he had once walked with Philippa. Already they were returning. Furnival had not allowed himself to be taken very far. As they approached, Straker saw that Philippa was pouring herself out at Furnival and that Furnival was not absorbing any of it; he was absorbed in his Idea. His Idea had made him absolutely impervious to Philippa. All this Straker saw.

He made himself very attentive to Miss Tarrant that evening, and after dinner, at her request, he walked with her on the terrace. Over the low wall they could see Furnival in the rose-garden with Miss Milner. They saw him give her a rose, which the young girl pinned in the bosom of her gown.

"Aren't they wonderful?" said Philippa. "Did you ever see anything under heaven so young?"

"She is older than he is," said Straker.

"Do you remember when he wanted to give *me* one and I wouldn't take it?"

"I have not forgotten."

The lovers wandered on down the rose-garden and Philippa looked after them. Then she turned to Straker.

"I've had a long talk with him. I've told him that he must settle down and that he couldn't do a better thing for himself than—"

She paused.

"Well," said Straker, "it looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said Philippa. "It *looks* like it."

They talked of other things.

"I am going," she said, presently, "to ask Miss Milner to stay with me."

Straker didn't respond. He was thinking deeply. Her face was so mysterious, so ominous, that yet again he wondered what she might be up to. He confessed to himself that this time he didn't know.

But he made her promise to go on the river with him the next day. They were to start at eleven-thirty.

At eleven Fanny came to him in the library.

"She's gone," said Fanny. "She's left a little note for you. She said you'd forgive her, you'd understand."

"Do *you*?" said Straker.

"She said she was going to be straight and see this thing through."

"What thing?"

"Furny's thing. What else do you suppose she's thinking of? She said she'd only got to lift her little finger and he'd come back to her; she said there ought to be fair play. Do you see? She's gone away—to save him."

"Good Lord!" said Straker.

But he saw.

XI

It was nearly twelve months before he heard again from Miss Tarrant. Then one day she wrote and asked him to come and have tea with her at her flat in Lexham Gardens.

He went. His entrance coincided with the departure of Laurence Furnival and a lady whom Philippa introduced to him as Mrs. Laurence, whom, she said, he would remember under another name.

Furnival's wife was younger than ever and more like Nora Viveash and more different. When the door closed on them Philippa turned to him with her radiance (the least bit overdone).

"*I* made that marriage," she said, and staggered him.

"Surely," he said, "it was made in heaven."

"If this room is heaven. It was made here, six months ago."

She faced him with all his memories. With all his memories and her own she faced him radiantly.

"You know now," she said, "*why I did it*. It was worth while, wasn't it?"

His voice struggled with his memories and stuck. It stuck in his throat.

Before he left he begged her congratulations on a little affair of his own; a rather unhappy affair which had ended happily the week before last. He did not tell her that if it hadn't been for the things dear Fanny Brocklebank had done for him, the way she had mixed herself up with his unhappy little affair, it might have ended happily a year ago.

"But," said Philippa, "how beautiful!"

He never saw Miss Tarrant again. Their correspondence ceased after his marriage, and he gathered that she had no longer any use for him.

THE END.

To Time, the Tyrant

BY AUSTIN DOBSON

Ave! Imperator, senectus te salutat

TIME, in whose kingship is Song,
What shall I bring to thee now,
Weary of heart and of brow,—
Now, that the shadows are long!

Not with the young or the strong
Numbered am I. And I bow,
TIME!

Yet, let me stand in the throng,—
Yet, let me hail and allow
Youth, that no Combat can cow,
Strength, that is stronger than Wrong,
TIME!

The Foster-Children of the Shore

BY HOWARD J. SHANNON

ALL living things, including man, show in their life-history a continual tendency to undergo changes and variations which, in their degree of adaptiveness to the surroundings, determine the survival of the individual and the race; such is the primary principle of evolution. Yet, just as a dragon-fly resting upon the hour-hand of a cathedral clock realizes no change of place or time during its brief sojourn upon the index of the great dial, neither does man immediately sense in the living world about him the apparently slight variations which further the progress of Nature's Long Day; for the forms and colors of animals and plants, their characteristics and behavior, seem always the same and immutable. Only the larger vision of science discerns the continual slight variations, the gradual but fundamental evolutions which, through the slow procession of the centuries, all creatures undergo, until, after the lapse of time, earth's face is changed and wears a far different aspect from that of an earlier age.

Nowhere are these variational, developmental changes more readily traced than among the insects. And naturally the most striking evidences of adaptation are seen in species whose natural habitat has greatly changed; or, again, in those groups which have migrated to a very different region, for the variations in appearance and behavior are in proportion to the degree of change in the surroundings. Just such a colonized region, the sea-shore, many of us visit every year; how many see in its insect broods, in these ancient migrants, or offshoots from the fauna of the mainland, the curious and striking adaptations which they have undergone? They may be defined, in distinction from the more native animals of the ocean shallows, as the foster-children of the shore.

Upon first arrival at an island sand-

spit between the wide-reaching ocean and the solitary bay, no sign of insect life is visible. But retire within the dunes, where the bayberry thicket's blue shadow is already spreading its long and longer checkered pattern across the hot, white sand; then, after a time, when the softly muffled, rhythmic beat and faint murmur of the summer ocean becomes fainter and fainter in the distance and finally ceases altogether, in the succeeding stillness many small creatures make their presence known. Close by my ear a cricket chirps, waits, then chirps again. Now loudly shrill from the near-by marsh harsh sibilations almost indefinitely prolonged as insect minstrels hidden there emit their scythe-sharpening z-z-z-z-zip; in the still air these sounds seem almost suspirations from the heat-baked grass and the rustling, rasping sedges in the sun-steeped, shimmering air. Dragon-flies, high overhead, weave to and fro in the blue vault; a white cabbage butterfly sails over the dune to my left, half settles, then wafts away where its fluttering fellows hover over the wet sand in company with other temporary wanderers from the mainland—yellow sulphurs, a mourning-cloak, an occasional thistle butterfly. As the senses become more attentive other creatures are seen all about one, close at hand. Grotesque, long-bodied, predaceous flies occasionally settle upon the reeds; green and orange wasps hum past my ear, alight on the sand, and erratically hurry about with flipping wings in pursuit of their curious duties; while, right at my elbow, a spider poises on the tips of firmly extended limbs which stride its burrow, and, with eight red eyes agleam, waits, tense and immobile, for its prey, the embodiment of desire in leash.

Compare some of the most characteristic shore-dwellers with their cousins of the mainland, and see what striking changes the shore has imposed. Consider



THE SAND-DUNES WHERE MANY INSECTS MAKE THEIR HOMES

the matter of color alone. Here is a brilliant green tiger-beetle of inland woods, bright as its native herbage; and here is an umber-colored relative of the shore whose darker, duller color fittingly protects this small forager while hunting among brown sea-weeds cast up along the water-line. Another beetle of the same family shows a body so nearly pure white that only a tracery of black lines on the ivory-white wings distinguishes it from the surrounding sand.

Or, contrast the dun-colored grasshopper of dusty inland roads with the white, shore species of beautiful frosted whiteness; or compare the yellow-brown running spider of the woods and the Quaker-gray species here, well represented by that unobtrusively tinted arachnid which was seen earlier in the day. The male is even lighter, with a covering of hoary hairs which render it far less conspicuous; and, as this sex alone wanders abroad over the sand (only the female inhabiting the burrow), the instance of color adaptive to the specific creature's habits is most striking and significant. Another species is nearly pure white, for only a faint speckling of gray colors the

body, and this, indeed, still further incorporates the body outlines with the sand against which it rests. These individuals seem to wander more widely abroad, and more openly expose themselves than do their slightly darker-colored neighbors—again an instance of protective color and its correlative behavior.

That the theory of such protection and the mimicry of surroundings has been overdone no one can deny; but it is equally certain that a remarkable sympathy does exist wide-spread in nature between the color of a creature and its habitat. And whether this has come about through some chemical change, some physiological response to surrounding color initiated through the nervous system (the maritime locust *Trimerotropis* shows even tinges of red or blue according to the particular color of the home soil), or whether it has slowly evolved through slow variations gradually becoming more and more adaptive, the naturalist is obliged, in many cases, to admit its protective, and hence its perpetuative value.

Equally adaptive and variable, however, are insect habits and behavior, for these, too, must conform to the creature's

changed surroundings if it is to survive. And although many published statements have denied this, and have elaborated the automatic, unvarying character of animal behavior, zoological literature shows many authoritative notes on the other side of the question in this comparatively new and suggestive field.

Forel's Algerian ants, which, when transported to Zurich, learned to fortify their burrows against the attacks of a new enemy (a garden ant unknown to them in their native home); Atkinson's ants deserting the ground (their usual nesting-place) and building instead in a bush on the marshes beyond the reach of tides; and Peckham's wasps digging very different burrows in sandy hillsides from those they

dig in garden clay—all these are plastic, responsive adaptations between the creature and the new problems which confront it.

Interesting adaptations of this psychological character are present among our shore insects, particularly in that remarkable group, the "solitary wasps." Their very manner of birth seems to foster an engaging initiative, for the bees and ants are more restricted in variability of behavior owing to the subservience of the individual to the good of the commune, but the "solitaries," born alone in the wild, like many another original child of destiny, rely, from the very beginning, upon their own unassisted efforts. As a consequence, not only has each species developed special habits peculiar to itself, but separate individuals show deviations therefrom and personal tricks and traits. It was a member of the

genus *Ammophila* which the Peckhams and Doctor Williston saw using a pebble as a tool to pound down the completed nest. Despite of this and other interesting studies, so far as the author knows, the ocean-shore behavior of these creatures is without definite record. Indeed, so great is their general varia-

bility that only the most exhaustive comparative studies can determine how certainly the observed traits are responses to the peculiar problems of the shore. Yet even a few brief, selected notes will show certain idiosyncrasies almost certainly imposed by the beach life, in addition to the more general characteristics which are of perennial interest.

The first small "huntress" suddenly attracts my attention

one morning by alighting beside me while I am watching some green wasps in their household labors. Immediately she begins to dig. With head bent low, abdomen raised, and fore-feet rhythmically beating, she tosses back the sand till it pours outward and upward from beneath her body in a steady stream. Already she is half hidden; soon only the tip of the abdomen shows. Meanwhile, as a result of her labors, a mound of sand is heaping up at the entrance. Out upon this she climbs, and with swiftly flying fore-feet tosses the sand still farther away until the entrance is clear. Now again she disappears into the burrow, to dig still deeper the chamber designed to hold the egg, and the larva which is to be. She emerges once more, grasps a small gray object (a spider which she brought with her in the first place), and drags it into the burrow.

AN INLAND GRASSHOPPER



THE SHORE SPECIES



ADAPTIVE COLORATION IN THE SHORE GRASSHOPPER

Its pure whiteness, a strong contrast to the brown of the inland species, perfectly hides it when resting upon its native sand

In a moment *Pompilus* shows her watchful eyes and agitated antennæ at the entrance; but, instead of filling the burrow, she flits away ten feet over the sand and hurriedly examines the surface with the closest attention. Soon, by short zigzag flights which ever correct their direction, she finds the home nest again, plunges in, and emerges with her spider; and, strangely enough, flies a few feet

away in an entirely new direction. Here she lays her provender down, busily begins to dig a new nest (such fastidious behavior is also common inland), and continues without interruption until its depth is sufficient; when she carries the Lycosid within, remains for a few significant moments, then emerges and proceeds to fill the entrance. Facing in the opposite direction, she tosses the sand backward, and, with accurate aim, plies her swiftly flying feet until the stream of cast-up sand blocks the burrow; then over the uneven surface she flits, with here a touch, and there a delicate, smoothing stroke, until the entire area is indistinguishable from the surrounding beach. She looks about as if to make doubly sure, then nervously spreads her flipping wings and sails away; her work is done,

and well done, for her progeny and for the future.

The actual capture of prey is observed upon another occasion, when *Pompilus*, flying low, suddenly swoops almost at my feet and savagely strikes at a spider resting there. He turns, apparently unhurt, causing her to withdraw. But she circles, dashes, and strikes again, when both roll over in confusion upon the sand. Almost immediately the "huntress" steps aside, leaving the now stupefied spider inert upon the sand, and begins to stroke her drooping antennæ, her fluttering wings, and to compose her agitated person and herself. Her preparations complete, she turns and grasps the spider in her mandibles; then, half running, half flying, proceeds backward and upward along the most remarkable "carry" I ever witnessed.

Immediately behind her rises the steep side of a long cut that extends northward for many rods through the dunes, and it is up this slope that she diagonally struggles. Now she traverses steep sand-slopes which avalanche beneath her light tread, pouring their light particles

AN INLAND TIGER BEETLE

GREEN
CICINDELA
RUGIFRONS

SHORE SPECIES

UMBER
C. HIRTICOLLISWHITE
C. LEPIDAWHITE
C. DORSALISSHORE BEETLES SHOWING
ADAPTIVE COLORATION

The umber and ivory-white wings of these shore beetles, as contrasted with the emerald mainland species, are protectively colored like the sand. The dark markings which show great variation on *Cicindela dorsalis* are sometimes entirely absent

AN INLAND SPIDER

YELLOW-BROWN
LYCOSA
PRATENSIS

SHORE SPECIES

SLATE
GRAY*LYCOSA*
NIDIFEX

FEMALE

LIGHT
GRAY

MALE

GRAYISH
WHITE
LYCOSA
*CINEREA*COLOR ADAPTATIONS IN
SHORE SPIDERS

Here, too, the gray-and-white coloration is apparently protective. It is significant that the male *Lycosa nidifex*, which lives on the exposed sand, is lighter than the female, which inhabits the burrow



NESTING HABITS OF THE WASP

The "solitary wasp" attacks the spider, stings it, and then stores it in the newly dug barrow, where an egg is also laid. When the wasp larva hatches, it feeds on the spider

down from above; there she half flies and half climbs upward over masses of tangled roots, where she drags the heavy spider over such precarious footholds that both slip and tumble headlong. Quickly recovering, she takes a fresh hold upon her prey and furiously essays a perpendicular ascent; but, baffled by the overhanging cliff, is forced to desist and continue her diagonal course. For over an hour *Pompilus fuscipennis* struggles along this "carry" of more than a hundred feet before her herculean labors are rewarded; then a gentler slope opens toward the summit, and up this way she slowly labors, to disappear among tangled grasses on the height above. It is difficult to under-

stand why no other situation would do but the one she so toilsomely attained; but she exhibits many curious little crotchets. Sometimes, while spider-hunting, she will come upon the object of her search; but if the arachnid is very small, the wasp, even though about to grasp him, will refrain and continue her arduous search until a larger individual is found.

Then, too, another species seems determined to safeguard the spider in every way; for, after it is secured and stung, the spider is suspended upon some near-by vegetation, safe from prying ants or covetous neighbors. Then, a few feet away, the wasp begins to dig, but can hardly continue on account of her nervous anxiety. She pauses, rushes over to the grass, and, having found her prize, examines it carefully to see that all is well. Now, back to work again; but once more the swiftly flying feet are halted until another reassuring visit can be made. Finally the "kill" is transferred, the egg laid, and the nest cov-

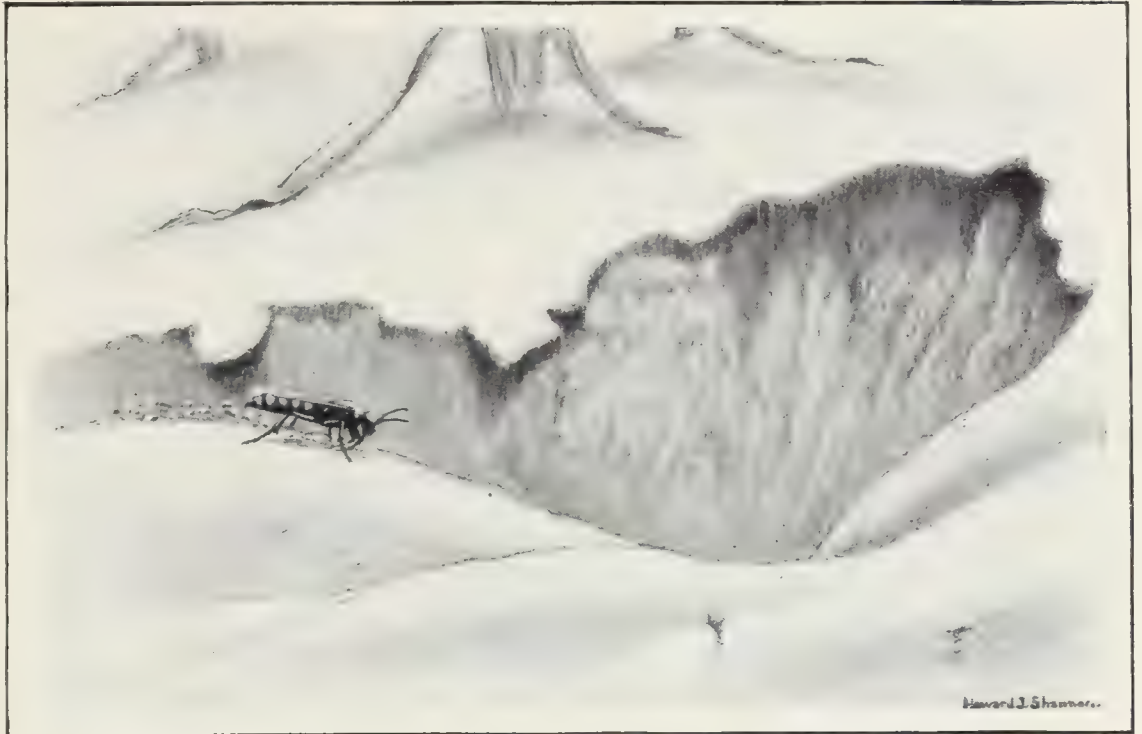
ered over. It should be said that the apparently unexplainable fastidiousness which the wasps show in choosing the nest site inland has a rational explanation on the shore, for only sand areas with a slight upper crust are sufficiently coherent to preserve the burrow walls and roof.

Much more careless in this respect seems our green-eyed wasp *Microbembex monodonta*. And yet, as both here and inland she habitually visits her burrow all through the larva's development, feeding it from day to day, it is especially desirable that a firm location be secured. Through her short-sightedness the soil sometimes gives way, producing a tragedy. Some such

catastrophe had evidently overtaken an individual which I found one morning digging far down in the midst of an irregular excavation whose friable sides continually poured down from above and threatened to engulf her. A great heap of partly cast-out material, which had piled up behind, she now ascended, and, with swiftly flying feet, proceeded by great and prolonged labor to toss still farther away. The next morning when I arrived she was still at work. Upon the

next the misguided, or shall we say heroically faithful, parent was delving deep down into the loose sand of a Culebra cut (equal in size to one's two fists), whose unstable sides, as she undermined them, constantly crumbled and dissolved to add more material to that of the pit's bottom where she so frantically and hopelessly labored. The next day the wasp had disappeared; the work was evidently abandoned.

Still other burrowers have established themselves on the beach, notably a va-



A WASP OVERCOME BY THE SHORE CONDITIONS

The great excavation has been made probably in an effort to recover the wasp's young, which was evidently overwhelmed in the nest by avalanching sand. The friable material continually gives way as she digs. The wasp is shown at work on sand cast out the previous day: she is throwing it still farther away

riety of the common garden-ant, whose craters appear in great numbers throughout the hills. Following inland custom, they pursue certain overground labors during the day, but these seem slight and infrequent; by far their principal visible activities are nocturnal (much greater in proportion than is the case inland), probably in order to avoid the excessive temperature of the warmer hours. Upon visiting them in the dark and letting the orange radiance from a night-lantern shine down upon the

shadowed entrances of their industrious cities, it is impressive to see the small miners emerge, one after the other, from the cavernous blackness of the gateway into the mellow light, climb the surrounding crater-like sides, deposit their shining pellets of sand, then turn and retire to the dark of the gates and the underground, mysterious ways. How curious is this scene of industry pursued through the night! how forcible a reminder of the



THE VIRGIN QUEENS RESTRAINED BY THE WORKER ANTS

For successive evenings before the nuptial flight the young queens seeking to escape are held back within the nest until the hour elected by the workers arrives

senses other than sight which our workers possess! for, as we know, the care of the queens, the fostering of the young, all the economy of the community, is pursued in a Stygian darkness.

An exception should be made to the statement that overground activities are few; since, on late September afternoons, as days of fervid heat are succeeded by a season of tempered light and calm, almost any early evening hour will witness an unusual commotion and excessive agitation about our emmet cities. For the time of the nuptial flight is approaching, and each afternoon as the sun sinks low there appear, among the crowds of sentinels and workers that guard the

gates, certain larger-winged forms, the hitherto invisible virgin queens. See how, with slow, persistent patience this mother of the future struggles upward, and pushes her insistent way toward the freedom of the outer air and of her wings; how decisively the warders oppose her, while the crowds of workers in the rear set their combined strength against hers until she desists, turns slowly back, and disappears amid the jostling throng. Other queens, however, now push forward through the restless crowd, and repeatedly tug and struggle in fervid efforts to be free; but with equal patience the guardians of the gates and of the race oppose their impetuosity, and once again force them to the underground chambers.

Comes an afternoon, however, breathless, mild, and unspeakably calm, an hour propitious. And through all the hidden ways, as if a telepathic message ran, the patient watchers desist from their long vigil, and, instead of retarding, urge forth the waiting host. Then from these hitherto uncommunicative doors the winged myriads emerge by tens, by hundreds, by countless multitudes, as a thousand times ten thousand queens with their accompanying males mount higher and higher into the air, forming a continually moving, shimmering veil of countless, shifting wings that hang suspended in brief festival over the shore. Unable to advance, owing to the great waters which they face, the innumerable units of this living, drifting, palpitating canopy constantly rise and subside to mount again,



ANTS WORKING ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT

Possibly as an escape from the excessive light or heat of midday hours, these insects pursue their principal overground labors in darkness

as if in the mystic mazes of some graceful dance, religious and significant. Near at hand the separate groups of male and female floating together often alight upon one's uplifted arm or shoulder; farther away, in the westering light, the individual members dance like motes of living gold; while far down the shore the commingling throngs drift wide like smoke-wreaths before an uncertain wind.

Upon the following afternoon many queens lie scattered upon the sand, wingless now through their own resolute efforts, and preparing to lay the foundations of new colonies. Others lie dead upon the shore, and many more will join them, so severe are the conditions of survival operating among these queens that labor on the ocean-beach. But that the most fitted do indeed succeed in laying their eggs, rearing their young, and bringing forth a brood of workers which, in their turn, care for her who has borne them, the innumerable nests that annually stud the shore bear witness.

Such, in part, is the insect shore-world, an epitome of the larger world of living things. For the same general principles are operative in both, as all living things have an inherent tendency to vary in form, color, and behavior, while their survival is determined by the adaptiveness and response to the environment. And although these differences which we have noted between a green beetle and one entirely white, and between inland habits and the slightly varying



FLOCKS OF MIGRATORY BUTTERFLIES RESTING ON THE SHORE

ones of the shore, seem insignificant when compared with the differences between spiders, birds, higher animals, and men, the Neo-Darwinian postulates that these greater as well as the lesser differences are mainly due to the operation of the principles of variation, isolation, natural selection, and heredity.

Whether in the last analysis the truth lies, as certain other biologists believe, in the theory that variations, instead of being indiscriminate (as Neo-Darwinism teaches), are vitally determined along regular, progressive lines; or whether it lies in the more abrupt transitions of variation, the so-called De Vriesian mutations; or whether it lies, as the strongest consensus of present opinion declares,



THE MONARCHS IN FLIGHT

Flocks have been reported by Long Island fishermen fifteen miles and more from shore

in the additional operation of factors unknown, the unity of the process of origin and development is a truism. Even such trite but remarkable parallels in behavior as are exhibited in the ants and in man (both showing a parallel race history of the hunting, pastoral, and agricultural ages) are more than chance resemblances. Whether or not it is true, as Wheeler so significantly suggests, that this similarity is due to their coincident rise in a time (the Mesozoic period) when, possibly, through some cause unknown the psychical mutations gained a supersedence over the physical, it is evident that the dominance of each creature in its world is due to respective co-operative gifts and psychical endowments.

Only a few days ago the sunlit air was shimmering and quivering with count-

less insect wings as the ants foregathered to their nuptial dance, and to-day the shrubs, the sedges, and the air above harbor another winged host. For the migrating butterflies, the "monarchs," are arriving on their way to the southward, and, by ones, by twos, and by companies, are flutteringly settling down upon twigs and shrubs near by. Soon the leafless branches of bayberry are clothed with innumerable folded, down-drooping insect wings; then, as an impulse moves the resting multitudes, a burst of bright wings clouds upward, and the air is full of butterflies. Now slowly, palpitantly, they again drift down upon softly waving wings that pause in flight and poise

above the thickets until small, black limbs clasp close their twig supports, when the alternately closing and expanding wings together fold and droop dependent, and all the leafless thickets are reclothed with a new and a sentient leafage. These insects at this time show strange hesitations and insensibilities. The observer may lift one or another from its supporting twig without disturbing the others; but occasionally of their own volition they mount high in the air, only to subside and settle in the thickets again.

Finally the moment arrives when land-clinging desires and hesitating withdrawals from the great adventure are overcome: with an impulse one and magnificent, the entire ruddy host forsakes the shore, mounts higher and higher, and wings its impetuous and passionate flight southward over the sea.



"SHE LOVES HIM MADLY, WITH ALL HER SOUL"

The Ambassador

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

M. DE SADE was visibly disturbed. Somewhat late in life he had conceived for Diane de Wimpffen one of those admirations untainted by the desire of possession. He concealed this admiration under an affectation of cynicism which almost deceived himself. But it did not deceive Madame de Wimpffen. Well aware both of the admiration and its character, she counted upon him as upon an ally with whom a formal treaty is unnecessary.

Like many alliances, this one had had its birth in hostility. But that was long ago.

There had been a wedding at the Madeleine. M. de Sade stood upon the

steps as the guests dispersed, thoughtful and undecided. As a man of the world he made light of all expansions of the heart—while secretly cherishing one. During the pauses of the service Madame de Balloy had confided to him that she had the day before asked on behalf of her son the hand of Anne—and Anne was the daughter of Madame de Wimpffen. He was not the guardian of that hand. That some one would some day aspire to it was inevitable. He had foreseen that contingency, but never in the person of M. de Balloy—that idiot who was squandering his fortune at baccarat and flaunting Mademoiselle Luna of the Variétés in the face of all

Paris except his mother. The fact that Madame de Balloy's confidential communication had been made at a wedding rendered it the more disagreeable. Anne, so young, so fearless, so innocent—and so like her mother! The thought that if he were younger—but that was only the shadow of a thought which traversed his mind without leaving a trace, as the shadow of a bird passes over a landscape.

Slowly descending the steps, too preoccupied with the enumeration of M. de Balloy's disqualifications to even acknowledge a friendly greeting, he turned up the Boulevard in the direction of the Parc Monceau. To the shop-windows, which generally attracted him, he paid no heed. Absorbed, his cane dangling from the hands crossed behind him, he had the air of a man going nowhere in particular—an appearance often presented by one who, knowing well his destination, has not yet confessed it.

Adjoining the Parc, its tiny garden protected by an iron grille whose gilded spikes were barely visible above the enveloping ivy, was the small hotel of which M. de Sade was the proprietor. He had recently offered it to his friend de Wimpffen, who, since his promotion to the grade of colonel, had been assigned to duty at the War Office. For M. de Sade, not being burdened with duties, was going to get rid of the summer and incidentally some of the boredom of living at the seaside. On reaching the Parc entrance he took out his watch. It was eleven o'clock. He had no more time than was necessary for breakfast and a change of costume. His seat was reserved in the express which left at two. He had already said farewell. But there was the key to the garden gate, which he had forgotten to deliver. He had intended to send this key by messenger, but fortunately it was still in his pocket—to serve his present purpose. Yes, certainly, he would deliver it in person.

Just within the ivy screen, at the little table laid for breakfast near the foot of the steps leading to the salon windows, M. de Wimpffen was reading *Le Matin*. That he was waiting for something more important than breakfast was evident from the glances he directed toward these windows. His orderly had gone for the morning mail. There was also

the Abbé d'Arlot, whom Madame de Wimpffen had persuaded to visit her and who might arrive at any moment from Freyr. But it was neither the orderly nor the Abbé for whom he was waiting. Only yesterday Madame de Balloy had formally asked for her son the hand of Anne. He had proposed to settle the matter offhand in the blunt, straightforward manner characteristic of him, M. de Balloy's reputation not being such as to render a favorable answer within even the range of discussion. But Madame de Wimpffen had said, "No, Raoul, leave it to me"; and he had left it to her, with a good nature as characteristic as the bluntness and a confidence justified by long experience.

It was the footstep of Diane he was listening for, and in spite of the confidence, her prolonged absence was beginning to engender misgivings. He had read for the third time the political article in *Le Matin* without comprehending a word of it, when the glass doors opened and Diane came lightly down the steps.

She was smiling. It was a good sign.

"Well," he said, confidently.

She was sitting now opposite him, her hands crossed before her on the white cloth, tranquil as the June morning itself.

"She loves him"—*Le Matin* fell to the gravel—"madly, with all her soul."

He stared into the blue eyes, stupefied. Their smile, contrasted with the finality of the reply, perplexed him.

"Not possible—not possible," he repeated.

"But true," said Diane.

Speechless, he continued to search the blue eyes. Twenty years of practice had not enabled him to read them with certainty. As M. de Sade said, "They are too clear."

It was at this instant that the lock grated in the iron gate and M. de Sade himself entered.

"Good-morning, my friends," he said, gaily; "I bring you the garden key. I am off by the express at—" He stopped, fingering his gray mustache and looking from one to the other. "What has happened—a quarrel?"

"De Sade," exclaimed Raoul, bringing his fist down on the table, "what has happened is this—that fellow de Balloy has asked for the hand of Anne."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"MONSIEUR DE BALLOY HAS ASKED FOR YOUR HAND"

M. de Sade deposited his overcoat carefully on the back of a chair, seated himself with deliberation, and took out his cigarette-case.

"I see nothing strange in that," he said. "Monsieur le Préfet has done his best, but the race of beggars is not yet extinct," and, lighting his cigarette, he turned to Diane, "With your permission, madame."

"I was telling Raoul when you came," said Diane.

"Begin at the beginning," interrupted her husband. "I wish de Sade to hear also."

"Well, she was at the piano. 'Anne,' I said, standing beside her, 'I have something to say to you.' She looked up quickly and I knew that she knew. Therefore I went straight to the point. 'Monsieur de Balloy,' I said 'has asked for your hand.' She took both mine in hers and covered her face. Looking down on her bent head, I laughed to myself."

"Diane!" exclaimed Raoul, reproachfully.

She spread out her hands.

"At myself, in her. Do you remember nothing? The English express certain things better than we do. They say 'to fall in love'—which is the fact. It is a precipice."

"And no parapet," nodded M. de Sade.

"De Sade," cried Raoul, resentfully, "I beg of you."

Diane resumed.

"'Anne,' I said, 'you have seen Monsieur de Balloy twice—once at the opera and once at Madame Texier's ball.' 'Mamma, dear little mamma,' she replied, looking up into my face, 'I adore him.' 'And you are ready to give yourself to a man you have seen but twice?' 'Yes, mamma, I am ready—to-morrow.' 'But, Anne,' I said, 'do you know that this man is a roué and a gambler?' 'To-morrow,' she repeated, burying her face again in my hands."

Raoul made a gesture of incredulity.

"And then you said—"

"I said nothing," replied Diane.

M. de Sade nodded again in approval.

"You did not reason with her—you—"

"Raoul, years ago, in Algeria, if my father had said, 'No, she is not for you—'"

"The case was different," he inter-

rupted. "It would have made no difference."

"Well, then, you see," she replied, quietly.

"But, Diane," he protested, "between Monsieur de Balloy and myself—"

"Oh, I know that very well, there is a difference. Confess now, you would like to run him through with your sword this very instant. But"—she hesitated a moment—"between Anne and myself the difference is not so—enormous."

Behind his gray mustache M. de Sade smiled.

"What I wish to know is this," persisted Raoul, tapping the table with his forefinger: "did you tell her plainly, in so many words, what manner of man—"

"Yes, I told her."

"And what answer did she make?"

"Oh, she had an answer. 'Mamma,' she said, 'you once told me that you loved papa without knowing why, without a reason.'"

"You had the imprudence to tell her that!"

"Why not? It is true, isn't it?"

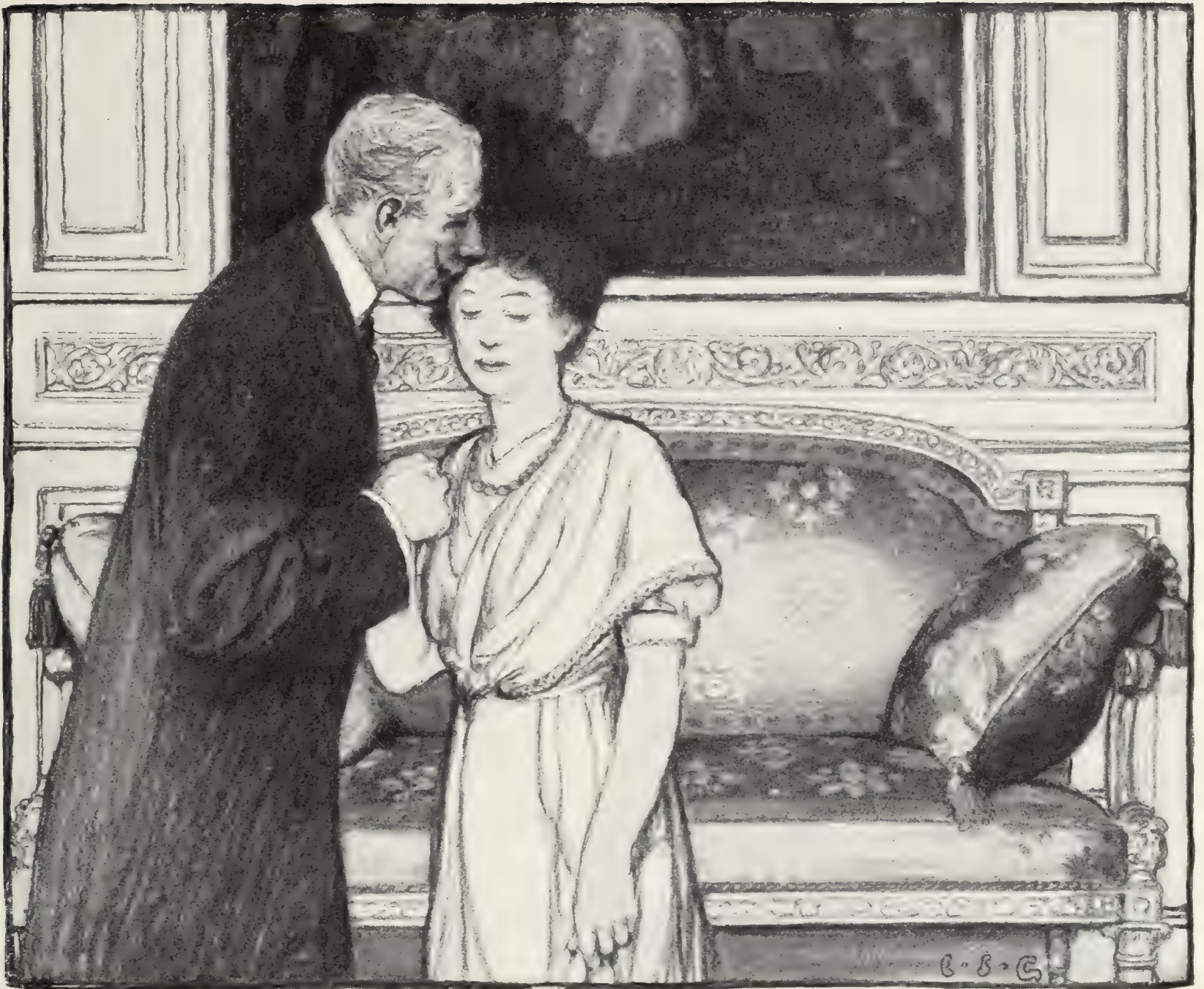
"Diane"—he reached across the table and took her hands—"be serious, you are laughing."

"No, I am not laughing. I am quite serious. You think you have to deal only with Monsieur de Balloy. But you see I was right. We have also to deal with Anne—that is, with you and with me. With her truthfulness and obstinacy, which is you, and with—all the rest, which is me. Do you remember when we were at Freyr how passionately, a mere child, she became attached to the Countess Anne? How she insisted she would no longer be called Diane, but Anne, and wept with rage whenever we said Diane, till we yielded? And now," she said, appealing to M. de Sade, "he wishes me to play the tyrant with her affections, the one liberty tyrants have never been able to suppress!"

"But a roué, a gambler!" expostulated Raoul. "How is it possible!"

"Bah!" said M. de Sade, "the words are not in the catechism. I warrant you she does not know what they mean. Think what a fascination exists in things which we do not understand."

Raoul, walking to and fro on the gravel, stopped abruptly.



"BUT I COULD NOT GO WITHOUT SEEING YOU"

"And you wish Monsieur de Balloy to teach Anne the meaning of these words," he exclaimed, scornfully.

"My dear friend," replied M. de Sade, "you have not asked me what I wish. But ask madame if there exists a woman who would not prefer to learn from experience what she might learn with less trouble from the dictionary. If you ask my opinion—"

"Yes, we ask it," said Madame de Wimpffen, observing him closely.

M. de Sade looked up from the blue eyes to the blue sky above the roofs, as if his opinion were not within immediate reach.

"Let us recapitulate," he said, addressing Raoul. "There is, on the one hand, Mademoiselle Anne, who, thanks to her mother, has her good points—not to mention the dot promised her by the Countess Anne. And there is Monsieur de Balloy, who possesses all the good qualities of his defects—not to mention

his debts. He is young, he is handsome, he is witty, he dances well, and he has the good fortune to present himself precisely at the moment when one feels the imperious necessity of loving some one. What does it matter to the tendrils of the vine what offers! A tree, a leaden gutter, a bit of broken tile—it touches and it clings."

"De Sade," broke forth Raoul, impetuously, "you know very well this marriage is impossible—and you, Diane, you know it also."

"Why, of course, Raoul dear. I am absolutely of your opinion. The idea of it is so monstrous that you wish to stamp on it with your foot. But let us not stamp at the same time on the heart of Anne. Monsieur de Balloy wishes to marry her—well, let him wish. To wish and to have are not the same thing. I will say to Anne: 'You love Monsieur de Balloy. That being the case, it only remains to be seen whether he loves you.

On that point it is better to satisfy yourself, as I did, beforehand. And when you are satisfied you will tell me.' And I will say to Madame de Balloy, 'Let us wait and see if these young birds are ready to fly.' Meantime it is possible that that angel who is said to tell a woman that she is beautiful will tell Anne some of those less obvious things which are far more important."

Raoul gave a sigh of relief.

"You see," he said to de Sade, "Diane and I agree absolutely."

"I foresaw it," he replied, dryly, resuming his cane and overcoat. "And, now that we are all agreed, I must be going. Might I see the dear child?" he asked, lifting Diane's hand to his lips. "If you will allow me I will pass out through the salon. Ah, the garden key—I had forgotten it. Here it is. Au revoir, my friends," and he went up the steps.

The salon was empty. But in the mirror between the windows he saw a man, tall, correct, with thin, iron-gray hair. For a long minute he surveyed this man critically, then touched the bell.

"Say to mademoiselle that I have come to take my leave."

Then the door opened and Anne entered. She came forward eagerly, her hands extended.

"You are going! You will not breakfast with us?"

"No, mademoiselle," he said, taking the extended hands and touching the forehead with his lips, "but I could not go without seeing you, without—"

"But you must not go this minute, dear Monsieur de Sade." The clear blue eyes were like her mother's. "I wish to speak to you." She drew him to the sofa. "Tell me, have you seen mamma?"

"Yes, certainly, just now."

"Did she tell you anything?"

"Did she tell me anything? What should she tell me?"

"Nothing." The eyes fell, then rose to his again. "Monsieur, do you gamble?"

"I?" he laughed. "What a question!"

"Answer me, please. I wish to know what it is—it is very important that I should know what it is—to gamble."

"To gamble," he replied, twisting the ends of his gray mustache thoughtfully, "is to risk what one has in the hope of gaining more."

"Does papa gamble?"

"I think not," he said, doubtfully. "One must have something to risk—to gamble properly."

"Do not laugh, please. Some day, perhaps, I will tell you why I wish to know about this. Then you will understand how necessary it is. Tell me truly, is it a sin to gamble?"

"A sin to gamble? That depends. There is no sin in moderation. For example, you are about to breakfast, which in itself is quite harmless. But if you should eat to excess—"

"Of course. What is it to gamble to excess?"

"To gamble to excess"—M. de Sade thought for a moment—"is to risk what one cannot afford to lose, to incur a debt one cannot pay."

"Oh, that is frightful," cried Anne. "I should die if I could not pay what I owe."

"That is what happens to some gamblers, my child. They go to some quiet spot and end their lives—or else, sometimes, they look about for a young girl with a dot—in order to commence again."

Anne was silent. Then she said, gravely, "You know that the Countess Anne is to give me a dot when I marry."

"Yes, I know it; and you think I am that gambler," he laughed, "who wishes to pay his debts with it!"

"Oh, no, monsieur," blushing furiously. "What an idea! I only wished to know."

"You will never know truly till you gamble a little yourself, Anne."

She burst into laughter.

"Why, I have only the gold pieces which the Countess Anne gives me on my birthdays!"

"Ah, she gives you gold pieces on your birthday? What an excellent idea! Why did I not also think of that?"

"But you gave me my doll Nanette, which I love far better."

"Anne," said M. de Sade, "what a memory you have! It is not possible that you still play with Nanette!"

"I do not exactly play with her," she replied, thoughtfully. "Formerly I played with her, but now—now she is, I would not say a plaything, but a companion. Do you understand?"

"Yes, I understand. But what I do not understand is that you should love Nanette at all—a thing of papier-mâché and sawdust."

"One does not think of those things. I assure you Nanette has quite the appearance of a real person."

"I admit that in the case of dolls it is permissible to trust to appearances." He made a movement to go.

"Dear Monsieur de Sade"—she seized his hand, holding him fast—"please, just one little minute more. I have something to tell you."

"I know it. That is why I am going."

She looked at him dismayed, the color deepening in her cheeks again.

"Anne," he said, holding to the hand which was slipping away, "you know that I love you."

"I know that you are always kind to me."

"That is not the same thing. No, if I listen to you, if you should tell me that you are about to gamble with what is

more precious than the gold pieces of the Countess Anne—with yourself—I should be obliged to tell you what would cause you to say 'he is unkind to me, he loves me no longer'—and to hear that I have not the courage."

The clear, unflinching eyes filled with tears. "Monsieur, I will have the courage for two."

"Oh, Anne, my child," he cried, "how like your mother you are!" He had risen and stood looking down on the rigid little figure on the sofa. One of those expansions of the heart which he affected to despise had nearly mastered him. "But no, believe me, I am right. Tell me nothing. I should bring against you all that belongs to my age—experience, knowledge, prudence—and you would answer me with all that belongs to yours—faith, and ignorance, and enthusiasm, and, alas! also indignation, and I should be defeated." Midway across the room he turned. "Anne, you have said you would die if you could not pay



"I OWE YOU A THOUSAND APOLOGIES FOR DISTURBING YOU AT THIS HOUR"

what you owe. You cost the woman whom you call mother pain and blood and tears—do not forget to pay that debt—it is a debt of honor.”

She spoke as one stunned. “No, monsieur, I will not forget it.”

“I am sure of it. Good-by, my child.”

She followed him with her eyes to the door. But he did not turn again.

Pain and blood and tears! What did it mean?

Precisely at the moment M. de Sade's valet was frantically searching for his master in the northern station, the latter was standing hat in hand in a little Louis XV. salon admiring the taste of its decoration. At the door the servant had said: Madame is not receiving; and M. de Sade had replied: Take in my card just the same; and the servant, with that fine instinct which knows when to disobey orders, had bowed in acquiescence. M. de Sade in the mean time examined the territory of the enemy. An open book on the canapé bore the title *Causeries du Lundi*, an indication which both surprised and reassured him. A vitrine filled with Sèvres and Saxe figurines interested him immensely, for he was a connoisseur of precious trifles. Its pendant on the other side of the console was devoted to jade, amid whose curious branched designs elephants with jeweled eyes paraded and Buddhas slept on teakwood pedestals.

At the rustle of a dress he turned to see a little figure with Venetian hair, whose complexion rivaled that of the shepherdess in the cabinet, holding his card in its hand and inspecting him with a frank curiosity. For a moment he was possessed by the illusion that one of the figurines in the vitrine had stepped down from its glass shelf to confront him.

“Madame,” he said, bowing, “I owe you a thousand apologies for disturbing you at this hour.”

The little figure dropped into the chair of Aubusson tapestry, self-poised and expectant.

“I have not the honor to know you, monsieur,” it said.

“That happens often in the case of celebrities,” replied M. de Sade, gallantly. “I am only one of the orchestra chairs. But I have something serious

to say to you, and when I have a serious thought in my head I have no peace till its ghost is laid.”

“Monsieur,” the little figure replied in a business-like manner foreign to Dresden shepherdesses, “I give you fifteen minutes to lay your ghost, for I also have a serious matter in hand. At half-past two I have an appointment at Drécoll's for a last fitting.”

“Let us then come quickly to the point,” said M. de Sade, sitting down beside the morocco-bound *Causeries*. “But first I must confess to you that I am an ambassador without credentials. For when one is deeply interested in the welfare of any one, in an emergency one does not wait for the formality of documents. Moreover, in this case they would not be forthcoming.”

“Monsieur counts then on his superior judgment.”

“And on your indulgence. Imagine a young girl, fearless, innocent, at that age when one defies the world in order to commit a folly. For madame, who is herself so near that age, to imagine such a—”

“They exist in every forest. Proceed, I beg of you.”

“Into the forest in question,” continued M. de Sade, “comes a man—I might even say a hunter—”

“And the folly is committed.”

“Oh no, madame, you proceed too rapidly. But on some bright morning, at Saint Roch, or under the patronage of some other distinguished member of the company of saints—”

“I understand. But I? Why should this folly interest me?”

“Because, madame, the name of this hunter is Monsieur de Balloy.”

The figure in the Aubusson chair did not move, but a look of quick intelligence passed over the face.

“Ah! So you wish me to assume the rôle of la Dame aux Camélias—to surrender Monsieur de Balloy to Mademoiselle Innocence.”

“On the contrary, madame, I wish you to keep him.”

“Monsieur l'Ambassadeur, you come too late. Monsieur de Balloy and I have quarreled.”

Here M. de Sade lost one of his precious minutes in reflection.



FAR BEYOND THE SEA FLECKED WITH WHITE SAILS, HE SAW THE WRITER

"Pardon me," he said at last, "pardon me if I am about to commit an indiscretion. But quarrels proceed from grievances. Those of Monsieur de Balloy do not interest me—but yours, if perchance they were of such a nature as to excite in you a sympathy for those who have not yet quarreled but are sure to do so hereafter—if you whose eyes are opened would consent to touch those that are yet blind—"

"Monsieur, there remain exactly eleven minutes. What do you wish of me?"

"Madame," said M. de Sade, "if your charity toward Monsieur de Balloy does not exceed that for my friend—I say friend because, as you perceive, I am too old for the rôle of lover—"

"Really, Monsieur de Sade, I believe you would make an excellent one."

"On the stage possibly. But permit me to remind you that we have but ten minutes left. You have had the grace to ask what I wish of you. In so doing you use a word which is not in the vo-

cabulary of suppliants—but if you will allow me—" He went to the desk by the window, took a sheet of note-paper from the portfolio, and began to write rapidly, conscious meanwhile that the figurine had left its seat and was standing over him.

"MADEMOISELLE,—Monsieur de Balloy aspires to your hand. In exchange he offers you—what! A heart without honor. But black as is that heart, it is mine, and I will not surrender it to you."

"You wish me to sign that?" said a voice over his shoulder. "Oh, how little you understand us! Give me the pen."

She took his place and wrote in turn:

"MADEMOISELLE,—Monsieur de Balloy aspires to your hand. The heart which he offers you I, who once believed in its promises, give you willingly. It is too black for even me."

"There," she said, looking up into his

face, "is what I will sign. Are you satisfied?"

Tears are not becoming to Dresden complexions, but the lips quivered.

"Madame," said M. de Sade, whose voice also trembled a little, "if in the three minutes which remain to us you would consent to sign the other also—a mother will know better than we which to deliver."

"Willingly—since you are a man of honor."

She rewrote the first, signed and folded both and gave them to him.

"Madame," said M. de Sade, whose voice still trembled, "you have left me but one minute in which to do what is more difficult than to ask—to thank you. Whatever the result of your"—he hesitated a moment for a word—"of your charity—"

"Oh, as to that I am indifferent."

"No, I do not believe it."

"Monsieur de Sade," she said, pointing to the clock, "the mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais is over."

"You are right. I renounce the effort—to thank you is useless."

For the first time a faint smile came into the eyes.

"Since you are one of the orchestra chairs, you might come to-morrow night to admire my new costume."

"No—after realities one does not seek illusions. But—"

She raised her hand. "No promises, I beg of you. One can do everything with promises but rely upon them." And before he could reply she had vanished through the portières.

M. de Sade took up his hat and cane, glanced once more at the desk by the window, the open book, the figurines on the glass shelves of the cabinet, at the still swaying portières. No, it was not an illusion—he held the two notes in his hand.

On the beach at Ostend M. de Sade had found a Bath chair which sheltered him from the fresh breeze off the Channel. Children were playing in the sand, erecting bastions against the invading sea. Men and women sat in groups in the warm sun or strolled along the seawall to meet the incoming steamer. But

none of these attracted his attention. One by one he took up the letters on his knee, reading them leisurely and consigning them again to their envelopes, till one—the one long waited for—remained unopened. For a long time he looked at the firm, clear handwriting of the superscription, like one who listens to a voice calling from out the past. The mere address of a letter may contain a message. Then he broke the seal.

"MY FRIEND,—What did you say to Anne that after you had gone she should fling herself into my arms with such a passion of weeping and affection? She has gone with the Abbé d'Arlot to make a visit in Freyr. Do not worry about her. At her age hearts bleed, but do not break.

"Oh, my friend— No, I will not attempt to—my heart is too full.

"Of curiosity also! By what process did you extract from that drôlesse— Ah, I know what you are saying—that my world never forgives that other. It is true.

"There was a time when your sarcasm, your irony, your nature, oppressed and fascinated me. You produced in me a kind of pain of which you alone possessed the secret—which stings and yet gives pleasure. How is it that you reverse the order of time? that years soften instead of hardening you? Would for your sake—oh, and Anne's also—that these years—

"Forgive me—what is written is written. Do you know what Raoul said to me to-day? 'There is more good in de Sade than I imagined!'

"DIANE."

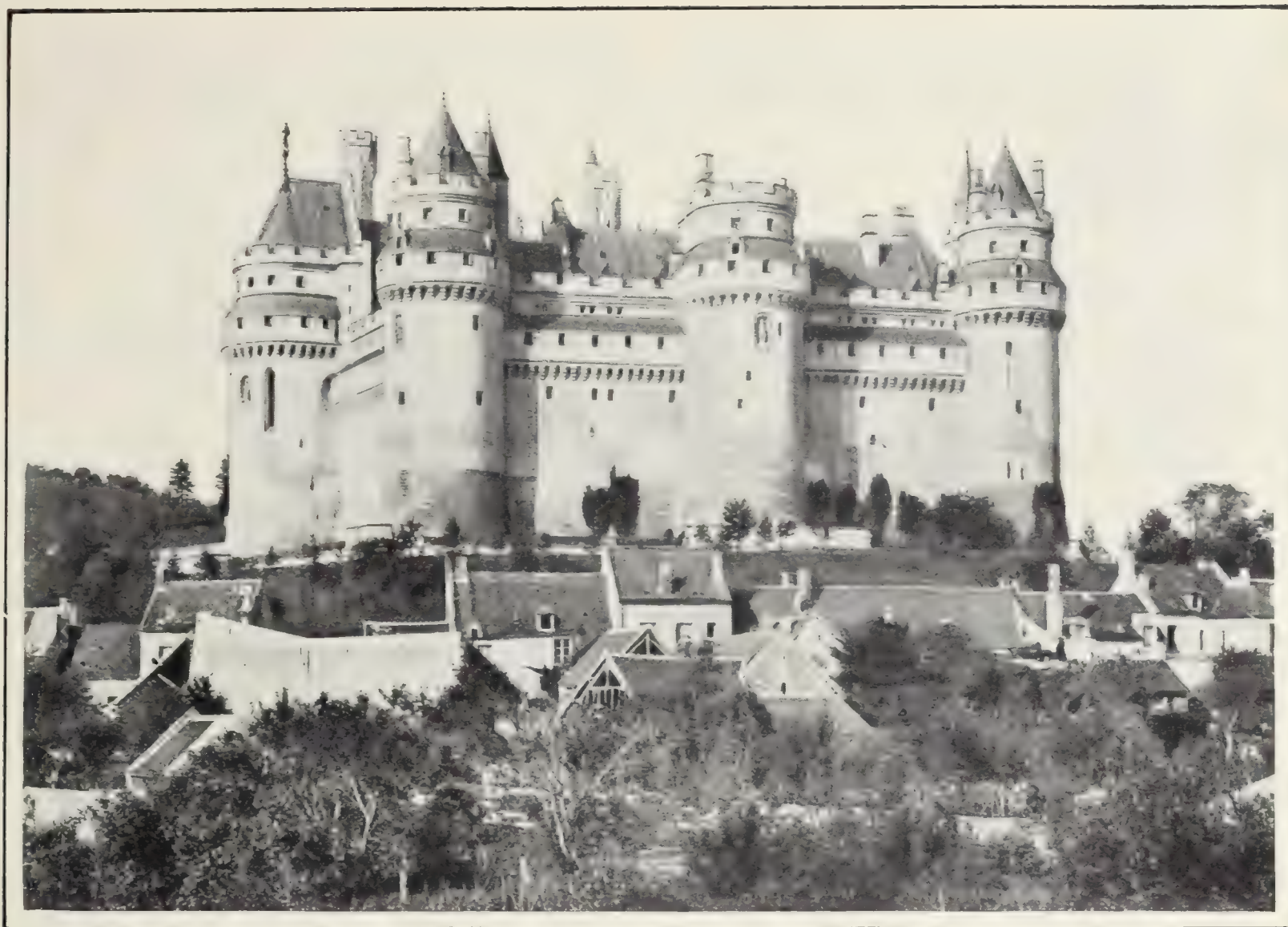
Far beyond the sea flecked with white sails, beyond the horizon banded with trails of smoke, he saw the writer as plainly as he saw the written.

"Would monsieur," said the voice of a boatman, "like to take a sail? I have a good boat and the sea is fine."

"No, my friend," said M. de Sade, "at my age one prefers havens to horizons."

The letter which he mailed that evening contained a single sentence:

"Oh, woman, woman! not to tell me which note you made use of!"



CHÂTEAU DE PIERREFONDS

My Second Visit to the Court of Napoleon III.

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone, the writer of these letters, was formerly Miss Lillie Greenough, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. As a child Miss Greenough developed the remarkable voice which later was to make her well known, and when only fifteen years of age her mother took her to London to study under Garcia. Two years later Miss Greenough became the wife of Charles Moulton, the son of an American banker resident in Paris.

Upon the fall of the Empire and the death of her husband Mrs. Moulton returned to America, where a few years later she married M. de Hegermann-Lindencrone, at that time Danish minister to the United States, and now his country's representative at Berlin. Madame de Hegermann-Lindencrone's letters describing her first visit to the court of Napoleon III. at Compiègne appeared in the August HARPER'S. Further letters telling of her experiences in Paris during the Commune will appear in a forthcoming number.

COMPIÈGNE, 27th November, 1868.

DEAR M—:

When the invitation to be a guest at the Court of Napoleon III. came my father-in-law wet-blanketed the whole thing, and I was broken-hearted. The Duke de Persigny, who happened to be at our house at that

moment, sympathized with me and tried to change the paternal mind, but the paternal mind was obdurate and all pleadings were, alas! in vain. It all cost too much—my toilettes, the necessary outlay, and especially the enormous tips to the royal servants.

I pined and pouted the whole day and

considered myself the most downtrodden mortal in existence.

Imagine my delight a few days after to receive a second document, informing us that our names had been re-entered on the list and that we were expected all the same on the 27th to stay nine days. At the same time there came a note from the Duke de Persigny in which he said their Majesties desired us particularly to come, and he added: "Tell your father-in-law that the question of *pourboires* has been settled now and forever. No more tips to be given or taken at Compiègne."

Then consent came, and I was blissfully happy.

It seems that the Emperor's attention had been called to the many very disagreeable articles in the newspapers on the subject of the extravagant *pourboires* exacted at Compiègne. The Emperor was very much annoyed and gave orders directly to suppress this system, which had been going on for years without his knowledge.

Last night we stayed in Paris to be ready at half-past two this afternoon. To describe our departure, arrival, and reception would only be to repeat what I have already written. Among the fifty or sixty guests there are many who were here then. In addition there are the Duke d'Albe with daughters, Baron Beyens, the Belgian Minister, Mr. Mallet of the English Embassy, Mr. Due of the Swedish Legation, the poet Prosper Mérimée, and many, of course, I do not know.

Strangely enough, we were shown into the same apartment we had before, which made us feel quite at home. We found tea, chocolate, and cakes on the table, and I rested an hour before dressing for dinner. We met at seven o'clock in the Salle des Fêtes, the only room in this huge château large enough to contain all the party here (I suppose there must be one hundred and twenty people), therefore it serves as reception and ball room.

The Empress looked superb in a gown of an exquisite shade of lilac. She wore her beautiful pearls and a tiara of diamonds and pearls. When she came near me she held out her hand and said she was very glad to see me. The Emperor was kind and gracious as usual.

The Baron G—— was told to take me in to dinner, and we followed the pro-

cession to the dining-room, passing the *cent gardes*, who looked like an avenue of blue and glittering trees. The Baron G—— and I are neighbors in the country, their place, La Grange, being not far from our place, Petit Val. He is not exciting, but as he knows he is dull, he does not pretend to be anything else. I was thankful for this, as I felt that I did not need to make the slightest effort to entertain him.

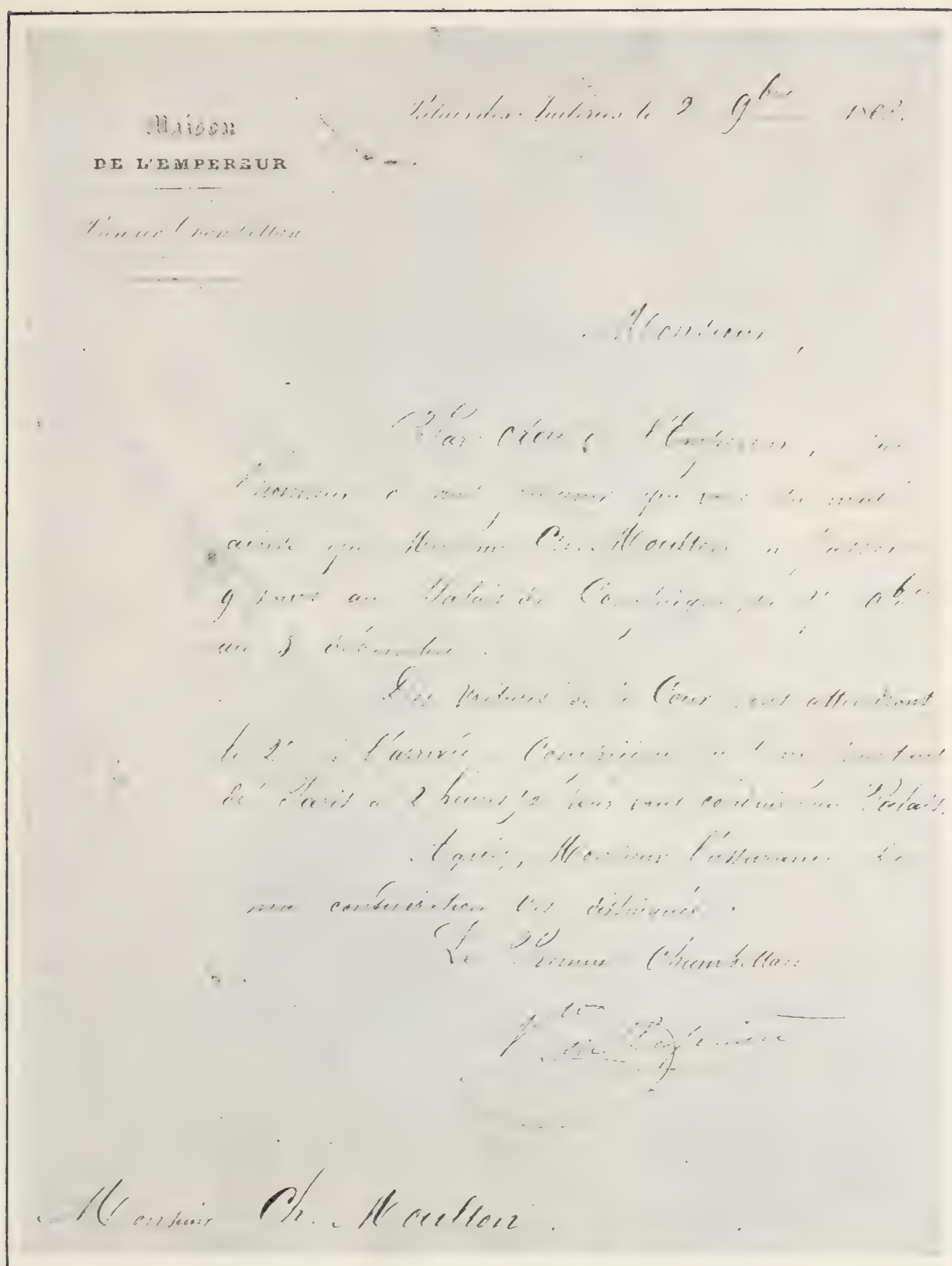
I looked about me at the table, and if I had not known that this was *la série amusante* I should never have guessed it, every one seemed so spiritless and "sans le moindre entrain," as my neighbor remarked.

No excitement this evening but the dance. Waldteufel, the composer and pianist, is suppressed! They say that the Emperor, who has a horror of publicity in private life, was very displeased last year by the indiscretions and personal anecdotes, and especially the caricatures, which appeared in the *Figaro*. The Emperor vowed that no outsiders should be invited again, therefore poor Waldteufel has to pay *les pots cassés* and we must make our own music.

Looking for a substitute for Waldteufel, a clever chamberlain discovered the "Debain piano" (a mechanical piano). You remember, I had one in my youth. How I loved it! How I used to love to grind out all the beautiful music those ugly boxes contained! I was so glad to see one again, and envied the perspiring chamberlain, who looked bored to exhaustion, having to turn the crank instead of joining the dance and turning the heads of the ladies.

It took two of them to manage the complexities of the piano, and as neither possessed a musical turn of the wrist and neither had the remotest idea of time or measure, it was very hard for us poor dancers! When one of the martyrs wanted to explain to the other what to do he would stop and forget to turn the crank. The dancers were thus obliged to pause, one foot in the air, not knowing when to put it down; and when they did put it down, they did not fall into measure and had to commence all over again. This spasmodic waltzing almost made us crazy.

As for me, I could not bear it any



THE EMPEROR'S INVITATION TO MR. AND MRS. MOULTON

longer. No chariot nor horses could have kept me away from that piano. To feel again after so many years the delight of playing it! And then I wanted to show how it should be played, so I went to the piano and took the crank out of the hands of the chamberlains and ground out a whole dance.

His Majesty walked up to the piano while I was playing and said: "But, madame, you will tire yourself. You really must stop and let some one take your place."

"If your Majesty only knew what a pleasure it is for me to play this piano!

I had one like it when I was a little girl and have never seen one since."

"Are these pianos not something quite new?" he asked. "I was told that they were the latest invention."

"They may be," I replied, "the latest improvement on an old invention, but the pianos are older than I am."

"That," answered the Emperor, smilingly, "does not make them very old."

He called one of the chamberlains, and I reluctantly gave up my place. The Count de A—— was beckoned to, and as we were about to waltz off the Emperor said, "If I danced I should like to

dance with you myself, but I do not dance."

"Then," I said, "I must dance without you."

He laughed, "You are always ready with a reply," and stood there watching us with those wonderful eyes of his. The Emperor certainly has the most uncommon eyes. When they are once fixed upon you, you feel that you cannot escape them; and never mind how far you are from him and it is his intention to speak to you, he looks directly at you and moves with a swaying motion toward you, his eyes never swerving from your face.

Here is the list of my dresses (the cause of so much grumbling):

Morning Costumes.—Dark-blue poplin trimmed with plush of the same color; toque, muff to match. Black velvet trimmed with braid; sable hat, sable tip-pet and muff. Brown cloth trimmed with bands of sealskin; coat, hat, muff to match. Purple plush trimmed with bands of pheasant feathers; coat, hat to match. Gray velvet trimmed with chinchilla;

chinchilla hat, muff, and coat. Green cloth (hunting costume). Traveling suit; dark-blue cloth coat.

Evening Dresses.—Light-green tulle embroidered in silver, and, for my locks, what they call "une fantaisie." White tulle embroidered with gold wheat ears. Light gray satin quite plain with only Brussels-lace flounces. Deep-pink tulle with satin ruchings and a lovely sash of lilac ribbon. Black lace over white tulle with green velvet twisted bows. Light-blue tulle with Valenciennes.

Afternoon Gowns.—Lilac taffetas. Light café au lait. Green faille faced with blue and a red Charlotte Corday sash (Worth's last gasp). A red taffeta, quite plain. Gray faille with light-blue facings.

Do you not think there is enough to last me as long as I live?

28th November, SUNDAY.

The Marquis d'A—— happened (I say happened, but I believe he manœuvered) to sit next to me at déjeuner, and, taking me unawares between two mouth-fuls of *truite saumonée*, decoyed me into accepting a stupendous proposition



LA SALLE DES PREUX—CHÂTEAU DE PIERREFONDS

of his, which was to help him to get up an *opérette* which he had had the courage to compose. He said the idea had just come into his head, but I thought for an impromptu idea it was rather a ripe one, as he had brought the music with him to Compiègne, and had already picked out those he thought could help, and checked them off on his lean fingers. He said that the *opérette* only had one act, which I thought was fortunate, and that it only needed four actors, which I thought was still more fortunate.

The next thing to be done was, he said, to get the singers' consent. I should have said it was the first thing to be done, but he was so bubbling over with enthusiasm that he was sure every one would jump at the chance of taking part.

He seized the first moment after their Majesties had retired to pounce upon those he had selected, and having obtained their consent, he proposed a walk in the long so-called "Treille" or "Berceau." Napoleon the First built this long walk, which is one thousand meters long and reaches to the edge of the forest, for the Queen Marie Louise. I must say I pitied her toes if she walked there often on as cold a day as to-day; I know mine ached as we paced to and fro while the Marquis explained the *opérette*. It was really too cold to stay out-of-doors, and we turned back to the little salon called the "Salon Japonais" to finish the *séance* there.

"What part am I to take?" asked Prince Metternich. As he could not be anything else, he accepted the rôle of prompter, and promised all the help he could give.

When I went to the Empress's tea this afternoon I took those questions A—— sent me from America. You know them? You have to write what your favorite virtues are, and, if you were not yourself, who would you like to be, etc., etc. I was glad to have something new

and original which might amuse people. The Empress, seeing the papers in my hand, asked me what they were. I told her that they were some questions, a new intellectual pastime just invented in America.

"Do they invent intellectual pastimes in America?" she asked. Looking at me with a smile, "I thought they only invented money-making."

"They do that, too," I replied, "but they have also invented these questions

which probe the mind to the marrow and unveil the soul."

She laughed and said, "Do you wish me to unveil my soul, *comme cela à l'improviste?*"

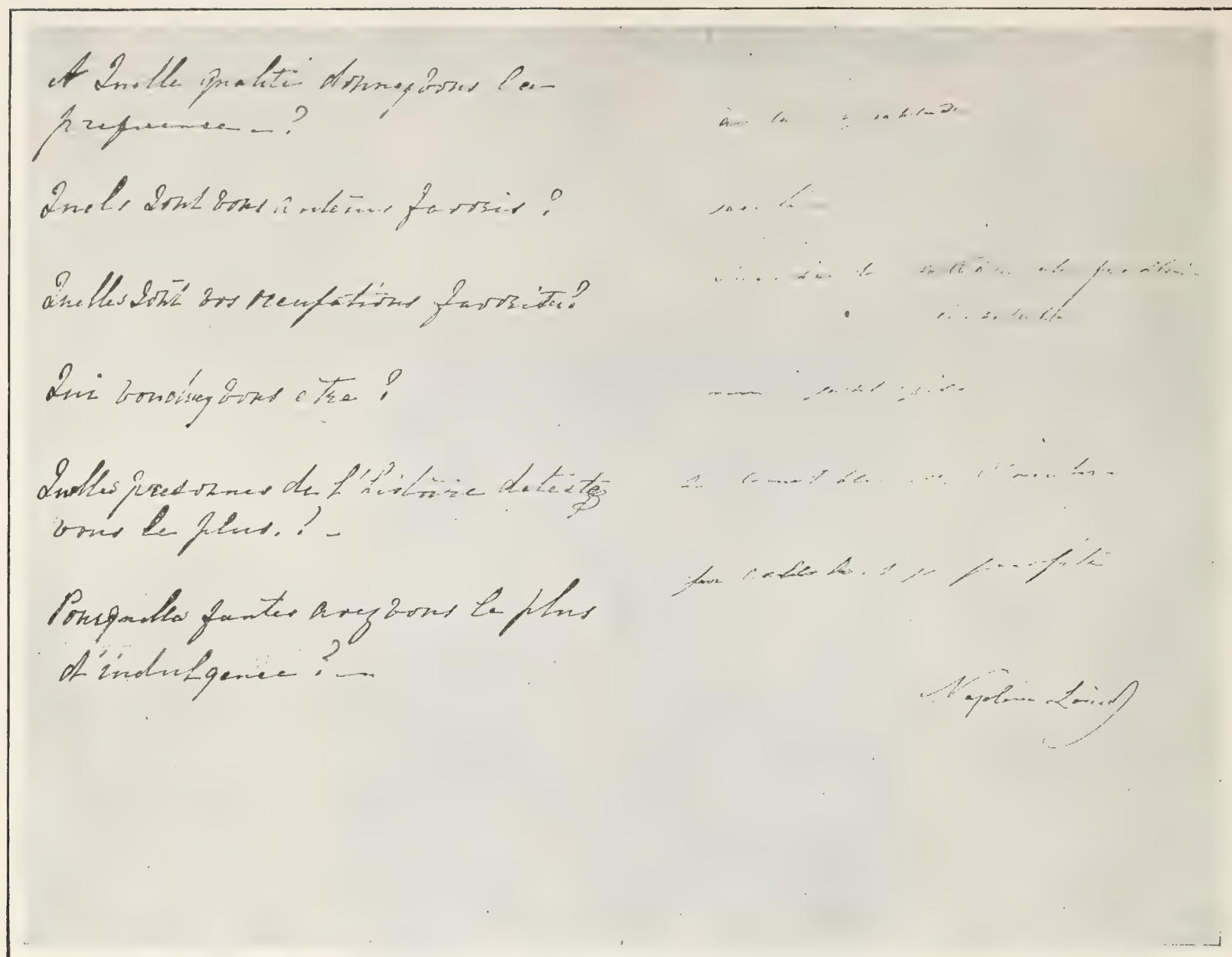
I answered: "Perhaps your Majesty will look at them at your leisure. I hardly dare to ask the Emperor, but if he would I should be so happy."

"Leave them with me, and to-morrow we will see." So I left the papers with her.

It is the fashion this year for ladies to wear lockets on a black velvet ribbon around their necks. The more lockets you can collect and wear, the finer you are. Each locket represents an event, such as a birthday, a bet, an anniversary of any kind, etc. Any excuse is good for the sending of a locket. The Empress had seventeen beautiful ones to-day (I counted them). They have a rather



EMPRESS EUGÉNIE



NAPOLEON'S SIGNATURE AND ANSWERS TO MADAME MOULTON'S QUESTIONS

cannibalish look, I think. Is it not in Haiti (or in which country is it?) that the black citizens wear their rivals' teeth as trophies on their black necks?

Who should offer me his arm for dinner to-night but Prosper Mérimée, the lion of lions, the pampered poet, who entrances all those who listen to him whenever he opens his lips.

He looks more like an Englishman than a Frenchman; he is quite old, and, I fancy, older than he looks (he may be fifty years old). He is tall and *dégagé*, with a nice smile and pleasant eyes, though sometimes he gives you a sharp and suspicious glance. He speaks English very well; I told him (stretching a point) that I had never heard a foreigner speak such good English as he did.

He replied without a blush, "I ought to speak it well; I learned it when I was a child," and added, complacently, "I can write even better than I speak."

I asked him if he could write poetry in English. He gave me a look as if to say, what business is that of yours? and

answered: "I do not think I could. My English goes just so far and no farther; I have the strictly necessary but not the superfluous."

"To make rhymes," I said, banally, "I should think one would have to know every word in the dictionary."

"Oh," he said, "I don't attempt rhymes; they are far beyond me." When he talks French he is perfectly delightful. He creates the funniest words and gives such an original turn to his phrases that you are (at least, I was) on the *qui vive* not to lose anything he says. It is like a person who, improvising on the piano, makes unexpected and subtle modulations.

He told me he had been in correspondence for over thirty years with an English lady whom he had never seen.

"Were you in love with her that you wrote to her all those years?"

"I was in love with her letters. They were the cleverest things I ever read, full of wit and humor."

"Was she in love with you or only

with your letters?" I was indiscreet enough to ask.

"How can you ask?" he said. I wondered myself how I could.

"Did she write in English and did you write in French?"

"Yes, she wrote in English," he answered, and looked bored.

"Is she dead?" I asked, getting bolder and bolder; but he would not talk any more about this clever lady, and we drifted into other channels of conversation. Too bad! I would have liked to know if the lady was still living.

I wish I could remember all the pearls that fell from his lips, but, alas! one cannot, like Cleopatra, digest pearls; but I do remember one thing he said, which was, "If I should define the difference between men and women, I would say, 'Que les hommes valent *plus*, mais que les femmes valent *mieux*.'" I wondered if this was one of the pearls he let drop in his letters to the wonderful English "bas bleu."

In the evening we danced to the waltzes of the Debain, and were obliged to tread a very spasmodic measure. The Prince Imperial, who is now twelve years old, asked me for a polka, and I had to clutch his shoulder with one hand and beat time with the other on his arm to keep any kind of rhythm in his evolutions. It is nice to see him circulating about and chatting with all the ladies.

29th November.

A message came to my room this morning to the effect that I was to sit next to the Emperor at lunch. I suppose they thought it best to let me know in time, in case I should go wandering off sight-seeing like last year, but no danger! Once caught, twice warned, as the saying is.

Therefore, when we descended to the salon, I knew what my fate was to be. The Duc de Sesto gave me his arm and deposited me at the side of his Majesty. The Duc de Sesto, generally called Pépe (Spanish for Joseph), has recently married the widow of the Duc de Morny, and though this is not exactly their honeymoon, one can see that they are very much in love; his eyes are always following her. They say that when

people asked him if he was going to marry her, he answered, "Yes, I intend to, but I shall not know where to pass my evenings!" I don't believe this, because I have heard it said of so many others.

The Emperor was in the most delightful spirits and full of *bonhomie* and fun; looking across the table at a certain diplomat (Baron F——), he said, "I never knew a person more impervious to a joke than that gentleman is," and then he went on to say that once he had told the Baron the old time-worn joke which any child can understand. (You have heard it many times, I am sure, dear mama.)

One begins by saying: "Vous me permettez de vous tutoyer." ("You will permit me to use the thee-and-thou.")

And then one says: "Pourquoi aimes-tu la chicorée?" ("Why do you like chicory?") To which the answer is: "Parce qu'elle est amère (ta mère)"—"Because it is bitter"—or "your mother.")

I had better tell the story in the Emperor's own language:

The Baron was making a call upon the Duchess of B——, one of the ladies-in-waiting of the Empress, a severe and formal person, as you know, and in deep mourning for her mother. He wished to make himself agreeable, and told her this story, saying that it was the most amusing thing he had ever heard. But he forgot to put in the part about the permission to use the thee-and-thou, and said point-blank:

"Pourquoi aimes-tu la salade?"

The Duchess, horrified at such familiarity, was speechless, and he, bursting into laughter, said without waiting for her to speak:

"Parce qu'elle est ta mère."

The Duchess arose, indignant, saying, "Monsieur, I beg of you—my poor mother died three months ago—I am still wearing mourning for her," and began sobbing and left the room.

The Baron, nothing daunted, tried a second time to relate this anecdote to a lady, forgetting to apply the thee-and-thou.

"Madame, pourquoi aimez-vous la salade?"

Naturally she hadn't the least idea what he meant, and he answered tri-

umphantly, "Parce qu'elle est Madame votre mère."

"What annoys me beyond measure," said the Emperor, "is that he goes on telling this story, and adds, 'The Emperor told it to me.'"

The Emperor laughed heartily and I did too; then he told me another amusing thing. At a ball at the Tuileries he said to a young American whose father he had met: "J'ai connu votre père en Amérique. Est ce qu'il vit encore?" and the young man, embarrassed and confused, answered, "Non, Sire, pas encore."

"It is so good," said the Emperor, "to have a laugh, especially to-day, as all the afternoon I shall be plunged in affairs of state."

I did not forget to tell the Emperor that Delsarte was wildly excited on receiving the present of tobacco his Majesty had sent him last year. I wandered considerably from the truth, as in reality, Delsarte, who is not Napoleonic in his politics, had said when I gave it to him:

"*Comment! c'est Badinguet qui m'en-voit cela.* What does he want me to do with it?" with a dark frown, but I noticed he smoked "le bon tabac" all the same, and I am sure he said (even to his best friend), "You sha'n't have any." Of course the Emperor had quite forgotten that such a person as Delsarte had ever existed.

This was a perfectly delightful déjeuner, and I shall never forget it. The numerous chamberlains were busy arranging the different amusements for the guests, putting horses, carriages, shooting, and excursions at their disposal, but we unlucky ones were in duty bound to abide by the Marquis, who had completed his troop to his satisfaction. He had enticed the two young Mles. A—— and two of their admirers to undertake the chorus; he was very grateful to them, as otherwise it would have had to be suppressed—perhaps the best thing that could have happened to it.

The Princess Metternich asked us to come to their salon (they have the beautiful apartments called "les appartements d'Appollon"), in order that we might try the music with the piano which the Prince had hired as usual for his stay at Compiègne, and which he had put at the disposition of the Marquis. The

Marquis was in ecstasy, and capered about to collect us, and at last we found ourselves stranded with the manuscript and its master, who was overjoyed to embark us on this shaky craft. He put himself at the piano, played the score from beginning to end, not sparing us a single bar. My heart sank when I heard it; it was worse than I thought, and the plot was even worse than the music, *naïf* and banal beyond words.

In the evening nothing else was talked of but the *opérette*, and the Marquis was in the seventh heaven of delight. Their Majesties were told of the Marquis's interesting intention. I could see across the room that the Empress knew that I was going to take part, for she looked over toward me, nodding her head and smiling at me.

There was some dancing for an hour, when one of the chamberlains came up and said to me that the Empress would be pleased if I would sing some of my American songs. I was delighted, and went directly into the Salle de Musique, and when the others had come in I sat down at the piano and accompanied myself in the few negro songs I knew, such as "Suwannee River," "Shoo Fly," and "Good-by, Johnny, come back soon to your own chick-a-biddy." Then I sang a song of Prince Metternich's, called "Bon soir, Marguerite," which he accompanied. I finished, of course, with "Beware."

The Emperor came up to me and asked, "What does chick-a-biddy mean?"

I answered, "'Come back soon to your own chick-a-biddy' means 'Reviens bientôt à ta chérie,'" which apparently satisfied him.

Their Majesties thanked me with effusion and were very gracious. The Emperor brought, himself, a cup of tea to me, which is very unusual for him to do, and, I fancy, a great compliment, saying:

"This is for our chick-a-biddy!"

Their Majesties bowed in leaving the room, every one made a deep reverence, and we departed to our apartments.

30th November.

The old, pompous, ponderous diplomat—what am I saying?—I should have said, the very distinguished diplomat, the same one the Emperor told me yesterday was

so impervious to a joke, honored me by giving me his baronial arm for déjeuner. I can't imagine why he did it, unless it was to get a lesson in English gratis, of which he was sadly in need. He struck me as being very masterful and weighed down with the mighty affairs of his tiny little kingdom. I was duly impressed, and never felt so subdued in all my life, which, I suppose, was the effect he wished to produce on me.

We sat like two gravestones, only waiting for an epitaph. Suddenly he muttered (as if such an immense idea was too great for him to keep to himself):

"Diplomacy, madame, is a dog's business."

"Is that because one is attached to a post?"

He gave me such a freezing look that I wished I had never made this silly remark. At the same time he unbent a little and his mind veered slightly to the leeward, and with a dismal twinkle in his eyes he launched into frivolity, his face brightened visibly, and he said, "The Emperor told me something very funny the other day."

I knew what was coming! He asked me why I liked salad. Can you guess the answer? I had many ready for him, but I refrained, and only said, "No; why is it?"

"Parce qu'elle était ma mère!" he replied, and laughed immoderately, until a fit of coughing set in; I thought there would not be a button left on him. When he had finished exploding, he said, "Did you understand the 'choke'?"

I answered, quite seriously: "I think I would understand better if I knew what sort of salad his Majesty meant."

He shook his head and said he did not think it made any difference what sort of salad it was.

I could hardly wait till we returned to the salon, I was so impatient to tell the Emperor of the Baron's latest version. As his Majesty was near me talking to some lady during the *cercle*, I stepped forward so as to attract his attention. He soon moved toward me, and I, against all the rules of etiquette, was the first to speak.

"Your Majesty," I said, "I sat next to the Baron at breakfast and was not spared the salad problem."

"How did he have it this time?" asked the Emperor.

"This time, your Majesty, he had it that you had said he liked salad, because it was his mother."

The Emperor burst out laughing and said: "He is hopeless."

It would seem as if Fate had chosen the Baron to be the butt of all the *plaisanteries* to-day. Later in the afternoon we drove in a *char-à-banc* to St.-Corneille, a lovely excursion through the woods. The carriages spun along over the smooth roads, the postilions cracked their whips and tooted their horns, the air was cold and deliciously invigorating, and we were the gayest party imaginable. One would have thought that even the worst grumbler would have been put in good spirits by these circumstances; but no! our distinguished diplomat was silent and sullen, resenting all fun and nonsense. No wonder that every one conspired together to tease him.

At St.-Corneille there are some beautiful ruins of an old abbey and an old Roman camp. When we came to the "Fontaine des Miracles," Mr. Mallet (of the English Embassy) pulled out of his pocket a Baedeker and read in a low tone to those about him what was said about the miracles of the fountain. The Marquis de Gallifet then interposed, not wishing any amusement to take place without helping it on and adding some touches of his own, saying in a loud voice (evidently intended to be heard by the Baron): "The waters of this fountain are supposed to remove"—then raising his voice—"barrenness."

"Baroness who?" asked the diplomat, who was now all alert.

Mr. Mallet, to our amazement (who ever could have imagined him so jocose?), said, quite gravely: "Probably the wife of the barren fig-tree."

"Ah," said the Baron, "I don't know them," thus snubbing all the fig-trees.

"A very old family," said Mallet, "mentioned in the Bible."

This seemed to stagger our friend, who evidently prided himself on knowing every family worth knowing. The Marquis de Gallifet, seeing his chance, hurried to tell the story of the Albe family, which the crestfallen Baron drank in with

open mouth and swallowed whole. As the Duc d'Albe was there himself, listening attentively and smiling, the story must have been true! The Marquis de Gallifet said that when Noah was ready to depart in the ark he saw a man swimming for dear life toward the boat, waving something in the air. Noah called out to him:

"Don't ask to be taken in, we can't carry any more passengers, we are already too full." The man answered: "I don't want to be taken in, I don't care for myself, but pray save the papers of the family."

The Baron looked very grave and turned to the Duke and asked in an extremely solemn tone, "Is this really true?"

"Perfectly," answered the Duke, without moving a muscle.

"The saying '*Après moi le déluge*' originated from our family, but we say, '*Nous d'abord, et puis le déluge*'!" . . .

"How interesting!" said the Baron.

Then Mr. Due, not wishing to be outdone, said *his* family was as old (if not older), having taken the name of Due from the dove (in Norwegian Due means dove) which carried the olive branch to the ark. By this time the poor Baron, utterly staggered and bewildered in presence of such a concourse of ancient nobility, did not know on which leg to stand.

I thought I had had enough of fossils and ruins for one day, from breakfast down, and so when old General Canrobert came to offer me his arm for dinner I said to myself, "This is the climax!" But on the contrary. He was so delightful and genial that my heart was warmed through.

At the ball in the evening my old General was chivalry itself. He even engaged a partner for the Lancers, and skipped about telling everybody he did not know how to dance the Lancers, which was unnecessary, as one could see for one's self later.

There are four kinds of people in society:

Those who know the Lancers.

Those who don't know the Lancers.

Those who know the Lancers and say they don't.

Those who don't know the Lancers and say they do.

My old, venerable warrior really did

not know the Lancers, but tripped about pleasantly and let others guide him. But no one could compare with him when in the *Grande Chaine* he made his Louis XV. reverence; the younger men had to acknowledge that he scored a point there.

1st December,

Count Niewekerke offered me his arm for déjeuner this morning. Count N—— is a Dutchman (*Hollandais* sounds better) by birth, but he lives in Paris. As he is the greatest authority on art there, the Emperor made him Count and "Directeur" of the *Galerie du Louvre*. He is very handsome, tall, and commanding, and has, besides other enviable qualities, the reputation of being the great lady-killer *par excellence*.

As we stood there together, the Empress passed by us. She held up her finger warningly, saying: "Take care! Beware! He is a very dangerous person, *un vrai mangeur de cœur*." "I know, your Majesty," I answered, "and I expect to be brought back on a litter."

She laughed and passed on. N—— looked pleasantly conscious and flattered as we walked to the dining-room. I felt as if I was being led to the altar to be sacrificed like poor little Isaac. His English is very cockney, and he got so mixed up with "heart" and "art" that I did not know half the time whether he was talking of the collection of the Louvre Gallery or of his lady victims. He did not hesitate to call my attention to the presence of some of them at the table.

Count N—— is as keen about the good things of the table as he is about art; in fact, he is a great epicure. As he thought well of the menu, I will copy it for you:

Consommé en tasses.

Œufs au fromage à l'Italienne.

Petites truites.

Cailles au riz.

Cotelettes de veau grillées.

Viande froide, salade.

Brioche à la Vanille, fruits, dessert, café.

"Well," said the Empress, as she stopped in front of me after déjeuner, "are you alive?"

"I am, your Majesty, and, strange to say, my heart is intact."

"Wonderful!" she said; "you are an exception."

We had the choice between going to a *chasse à tir* (without the Emperor) or a drive to Pierrefonds. I had enough of the *chasse à tir* last year, and I still see in my dreams those poor birds fluttering in their death agony. Anything better than that! I preferred Pierrefonds with its gargoyles and its hard, carved chairs.

What was my delight at the Empress's tea this afternoon to see Auber, my dear old Auber! He had been invited for dinner, and had come with the artists who are to play to-night. He looked so well and young in spite of his eighty-three years. Every one admires him and loves him. He is the essence of goodness, talent, and modesty. He is writing a new opera! Fancy writing an opera at eighty-three!

I asked what the name of it was. He answered. "'The Dream of Love.' The title is too youthful and the composer is too old; I am making a mistake, but what of that? It is my last!"

I said I hoped he would live many more years and write many more operas. He shook his head, saying, "Non, non, c'est vraiment mon dernier!"

Mr. de Lareinty said to the Empress at tea that there was an unusual amount of musical talent among her guests. He said there was a real galaxy of stars, as seldom to be found in amateurs. The galaxy may have existed, but the stars! The Milky Way seen through the wrong end of an opera-glass was nothing to the smallness of their magnitude.

The Empress caught at the idea directly, and the decree went out that there should be a concert to-morrow evening, not mere desultory singing, but singers and songs in regular order. Auber said he was sorry he could not be there to applaud us. He went with us when we went to our rooms, and then he had no idea how to find his own. After having seen him given successively to three different valets, we left him to his fate, hoping he would arrive at his destination in the course of time. When we came into the salon for dinner, Auber was already there. If he had not brought his own servant with him, he never would have been in time.

That evening the troop of the Comédie

Française played "*La joie fait peur*," by Musset. The theater was brilliantly lighted; the guests from the environs and the "fine fleur" of Compiègne filled all the boxes. The gentlemen and the officers were in the parquet. The Court and Impérial "*Invités*" sat with their Majesties in the "*Loge Impériale*." It was a magnificent sight!

Mme. Favart was most touching in her rôle, and everybody, I think, wept. Coquelin was excellent, but I do not like him so much in his pathetic rôles. After the piece he said a monologue, which was the funniest thing I ever heard. "*Les obsèques de Mme. X—*." The whole house was laughing, and most of all the Emperor. I could see his back shaking, and the diplomatic and apoplectic Baron condescended to explode twice.

The representation lasted till 10.30. The artists did not change their toilettes, but came into the salon as they were, dressed for the play. They were received with great cordiality by their Majesties. The chamberlain gave them each a little package containing, I suppose, a valuable souvenir from the sovereigns. A special train took them back to Paris.

Auber bid me good-by, saying, "*Au revoir until Paris, if you are not too deep in these grandeurs to receive a poor, insignificant bourgeois like me.*"

"You can always try," I answered. "*Bon soir et bon voyage!*"

2d December.

What a day this has been! A storm of rain and hail raged all night, and when I looked out of the window this morning I saw everything deluged in water; the park looked dismal, all the paths were full of puddles, the trees were dripping with rain, and to judge from the dark skies and threatening clouds it seemed as if worse was to follow and there might be thunder and lightning. On the programme for to-day there stood "*Chasse à courre*," but, of course, that fell into the water, as would have been its natural end, anyway, in this weather. None of the ladies donned their green costumes, as the day would be passed indoors. At déjeuner I was fortunate enough to sit between the Prince Metternich and the Marquis de Gallifet.

Prince M— asked, "What shall we do indoors this awful day?"

I proposed tableaux, but he objected. Then I suggested that one might have a fancy-dress tea-party. At last, after many wild propositions, he said, "Why not charades?"

Of course he had intended charades all the time. He asked the Marquis de G—— if he would help us.

"No, I won't," answered the Marquis, but you are welcome to my wife; she loves dressing-up and all that nonsense," adding, "It is the only thing she can do with success."

"But we want her to act. Can she?"

"Act!" said the amiable husband. "She can act like the devil!"

By the time we had returned to the salon the Prince had not only found a good word for a charade, but had decided in his resourceful mind all minor details. He thought it would amuse the Prince Impérial to join us, and he asked permission of the Prince's tutor to allow him to do so. The permission was readily given.

The Prince M—— begged Vicomte Walsh to obtain the Empress's gracious consent to honor the performance with her presence. She was very pleased at the idea of seeing her son's début as an actor, and promised to come, and even said she would have the tea usually served in her salon brought to the little theater.

Prince M—— gave us a sketch of what he wanted us to do and gave us general instructions as to our costumes and bade us to meet again in an hour. He would see to everything else: light, heat, scenery, powder, paint, etc., all the accessories would be ready for us. . . . We ladies were to be Pierrettes and dancers of Louis XV. period; the gentlemen were to represent the "talons rouges" and to have red cloth pasted on the heels of their low shoes. We could paint our faces and powder our hair after our own ideas. "But, ladies, above all do not be late," were the parting words of the Prince.

We followed his instructions as well as we could and reappeared in the theater to hear the now fully matured plans of our impresario.

The Empress was already seated before we were ready (Prince Metternich was so long painting the Prince Im-

périal). We could hear her saying, "Allons! Allons!" clapping her hands in her eagerness for us to commence.

The word was *pantalon*.

The first syllable, *pan*, was represented by the Prince Impérial. His body was visible to the waist above a pedestal. Over his flesh-colored undershirt he wore a wreath of green leaves across his shoulders, and his head was also covered with a wreath. He held the traditional flute before his mouth. No one could have recognized his delicate features, as Prince Metternich had painted his lips very large and very red and had added a fantastic mustache. His eyebrows (black as ink) had an upward tilt in true Mephistopheles style.

The scene was in a sylvan wood. The Prince had ordered from the greenhouse some orange and other trees to be moved onto the stage, which made a very pretty effect.

The Princess Metternich, in a quaint costume, was the Harlequine to her husband's Harlequin. They made a very funny love scene, because, being man and wife, they could make all their kissing real and so ridiculously loud that one could hear it all over the theater. Every one laughed till they cried, and particularly as Pan was rolling his eyes about in a very comical manner. Her other lover (Pierrot) came in un-awares, but she had time to throw a shawl over Harlequin, who put himself on all-fours, thus making a bench on which she demurely sat down. In order to throw dust in Pierrot's eyes she took from her basket a hammer and some nuts and began cracking them (to the audience's and Pan's horror) on poor Harlequin's head, eating them with great sang-froid. Prince Metternich had prudently provided a wooden bowl with which he covered his head, so that his ambassadorial skull should be spared. Pan smiled a diabolical smile and had, of course, a great success.

Talon was the next syllable. This was a sort of pantomime. The actors were grouped like a picture of Watteau. Count Pourtalès was a dancing-master, and was really so witty, graceful, and took such artistic attitudes that he was a revelation to every one. Prince Metternich (his bosom friend) exclaimed:

"Who would ever have thought it! How talent conceals itself!"

The whole word *pantolon* was a combination of colombines, harlequins, and Louis XV.'s cavaliers dancing in a circle and all talking nonsense at once. The statue Pan in knickerbockers, his wreaths still on his head and shoulders, joined in the dance.

The Empress led the vociferous applause, and Prince Metternich came forward on the stage and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are deeply flattered by your approval. There will be this evening another performance before his Majesty the Emperor of the French, and I hope you will favor us with your patronage."

There was great laughter at this.

Count Pourtales took me in to dinner. We were very glad to be neighbors. He was resting on his laurels, and I wanted to rest before getting mine (if I got any) this evening. We exchanged views on nervousness. He said he had been dreadfully nervous this afternoon. I told him I was always nervous when I had to sing; especially when I sang the first song I was hot and cold all over. "Like Alboni," he said; "she has had to give up singing in opera, she had such stage-frights." We thanked each other, after finishing dinner, for having been kind enough to let each other alone.

At ten o'clock the "galaxy" went into the Salle de Musique and the planets began to shine.

First came Baroness Gourgaud, who attacked the *mi bémol* Polonaise of Chopin. Their Majesties settled themselves in their chairs with a good-heavens look on their faces; the same was visible on the faces of most of the guests. However, she played beautifully, more like an artist than an amateur. The Empress went forward to her, holding out her hand, which the Baroness, bowing to the ground, kissed gratefully, feeling that she had covered herself with glory, as she really had.

Next Mr. de V—— (our basso) sang "Oh, Marguerite" from "Faust" without the slightest voice but with excellent intentions. Then, having the music under his hand (he was not urged), he continued and sang "Braga's Serenade," which he thought was more suited to his

voice, though it is written, as you know, for a soprano. He sang the girl's part in a mysterious, husky, and sepulchral voice, and the angel's part weaker and feebler than any angel ever dreamed of. I looked at the beautiful *plafond* painted by Girodet, and to keep myself from going to sleep counted their legs and tried to calculate how many legs belonged to each angel. Mr. de V—— said his idea was to make the contrast very strong between the girl and the angel. He certainly succeeded!

Mr. Due played some of what he calls his "sketches," which gave the Princess Metternich the occasion to say jokingly, "*Il est si doué*" (gifted). Every one was pleased. So was he.

I sang "Le Rossignol" of Alabief, in which is the cadenza Auber wrote for me. Princess Metternich accompanied me. Then I sang "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," by Gounod, a much too serious song, but the Empress said she thought it was the most beautiful one she had ever heard. I think so, too. I also sang one of Massenet's, "Poème d'Avril." He is a young composer who, I think, has a great genius and a great future. They asked for "Beware," which I sang. The Emperor came up to me (every time he gets up from his chair every one gets up and stands until he sits down again) and said, "Won't you sing the song about the shoe?"

What did he mean? I had no idea.

"The one you sang the other night."

What do you think he meant? Well, he meant "Shoo Fly!" I sang it, as he desired. I don't believe he knows yet what its true meaning is.

There is an end to all things, and our concert came to an end at last. Their Majesties with gracious smiles and thanks retired. The Milky Way faded from view, and the planets went to bed.

4th December.

At ten o'clock this morning I was surprised at hearing a timid knock at my salon door. Who should it be but the Marquis A——. He begged my pardon for disturbing me, but he wished to consult me about something he considered of great importance. He looked disheveled and care-worn, even at this early hour, as if he had not slept all night.

Would I be willing to help Count d'E—— in our duet and sing a part of his music? Otherwise he was sure it would never go. I told him it would not be easy to sing tenor, but I would see at the rehearsal what I could do. He was in despair. I tried to tranquilize him, my kindness of heart triumphing over my forebodings, and assured him that all would go well. I did not tell him that I had had a succession of nightmares last night, where I saw myself stranded on the stage, having forgotten both words and music. He told me he had been on the stage at work with the carpenters since I don't know when this morning. They had first put up "*une intérieur*," as he had ordered, but he saw that there would not be space for the eight performers (there are two scenes where we are all on the stage at once), therefore he had ordered the carpenters to change it and put on a garden scene instead.

I ate my déjeuner sandwiched between the tenor and the basso. We rehearsed our dialogues, appearing to discuss other matters, using meaningless gesture.

The Empress went directly to the Marquis after déjeuner and said, "We are looking forward to your *opérette* to-night with real pleasure, and we are sure it will be a great success." The Marquis was radiant. When we met later in the theater for our first and only rehearsal, we were delighted to find there the grand piano from the Salle de Musique.

The Marquis was dreadfully put out with me because I refused to faint on the stage. He said nothing was easier; I had only to put my arms out to break the fall and—fall. He thought that with a little practice between the afternoon and the evening I should be able to do it. I can see myself covered with bruises tumbling about over sofas and chairs, and I can see the bewilderment of any one coming into my room while I was practising this part of my rôle.

I said, "I absolutely refuse to risk my neck." He thought it was very selfish of me. One would have thought that the whole success of the *opérette* depended on my fainting. He said he could show me how to fall without hurting myself, and in trying to do so he tripped over a vase and bumped his head against the garden bench.

At half-past four my maid came to the theater to tell me that the Empress expected me to tea. I had thought she would, as she had promised the answers to those questions, and so it was. As soon as I appeared (I had had time to change my dress), the Empress called me to her and said:

"Here are the answers to your American soul-probing questions! These are mine"—giving me hers—"and here are the Emperor's. He was very pleased to write them, as it was you who asked him; besides, I think they amused him. He spent a long time pondering over each answer. You see," she added, with her lovely smile, "*nous vous aimons bien*." I was very glad to have the answers. I copy them for you.

What personal attribute do you most admire? Gratitude.

Who are your favorite authors? Tacitus.

What are your favorite occupations? Trying to solve problems that are unsolvable.

Who would you most wish to be? My grandson.

What characters in history do you most dislike? Le Connétable de Bourbon.

What faults do you find easiest to forgive? Those by which I profit.

NAPOLÉON, LOUIS.

What personal attribute do you most admire? Devotion.

Who are your favorite authors? Calderon, Byron, Shakespeare.

What are your favorite occupations? Doing good.

Who would you most wish to be? Myself.

What characters in history do you most dislike? Lopez.

What faults do you find easiest to forgive? Those which passion excuses.

EUGENIE.

What personal attribute do you most admire? Perseverance.

Who are your favorite authors? Pr. Mérimée.

What are your favorite occupations? Building castles in Spain.

Who would you most wish to be? Napoleon III.

What characters in history do you most dislike? Mazarin.

What faults do you find easiest to forgive? Gluttony.

PR. MERIMÉE.

The Empress asked kindly about the *opérette*.

"I hope your Majesties will be indulgent," I replied.

The Emperor raised his glass during the dinner, though I sat very far down the table. I suppose he wanted to inspire me with courage.

The Vicomte arranged everything for us most amiably. We rushed off to our rooms to dress. I for one was not long over my toilette, and, taking my maid, hurried through the long corridors to the theater. The chamberlain came to ask whether their Majesties should come now. Prince Metternich answered that we were waiting for them.

The commotion caused by the entrance of the audience and placing people according to their rank took a long time, Prince Metternich had long since been tucked into the small prompter's box, and the Marquis was fidgeting at the piano, after having bored the life out of us, by asking: "Do you think you know your part?" "Don't forget to," . . . etc.

In spite of our qualms, the *opérette* was not so bad, after all, and there was one moment of genuine hilarity. This was when the little fox-terrier belonging to a young lady in the chorus rushed on the stage to join his mistress, who with great sang-froid picked him up and went on singing, to the immense amusement of the audience.

The curtain fell amid great applause, as spontaneous as it was persistent, and, I hope, genuine. We stayed in our costumes for the tea in the Empress's salon.

Both the Emperor and the Empress complimented the Marquis and thanked us all separately for the pleasure they had had and the trouble we had given ourselves. The Emperor said to me, "You surpassed yourself this evening." I courtesied and asked him what he thought of the music.

He hesitated before saying, "I am not so sure of myself there, but it seemed to me that, as Rossini said of the music of Wagner, '*Il y avait des jolis moments, mais des mauvais quarts d'heures.*' All the same, it was very pleasant."

5th December.

Dear M——:

It seems nice, all the same, to be at home again. We arrived in Paris at six

o'clock, and at 7.30 I was in my bed completely worn out. However, I must tell you how our visit ended the day before yesterday. Was it only the day before yesterday? It seems months ago. At déjeuner the Princess Metternich sat on the right of the Emperor, and the Empress's brother-in-law, Duc d'Albe, gave me his "avant le déluge" arm and put me on the left of his Majesty.

I thought the Emperor looked tired and ill, and I noticed he frequently put his hand on his back, as if he was in pain. The Princess Metternich engrossed the Emperor's attention. She is so witty and lively that every one must listen when she talks. Still, the Emperor talked with me a good deal and thanked me for having done so much to amuse them;—never would they forget the pleasure they had had.

When we went up to our rooms to put on our cloaks there was no pretentious beadle demanding his fee, and our particular valet looked sad and did not meet our eyes when I tried to catch his to give a smile of adieu, and persistently fixed his gaze on something at the other end of the corridor. I rather liked the old way better, as one felt that in a measure one had made some little compensation for all the delightful days spent there. I asked my maid how the servants felt about this change. She said that in their *salle à manger* almost all the maids and valets belonging to the guests gave *pourboires*.

After we had made our adieux and had gone down and mounted the different carriages, their Majesties came out on the balcony and saw us depart. They waved their hands as a farewell as we drove off.

The journey back to Paris was a silent one. Each was occupied with his own thoughts. Prince Metternich sat in a corner talking politics with the impervious diplomat, and I wondered if this last was relating the salad's complicated relationships. We bade one another good-by, adding, with assumed enthusiasm, that we hoped to meet soon again, when perhaps we were rejoicing in the thought that we should not see one another for a long time to come.

What insincere creatures we are!

The Turning-point

BY ALAN SULLIVAN

HENDRICK'S wife stood for a long time and watched his departing form swing into the morning mist. He turned at the gate, as he always did, and, as on every day, Lois waved her hand. Then the fog engulfed him.

There was something in its soft density, in its impalpable obscurity, strongly akin to her own mood, and it held her motionless. The earth was very still, and in its silence she could detect the troubled questions of her own heart; unreasoning, unjustified, she had told herself a thousand times, but yet of an insistence that seemed almost immortal. If it were anything less than she feared, her own judgment would have revolted, but to be oppressed by love itself was well-nigh hideous. Like a creature trapped in some delicate snare she had essayed every affectionate escape, but ever as she moved toward any impression of individuality she was swamped by an adoration that left her breathless. She loved, God knew that, but life seemed to be bounded by sacrificial altars which her husband heaped anew with passionate offerings.

She had watched this grow from a bridal worship into a consuming flame that now almost choked her with its intensity, and with it grew the consciousness that her intellectual vitality was being sapped by the response it demanded. There were no little voices to answer the question; indeed, in that case there would have been no question to answer.

As she gazed, the fog lifted and daintily divested itself of garden and hedge. The horizon widened into clean, beautiful green things, and with the enlarging world her mind suddenly expanded to a solution. Doubt, misunderstanding, even resentment, it might cost all of these, but she was ready to pay the price.

Weeks later, during an evening that to Hendrick at least was full of satisfying nearness, her pent-up spirit spoke, but

there was nothing in the smooth tones that revealed the voicing of a great ambition.

"Stephen."

He looked up, and something in his gray eyes made her pause. "Yes, dear."

"I—I want to go to Europe in January with the Reynoldses."

The gray eyes opened wider. "You want to what?"

"Go to Europe with the Reynoldses. I saw them yesterday," she hastened on, "and they renewed an invitation made months ago, but I didn't like to tell you. It sounded too miserably selfish, and—"

Her words trailed out, silenced by a quick apprehension and the beating of her own heart. Hendrick stared with a puzzled wistfulness. He was conscious of a chill that seemed to radiate from the very presence which he so loved, and in which he was wont to move to his soul's great content.

It was typical of the man that his answer reflected her rather than himself. "How long do you want to be away, Lois?"

"Stephen—dear—don't put it like that; four months," she added, gazing at him with beseeching eyes. "Husband, I don't want to go unless you want me to. I know how it must sound; but trust me and send me."

At the words, Hendrick, in spite of himself, fell to thinking how immeasurably she had trusted him, and they struck him with a strange direct reasonableness. He had told her a thousand times of his utter dependency, he had felt it most in those too-rare moments when she had faintly responded to his adoration, but now her detachment from the sheltering arms impressed him with a sudden respect.

"Lois, dear one, of course you can go. I can just dimly guess what it will all mean to you. I'd trust you out of this world into the next. You know you're all I've got."

She was conscious at once of an absolute dissolving of his soul in her own. Often and again she had been burdened with a sense of the lodgment of Hendrick's spirit in her breast, till her very thoughts were colored by an unnatural duality. She had reckoned that her husband would let her go and had read him truly enough, but it was fate that the very thing from which she fled should open the gates.

There was a mingling of eyes, a long interchange, even intersearching, of soul that filled her with a sudden fear. Then Lois had a glimpse of herself standing alone, uninfluenced and unconstrained, and to the vision her whole nature mounted in eager response.

She told him what a woman tells to the man who has displaced all others in her heart by the sheer weight, not the sheer joyousness, of his love. Hendrick, with a mind in a riot at her departure, was nursed through mood and tense by a wise devotion that never slackened to the hour of Lois's sailing. He was hungry for her, and she knew it. He remembered vividly what even their short separations had meant to him; he could understand her longing, but was baffled by her willingness, to go.

The parting was a loving deception, which, however, deceived neither. Hendrick's prospective loneliness appalled him, but he said nothing; his wife's happy visions vanished and she gave no sign. It was just one of those little domestic tragedies which were being enacted all around them, but which they shared for the first sharp time.

Soon the throb of the vessel awakened her to a keen perception that seemed to pierce her years of indecision. She felt suddenly as if the torrent of her husband's worship had been bridged by some structure that carried her over its impetuous flood, and on the other side waited a thousand new and beautiful things.

The vast empty horizon, the gigantic sweep of the hard blue sky, the clean wind breathing over the salty leagues, the cleft waves racing along the smooth black side—all these inoculated her with a sense of new existence that was entrancing. She was so delightfully alive, and in a way so emancipated, that in the very uncertainty of the future lay

its charm. It was like the soaring of a singing lark into rare and odorous space.

Some suggestion of what it all meant to his wife, and blind faith, at least in her judgment, sustained Hendrick for the first few days; then the inflexible demands of his position engulfed him for a time. It was a work to which he gave his best, but there had always seemed a grim irony in the destiny that made him the superintending engineer of a huge factory. His evident, palpable life moved through a maze of mechanical creatures of his own contriving. His office was the nerve-center of the factory. His domain was peopled by countless diligent machines and vibrated with the movement of vast powers.

Now he looked to all this for some expression it had never yielded before, and sought forgetfulness of loneliness.

There was something else to which he turned instinctively, something guarded almost fiercely from those who knew him best—it was the consciousness of his almost dual life. One existence, ostensible and productive, mirrored the man to his friends, a progressive, active engineer; the other revealed a shy, sensitive personality, subjective and imaginative. One part of him gave orders, bore responsibility, did the work, and comported itself normally and methodically; the other—and this was to him his active and real self—was swayed by spiritual emotion and fragments of his dreams.

The isolation he dreaded closed in. He felt it in the sudden first distaste of his work. All the necessary little crudities of it became unbearably wearisome, more, even repellent, till out of them rose a strange distrust of his own powers. He found himself pointless and inefficient. Then, because his essential faith was shaken, he essayed the other self.

In the midst of a questioning mood he was summoned to the power-house, where throbbed the rhythmical giants that vitalized the factory. One of the engines, a huge Corliss, was intractable. She was petted, oiled, rubbed, and polished till her vast smooth limbs shone like silver. Her foundations groped deep in the earth, her fly-wheel bisected the place with its burnished rim, and Hendrick stood studying her vagaries with his foreman. There

were little questioning pauses that only an engineer could note—small irregularities that betrayed themselves in a flicker on the switchboard. A thousand horsepower was at work, but the horses were not pulling together.

He reviewed the engine's former ailments as a surgeon does the past history of a patient, then a forefinger was laid on a rocking metal block. "Your trouble is in here, Bob. It's nothing but valves—dirt in 'em. We all get something in our valves occasionally; mine need overhauling now. There, watch her slow down. Better take them out to-night. I'll come if you want me."

Bob shook his head with something of relief. "You needn't come, sir; that's all right." Then as they turned to the door he hesitated, and blurted, "There's something else, Mr. Hendrick; I meant to speak of it before, but—" his words died out in a strange confusion, and Hendrick looked at him, puzzled.

"Well?"

"It's not exactly engines, either." He actually blushed. "We got a man child over at our place last week, and—and—I want you to godfather him, if you're agreeable. We named him after you."

It was all so remote from anything he had expected, and there was such a moving homeliness about it, that Hendrick stared, with a sudden rush of longing in his own heart. But Bob's grime-streaked face was impassive, and a pair of steady gray eyes demanded an answer. His hand went out and rested on the foreman's shoulder.

"You honor me, Bob—and I envy you; and I'll do my best for the lad." Then his palm collapsed in the grip that took it.

For days his mind was surcharged with questions that would not be denied, and for the first unforgettable time doubt entered. His confidence in himself, his wife, his work, vanished, and even aspiration did not move him. The full tide of her passionate response must ultimately mingle with his own worship. He had believed this and lived toward it. Every flight of his restless spirit was buoyed by it, but he also knew that his was a love that must satisfy itself by eye and ear and touch and caress, and that for lack of these the very tissue of life was consuming in intensity of longing.

Thus her first letter found him. He devoured it eagerly, rapturously, then with a slow, deadening comprehension that it was not the message he craved. He did not want such gentle thanks or photographic details of a delightful trip, but a sign that no imagination could ever read into these modulated lines. Rubbing the thin sheets between his fingers, as though to extract some fiber of the life that had inscribed them, he was suddenly whirled into a revulsion of feeling. He was wrong—by God! he was all wrong. He was pouring himself out to one who would never, never see him as he was. It was a violation of his inmost spirit.

The dull thunder of the factory drifted in through an opening door, and his mind pitched mechanically on the intractable Corliss. That was it—adjustment—his own valve motion was out of order; they both needed adjustment. Then in a flood of sentimental revolt he wrote:

"I feel that my point of view about our marriage has been too intense, and may even have made it hard for you. I have always thought that I was only half alive unless I was in some way expressing my love for you, and wonder that you have never found me too emotional for a normally comfortable life. Now that you are not here, everything is strangely changed, and I have pent up within me what I have so long poured out on you, and honestly, dear, it frightens me. At this moment I have a dreadful longing for you to pull my head down on your shoulder, and lavish yourself upon me as you never have. It will relieve you to know that I have decided to be more of the standard husband and reorganize myself for our mutual benefit. This will take a little time, and it's rather a painful process, so it is just as well you will not be here.

"I am vexed to confess that I have not been able to do any writing since you left. The springs of imagination seem to have dried up. Everything all right here, except one engine that insists on sulking like its master."

Utter weariness took him, and he experienced illimitable loneliness, such as must sometime come to those whose highest existence is to waste themselves



Drawn by John A. Williams

THE ENGINE-ROOM HAD DROPPED INTO A STRANGE SILENCE

on one beloved. This second parting was worse than the first. He was crushed beneath the Juggernaut of his own idealism.

His mind did not veer into contemplation of what might have happened had he married another, nor did he even distantly imagine the possibility of seeking companionship elsewhere. Up to the day of their meeting, his heart had been like some broad, untenanted plain over which swept the free and taintless winds of heaven. He had unconsciously kept himself unspotted through a certain fine, delicate instinct, and because he vibrated to the beauty and mystery of life, and so, through all the subtle progress and change of mind and body there was being stored up within him a flame of pure and noble passion. Through this he lived and labored. It was his vehicle of expression, his inspiration, his solace, the great and reasonable reason for everything. He had not dreamed that it would burden his wife; he would never have dreamed it, save in the ghastly loneliness of days that were. Now the sudden sensing of this unimaginable thing worked like a dull and creeping poison in his brain.

Weeks later he was walking through the factory a half-hour before the day's end. Everywhere desperate haste was visible. Men stood impatiently beside machines that marked time to their own impatience. Vistas opened of power, method, and production. It was all perfect in its own way, and his work was better than himself.

Suddenly the long ranks of incandescent lights rose and fell again and again from an intense, unwonted brilliancy to a dull red. The electric motors varied their speed with them, till the room was full of a vast rhythmical palpitation. The balance of things was gone.

The hands stepped back nervously from their work and looked after Hendrick, who was running toward the powerhouse. As he reached it, Bob dashed in ahead of him.

"Quick, Bob," he shouted; "shut her off!"

The foreman jumped at the handle of the steam-valve controlling the racing Corliss, but it would not turn; the swaying of the engine had jammed it fast.

He pulled desperately, and a quick grayness mounted into his cheeks.

"Jump, sir, jump; the wheel is going!"

Close beside Hendrick the great fly-wheel flashed through the air, its glistening rim like a streak of flying silver. Then, in the roar of gathering destruction, came a small voice with a question to the engineer. Instantaneously there dropped a calm in the center of this cyclone, and he remembered that if the governor-chain could be broken the engine must stop; if not, catastrophe waited.

He swung toward it a little uncertainly, for he was a strong man and loved life; then, with a vision of his wife's face, with her name on his lips, flung himself square across it.

He was borne like a leaf on its sharp surface back to the clattering valve-motion. It tightened across him, stretched—and broke with a sharp snap. Instantly the safety mechanism clicked into action. A shudder ran through the whole gigantic frame, as if blind fury shrank appalled from the sacrifice, and the speed of the great wheel began to slacken. Then slowly, with grinding and groaning of ruptured metal, it came to rest.

The boiler valves roared out their pent-up energy. The factory, plunged suddenly into darkness, echoed with the sound of running, stumbling feet, and a multitude of men raced into outer safety. The engine-room had dropped into a strange silence. In the dusk of the winter evening its gigantic tenant loomed monstrous and forbidding, and beside it Bob knelt on the floor over the limp and twisted body of his chief.

Lois and her companions, the Reynolds, raced through the major portion of Europe in a breathless American fashion. The journey resolved itself into a series of hasty packings and unpackings, but they finally arrived in Algiers, fortified by having at least been in close proximity to a number of interesting things.

Beneath the palms of their hotel the last remnants of her resolve for self-improvement vanished. The easy, care-free acceptance that had, in her friends, seemed at first so irresponsible, became at once the most delightful and natural of views; and, if her mind groped at

first for its fleeting Puritanism, she soon lost herself in the mystery and beauty of a wonderful world. Now, as ever, the plain, uncompromising West yielded to the spell of the immemorial East.

It was on the knees of the gods that Kingston should have been at the hotel; Kingston, with his long, lank figure, his delicate, nervous hands and inscrutable eyes. There was a strain in him that answered to the call, and involuntarily, once a year, he deserted his studio and drifted in silent contentment to Algiers. Something like weariness of the praise of his plutocratic clients seized him with an annual disgust that would only be smoothed out in this semi-tropical Nirvana. There was a restful depth in the atmosphere of mountain, city, and purple sky to which he turned with a vast satisfaction. It could always be depended on, it was always responsive, and it never talked, and this was balm to Kingston.

He surprised himself no less than his friends by demanding an introduction to Lois, and even felt a faint thrill of pleasure as he met the timid inquiry in her brown eyes. She had heard of Kingston, she had seen his picture in the Metropolitan, and had dimly wondered at the quality of mind that could translate such beauty. Now, meeting him, she saw not so much the painter himself as his last great work—the gray walls of the Kasbah, the white, tortuous streets of the ancient city, and behind all, the blue haze of the Atlas hills. It was reasonable that all this should invest him with interest, and that he should seem the personification of all that this new, strange journey could offer her. He was different from any man she had ever known. His character unveiled itself in fragments that seemed each to suggest something still more characteristic, and his cynicism, tempered to a needle-point, was too delicately perfect to wound.

In the Georgia gardens she first spoke freely of herself, and he listened with a grave deference modulated by an elusive twinkle.

"I feel almost wicked to be so happy so far away from home, and yet—"

"Yet what?" he said, watching her beneath his drooping lids.

"Something here seems to literally take hold of me; I can't explain."

"That's the way of the East; of course you can't explain; the charm would break if you could. But I don't see any depravity in your happiness."

She laughed, and his eye caught something of the light in her own. "If I may have a guess, you take things too seriously. Don't; it spoils everything."

"For instance?" she hazarded.

Her silence was inviting, and he drawled on. "I used to slave and be very serious over it, but I didn't do good work. People wouldn't buy, and I don't blame them. Then I realized that what the world wants is the lighter touch, not the heavy hand, so I got over all that. As to pleasure, it's much the same thing—some people work over it, but I don't. And the same thing applies to the other great occupation."

"Which?" she smiled.

"Love," he said, slowly.

Lois's mind flashed to Hendrick in his throbbing factory, and suddenly wondered why she had never even seen it.

"I would like to know what you think of that; since I am happily and safely married," she added.

He lit a cigarette and watched a ring of smoke curling into the breathless air. "That is as it ought to be, and I congratulate him, so what I say doesn't apply to you. I know people, however, who are so painfully in love that they can't forget it for a moment. Their friends feel as though they were in some hallowed presence and had forgotten to rub their spiritual feet on an ethereal mat. Now I call that positively indecent; besides, it is fatal to individuality, it is too absorptive."

Lois stared at the flannel-clothed oracle whose careless shaft had sped so straight.

"But some people are made like that," she said, in faint, feminine confusion; and then, nerved by some swift instinct of protection, "When it's real, it is beautiful."

"It may be. Not knowing, I can't say; but extremity of devotion ought to be kept at home in a cupboard and only taken out occasionally. When a man has a seizure like that, only one woman is beautiful, not all, and it is not fair to the sex. Where would your poets and painters come in if they concentrated? Think it over."



Drawn by John A. Williams

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"EXTREMITY OF DEVOTION OUGHT TO BE KEPT AT HOME IN A CUPBOARD"



She did think it over, and through her thoughts moved also Kingston's figure. It seemed impossible for him to be serious, but his quizzical humor was touched with a wide experience.

Hendrick's letter came, a potent reminder of actualities. Why should he speed her holiday and then cloud it with the tale of his own loneliness? His attitude, if not his words, condemned her absence, and it filled her with a mute resentment. He might at least have waited until he had found himself. All through the letter ran the suggestion that he had given more than he had received. This roused her, till into her wounded heart filtered a slow understanding. He had come to the turning in the road that she had longed for, but more quickly than she had ever dreamed.

This almost too sudden fruition of her plan filled her with uncertainty of her own powers. Had she dropped a staff to take a reed—herself—to lean upon? Then, suddenly conscious of the nearness and beauty of the new life, she kissed the letter. "I am so sorry, dear," she whispered, "but, oh, so thankful!"

She was never so much in love with living as at that moment. She could not trust herself to answer yet, and the letter lay in her bosom like a passport to a new world.

The next day Kingston did, for him, a very unusual thing, and headed a luncheon-party to the Kasbah. When the rest of her friends had disappeared into the gray ramparts, he stretched himself at Lois's feet. There was something about his loose-jointed ease that fitted into her relaxing mind; and for a long time neither spoke. There was much, indeed, that spoke to them, and below and beyond an exquisite world smiled up, breathing a sharp, sensuous beauty.

Then Kingston's voice came in, slow, even, and uncolored. He told her of his own life, of his placid if youthful defiance of a moribund school of painting, of his sudden success and subsequent prosperity. Through it all he seemed to have won out by independent diffidence. He knew many men and most places. He had wandered everywhere, care-free and casual, and, as Lois listened, she heard unfolded the intimate things that lie behind common knowledge.

More than anything his quaint individuality held her. He detached himself gracefully from stress or strain and looked down with humorous cynicism on a toiling world—and yet his chief characteristic was brains.

Lois found herself envying him these things for Hendrick. She had the feminine attribute of imagining possibilities where none existed, and, like many wives, credited her husband with latent powers that only awaited their appointed time. Kingston, wise, witty, and restful, with the world at his feet because he had dared to despise it, lounged at the goal to which her husband must win.

Over her reverie came the African twilight, and the dusk brought them to the cactus-guarded gates of the hotel. As she turned to thank Kingston for his escort a boy ran up with a cablegram, and handed it to her. With a sudden tightening of the heart she tore it open and read:

"Hendrick seriously injured. Outcome doubtful. Return at once.

UNITED MANUFACTURING."

She stood motionless for a time, and then raised a white face to Kingston. Her eyes were pitiful with a dumb, stricken terror, and she held the message out to him helplessly.

"Poor little girl!" he said, softly. "Poor little girl!"

She remembered but little of the next hours save that in the flash of this lightning stroke was born a strange and consuming love of her husband. She felt her soul awake. A thousand unheeded happenings sprang into precious reality of meaning, and she recoiled from the thought of herself.

Kingston quickly changed to the man of action. He found the sailing of the *Messagerie* boat, which was the same evening; he secured places on the Paris train and telegraphed for a berth on the *Harmonic*, which it was just possible to catch.

Lois moved blindly through all the hurry of departure. A horrible sense of distance crushed her. The Mediterranean slid slowly by; Marseilles vanished in a blur of yellow light; Paris was a succession of long streets between two

stations; and then, at last, the *Harmonic* thrust her sharp bows out of Cherbourg harbor.

She was conscious of nothing but a dreadful desire to get to him. The horizon mocked her, and over the gray blankness of the sea came memories, insistent, searching, and not to be denied. She began dimly to see that Hendrick's passionate abandonment of worship had raised him to spiritual heights that few men ever reach, that he was drunk with the beauty and mystery of love, and that she had unconsciously fed on this, even though some lesser part of her nature had rebelled. In dire uncertainty she felt a sickening remorse at having coveted for him attributes she did not think he possessed. Now—she prayed to enter again into his life, not as before, but entirely trusting and thankful.

Wireless messages told her that he was fighting for life; they could not in fairness tell her more. She did not know the nature of his accident; the vast forces of which he spoke so lightly had always seemed too subdued to threaten him. Then, as the end of the voyage approached, the bulletins grew less hopeful, and she shrank at the thought that this might be in preparation for the end.

The ocean narrowed to a bay, and with the pilot came one of the partners of the United Manufacturing Company—a cheery, middle-aged man for whom Hendrick had entertained a great respect. He took her hand in a gentle, almost affectionate grasp, and in the short hour that was left told her all. He told it as a father might of his son, and as the ship slowly passed up the Jersey shore he pointed to the tall stacks and vast bulk of his factory.

"There are a hundred men there who daily thank him for their lives."

Lois looked and shuddered. She could not speak. As they drove to the hospital, something in her brain was hammering, "He lives, he lives—he must live," and, as she ran up the steps, Bob stumbled out.

The big man's face was distorted and his eyes were red. His head went up at sight of her and his great hands closed over her own.

"God help you, mum. I can't stand for it. I'm going home to my woman."

The simple phrase cut deep to a heart

already well-nigh broken; that was what her husband had been wanting to do. Then she was taken to his room, and stopped, panting, at a closed door. Some one opened it and she faced a screen. The room was in a half-light, and the penetrating hospital odor was everywhere.

From behind the screen came the babble of a thin voice that rose and fell and continued ceaselessly and called: "Yes. Yes. Good-by, Lois. Valve motion, Bob, dirt in it, nothing else; we all get dirt in our valves. You're too fond of No. 3, Bob; it isn't good for either of you. Everybody get readjusted."

A nurse's hand motioned, and Lois stood beside him. The wreck of his broad, strong figure flung itself restlessly across the bed. His face was unmarked, but the unseeing eyes that met hers were dreadfully bright; they seemed to belong to the shadow of a man—this was her husband.

A blinding wave swept over her, and she looked imploringly at the nurse, who nodded in a depth of sympathy. Then she flung herself beside the bed and drew him to her heart.

At the touch he drifted into a strange calm, and lay with blank eyes gazing up into her own, as if wondering why any one should hold him thus. Then her face bent close against his own and her soul spoke through trembling lips: "My husband, can you hear me? I want you, Stephen; come back to me; I want you; come back, beloved."

The world stood still for a moment to watch the miracle of love. As the infinite pleading in her voice reached down through the tortured channels of his brain, the spirit heard and knew. Amid the shadows it vibrated to the one chord that was deathless. The mysterious process of his transition thrilled and halted at this divine infusion. His wife's arm held him closer, and Reason slowly won her way back to the empty throne. The tense body relaxed in her embrace, the fire softened in his eyes, the lids fluttered and dropped slowly down. He sighed once, like a weary child, and lay still, with his head at last upon her breast.

An eternity sped by, but she dared not move. Then a hand was laid gently on her shoulder, and she looked up to see the doctor. He was smiling.



THE OLD PRIORY, ABINGDON

The Thames

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

WHAT appeals to one in the Thames more than anything else is its sense of intimacy. I am talking, of course, of the pleasure portion of the stream, not the business. Mr. Henry James once asked if the English could really be said to deserve London. If London includes the tidal reaches of the Thames, they do not deserve it. For here lies this magnificent highway, neglected, and, for all transportation purposes that are not purely industrial, useless and worse than useless. Time was when the Thames played its full part in the pageant of metropolitan life, when it was almost as much a thoroughfare as the Strand, and when every Londoner had made the trip from Chelsea to Greenwich. And what a

trip it was, and still is for those who are unfashionably original enough to venture on it. To steam past the miles of warehouses and docks that line each bank, past the Pool of London that Turner so loved to paint with its myriad masts against a sunset sky, past the very heart and center of the world's shipping, dodging in and out among strange craft manned by the seamen of all nations, and so dropping slowly down to Greenwich, where you landed to stroll in the park, glance at the famous Observatory that regulates the maps of all the world, and take a six-course dinner of fish, and fish only, at the Ship Inn—all this made up an experience not to be had elsewhere and well worth going through. But now, alas! the Ship Inn is no more,



OPENING THE LOCK GATES

and the whitebait dinners it used to furnish once a year to the assembled Cabinet have become a mere tradition; and you could cross-examine all your London acquaintances for a week on end without coming across one who had been on the Thames below London Bridge.

It is not of these lower reaches that one thinks in insisting on the intimacy, the coziness, the confidential allurements of the Thames, but of the river above Teddington, above the locks, and all the way to Oxford, where steamers seem sacrilegious, barges an incongruous impertinence, and where the summons is altogether to enjoyment and not at all

to use. Steamers, it is true, ply regularly from May to October up and down these placid waters, and if time presses you may take your seat in one of them and cover your fifty swishing miles a day. But it must be on the understanding that you miss thereby the true beauty and distinctiveness of the river, that you are on the Thames but not of it, and that as you fill three-quarters of each lock or send great waves bowling beneath the willows, not only the real Thames lovers in the rowboats, but the very water-rats peeling rushes on the banks, are entitled to look reproach at you. For your presence there in such surround-



OLD BRIDGE NEAR SUTTON, COURTNEY

ings, however you may excuse it, is an offense that is little less than treason. You are on a steamer—and there are miles upon miles where the Thames is not more than thirty or forty yards wide. You dominate it, you bestride it; you are as out of place as a four-in-hand in a country lane; and the swirl of the waters in your wake, rebounding from either bank, shows the painful, complaining effort of the stream to receive and support its monstrous burden. The tortured banks, the troubled river craft, the tossed rushes, plants, and grasses, and the commotion among the wild life of the stream, all register you a graceless, obstreperous intruder.

And then, again, on a steamer you are one of a crowd; and the Thames is not meant for crowds, but for individuals in pairs. Its case is just the opposite of the Hudson's, on whose majestic breadth anything smaller than an Albany day-boat seems lost, and the grim grandeur of whose cliffs makes companionship as natural as on the Atlantic wastes. But the Thames is consecrated to the single and double sculler, the punt, the Canadian canoe, the small electric or motor launch; to easy, dawdling talk; to chosen, unpromiscuous society. It is not majestic; it has no grandeur; it is simply, softly, and shyly beautiful. And the way to get to the heart of its beauty is not to rush down it in mid-stream, but

to loiter about on its restful waters, to explore its secret nooks and surprises, its backwaters and tributaries and islets, to land when you come to any village that looks particularly tempting, to tie up



ON A THAMES STEAMBOAT

under a willow or bury yourself and your boat in a clump of rushes when you feel like it, and never to be one of a party that is intent on "doing" it. You can see more of the real Thames by a day's judicious sculling of ten or fifteen miles than by covering the whole distance between London and Oxford in a steamer.

And to my mind there is no better starting-point, if you wish to compass the best that the Thames has to offer, than Maidenhead, some sixty miles below Oxford and some thirty-five above Richmond. Its only drawback as you push off in your boat—and what boats these Thames boats are!—long, narrow, light, luxurious, springing to the stroke of the oar like a horse to the whip—its only drawback is that it brings you at once to a stretch of scenery that you know by instinct is too good to last. First there is Boulter's Lock, through which everybody who is anybody feels mysteriously bound to pass on the Sunday after the Ascot races, and where even on less obligatory Sabbaths you may see the fashionable side of Thames life at its best, the men in their whitest, the women in their gayest, and the water in the lock all but hidden from view beneath the packed jumble of launches, rowboats, punts, and canoes. Then, as you emerge

up-stream, you are greeted on the right by the rich, deep, towering sweep of the Cliveden Woods, tumbling in cascades of beech down to the river's edge for two shimmering miles, broken by inviting glades and exquisitely harmonious cottages, boat-houses, and landing-stages, and crowned by the famous white mansion; while on the left there are other woods and a succession of riverside houses, each with its faultless lawn and gardens sloping to the water's brink; and higher up you skirt what is perhaps the most enticing of the many beautiful islands on the Thames.

The overture, as I said, is perhaps too perfect; nothing that comes after, not even the dark grace of the Quarry Woods at Bourne End or the flaming beeches of Hart's Wood above Pangbourne in a late September sunset, quite equals the suffusion of its tender, penetrating charm. And yet the more one sees of the Thames the more one hesitates to

pronounce this bit or that "the best," or to decide under which of its bountiful and varied aspects it makes the surest appeal. The selection of the worst bit offers less embarrassment. Unanimously it is awarded to the mile or two of suburb, flatland, chimneys, and railway embankment that usher in the town of Reading, once renowned for the magnificence of its Benedictine Abbey and now for its bulbs and its biscuits. But to dogmatize as to which is the choicest vista or the loveliest reach on the Thames is really as hopeless and as puerile as to choose between Shakspeare's sonnets.

If you have seen



THE VILLAGE STREET, DORCHESTER



AT A RIVERSIDE HOUSE—BREAKFAST ON THE LAWN

the Cliveden Woods in the brimming glory of July you will say that nothing can surpass them. But you will say the same of the Hurley backwater if you creep into it some morning in late May, when the chestnut blossoms and the hawthorn overarch its pellucid waters and the kingfisher is diving for his morning meal. And you will say the same of Sonning with its clustered islands and chalets and old red bridge, and of the twin villages of Goring and Streatley, and of Mapledurham Lock with its Tudor manor-house, its weir and embowered mill, as you approach them through the haze of the September twilight; the same, too, of the noble reach at Henley, surely during Regatta week the cleanest, prettiest, and most joyous scene that the August sun ever shone on; the same also of Dutch-like Abingdon as you steal some mellow afternoon upon its thousand years of quaintness; the

same again of some stretch too familiar, too typical of England and the Thames to be remarked at the time, but rising before one in retrospect with rare and compelling quietude of effect—just wooded hills on the one side sloping down to the clear stream and mirrored in its waters, and on the other, where the towpath runs, the green, kine-studded meadows stretching away to the smiling uplands.

So that on the whole one leaves the problem comfortably unsolved. It defies any finality of settlement, as all problems must that are matters of moods and months. There are times when the vivid confusion and jollity of a regatta that is one-fourth racing and three-fourths a brilliant *al fresco* picnic seem needed to bring out the perfection of the background; and when the river without its dazzle of houseboats, thronging craft, men in spotless flannels, and women in



THE COURSE AT HENLEY BETWEEN THE RACES

the witchery of their gossamer radiance, seems hardly to be the Thames at all. There are times, too, on the evening of some such carnival, when, reclining in one's punt, in the warm, deep-blue darkness that is pierced and heightened by the glow of Chinese lanterns, one lazily watches the bursting fireworks, nowhere so beautiful as on water, and vows that the daylight has nothing to show more fair. And there are times when crowds become an abomination, when even the sight of a woman engaged in the deftest,

the most graceful and feminine, exercise of punting is a vexation, when one welcomes the long-deserted reaches, finds all the companionship one needs in the moorhens and dabchicks, the reed-buntings and sedge-warblers, the herons and swans, and blesses the wise laws that have made the Thames a bird sanctuary and migration route.

But the mood that most often recurs is one in which alien presences, within moderation, rouse no resentment, in which one has something of the equable,

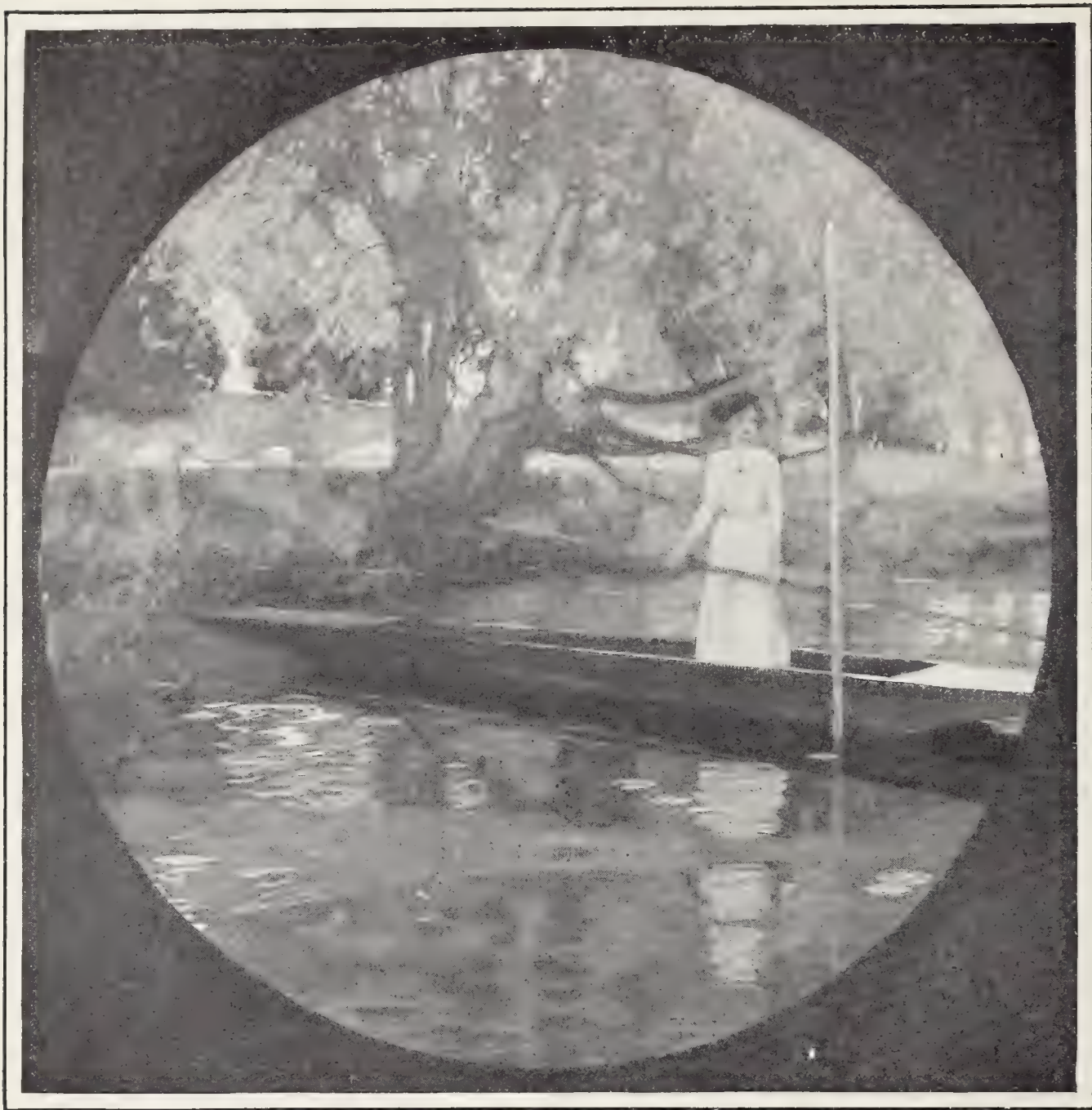
hospitable spirit of the river itself and gives one's self up to a day of casual adventures and purposeless explorations. To such a mood the Thames responds with an ungrudging sweetness of surrender; and one's reward is very great. Never to be set on getting anywhere in particular is the first of the injunctions imposed by the genius of the river upon its worshipers. And the second is like unto it—never to keep to the main stream when an armlet, a backwater, a creek, or a pool invites you to stray. With these precepts to guide you, you will discover, what the point-to-point rowers and the passengers on the steamers will never learn, that the Thames keeps half its beauties in reserve, to be disclosed to those only who seek them out. You will push into some willow-shaded beckoning byway, like the one near Cleeve, and find it opening out into a pond of water-lilies, with the river foaming over a weir a hundred yards away, and nearer still a tawny Queen Anne farmhouse, ablaze with flowers, while you listen to the music of a yet older mill. You will turn on your course when you pass through Goring Lock, and, floating down

the backwater on the left, you will surprise a venerable inn a few yards from the water's edge, yet half hidden in a riot of roses, and below it, incomparably set, a mill coeval with the monasteries. You will pull in behind the screen of willows on the bank, and there amid loosestrife, valerian, snapdragon, forget-me-not, and the universal, immemorial fresh-water plants and grasses, dream a whole morning away without a moment of self-reproach.

And, above all, you will fearlessly and frequently land. To row from Marlow to Hurley is no doubt very good. You pass by a succession of riverside houses, each with its lush lawns, its brave flowerbeds, and its thatched boat-house in front; you pass by Bisham Abbey, a superlative Tudor structure on a twelfth-century foundation; you pass by the Abbey Church with its gray Norman tower; you pass by reach upon reach of willows, alders, and poplars; and it is all exquisite. But it is better still, it gives new values to everything, if before pushing on you land at Marlow, and wander round the quiet, spacious streets of the old market town and glimpse its



VILLAGE CROSS, LONG WHITTENHAM



UNDER THE WILLOWS

manor-house, its ancient inns, and its flower-smothered cottages, and stand before the house where Shelley wrote "The Revolt of Islam"; and if when Hurley is reached you stroll past the lock-keeper's cottage, past a barn that nine hundred years ago was the refectory of an historic priory, and through the fields to the "Old Bell Inn" at Hurley village, quaintest, most rambling and ancient of English hostelries, where Queen Elizabeth slept or ought to have slept, where Jacobean coffered waylay you in the hall and on the landings, and old brass candlesticks twinkle at you beneath an oak-raftered ceiling.

The delights and memories of a day so spent will vanquish for the time being all the other preferences with which the Thames distracts the minds and hearts of its votaries. But, indeed, there is no part of the ninety-odd miles between Teddington and Oxford that does not make good in its own special claim to his-

tory, romance, and beauty. Even Reading is more dismal than ugly; even the railway bridges are rather stupid than criminal; there is sometimes tameness, there is never monotony, in the slow progression, the facile, continuous blend of meadow, hill, and wood, long level reaches and tossing weirs, modern suburb or "resort" and villages that go back to the beginnings of English annals, house-boats, electric launches, and twentieth-century architecture side by side with medieval abbeys, gray, time-worn castles, and manor-houses that saw and survived the Wars of the Roses.

The very locks have a charm. Once on an average in every three miles their white and friendly doorways bar your path; the river is girdled for your service and squeezed into a stone box with wooden ends some forty or fifty yards in length and six or seven in width; you hail the lock-keeper; the gate smoothly and slowly opens; a steady stroke or two



Painting by Frank Craig

ON A THAMES BACKWATER

—with the sculls shipped at the crucial moment—a deft hand on the rudder, and you glide into the oblong well and prison-house, with its walls of masonry—if your direction is up-stream—frowning six feet or more above you. The gate through which you have entered is closed; with hand or boat-hook you hold on to one of the chains that dangle down the walls; the shutters in the door at the other end are opened; the water swirls into the lock and you mount and mount to the level of the reach beyond—to the level also of the lock-keeper's cottage, creeper-covered, old and harmonious, and of his garden-patch, one luscious, fragrant spread of flowers.

It makes a pleasant and restful interlude, this business of getting into and out of the locks. And to do it without a fumble or a hitch under the politely critical eye of the lock-keeper and the less polite but not less critical eyes of the casual lookers-on somewhat tests the skill of both rower and steerer. You must point the head of the boat straight for the inflowing rush of water; you must keep clear of the stone steps cut in the walls of the lock, of the gates at either end, and of the screws of the steamers and launches. In getting out, since there is no room to use the sculls, you have to be fairly handy with the boat-hook; and the less paint you scrape off the other boats in the lock the better for the peace and neighborliness of the occasion.

All this, which soon becomes second nature to the experts, presents considerable difficulties to the tyros. In a crowded lock, even if you have chanced not to notice the manner of their entrance, you can always pick out the novices by the expression on their faces. They will quite obviously be glad to have it over and to be out on the broad, unhampered stream once more; they are in no mood whatever to contribute to the wandering fiddlers—the last one, by-the-by, that I came across had negro blood in him and might have been an escaped South-American president, stranded, after I know not what career of blood and strife, on this peaceful Thames shore—who from the banks of the lock soothe or exasperate its inmates and insinuate their long-handled collecting-bags in

privileged entreaty. Mishaps, however, while not infrequent, are rarely serious. But there is a reminder of what might happen in the life-belts and the two green cans labeled “Sand” that the river authorities have placed on either side of each lock. Put down this page before you have read another line and guess what the sand is for. . . . You give it up? It is for smothering a motor-launch when the petrol catches fire.

But the locks testify not alone to the foresight and excellent care of the Thames Conservancy Board, but also to the embellishment this fortunate river derives from the handiwork of man. There can hardly be anything more artificial and prosaic and defiant of nature than a lock. But the Thames locks never jar on one. They compose with, they fit into, they positively heighten, the beauties of the stream; they are as much a feature of it and as grateful to the eye as the willows, the woods, and the swans; they seem always in the right, inevitable, enhancing place; with their mellow cottages, their blaze of flowers, and their whole air of trim, clean orderliness they prolong and intensify that gentle effect which is the note of nearly all English scenery, but pre-eminently of the scenery of the Thames, the effect of an arranged panorama, of an unfolding series of “pictures” in which Nature appears as the ally, if not the servant, of Man, with her angularities and carelessness smoothed out and subdued.

One feels this effect most of all, perhaps, as one passes by the riverside residences, with their mint-sauce lawns ending only a few inches above the water's level, their gardens a brilliant fairy-land of flowers, and always something going on in the grounds around—a game of tennis or croquet, or children romping about, or “groups under the dreaming garden trees,” always something to hold and interest the eye as you row past and to widen and supplement the artistic and emotional appeal. Such houses, new and old, built with the generous spaciousness of the Georgians, or nestling half hidden in woods like a Swiss chalet, or tacked on, like Medmenham Abbey, to the ruins of an ancient monastery, line one bank of the Thames or the other almost the whole way from London to

Oxford. They are not all of them, to be sure, successes; even here the new architecture, not less dastardly and still more conspicuous than the new art, has found its way. But, on the whole, it is wonderful how rarely one finds a wrong note struck. In England, where the instinct for gardening is universal and the soil, especially along the Thames Valley, of phenomenal fertility, it takes a very few years to bury a brand-new house in vines and creepers and to convert each plot of ground into a miniature paradise. The English have nothing to learn from any one in this branch of art, and along the Thames they have put forth their best.

And their best is so good that I will defy any one not to feel a stirring of covetousness at the sight of these charming mansions, bungalows, and cottages, the low and rambling ones, above all, with latticed windows and wide verandas and an air of welcoming another wing and yet being complete without it. They are probably damp, and certainly they cannot be better to live in than to look at, and yet the desire for possession will not down. The very inns, and those in particular with a humming weir behind them and the main stream flowing beneath their gables, with low ceilings and unexpected steps and uneven floors inside, and a goodly lawn, beneath whose trees you take a leisurely meal—as fascinating as old English inns ought to be and much less of a snare than they usually are—awake, if not the demon of greed, at least a modest ambition to turn Boniface one's self and end one's days dispensing a renowned and ruinous hospitality by way of tribute to the spirit of the stream.

And these old mansions, abbeys, inns, mills, and bridges; these quiet, half-forgotten villages; this whole luxurious countryside with its zigzagging silver Thames—remember that they have seen and known and still bear the marks of nearly all English history. Here is a village mentioned in Domesday; there is a market town that sent representatives to Parliament six hundred years ago; in that church sleeps Warwick the King-maker; higher up is a priory founded in the reign of King John; a mile or two away is a church consecrated in 1086; there stands a mansion that only Sir

Christopher Wren could have designed, and there another that was besieged in the Civil War; this little cluster of houses a thousand years ago was the center of a vast diocese; yonder depressing town of chimneys and factories that you pass with disdainful eyes and quickened stroke has none the less a history that goes back to the Danish Wars before the Norman Conquest; that sleepy manor-house to which one's heart goes out antedates the discovery of America by a hundred and fifty years; here was a ford over which the Romans came pouring, and the town that commanded it—to-day the quietest of villages but for the motorists who speed through it from Oxford to Reading—made stirring and momentous history from William the Conqueror's day to Oliver Cromwell's; and there is a bridge that for five hundred years has borne, and bears at this moment, the burden of a main-road traffic.

The Thames, indeed, and the life that grew about it, the great abbeys and priories that settled on its banks—the Thames, so easy to navigate and to ford and running two hundred and fifty miles into the heart of the country, was for many centuries England, or at least the richest, most cultivated, and most civilized part of it, the center of its religious and scholastic life, its chief battle-ground, its social, commercial, and strategical dividing-line between north and south; and to pass along it from London to Oxford is to focus all English history from the Roman invasion to the twentieth century.

But even a dozen miles of judicious sculling and landing are enough to carry one back through the ages. You start, for instance, some twenty miles below Oxford, at Wallingford, itself in all probability the site of a Roman settlement, sacked certainly by the Danes, fortified by the Normans, and from then to the Civil War, when its castle was finally destroyed, an intimate and vigorous part of English annals. You cross the river a little higher up, land, and, after less than half an hour's walk through the meadows by a brookside, you reach Ewelme, the "model village" of the fifteenth century and still an embowered grotto of ancient, isolated peace, with its church, almshouse, and grammar-school

much as they were when Chaucer's granddaughter, the Duchess of Suffolk, built them four hundred and eighty years ago.

You rejoin the river, and an hour's easy rowing brings you in sight of an old gray church-tower and a hamlet of mossy, red-tiled roofs a few fields away on the right. And if you land there, it is to dip your fingers in the very source of all things English. Only a few hundred yards from the river's bank and between you and the church lie mounds, ramparts, and earthworks that the archæologists ascribe to a time before the coming of the Romans. And Dorchester itself saw the baptism of the first West Saxon king to become a Christian, was the ecclesiastical center in the tenth century of a diocese that stretched from Worcester to Winchester—a diocese to-day split up into half a dozen sees—and somewhere about 1140 saw the beginnings of that stately abbey, with its beautiful east and its still more famous Jesse Window, that escaped the sack of the Dissolution and still stamps with its memento of former greatness the little, gracious village that the modern world has never touched.

But there is better still to come. It awaits you when, in the boat once more, you pull the seven or eight miles that

end at Abingdon, passing on the way villages and backwaters that in themselves are abundantly worth a day of leisurely exploration. One could wish for no happier crown to a river jaunt than to glide in the softness of a late summer afternoon into the heart of Abingdon, past the riverside walk which with its greenery and its mounting background of burnished, gabled houses looks like a bit of Holland transplanted, and beneath the bridge that has seen five hundred years of English history roll over it—there to land and stroll round the townlet that legend connects with Diocletian and fact with the power and magnificence of a seventh-century Benedictine Abbey; to walk in the clean and spacious market-place where the County Hall, designed by Inigo Jones, stands out finely and proudly from a sweeping segment of yet older houses; and to surprise in some narrow, tortuous alleyway or down some cobbled secluded street a chimney-stack or gateway, a mill or almshouse, a cluster of cottages, or an overhanging inn, linking to-day with the England of the Saxons, the Normans, the Plantagenets, and the Tudors. It is such liberal delights as these, apart from its own treasures of beauty and enjoyment, that make the Thames among rivers incomparable.



The Daughter of the Storage

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I

THEY were getting some of their things out to send into the country, and Forsyth had left his work to help his wife look them over and decide which to take and which to leave. The things were mostly trunks that they had stored the fall before; there were some tables and Colonial bureaus inherited from his mother, and some mirrors and decorative odds and ends, which they would not want in the furnished house they had taken for the summer. There were some canvases which Forsyth said he would paint out and use for other subjects, but which, when he came to look at again, he found really not so bad. The rest, literally, was nothing but trunks; there were of course two or three boxes of books. When they had been packed closely into the five-dollar room, with the tables and bureaus and mirrors and canvases and decorative odds and ends put carefully on top, the Forsyths thought the effect very neat, and laughed at themselves for being proud of it.

They spent the winter in Paris planning for the summer in America, and now it had come May, a month which in New York is at its best, and in the Constitutional Storage Safe-Deposit Warehouse is by no means at its worst. The Constitutional Storage is no longer new, but when the Forsyths were among the first to store there it was up to the latest moment in the modern perfections of a safe-deposit warehouse. It was strictly fireproof; and its long, white, brick-walled, iron-doored corridors, with their clean concrete floors, branching from a central avenue to the tall windows north and south, offered perspectives sculpturesquely bare, or picturesquely heaped with arriving or departing household stuff.

When the Forsyths went to look at it a nice young fellow from the office had

gone with them; running ahead and switching on rows of electrics down the corridors, and then, with a wire-basketed electric lamp, which he twirled about and held aloft and alow, showing the dustless, sweet-smelling spaciousness of a perfect five-dollar room. He said it would more than hold their things; and it really held them.

Now, when the same young fellow unlocked the iron door and set it wide, he said he would get them a man, and he got Mrs. Forsyth a gilt arm-chair from some furniture going into an adjoining twenty-dollar room. She sat down in it, and "Of course," she said, "the pieces I want will be at the very back and the very bottom. Why don't you get yourself a chair, too, Ambrose? What are you looking at?"

With his eyes on the neighboring furniture he answered, "Seems to be the wreck of a millionaire's happy home; parlor and kitchen utensils and office furniture all in white and gold."

"Horrors, yes!" Mrs. Forsyth said, without turning her head from studying her trunks, as if she might divine their contents from their outside.

"Tata and I," her husband said, "are more interested in the millionaire's things." Tata, it appeared, was not a dog, but a child; the name was not the diminutive of her own name, which was Charlotte, but a generic name for a doll, which Tata had learned from her Italian nurse to apply to all little girls and had got applied to herself by her father. She was now at a distance down the corridor, playing a drama with the pieces of millionaire furniture; as they stretched away in variety and splendor they naturally suggested personages of princely quality, and being touched with her little forefinger tip were capable of entering warmly into Tata's plans for them.

Her mother looked over her shoulder toward the child. "Come here, Tata,"

she called, and when Tata, having enjoined some tall mirrors to secrecy with a frown and a shake of the head, ran to her, Mrs. Forsyth had forgotten why she had called her. "Oh!" she said, recollecting, "do you know which your trunk is, Tata? Can you show mama? Can you put your hand on it?"

The child promptly put her hand on the end of a small box just within her tiptoe reach, and her mother said, "I do believe she knows everything that's in it, Ambrose! That trunk has got to be opened the very first one!"

The man that the young fellow said he would send showed at the far end of the corridor, smaller than human, but enlarging himself to the average Irish bulk as he drew near. He was given instructions and obeyed with caressing irony Mrs. Forsyth's order to pull out Tata's trunk first, and she found the key in a large tangle of keys, and opened it, and had the joy of seeing everything recognized by the owner: doll by doll, cook-stove, tin dishes, small brooms, wooden animals on feet and wheels, birds of various plumage, a toy piano, a dust-pan, alphabet blocks, dog's-eared linen Mother Goose books, and the rest. Tata had been allowed to put the things away herself, and she took them out with no apparent sense of the time passed since she saw them last. In the changing life of her parents all times and places were alike to her. She began to play with the things in the storage corridor as if it were yesterday when she saw them last in the flat. Her mother and father left her to them in the distraction of their own trunks. Mrs. Forsyth had these spread over the space toward the window and their lids lifted and tried to decide about them. In the end she had changed the things in them back and forth till she candidly owned that she no longer knew where anything at all was.

As she raised herself for a moment's respite from the problem she saw at the far end of the corridor a lady with two men, who increased in size like her own man as they approached. The lady herself seemed to decrease, though she remained of a magnificence to match the furniture, and looked like it as to her dress of white picked out in gold when

she arrived at the twenty-dollar room next the Forsyths'. In her advance she had been vividly played round by a little boy, who ran forward and back and easily doubled the length of the corridor before he came to a stand and remained with his brown eyes fixed on Tata. Tata herself had blue eyes, which now hovered dreamily above the things in her trunk.

The two mothers began politely to ignore each other. She of the twenty-dollar room directed the men who had come with her, and in a voice of authority and appeal at once commanded and consulted them in the disposition of her belongings. At the sound of the mixed tones Mrs. Forsyth signaled to her husband, and, when he came within whispering, murmured: "Pittsburg or Chicago. Did you *ever* hear such a Mid-Western accent?" She pretended to be asking him about repacking the trunk before her, but the other woman was not deceived. She was at least aware of criticism in the air of her neighbors, and she put on greater severity with the workmen. The boy came up and caught her skirt. "What?" she said, bending over. "No, certainly not. I haven't time to attend to you. Go off and play. Don't I tell you no? Well, there, then! Will you get that trunk out where I can open it? That small one there," she said to one of the men, while the other rested for both. She stooped to unlock the trunk and flung up the lid. "Now if you bother me any more I will surely—" But she lost herself short of the threat and began again to seek counsel and issue orders.

The boy fell upon the things in the trunk, which were the things of a boy, as those in Tata's trunk were the things of a girl, and to run with them, one after another, to Tata and to pile them in gift on the floor beside her trunk. He did not stop running back and forth as fast as his short, fat legs could carry him till he had reached the bottom of his box, chattering constantly and taking no note of the effect with Tata. Then, as she made no response whatever to his munificence, he began to be abashed and to look pathetically from her to her father.

"Oh, really, young man," Forsyth

said, "we can't let you impoverish yourself at this rate. What have you said to your benefactor, Tata? What are you going to give *him*?"

The children did not understand his large words, but they knew he was affectionately mocking them.

"Ambrose," Mrs. Forsyth said, "you mustn't let him."

"I'm trying to think how to hinder him, but it's rather late," Forsyth answered, and then the boy's mother joined in.

"Indeed, indeed, if you can, it's more than I can. You're just worrying the little girl," she said to the boy.

"Oh no, he isn't, dear little soul," Mrs. Forsyth said, leaving her chair and going up to the two children. She took the boy's hand in hers. "What a kind boy! But you know my little girl mustn't take all your playthings. If you'll give her *one* she'll give *you* one, and that will be enough. You can both play with them all for the present." She referred her suggestion to the boy's mother, and the two ladies met at the invisible line dividing the five-dollar room from the twenty-dollar room.

"Oh yes, indeed," the Mid-Westerner said, willing to meet the New-Yorker half-way. "You're taking things out, I see. I hardly know which is the worst: taking out or putting in."

"Well, we are just completing the experience," Mrs. Forsyth said. "I shall be able to say better how I feel in half an hour."

"You don't mean this is the first time you've stored? I suppose *we've* been in and out of storage twenty times. Not in this warehouse exactly; we've never been here before."

"It seems very nice," Mrs. Forsyth suggested.

"They all do at the beginning. I suppose if we ever came to the end they would seem nicer still. Mr. Bream's business is always taking him away" (it appeared almost instantly that he was the international inspector of a great insurance company's agencies in Europe and South America), "and when I don't go with him it seems easier to break up and go into a hotel than to go on housekeeping. I don't know that it is, though," she questioned. "It's so

hard to know what to do with the child in a hotel."

"Yes, but he seems the sort that you could manage with anywhere," Mrs. Forsyth agreed and disagreed.

His mother looked at him where he stood beaming upon Tata and again joyfully awaiting some effect with her. But the child sat back upon her small heels with her eyes fixed on the things in her trunk and made no sign of having seen the heap of his gifts.

The Forsyths had said to each other before this that their little girl was a queer child, and now they were not so much ashamed of her apparent selfishness or rude indifference as they thought they were. They made a joke of it with the boy's mother, who said she did not believe Tata was anything but shy. She said she often told Mr. Bream that she did wish Peter—yes, that was his name; she didn't like it much, but it was his grandfather's; was Tata a Christian name? Oh, just a pet name! Well, it *was* pretty—could be broken of *his* ridiculous habit; most children—little boys, that was—held onto their things so.

Forsyth would have taken something from Tata and given it to Peter; but his wife would not let him; and he had to content himself with giving Peter a pencil of his own that drew red at one end and blue at the other, and that at once drew a blue boy, that looked like Peter, on the pavement. He told Peter not to draw a boy now, but wait till he got home, and then be careful not to draw a blue boy with the red end. He helped him put his things back into his trunk, and Peter seemed to enjoy that, too.

Tata, without rising from her seat on her heels, watched the restitution with her dreamy eyes; she paid no attention to the blue boy on the pavement; pictures from her father were nothing new to her. The mothers parted with expressions of mutual esteem in spite of their difference of accent and fortune. Mrs. Forsyth asked if she might not kiss Peter, and did so; he ran to his mother and whispered to her; then he ran back and gave Tata so great a hug that she fell over from it.

Tata did not cry, but continued as if lost in thought which she could not break

from, and that night, after she had said her prayers with her mother, her mother thought it was time to ask her: "Tata, dear, why did you act so to that boy to-day? Why didn't you give him something of yours when he brought you all his things? Why did you act so oddly?"

Tata said something in a voice so low that her mother could not make it out.

"What did you say?"

"I couldn't tell which," the child still whispered; but now her mother's ear was at her lips.

"How, which?"

"To give him. The more I looked," and the whisper became a quivering breath, "the more I couldn't tell which. And I wanted to give them *all* to him, but I couldn't tell whether it would be right, because you and papa gave them to me for birthday and Christmas," and the quivering breath broke into a sobbing grief, so that the mother had to catch the child up to her heart.

"Dear little tender conscience!" she said, still wiping her eyes when she told the child's father, and they fell into a sweet, serious talk about her before they slept. "And I was ashamed of her before that woman. I know she misjudged her; but *we* ought to have remembered how fine and precious she is, and *known* how she must have suffered, trying to decide."

"Yes, conscience," the father said. "And temperament, the temperament to which decision is martyrdom."

"And she will always have to be deciding! She'll have to decide for you, some day, as I do now; you are very undecided, Ambrose—she gets it from you."

II

The Forsyths were afraid that Tata might want to offer Peter some gift in reparation the next morning, and her father was quite ready, if she said so, to put off their leaving town, and go with her to the Constitutional Storage, which was the only address of Mrs. Bream that he knew. But the child had either forgotten, or she was contented with her mother's comforting, and no longer felt remorse.

One does not store the least of one's personal or household gear without giving a hostage to storage, a pledge of

allegiance impossible to break. No matter how few things one puts in, one never takes everything out; one puts more things in. Mrs. Forsyth went to the warehouse with Tata in the fall before they sailed for another winter in Paris, and added some old bits she had picked up at farm-houses in their country drives, and they filled the room quite to the top. She told her husband how Tata had entered into the spirit of putting back her trunk of playthings with the hope of seeing it again in the spring; and she added that she had now had to take a seven-fifty room without consulting him, or else throw away the things they had brought home.

During the ten or twelve years that followed, the Forsyths sometimes spent a whole winter in a hotel; sometimes they had a flat; sometimes they had a separate dwelling. If their housing was ample, they took almost everything out of storage; once they got down to a two-dollar bin, and it seemed as if they really were leaving the storage altogether. Then, if they went into a flat that was nearly all studio, their furniture went back in a cataclysmal wave to the warehouse, where a ten-dollar room, a twelve-dollar room, would not dam the overflow.

Tata, who had now outgrown her pet name, and was called Charlotte because her mother felt she ought to be, always went with her to the storage to help look the things over, to see the rooms emptied down to a few boxes, or replenished to bursting. In the first years she played about, close to her mother; as she grew older she ventured further, and began to make friends with other little girls who had come with their mothers. It was quite safe socially to be in the Constitutional Storage; it gave standing; and Mrs. Forsyth fearlessly chanced acquaintance with these mothers, who would sometimes be there whole long mornings or afternoons, taking trunks out or putting them in. With the trunks set into the corridors and opened for them, they would spend the hours looking the contents over, talking to their neighbors, or rapt in long silences when they hesitated with things held off or up, and, after gazing absently at them, putting them back again. Sometimes they varied the process by laying things aside for send-

ing home, and receipting for them at the office as "goods selected."

They were mostly hotel people or apartment people, as Mrs. Forsyth oftenest was herself, but sometimes they were separate-house people. Among these there was one family, not of great rank or wealth, but distinguished, as lifelong New-Yorkers, in a world of comers and goers of every origin. Mrs. Forsyth especially liked them for a certain quality, but what this quality was she could not very well say. They were a mother with two daughters, not quite old maids, but on the way to it, and there was very intermittently the apparently bachelor brother of the girls; at the office Mrs. Forsyth verified her conjecture that he was some sort of minister. One could see they were all gentle folks, though the girls were not of the last cry of fashion. They were very nice to their mother, and you could tell that they must have been coming with her for years.

At this point in her study of them for her husband's amusement she realized that Charlotte had been coming to the storage with her nearly all her life, and that more and more the child had taken charge of the uneventual inspection of the things. She was shocked to think that she had let this happen, and now she commanded her husband to say whether Charlotte would grow into a storage old maid like those good girls.

Forsyth said, Probably not before her time; but he allowed it was a point to be considered.

Very well, then, Mrs. Forsyth said, the child should never go again; that was all. She had strongly confirmed herself in this resolution when one day she not only let the child go again, but she let her go alone. The child was now between seventeen and eighteen, rather tall, grave, pretty, with the dull brown hair that goes so well with dreaming blue eyes, and of a stiff grace. She had not come out yet, because she had always been out, handing cakes at her father's studio teas long before she could remember not doing it, and later, pouring for her mother with rather a quelling air as she got toward fifteen. During these years the family had been going and coming between Europe and America; they did not know perfectly why, except that it was easier than not.

More and more there was a peculiarity in the goods selected by Charlotte for sending home, which her mother one day noted. "How is it, Charlotte, that you always send exactly the things I want, and when you get your own things here you don't know whether they are what you wanted or not?"

"Because I don't know when I send them. I don't choose them; I can't."

"But you choose the right things for me?"

"No, I don't, mother. I just take what comes first, and you always like it."

"Now, that is nonsense, Charlotte. I can't have you telling me such a thing as that. It's an insult to my intelligence. Do you think I don't know my own mind?"

"I don't know *my* mind," the girl said, so persistently, obstinately, stubbornly, that her mother did not pursue the subject for fear of worse.

She referred it to her husband, who said: "Perhaps it's like poets never being able to remember their own poetry. I've heard it's because they have several versions in their minds when they write and can't remember which they've written. Charlotte has several choices in mind, and can't choose between her choices."

"Well, we ought to have broken her of her indecision. Some day it will make her very unhappy."

"Pretty hard to break a person of her temperament," Forsyth suggested.

"I know it!" his wife admitted, with a certain pleasure in realizing the fact. "I don't know what we *shall* do."

III

Storage society was almost wholly feminine; in rare instances there was a man who must have been sent in dearth of women or in an hour of their disability. Then the man came hastily, with a porter, and either pulled all the things out of the rooms so that he could honestly say he had seen them, and that the thing wanted was not there; or else merely had the doors opened, and after a glance inside resolved to wait till his wife, or mother, or daughter could come. He agreed in guilty eagerness with the workmen that this was the only way.

The exception to the general rule was

a young man who came one bright spring morning when all nature suggested getting one's stuff out and going into the country, and had the room next the Forsyths' original five-dollar room opened. As it happened, Charlotte was at the moment visiting this room upon her mother's charge to see whether certain old scrim sash-curtains, which they had not needed for ages but at last simply *must* have, were not lurking there in a chest of general curtainings. The Forsyths now had rooms on other floors, but their main room was at the end of the corridor branching northward from that where the five-dollar room was. Near this main room that nice New York family had their rooms, and Charlotte had begun the morning in their friendly neighborhood, going through some chests that might perhaps have the general curtainings in them and the scrim curtains among the rest. It had not, and she had gone to what the Forsyths called their old ancestral five-dollar room, where that New York family continued to project a sort of wireless chaperonage over her. But the young man had come with a porter, and, with her own porter, Charlotte could not feel that even a wireless chaperonage was needed, though the young man approached with the most beaming face she thought she had ever seen, and said he hoped he should not be in her way. She answered with a sort of helpless reverberation of his glow, Not at all; she should only be a moment. She wanted to say she hoped she would not be in *his* way, but she saved herself in time, while, with her own eyes intent upon the façade of her room and her mind trying to lose itself in the question which curtain trunk the scrims might be in, she kept the sense of his sweet eyes, the merriest eyes she had ever seen, effulgent with good-will and apology and reverent admiration. She blushed to think it admiration, though she liked to think it so, and she did not snub him when the young man jumped about, neglecting his own storage, and divining the right moments for his offers of help. She saw that he was a little shorter than herself, that he was very light and quick on his feet, and had a round, brown face, clean-shaven, and a round, brown head, close shorn, from which in the zeal of his attentions to

her he had shed his straw hat onto the window-sill. He formed a strong contrast to the contents of his store-room, which was full, mainly, of massive white furniture picked out in gold, and very blond. He said casually that it had been there, off and on, since long before he could remember, and at these words an impression, vague, inexplicable, deepened in Charlotte's mind.

"Mother," she said, for she had now disused the earlier *mama* in deference to modern usage, "how old was I when we first took that five-dollar room?"

She asked this question after she had shown the scrim curtains she had found and brought home with her.

"Why? I don't know. Two or three; three or four. I should have to count up. What makes you ask?"

"Can a person recollect what happened when they were three or four?"

"I should say not, decidedly."

"Or recollect a face?"

"Certainly not."

"Then of course it wasn't. Mother, do you remember ever telling me what the little boy was like who gave me all his playthings and I couldn't decide what to give him back?"

"What a question! Of course not! He was very brown and funny, with the beamingest little face in the world. Rather short for his age, I should say, though I haven't the least idea what his age was."

"Then it was the very same little boy!" Charlotte said.

"Who was the very same little boy?" her mother demanded.

"The one that was there to-day; the young man, I mean," Charlotte explained, and then she told what had happened with a want of fullness which her mother's imagination supplied.

"Did he say who he was? Is he coming back to-morrow or this afternoon? Did you inquire who he was or where?"

"What an idea, mother!" Charlotte said, grouping the several impossibilities under one head in her answer.

"You had a perfect right to know, if you thought he was the one."

"But I didn't *think* he was the one, and I don't *know* that he is now; and if he was, what could I do about it?"

"That is true," Mrs. Forsyth owned.

"But it's very disappointing. I've always felt as if they ought to know it was your undecidedness and not ungenerousness."

Charlotte laughed a little forlornly, but she only said, "Really, mother!"

Mrs. Forsyth was still looking at the curtains. "Well, these are not the scrims I wanted. You must go back. I believe I will go with you. The sooner we have it over the better," she added, and she left the undecided Charlotte to decide whether she meant the scrim curtains or the young man's identity.

It was very well, for one reason, that she decided to go with Charlotte that afternoon. The New-Yorkers must have completed the inspection of their trunks, for they had not come back. Their failure to do so was the more important because the young man had come back and was actively superintending the unpacking of his room. The palatial furniture had all been ranged up and down the corridor, and as fast as a trunk was got out and unlocked he went through it with the help of the storage-men, listed its contents in a note-book with a number, and then transferred the number and a synopsis of the record to a tag and fastened it to the trunk which he had put back into the room.

When the Forsyths arrived with the mistaken scrim curtains, he interrupted himself with apologies for possibly being in their way; and when Mrs. Forsyth said he was not at all in their way, he got white-and-gold arm-chairs for her and Charlotte and put them so conveniently near the old ancestral room that Mrs. Forsyth scarcely needed to move hand or foot in letting Charlotte restore the wrong curtains and search the chests for the right ones. His politeness made way for conversation and for the almost instant exchange of confidences between himself and Mrs. Forsyth, so that Charlotte was free to enjoy the silence to which they left her in her labors.

"Before I say a word," Mrs. Forsyth said, after saying some hundreds in their mutual inculpation and exculpation, "I want to ask something, and I hope you will excuse it to an old woman's curiosity and not think it rude."

At the words "old woman's" the young

man gave a protesting "Oh!" and at the word "rude" he said, "Not at all."

"It is simply this: how long have your things been here? I ask because we've had this room thirteen or fourteen years and I've never seen your room opened in that whole time."

The young man laughed joyously. "Because it hasn't been opened in that whole time. I was a little chap of three or four bothering round here when my mother put the things in; I believe it was a great frolic for me, but I'm afraid it wasn't for her. I've been told that my activities contributed to the confusion of the things and the things in them that she's been in ever since, and I'm here now to make what reparation I can by listing them."

"She'll find it a great blessing," Mrs. Forsyth said. "I wish we had ours listed. I suppose you remember it all very vividly. It must have been a great occasion for you seeing the things stored at that age."

The young man beamed upon her. "Not so great as now, I'm afraid. The fact is, I don't remember anything about it. But I've been told that I embarrassed with my personal riches a little girl who was looking over her doll's things."

"Oh, indeed!" Mrs. Forsyth said, stiffly, and she turned rather snubbingly from him and said, coldly, to Charlotte: "I think they are in that green trunk. Have you the key?" and, stooping as her daughter stooped, she whispered, "Really!" in condemnation and contempt.

Charlotte showed no signs of sharing either, and Mrs. Forsyth could not very well manage them alone. So when Charlotte said, "No, I haven't the key, mother," and the young man burst in with, "Oh, do let me try my master-key; it will unlock anything that isn't a Yale," Mrs. Forsyth sank back enthroned and the trunk was thrown open.

She then forgot what she had wanted it opened for. Charlotte said, "They're not here, mother," and her mother said, "No, I didn't suppose they were," and began to ask the young man about his mother. It appeared that his father had died twelve years before, and since then his mother and he had been nearly everywhere except at home, though mostly in

England; now they had come home to see where they should go next or whether they should stay.

"That would never suit my daughter," Mrs. Forsyth lugged in, partly because the talk had gone on away from her family as long as she could endure, and partly because Charlotte's indecision always amused her. "She can't bear to choose."

"Really?" the young man said. "I don't know whether I like it or not, but I have had to do a lot of it. You mustn't think, though, that I chose this magnificent furniture. My father bought an Italian palace once, and as we couldn't live in it or move it we brought the furniture here."

"It is magnificent," Mrs. Forsyth said, looking down the long stretches of it and eying and fingering her specific throne. "I wish my husband could see it—I don't believe he remembers it from fourteen years ago. It looks—excuse me!—very studio."

"Is he a painter? Not Mr. Forsyth the painter?"

"Yes," Mrs. Forsyth eagerly admitted, but wondering how he should know her name, without reflecting that a score of trunk-tags proclaimed it and that she had acquired his by like means.

"I like his things so much," he said. "I thought his three portraits were the best things in the Salon last year."

"Oh, you saw them?" Mrs. Forsyth laughed with pleasure and pride. "Then," as if it necessarily followed, "you must come to us some Sunday afternoon. You'll find a number of his new portraits and some of the subjects; they like to see themselves framed." She tried for a card in her hand-bag, but she had none, and she said, "Have you one of my cards, my dear?" Charlotte had, and rendered it up with a severity lost upon her for the moment. She held it toward him. "It's Mr. Peter Bream?" she smiled upon him, and he beamed back.

"Did you remember it from our first meeting?"

In their cab Mrs. Forsyth said, "I don't know whether he's what you call rather fresh or not, Charlotte, and I'm not sure that I've been very wise. But he is so nice, and he looked so *glad* to be asked."

Charlotte did not reply at once, and her silent severity came to the surface of her mother's consciousness so painfully that it was rather a relief to have her explode, "Mother, I will thank you not to discuss my temperament with people."

She gave Mrs. Forsyth her chance, and her mother was so happy in being able to say, "I won't—your *temper*, my dear," that she could add with sincere apology: "I'm sorry I vexed you, and I won't do it again."

IV

The next day was Sunday; Peter Bream took it for some Sunday, and came to the tea on Mrs. Forsyth's generalized invitation. She pulled her mouth down and her eyebrows up when his card was brought in, but as he followed hard she made a lightning change to a smile and gave him a hand of cordial welcome. Charlotte had no choice but to welcome him, too, and so the matter was simple for her. She was pouring, as usual, for her mother, who liked to eliminate herself from set duties and walk round among the actual portraits in fact and in frame and talk about them to the potential portraits. Peter, qualified by long sojourn in England, at once pressed himself into the service of handing about the curate's assistant; Mrs. Forsyth electrically explained that it was one of the first brought to New York, and that she had got it at the Stores in London fifteen years before, and it had often been in the old ancestral room, and was there on top of the trunks that first day. She did not recur to the famous instance of Charlotte's infant indecision, and Peter was safe from a snub when he sat down by the girl's side and began to make her laugh. At the end, when her mother asked Charlotte what they had been laughing about, she could not tell; she said she did not know they were laughing.

The next morning Mrs. Forsyth was paying for her Sunday tea with a Monday headache, and more things must be got out for the country. Charlotte had again no choice but to go along to the storage, and yet again no choice but to be pleasant to Peter when she found him next door listing the contents of his mother's trunks and tagging them as before. He dropped his work and wanted to help her. Suddenly they seemed strangely well acquainted,

and he pretended to be asked which pieces she should put aside as goods selected, and chose them for her. She hinted that he was shirking his own work; he said it was an all-summer's job, but he knew her mother was in a hurry. He found the little old trunk of her playthings, and got it down and opened it and took out some toys as goods selected. She made him put them back, but first he catalogued everything in it and synopsised the list on a tag and tagged the trunk. He begged for a broken doll which he had not listed, and Charlotte had so much of her original childish difficulty in parting with that instead of something else that she refused it.

It came lunch-time, and he invited her to go out to lunch with him; and when she declined with dignity he argued that if they went to the Woman's Exchange she would be properly chaperoned by the genius of the place; besides, it was the only place in town where you got real strawberry shortcake. She was ashamed of liking it all; he besought her to let him carry her hand-bag for her, and, as he already had it, she could not prevent him; she did not know, really, how far she might successfully forbid him in anything. At the street door of the apartment-house they found her mother getting out of a cab, and she asked Peter in to lunch; so that Charlotte might as well have lunched with him at the Woman's Exchange.

At all storage warehouses there is a season in autumn when the corridors are heaped with the incoming furniture of people who have decided that they cannot pass another winter in New York and are breaking up housekeeping to go abroad indefinitely. But in the spring, when the Constitutional Safe-Deposit offered ample space for thoughtful research, the meetings of Charlotte and Peter could recur without more consciousness of the advance they were making toward the fated issue than in so many encounters at tea or luncheon or dinner. Mrs. Forsyth was insisting on rather a drastic overhauling of her storage that year. Some of the things, by her command, were shifted to and fro between the more modern rooms and the old ancestral room, and Charlotte had to verify the removals. In deciding upon goods selected for the

country she had the help of Peter, and she helped him by interposing some useful hesitations in the case of things he had put aside from his mother's possessions to be sold for her by the warehouse people.

One day he came late and told Charlotte that his mother had suddenly taken her passage for England, and they were sailing the next morning. He said, as if it logically followed, that he had been in love with her from that earliest time when she would not give him the least of her possessions, and now he asked her if she would not promise him the greatest. She did not like what she felt "rehearsed" in his proposal; it was not her idea of a proposal, which ought to be spontaneous and unpremeditated in terms; at the same time, she resented his precipitation, which she could not deny was inevitable.

She perceived that they were sitting side by side on two of those white-and-gold thrones, and she summoned an indignation with the absurdity in refusing him. She rose and said that she must go; that she must be going; that it was quite time for her to go; and she would not let him follow her to the elevator, as he made some offer of doing, but left him standing among his palatial furniture like a prince in exile.

By the time she reached home she had been able to decide that she must tell her mother at once. Her mother received the fact of Peter's proposal with such transport that she did not realize the fact of Charlotte's refusal. When this was connoted to her she could scarcely keep her temper within the bounds of maternal tenderness. She said she would have nothing more to do with such a girl; that there was but one such pearl as Peter in the universe, and for Charlotte to throw him away like that! Was it because she could not decide? Well, it appeared that she could decide wrong quickly enough when it came to the point. Would she leave it now to her mother?

That Charlotte would not do, but what she did do was to write a letter to Peter taking him back as much as rested with her; but delaying so long in posting it, when it was written, that it reached him among the letters sent on board and supplementarily delivered by his room steward after all the others when the ship had sailed. The best Peter could do in

response was a jubilant Marconigram of unequaled cost and comprehensiveness.

His mother had meant to return in the fall, after her custom, to find out whether she wished to spend the winter in New York or not. Before the date for her sailing she fell sick, and Peter came sadly home alone in the spring. Mrs. Bream's death brought Mrs. Forsyth a vain regret; she was sorry now that she had seen so little of Mrs. Bream; Peter's affection for her was beautiful and spoke worlds for both of them; and they, the Forsyths, must do what they could to comfort him.

Charlotte felt the pathos of his case peculiarly when she went to make provision for goods selected for the summer from the old ancestral room, and found him forlorn among his white-and-gold furniture next door. He complained that he had no association with it except the touching fact of his mother's helplessness with it, which he had now inherited. The contents of the trunks were even less intimately of his experience; he had performed a filial duty in listing their contents, which long antedated him, and consisted mostly of palatial bric-à-brac and the varied spoils of travel.

He cheered up, however, in proposing to her that they should buy a Castle in Spain and put them into it. The fancy pleased her, but visibly she shrank from a step which it involved, so that he was, as it were, forced to say, half jokingly, half ruefully, "I can imagine your not caring for this rubbish or what became of it, Charlotte, but what about the owner?"

"The owner?" she asked, as it were somnambulantly.

"Yes. Marrying him, say, sometime soon."

"Oh, Peter, I couldn't."

"Couldn't? You know that's not playing the game exactly."

"Yes; but not—not right away?"

"Well, I don't know much about it in my own case, but isn't it usual to fix some approximate date? When should you think?"

"Oh, Peter, I *can't* think."

"Will you let me fix it? I must go West and sell out and pull up, you know, preparatory to never going again. We can fix the day now or we can fix it when I come back."

"Oh, when you come back," she entertained so eagerly that Peter said:

"Charlotte, let me ask you one thing. Were you ever sorry you wrote me that taking-back letter?"

"Why, Peter, you know how I am. When I have decided something I have undecided it. That's all."

From gay he turned to grave. "I ought to have thought. I haven't been fair; I haven't played the game. I ought to have given you another chance; and I haven't, have I?"

"Why, I suppose a girl can always change," Charlotte said, suggestively.

"Yes, but you won't always be a girl. I've never asked you if you wanted to change. I ask you now. Do you?"

"How can I tell? Hadn't we better let it go as it is? Only not hurry about—about—marrying?"

"Certainly not hurry about marrying. I've wondered that a girl could make up her mind to marry any given man. Haven't you ever wished that you had not made up your mind about me?"

"Hundreds of times. But I don't know that I meant anything by it."

He took her hand from where it lay in her lap as again she sat on one of the white-and-gold thrones beside him and gently pressed it. "Well, then, let's play we have never been engaged. I'm going West to-night to settle things up for good, and I won't be back for three or four months, and when I come back we'll start new. I'll ask you, and you shall say yes or no just as if you had never said either before."

"Peter, when you talk like that!" She saw his brown, round face dimly through her wet eyes, and she wanted to hug him for pity of him and pride in him, but she could not decide to do it. They went out to lunch at the Woman's Exchange, and the only regret Peter had was that it was so long past the season of strawberry shortcake, and that Charlotte seemed neither to talk nor to listen; she ought to have done one or the other.

They had left the Vaneckens busy with their summer trunks at the far end of the northward corridor, where their wireless station had been re-established for Charlotte's advantage, though she had not thought of it the whole short morning long. When she came back from lunch,

the Vaneckens were just brushing away the crumbs of theirs, which the son and brother seemed to have brought in for them in a paper box; at any rate, he was now there, making believe to help them.

Mrs. Forsyth had promised to come, but she came so late in the afternoon that she owned she had been grudgingly admitted at the office, and she was rather indignant about it. By this time, without having been West for three months, Peter had asked a question which had apparently never been asked before, and Charlotte had as newly answered it. "And now, mother," she said, while Mrs. Forsyth passed from indignant to exultant, "I want to be married right away, before Peter changes his mind about taking me West with him. Let us go home at once. You always said I should have a home wedding."

"What a ridiculous idea!" Mrs. Forsyth said, to gain time more than anything else. She added, "Everything is at sixes and sevens in the flat. There wouldn't be standing-room." A sudden thought flashed upon her, which, because it was sudden and in keeping with her character, she put into tentative words. "You're more at home *here* than anywhere else. You were almost born here. You've played about here ever since you were a child. You first met Peter here. He proposed to you here, and you rejected him here. He's proposed here again, and you've accepted him, you say—"

"Mother!" Charlotte broke in terribly upon her. "Are you suggesting that I should be married in a storage warehouse? Well, I haven't fallen quite so low as that yet. If I can't have a *home* wedding, I will have a *church* wedding, and I will wait till doomsday for it if necessary."

"I don't know about doomsday," Mrs. Forsyth said, "but as far as to-day is concerned, it's too late for a church wedding. Peter, isn't there something about canonical hours? And isn't it past them?"

"That's in the Episcopal Church," Peter said, and then he asked, very politely, "Will you excuse me a moment?" and walked away as if he had an idea. It was apparently to join the Vaneckens, who stood in a group at the end of their corridor, watching the restoration of the trunks which they had been working over the whole day. He came back with Mr.

Vanecken and Mr. Vanecken's mother. He was smiling radiantly, and they amusedly.

"It's all right," he explained. "Mr. Vanecken is a Presbyterian minister, and he will marry us now."

"But not here!" Charlotte cried, feeling herself weaken.

"No, certainly not," the dominie reassured her. "I know a church in the next block that I can borrow for the occasion. But what about the license?"

It was in the day before the parties must both make application in person, and Peter took a paper from his breast pocket. "I thought it might be needed, sometime, and I got it on the way up, this morning."

"Oh, how thoughtful of you, Peter!" Mrs. Forsyth moaned in admiration otherwise inexpressible, and the rest laughed, even Charlotte, who laughed hysterically. At the end of the corridor they met the Misses Vanecken waiting for them, unobtrusively expectant, and they all went down in the elevator together. Just as they were leaving the building, which had the air of hurrying them out, Mrs. Forsyth had an inspiration. "Good heavens!" she exclaimed, and then, in deference to Mr. Vanecken, said, "Good gracious, I *mean*. My husband! Peter, go right into the office and telephone Mr. Forsyth."

"Perhaps," Mr. Vanecken said, "I had better go and see about having my friend's church opened, in the meanwhile, and—"

"By all means!" Mrs. Forsyth said from her mood of universal approbation.

But Mr. Vanecken came back looking rather queer and crestfallen. "I find my friend has gone into the country for a few days; and I don't quite like to get the sexton to open the church without his authority, and— But New York is full of churches, and we can easily find another, with a little delay, if—"

He looked at Peter, who looked at Charlotte, who burst out with unprecedented determination. "No, we can't wait. I shall never marry Peter if we do. Mother, you are right. But *must* it be in the old ancestral five-dollar room?"

They all laughed except Charlotte, who was more like crying.

"Certainly not," Mr. Vanecken said. "I've no doubt the manager—"

He never seemed to end his sentences, and he now left this one broken off, while he penetrated the railing which fenced in the manager alone among a group of vacated desks, frowning impatient. At some murmured words from the dominie, he shouted, "*What!*" and then came out radiantly smiling, and saying, "Why, certainly." He knew all the group as old storers in the Constitutional, and called them each by name as he shook them each by hand. "Everything else has happened here, and I don't see why this shouldn't. Come right into the reception-room."

With some paintings of biblical subjects, unclaimed from the storage, on the walls, the place had a religious effect, and the manager significantly looked out of it at a lingering stenographer, who was standing before a glass with two hat-pins crossed in her mouth preparatory to thrusting them through the straw. She withdrew, visibly curious and reluctant, and then the manager offered to withdraw himself.

"No," Charlotte said, surprisingly initiative in these junctures, "I don't know how it is in Mr. Vanecken's church, but, if father doesn't come, perhaps you'll have to give me away. At any rate, you're an old friend of the family, and I should be hurt if you didn't stay."

She laid her hand on the manager's arm, and just as he had protestingly and politely consented, her father arrived in a taxicab, rather grumbling from having been obliged to cut short a sitting. When it was all over, and the Vaneckens were eliminated, when, in fact, the Breams had joined the Forsyths at a wedding dinner which the bride's father had given them at Delmonico's and had precipitated themselves into a train for Niagara ("So banal," Mrs. Forsyth said, "but I suppose they had to go somewhere, and *we* went to Niagara, come to think of it, and it's on their way West"), the bride's mother remained up late talking it all over. She took credit to herself for the whole affair, and gave herself a great deal of just praise. But when she said, "I do believe, if it hadn't been for me, at the last, Charlotte would never have made up her mind," Forsyth demurred.

"I should say Peter had a good deal to do with making up her mind for her."

"Yes, you might say that."

"And for once in her life Charlotte seems to have had her mind ready for making up."

"Yes, you might say that, too. I believe she is going to turn out a decided character, after all. I *never* saw anybody so determined not to be married in a storage warehouse."

Caprice

BY LOUIS HOW

TO plant a rose and make it grow
Before the hour-glass can flow:
That is what love has hitherto
Often and often made me do.

But such caprice is sooner flown
Than lasts the echo of it grown.—
Who can call back a finished rune,
Or catch sand on the white sand-dune?

The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XXXV

WHEN Blair came home, a little after eleven, she had gone.

At first he did not grasp the significance of her absence. He called to her from their parlor: "I want to tell you about the play; perfect trash!" There was no answer. He glanced through the open door of her bedroom; she was not there. He hurried to his own room, crying: "Elizabeth! Where are you?" Then stood blankly, waiting. Had she gone down-stairs? He went out into the hall and stood leaning over the banisters, listening to the stillness—that un-human stillness of a hotel corridor; but there was no bang of an iron door, or clanking rumble of an ascending elevator. Had she gone out? He looked at his watch, and his heart came up into his throat; out—at this hour! But perhaps after he had left her, she had suddenly decided to spend the night at her uncle's or Nannie's. In that case she would have left word in the office. He was thrusting his arms into his overcoat and settling his hat on his head, even while he was dashing down-stairs to inquire:

"Has Mrs. Maitland left any message for me?"

The clerk looked vague: "Is she out? We didn't notice her going out, sir. But I suppose she went by the ladies' entrance. No; she didn't leave any message, sir."

Blair suddenly knew that he was frightened. Why, he did not know. Certainly he was not conscious of any reason for fright; but some blind instinct sent a wave of alarm all through him. His knees felt cold; there was a sinking sensation just below his breast-bone. "What an ass I am!" he said to himself; "she has gone to her uncle's, of course." He said something of the kind, with elaborate carelessness, to the clerk; "if she comes back before I do, just say I have gone out on an errand." He was

frightened, but not to the extent of letting that inquisitive idiot behind the counter know it. "If he had been attending to his business," he thought, angrily, "he would have seen her go out, and he could have told me when it was. Well—I'll go to Mr. Ferguson's. Of course she's there."

He stood on the curb-stone for a minute, looking for a carriage; but the street was deserted. He could not take the time to go to the livery-stable. He started hurriedly; once he broke into a run, then checked himself with the reminder that he was a fool. As he drew near her uncle's house, he began to defend himself against disappointment: "She's at Nannie's. Why did I waste time coming here? I know she is at Nannie's."

Robert Ferguson's house was dark, except for streaks of light under the blinds of the library windows. Blair, springing up the front steps, rang; then held his breath to listen for some one coming through the hall; his heart seemed smothering in his throat. "I *know* she isn't here; she's at Nannie's," he told himself. He was acutely conscious of the dank smell of the frosted honeysuckle clinging limply to the old iron trellis that inclosed the veranda; but when the door opened he was casual enough—except for a slight breathlessness.

"Mr. Ferguson! is Elizabeth here?"

"No," Robert Ferguson said, surprised, "was she coming here?"

"Oh," Blair said, carelessly; "she was to be here, or—or at Nannie's. I didn't know which. I'll go and get her there." His own words reassured him, and he apologized lightly. "Sorry to have disturbed you, sir. Good night!" And he was gone before another question could be asked. But out in the street he began to run. "Of course she's at Nannie's!" he said, panting. He even had a twinge of anger at Elizabeth for giving him

all this trouble. "She ought to have left word," he said to himself, crossly. It was a relief to be cross; nothing very serious can have happened to a person who merely makes you cross. The faint drizzle of the early evening had turned to rain, and that added to his irritation. "She's all right; and it's confoundedly unpleasant to get soaked," he reflected. Yes; he was honestly cross. Yet in spite of the reassurances of his mind and his temper, his body was still frightened; he was hurrying; his breath came quickly. He dashed on, so absorbed in denying his alarm that on one of the crossings only a quick leap kept him from being knocked down by a carriage full of revelers. "Here, you! Look out! What's the matter with you?" the cab-driver yelled, pulling his horses back and sidewise, but not before the pole of the hack had grazed Blair's shoulder. There was a screech of laughter, a woman's vociferating fright, a whiff of cigar smoke, and a good-natured curse: "Say, darn you, you're too happy to be out alone, sonny!" Blair did not hear them. Shantytown, black and silent and wet, huddled before him; from the smoke-stacks of the Works banners of flame flared out into the rain, and against them his mother's house loomed up, dark in the darkness. At the sight of it all his panic returned, and again he tried to discount his disappointment: "She isn't here, of course; she has gone to the hotel. Why didn't I wait for her there? What a fool I am!" But back in his mind, as he banged the iron gate and rushed up the steps, he was saying: "If she *isn't* here—?"

The house was absolutely dark; the fan-light over the great door was black; there was no faintest glimmer of light anywhere. Everybody was asleep. Blair rang violently, and pounded on the panels of the door with both hands. "Nannie! Elizabeth! Harris!—(confound the old idiot! why doesn't he answer the bell?)—Nannie—"

A window opened on the floor above. "What is it?" demanded a quavering feminine voice. "Who's there?"

"Nannie! Darn it, why doesn't somebody answer the bell in this house? Is Elizabeth—" His voice died in his throat.

"Oh, Blair! Is that you? You scared me to death," Nannie called down. "What on earth is the matter?"

"Is—is Elizabeth here?"

"Elizabeth? No; of course not! Where is she?"

"If I knew, would I be asking you?" Blair called back, furiously; "she must be here; or—or somewhere."

"Wait. I'll come down and let you in," Nannie said; he heard some muffled colloquy back in the room, and then the window closed sharply. Far off, a church clock struck one. Blair stood with a hand on the door-knob; through the leaded side-windows he saw a light wavering down through the house; a moment later Nannie, lamp in hand, shivering in her thin dressing-gown, opened the door.

"Has she been here this evening?"

"Blair! You scare me to death! No; she hasn't been here. What is the matter? Your coat is all wet! Is it raining?"

"She isn't at the hotel, and I—I don't know where she is."

"Why, she's at Mr. Ferguson's, of course."

"No, she isn't. I've been there."

"She may be at home by this time," Nannie faltered, and Blair, assenting, was just turning to rush away, when another voice said, with calm peremptoriness:

"What is the matter?"

Blair turned to see Mrs. Richie. She had come quietly down-stairs, and was standing beside Nannie. Even in his scared preoccupation, the sight of David's mother shook him. "I—I thought," he stammered, "that you had gone home, Mrs. Richie."

"She had a little cold, and I would not let her go until to-morrow," Nannie said; "you always take more cold on those horrid sleeping-cars." Nannie had no consciousness of the situation; she was far too alarmed to be embarrassed. But Blair cringed; he was scarlet to his temples; yet, through his shame, he had the feeling that he had when, a little boy, he clung to David's pretty mother for protection.

"Oh, Mrs. Richie," he said, "I am so worried about Elizabeth."

"What about her?"

"She said something this afternoon that—frightened me."

"What?"

But he would not tell her. "It was nothing. Only she was very angry; and—and she will do anything when she is angry." Mrs. Richie gave him a look, but he was too absorbed to feel its significance. "It was something about—well, a sort of silly threat. I didn't take it in at the time; but afterward I thought perhaps she meant—something. Really, it was nothing at all. But—" his voice died in his throat, and his eyes were terrified. There was such pain in his face that before she knew it David's mother was sorry for him; she even put her hand on his shoulder.

"It was just a mood," she comforted him. And Blair, taking the white, maternal hand in both of his, looked at her speechlessly; his chin trembled. Instantly, without words of shame on one side or of forgiveness on the other, they were back again, these two, in the old friendship of youth and middle age. "It was a freak," said Mrs. Richie, soothingly. "She is probably at the hotel by this time. Don't be troubled, Blair. Go and see. If she isn't at the hotel let me know at once."

"Yes, yes; I will," Blair said. "She must be there now, of course. I know there's nothing the matter, but I don't like to have her out so late by herself." He turned to open the front door, fumbling with haste over the latch; Nannie called to him to wait and she would get him an umbrella. But he did not hear her. He was saying to himself that of course she was at the hotel; and he was off into the darkness!

As the door banged behind him the two women looked at each other in dismay. "Oh, Mrs. Richie, what can be the matter?" Nannie said.

"Just one of Elizabeth's moods. She has gone out to walk—"

"At this time of night? It's after one o'clock!"

"She is probably safe and sound at the hotel now."

"I wish we had one of those new telephone things," Nannie said. "Mamma was always talking about getting one. Then Blair could let us know as soon as he gets to the hotel." Nannie was frankly scared; Mrs. Richie grave and a little cold. She had had, to her amazement, a wave of tenderness for Blair; the reaction from it came in anger at

Elizabeth. Elizabeth was always making trouble! Poor Blair," she said, involuntarily. At the moment she was keenly sorry for him; after all, abominable as his conduct had been, love of a kind had been at the root of it. "I can forgive love," Helena Richie said to herself, "but not hate. Elizabeth never loved David, or she couldn't have done what she did. . . . Nothing will happen to her," she said aloud. It occurred to this gentle woman that nothing ever did happen to the people one felt could be spared from this world;—which wicked thought made her so shocked at herself that she hardly heard Nannie's nervous chatter: "If she hasn't come home, Blair will be back here in half an hour; it takes fifteen minutes to get to the hotel and fifteen minutes to come back. If he isn't here at a quarter to two, everything is all right."

They went into the parlor and lit the gas; Nannie suggested lighting a fire; but Mrs. Richie said it wasn't worth while. "We'll be going up-stairs in a few minutes." She was not really worried about Elizabeth; partly because of that faintly cynical belief that nothing could happen to the poor young creature who had made so much trouble for everybody; but also because she was singularly self-absorbed; those words of Robert Ferguson's, when he kissed her in his library, had never left her mind. She thought of them now when she and Nannie sat down in that silence of waiting which seems to tingle with speech. The dim light from the gas-jet by the mantelpiece did not penetrate beyond the dividing arch of the great room; behind the grand piano, sprawling sidewise between the black marble columns, all was dark. The shadow of the chandelier, muffled in its balloon of brown paper muslin, made an island of darkness on the ceiling; and the four big canvases were four black oblongs outlined in faintly glimmering gilt.

"I remember sitting here with your mother, the night you children were lost," Mrs. Richie said. "Oh, Nannie dear, you must move out of this house; it is too gloomy!" But Nannie was not thinking of the house.

"Where can she have gone?" she said.

Mrs. Richie could offer no suggestion. Her explanation to herself was that Blair

and Elizabeth had quarreled, and Elizabeth, in a paroxysm of temper, had rushed off to spend the night in some hotel by herself. But she did not want to say this to Nannie. To herself she said that things did sometimes turn out for the best in this world, after all—if only David could realize it! “She would have made him dreadfully unhappy,” Helena Richie thought; “she doesn’t know what love means.” But alas! David did not realize that he had had an escape. She sighed, remembering that talk on the beach, and those wicked things he had said,—things for which she must be to blame, in some way. “If he had had a different mother,” she thought, heavily, “he might not have—” A sudden shock of terror jarred all through her—*could Elizabeth have gone to David?* The very thought turned her cold; it was as if some slimy, poisonous thing had touched her. Then common sense came in a wave of relief: “Of course not! Why should she do such an absurd thing?” But in spite of her common sense, Helena Richie’s lips went dry.

“It’s a quarter to two,” Nannie said. “He hasn’t come; she must be at home.”

“I’m sure she is,” Mrs. Richie agreed.

“Let’s wait five minutes,” Nannie said; “but I’m certain it’s all right.”

“Of course it’s all right,” Mrs. Richie said again, and got on her feet with a shiver of relief.

“It gave me a terrible scare,” Nannie confessed, and turned out the gas. “I had a perfectly awful thought, Mrs. Richie; a wicked thought. I was afraid she had—had done something to herself. You know she is so—crazy when she is angry, and—”

The front gate banged. Nannie gave a faint scream. “Oh, Mrs. Richie! Oh—”

It was Helena Richie who opened the door before Blair had even reached it. “Well? Well?”

“Not there. . . .”

CHAPTER XXXVI

ALL night long Elizabeth watched a phantom landscape flit past the window of the sleeping-car. Sometimes a cloud of smoke, shot through with sparks, brushed the glass like a billowing curtain, and sometimes the

thunderous darkness of a tunnel swept between her and spectral trees or looming hilltops. She lay there on her pillows, looking at the flying glimmer of the night and drawing long breaths of peace. The steady, rhythmical pounding of the wheels, the dull, rushing roar of the rails, the black, spinning country outside her window, shut away her old world of miseries and shames. Behind the stiff green curtains, that swung in and out, in and out, to the long roll of the car, there were no distractions, no fears of interruption, no listening apprehensions; she could relax into the wordless and exultant certainty of her purpose.

For at last, after these long months of mere endurance, she had a purpose.

And how calmly she was fulfilling it! “For I am not angry,” she said to herself, with the same surprise she had felt when, at Willis’s that afternoon, she had denied Blair’s charge of anger. Outside in the darkness, all the world was asleep. The level stretches of vanishing fields, the faint glisten of roads, were empty. When the train swept thundering through little towns, the flying station lights, the twinkle of street lamps, even the solitary lanterns of switchmen running along the tracks, made the sleep seem only more profound. But Elizabeth was awake in every fiber; once or twice, just for the peace of it, she closed her eyes; but she did not mean to sleep. She meant to think out every step that she must take; but at first, in the content of decision, she did not even want to think. She only wanted to feel that the end had come.

It was during the row up the river that her purpose had cleared before her eyes; for an instant the sight of it had startled her into that pallor which had frightened Blair; then she accepted it with a passionate satisfaction. It needed no argument; she knew without reasoning about it what she must do. But the way to do it was not plain; it was while she and Blair sat at dinner, and he read his paper and she played with her food, that a plan grew slowly in her mind. The carrying it out—at least to this point—the alert and trembling fear of some obstacle, had greatly exhausted her. It had also blotted out everything but itself. She forgot her uncle and Miss White;

that she was going to give them pain did not occur to her until, safe from their possible interference, in the dark, behind the slowly swaying curtains of her section, her fatigue began to lessen. Then, vaguely, she thought of them: they would be sorry. She frowned, faintly troubled by their sorrow. It was midnight before she remembered Blair; poor Blair! he cared so much about her. How could he—when she did not care for him? Still, it did not follow that not being loved prevented you from loving. David had ceased to love her, but that had not made her love cease. Yes; she was afraid they would all be unhappy; but it would be only for a while. She sighed; it was a peaceful sigh. Her regret for the sorrow that she would cause was the regret of one far off, helpless to avert the pain, who has no relation to it except that of an observer. She said to herself, calmly, "Poor Uncle Robert."

As she grew more rested, the vagueness of her regret sharpened a little. She realized with a pang how worried they would be—before they began to be sorry;—and worry is so hard to bear! "I wish I could have spared Uncle Robert and Cherry-pie," she said, in real distress. It occurred to her that she had given them many unhappy moments. "I was always a trouble; what a pity I was ever born. I have done nothing all my life but make trouble." She thought of her life as a thing of the past. "I was a great trial to them; it will be better for everybody this way," she said; and nestled down into the thought of the "way," with a satisfaction which was absolute comfort. Better; but still better if she had never lived. Then Blair would not have been disinherited, and by being disinherited driven into the dishonor of keeping money not intended for him. "It's really all my fault," she reflected, and looked out of the window with unseeing eyes. Yes; all that had happened was her fault. Oh, how many things she had hurt and spoiled! She had injured Blair—his mother had said so; and poor Nannie!—for Nannie's offense grew out of Elizabeth's conduct. As for David—David, who had stopped loving her. . . .

Well, she wouldn't hurt people any more, now. Never any more.

Just then the train jarred slowly to a standstill in a vast train-shed; up under its glass and girders, arc-lamps sent lurching shadows through the smoke and touched the clouds of steam with violet gleams. Elizabeth could see dark, gnome-like creatures, each with a hammer, and with a lantern swinging from a bent elbow, crouching along by the cars and tapping every wheel. She counted the blows that tested the trucks for the climb up the mountains; click-click; click-click; she was glad they were testing them; she must get across the mountains safely; there must be no interference of delay; she had so little time! For by morning they would guess, those three worried people—who had not yet begun to be sorry,—they would guess what she had done, and they would follow her. . . . She saw the gnomes slouching back past the cars, upright this time; then she felt the enormous tug of the engine beginning the up-grade. It grew colder, and she was glad of the blankets which she had not liked to touch when she first lay down in her berth. Outside there was a faint whitening along the horizon; but it dimmed, and the black outlines of the mountains were lost, as if the retreating night hesitated and returned; then she saw that her window was touched here and there by slender javelins of rain. They came faster and faster, striking on and over one another; now they turned to drops; she stopped thinking, absorbed in watching a drop roll down the glass—pause, lurch forward, touch another drop, then a third; then zigzag rapidly down the pane. She found herself following the racing drops with fascinated eyes; she even speculated as to which would reach the bottom first; she had a sense of luxury in being able, in the fortress of her berth, to think of things as unimportant as racing raindrops. By the time it was light enough to distinguish the stretching fields again, it was raining hard. Once in a while the train rushed past a farm-house, where the smoke from the chimney sagged in the gray air until it lay like a rope of mist along the roof. It was so light now that she could see the sodden carpet of yellow leaves under the maples, and she noticed that the crimson flags of the sumacs drooped and dripped and

clung together. The monotonous clatter of the wheels had fallen into a rhythm, which pounded out, steadily and endlessly, certain words which were the refrain of her purpose: "Afterward, they will say I had the right to see him." Sometimes she reminded herself, meekly, that he no longer loved her. But there was no trace of resentment in her mind;—how could he love her? Nor did the fact that his love had ceased make any difference in her purpose: "Afterward, they will say I had the right to see him."

When the day broke—a bleary, gray day, cold, and with sweeping showers of rain—she slept for a little while; but wakened with a start, for the train was still. Had they arrived? Had she lost a moment? Then she recognized the locality, and knew that there was an hour yet before she could be in the same city with him;—and again the wheels began their clamorous assertion: "the right to see him; the right to see him. . . ."

Her plan was simple enough; she would go at once to Mrs. Richie's house and ask for the doctor. "I won't detain him very long; it will only take a little while to tell him," she said to herself. It came over her with the shivering sense of danger escaped, that in another day she would have been too late—his mother would be at home! "She wouldn't let him see me," she thought, fearfully. Afterward, after she had seen him, she would take a train to New York and cross the ferry. . . . "The water is pretty clean there," she thought.

She was dressed and ready to leave the train long before the station was reached. When the unkempt, haggard crowd swarmed off the cars and poured its jostling, hurrying length through the train-shed, dim with puffing clouds of steam and clamorous with engines, Elizabeth was as fresh as if she had just come from her own house. She looked at herself in one of the big mirrors of the station dressing-room with entire satisfaction. "I am a little pretty even yet," she told herself, candidly. She wanted very much to be pretty now. When she went out to the street and found it raining in a steady, gray downpour, her heart sank,—oh, she must not get wet and draggled, now! Just for this hour she must be the old Elizabeth, the Elizabeth

that he used to love—fresh, with starry eyes and a shell-like color in her cheeks!—and indeed the cold rain was making her face glow like a rose; but her eyes were solemn, not starry. As her cab jolted along the rainy streets, past the red-brick houses with their white shutters and scoured doorsteps—houses where people were eating their breakfasts and reading their morning papers—Elizabeth, sitting on the frayed seat of the old hack, looked out of the window and thought how strange it all was! It would be just like this to-morrow morning, and she would not know it. "How queer!" she said to herself. But she was not frightened. "I suppose at the last minute I shall be frightened," she reflected. Then, for a moment, she forgot David and tried to realize the unrealizable. "Everything will be going on just the same, and I—" She could not realize it, but she did not doubt it. When the cab drew up at Mrs. Richie's door, she was careful to pay the man before she got out so that her hat should not be spoiled by the rain before David saw it.

"He isn't in, miss," the maid told her in answer to her ring.

Elizabeth gasped:

"What! Not here? Where is he?"

"He went down to the beach, 'm, yesterday, to see to the closing-up of the cottage, 'm."

"When is he coming back?" she said, faintly; and the woman said, smiling, "To-morrow, 'm."

Elizabeth stood blankly on the doorstep. To-morrow? That would be too late; there was not going to be any to-morrow. What should she do? Her plan had been so definite and detailed that this interruption of his absence—a possibility which had not entered into her calculations—threw her into absolute confusion. . . . He was away from home! What could she do?

Entirely forgetting the rain, she turned away and walked aimlessly down the street. "They'll find me before I can see him!" she said to herself, in terror. "I must go somewhere and decide what to do." She went into the nearest hotel and took a room. "I must plan; if I wait until he comes back, they'll find me!" But it was noon before her plan was made; when it was, she sprang up

with the old, tumultuous joyousness. Why, of course! How stupid not to have thought of it at once. She was so entirely oblivious of everything but her own purpose that she would have gone out of the hotel on the moment, had not the clerk checked her with some murmur about "a little charge." Elizabeth blushed to her temples. "Oh, I *beg* your pardon!" she said. In her mortification she wished that the bill had been twice as large. But when she was out in the rain, hurrying to the station, she again forgot everything except her consuming purpose. In the waiting-room—there were two hours before the train started—the panic thought took possession of her that she might miss him if she went down to the beach. "It's raining, and he may not stay over until to-morrow; he may be coming up this afternoon. But if I stay here they'll come and find me!" She could not face this last alternative. "They'll find me, and I won't be able to tell him; they'll try to take me home, and he will not have been told." Sitting on the wooden settee in the ladies' waiting-room, she watched the clock until its gaunt white face blurred before her eyes. How the long hand crawled! Once, in a spasm of fright, she thought that it had stopped—and perhaps she had lost her train!

But at last the moment came; she started, and as she drew nearer and nearer her goal, her whole body strained forward, as a man dying of thirst strains toward a spring gleaming in the desert distance; once she sighed with that anticipation of relief that is a shiver. Again the monotonous clatter of the wheels beat out the words that all night long over the mountains had grooved themselves into her brain: "Afterward, they will say I had the right to see him." Love, which that one mad hour, nearly three years before, had numbed and paralyzed, was awakening. It was as if a slowly rising torrent, dammed by some immovable barrier, had at last reached the brim,—trembled, hesitated—then leaped in foaming overflow into its old course. She thought of all the things she was going to tell him (but, oh, they were so many, so many; how could she say them all?). "I never was so true as when I was false. I never loved you so much as when I hated

you. I never longed for your arms as I did when—' O God, give me time to tell him that! Don't let them find me before I can tell him. *Don't* let him have gone back. Let me find him at the cottage and tell him." She was sitting on the plush cushion of the jolting, swaying old car, her hand on the back of the seat in front of her, every muscle tense with readiness to spring to her feet the moment the train stopped.

It was still raining when she got off at the little station which had sprung up out of the sand to accommodate a summer population. It was deserted now, and the windows were boarded over. A passer-by, under a dripping umbrella, lounged along the platform and stopped to look at her. "Come down to see cottages?" he inquired. She said no; but could she get a carriage to take her over to Little Beach?

He shook his head sympathetically. "A hack? *Here?* Lord, no!—There isn't no depot carriage running at this time of year. You'd ought to have got off at Normans, the station above this, and then you could have drove over; fourteen miles, though. Something of a drive on an evening like this! But Normans is quite a place. They run two depot carriages there all winter and a dozen in summer."

"I'll walk," she told him, briefly.

"It's more 'an three miles," he warned her; "and it's sheeting down! If I had such a thing as an umbrella—except this one—I'd—"

But she had gone. She knew the way; she remembered the summer—oh, so long ago!—when she and Nannie had driven over that sandy road along the beach, on their way to Mrs. Richie's house. It was so deep with mud now that sometimes she had to walk outside the wheel-ruts into the wiry beach grass. The road toiled among the dunes; on the shore, on her right, she could hear the creaming lap of the waves; but rain was driving in from the sea in an impenetrable curtain, and only when, in some turn of the wind it lifted and shifted could she catch a glimpse of the scarf of foam lying on the sands, or see the gray heave of an endless expanse that might be water or might be sky folded down into the water. It was growing dark; sometimes she blun-



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"DAVID, I'M COMING JUST AS FAST AS I CAN"

dered from the road to one side or the other; sometimes she thought she saw approaching figures—a man, perhaps, or a vehicle; but as she neared them they were only bushes or leaning, wind-beaten pines. She was drenched and her clothes seemed intolerably heavy. Oh, how David would laugh at her hat! She put up her hand, in its soaked and slippery glove, and touched the roses about the crown and laughed herself. “He won’t mind,” she said, contentedly. She had forgotten that he had stopped loving her. She began to sing under her breath, the old tune of her gay, inconsequent girlhood—

“Oh, won’t it be joyful, joyful, joyful,
Oh, won’t it be joyful, to meet . . .”

She stopped; something warm was on her face; she had not known that she was weeping. Suddenly, far off, she saw a glimmer of light. . . . Mrs. Richie’s house! Her heart rose in her throat. “David,” she said aloud, weakly, “David, I’m coming just as fast as I can.”

But when she opened the door of the living-room in the little house that sat so close to the crumpling lap and crash of the tide, and saw him, his pipe in his hand, half rising from his chair by the fire and turning around to see who had entered, she could hardly speak his name—“*David.*”

CHAPTER XXXVII

“**A**ND that was Thursday; your letter had come in the first mail; and—oh, hush, hush; it was not a wicked letter, David. Don’t you suppose I know that, now? I knew it—the next day. And I read it. I don’t know just what happened then. I can’t remember very clearly. I think I felt ‘insulted.’ . . . It sounds so foolish to say that, doesn’t it? But I was just a girl then, and you know what girls are like. . . . David, I am not making any excuse. There isn’t any excuse. I am just—telling you. I have to talk slowly; I am tired. You won’t mind if I talk slowly? . . . I suppose I thought I had been ‘insulted’; and I remember something seemed to flame up. You know how it always was with me? David, I have never been able to be angry since that day. Isn’t that strange? I’ve never been angry since. . . . Well,

then, I went out to walk. I remember Cherry-pie called down-stairs to know if I had a clean pocket-handkerchief. I remember that;—and yet I can’t seem to remember why I went out to walk. . . . And he came up and spoke to me. Oh, I forgot to tell you: he’d been in love with me. I meant to tell you about that as soon as we were married—Where was I? Oh, yes; he spoke to me. . . .”

Her voice broke with exhaustion; she closed her eyes and lay back in the big chair. David put her hand against his face, and held it there until she opened her eyes. She looked at him dumbly for a little while; then the slow, monotonous outpouring of all the silent months began again: “And I said I hated you. And he said if I married him, it would show you that I hated you. David, he was fond of me. I have to remember that. It wouldn’t be fair not to remember that, would it? I was really the one to blame. Oh, I must be fair to him; he was fond of me. . . . And all that afternoon, after he married me, I was so glad to think how wicked I was. I knew how you would suffer. And that made me glad to be wicked. . . .”

There was a long pause; he pulled a little shawl across her feet, and laid her hand over his eyes; but he was silent.

“Then,” she said, in a whisper, “I died, I think. I suppose that is why I have never been angry since. Something was killed in me. . . . I’ve wondered a good deal about that. David, isn’t it strange how part of you can die, and yet you can go on living? It seemed to me I couldn’t live. . . . But I did. I kept on living. Of course I expected to die. I prayed all the time that I might. But I didn’t. I went on living;—you are glad I lived?” she said, incredulously, catching some broken murmur from behind his hands in which his face was hidden; “glad? Why, I should have thought— Well, that was the most awful time of all. The only peace I had, just single minutes of peace, was when I remembered that you hated me.”

He laid his face against her knee, and she felt the fierce intake of his breath.

“You *didn’t* hate me? Oh, don’t say you didn’t, David. Don’t! It was the only comfort I had, to have you despise

me. Although that was just at first. Afterward, last May, when you walked down to Nannie's with me that afternoon, and I thought you had got all over it, I . . . something seemed to be eating my heart away. That seems like a contradiction, doesn't it? I don't understand how I could feel two ways. But just at first I wanted you to hate me. I thought you would be less unhappy if you hated me; and, besides, I wanted to feel the whips. I felt them—oh, I felt them! . . . And all the time I thought that soon I would die. But of course I couldn't; death would have been too easy. Yes; I had to go on living." There was another long silence; he kissed her hand once; but he did not speak. . . . "And the days went on, and went on, and went on. Sometimes I didn't feel anything; but sometimes it was like stringing sharp beads on a red-hot wire. I suppose that sounds foolish. But when his mother disinherited him, I knew I would have to go on—stringing beads, because it was all my fault; it would have been mean, then, to leave him. You see that, David, don't you? Besides, I was a spoiled thing, a worthless thing. If staying with him would make up for the harm I had done him,—Mrs. Maitland told me I had injured him;—why, of course, there was nothing else to do. I knew you would understand. So I stayed. 'Unkind to me?'" She bent forward a little to hear his smothered question. "Oh no; never. I used to wish he would be. But he—loved me—" she shuddered. "Oh, David, how I have dreamed of your arms. David . . . David . . ."

They had forgotten that each had believed love had ceased in the other; they did not even assert that it was unchanged. Nor was there any plea for forgiveness on either side. The moment was too great for such self-consciousnesses.

She sank back in her chair with a long breath. He rose, and, kneeling beside her, drew her against his breast. She sighed with comfort. "*Here!* At last to be here. I never thought it would be. It is heaven. Yes; I shall remember that I have been in heaven. But I don't think I shall be sent to hell, because I've been there for so long. No; God won't punish me any more. It will be just sleep."

He had to bend his ear almost to her white lips to catch her whisper. "What did I say? I don't remember exactly; I am so happy. . . . Let me be quiet a little while. I'm pretty tired. May I stay until morning? It is raining, and if I may stay . . . I will go away very early in the morning."

The long, rambling, half-whispered story had followed the fierce statement, flung at him when she burst in out of the storm, and stood, sodden with rain, trembling with fatigue and cold, and pushing from her his alarmed and outstretched hands,—the statement that she had left Blair! There were only a few words in the outburst of anger which had been dormant in her for these terrible years: "He stole your wife. Now he is stealing your money. I told him he couldn't keep them both. Your wife has come back to you. I have left him—"

Even while she was stammering, shrilly, the furious finality, he caught her, swaying, in his arms. It was an hour before she could speak coherently of the happenings of the last twenty-four hours; she had to be warmed and fed and calmed. And it was curious how the lover in him and the physician in him alternated in that hour; he had been instant with the soothing commonplace of help,—her wet clothes, her chilled body, her hunger, were his first concern. "I know you are hungry," he said, cheerfully;—but his hands shook as he put food before her. When he drew her chair up to the fire, and, kneeling down, took off her wet shoes, he held her slender, tired feet in his hands and chafed them gently,—but suddenly laid them against his breast, warming them, murmuring over them with a sobbing breath, as though he felt the weariness of the little feet, plodding, plodding, plodding through the rain to find him. The next minute he was the doctor, ordering her with smiling words to lie back in her chair and rest;—then looking at her with a groan.

When at last she was coherent again, she began that pitiful confession, and he listened; at first walking up and down; then coming nearer; sitting beside her; then kneeling; then lifting her, and holding her against his breast. When, relaxing in his arms like a tired child, she

ended, almost in a whisper, with her timid plea to be allowed to stay until morning, the tears dropped down his face.

"Until morning?" he said, with a laugh that broke into a sob—"until death."

Long before this his first uneasiness—for her sake—at the situation had disappeared. The acquired uneasinesses of convention vanish before the primal realities. The long-banked fire had glowed, then broken into flames that consumed such chaff as "propriety." As he held her in his arms after that whispered and rambling story of despair, he trembled all over. For Elizabeth there had never been a single moment of conventional consciousness; she was solemnly unaware of everything but the fact that they were together for this last moment. When he said "until death," she lifted her head and looked at him.

"Yes," she said, "*until death.*"

Something in her broken whisper touched him like ice. He was suddenly rigid. "Elizabeth, where did you mean to go to-morrow morning?" he said. She made no answer, but he felt that she was alert. "Elizabeth! Tell me; what do you mean?" His loud and terrified command made her quiver; she was bewildered by the unexpectedness of his suspicion, but too dulled and stunned to evade it. David, with his ear close to her mouth, raised his head. "Elizabeth, don't you understand? Dear, this is life, not death—for us both."

She drew away from him with a long sigh, struggling up feebly out of his arms and groping for her chair; she shook her head, smiling faintly. "I'm sorry you guessed. No, I can't go on living. There's no use talking about it, David. I can't."

He stood looking down at her, pale from the shock of his discovery. "Listen to me, Elizabeth. You belong to me. Don't you understand, dear? You always have belonged to me. He knew it when he stole you from yourself, as well as from me. You have always been mine. You have come back to me. Do you think I will let Blair Maitland or death or God Almighty steal you now? Never. You belong to me! me!"

"But—" she began.

"Oh, Elizabeth, what do we care for

what they call right and wrong? 'Right' is being together!"

She frowned in a puzzled way. She had not been thinking of "right and wrong"; her mind had been absorbed by the large and simple necessity of death. But his inevitable reasonableness, ignoring her organic impulse, was already splitting hairs to justify an organic impulse of his own.

"God gave you to me," he said, "and by God I'll keep you! That is what is right;—if we parted now it would be wrong."

It seemed as if the gale of passion which had been slowly rising in him in these hours they had been together blew away the mists in which her mind had been groping, blew away the soothing fogs of death which had been closing in about her, and left her, shrinking, in sudden, confusing light.

"Wrong?" she said, dazed; "I hadn't thought about that. David, I wouldn't have come to you except—except because it was the end. Anything else is impossible, you know."

"Why?" he demanded.

"I am married," she said, bewildered.

He laughed under his breath. "You are married *to me!*"

The triumph in his voice, while it vaguely alarmed her, struck some answering chord in her mind, for while she mechanically contradicted him, some deeper self was saying, "yes—yes."

But aloud she said, "It can't be, David; don't you see it can't be?"

"But it *is* already; I will never let you go. I've got you—at last. Elizabeth, listen to me: while you've been talking, I've thought it all out: as things are, I don't think you can possibly get a divorce from Blair and marry me. He's 'kind' to you, you say; and he's 'decent,' and he doesn't drink—and so forth, and so forth. I know the formula to keep a woman with a man she hates and call it being respectable. No, you can't get a divorce from him; but he can get a divorce from you—if you give him the excuse to do so.

Elizabeth looked at him with perfectly uncomprehending eyes. The innocence of them did not touch him. For the second time in her life she was at the mercy of Love. "Blair is fond of me,"

she said; "he never would give me a divorce. He has told me so a hundred times. Do you suppose I haven't begged him to let me go? On my knees I begged him. No, David, there is no way out except—"

"There is a way out if you care enough to—come to me. Then," he said in a whisper, "he will divorce you and we can be married. Oh, Elizabeth, death is not the way out—it is *life*, dear, life! Will you live? Will you give me life?" He was breathing as if he had been running; he held her fingers against his lips until he bruised them.

She understood. . . . After a minute of silence she said, faintly: "As for me, nothing matters. Even if it is wicked—"

"It is not wicked!"

"Well, if it were, if you wanted me I would come. I don't seem to care. Nothing seems to me wrong in the whole world. And nothing right. Do you understand, David? I am—done. My life is worthless, anyhow. Use it—and throw it away. But don't you see? It would ruin you. No, I won't do it."

"Ruin me? It would make me! I have shriveled, I have starved, I have frozen without you. Ask my mother if what I tell you isn't true."

She caught her breath and drew away from him. "Your mother!" she said, faintly. But he did not notice the recoil.

"It would end your career," she said. She was confused by the mere tumult of his words.

"Career! The only career I want is *you*. Medicine isn't the only thing in the world, nor Philadelphia the only place to practise it. And if I can't be a doctor, I can break stones for my wife. Elizabeth, to love you is the only career I want. But you—can you? Am I asking more than you can give? Do you care what people think? We may not be able to be married for a year. Longer, perhaps; the law takes time, you know. Could you bear it—for me?"

He was on his knees beside her now, his face hot against hers, his arms around her. Not only his bitterly thought-out theories of individualism, but all his years of decent living, contributed to his overthrow at that moment. He was a man; and here was his woman, coming

back to him, toiling back through the storm, fighting back from all the cruel and imprisoning ties that had held her for nearly three years; his woman, torn from him once by a thief, kept from him by artificial standards, standards so brittle in their intrinsic worthlessness that only a fool would refuse to break them and take his own. Man's laws? God's laws! he said to himself. In the madness of the moment, his face on hers, his arms around her, he did not know that his tears were wet on her lips.

"Mine—" he said, panting; "*mine!* my own has come back to me. Say so; tell me so yourself. Say it! I want to hear you say it."

"Oh, David, I have always been yours. But I am not worth taking. I am not—"

"Hush! You are mine. They shall never part us again. Elizabeth—to-morrow we will go away." She sank against him in silence; for a while he was silent, too. Then, in a low voice, he told her how they must carry out a plan which had sprung, full-winged, from his mind;—"when he knows you have been here to-night," David said,—and trembled from head to foot;—"he will divorce you."

She listened, assenting, but bewildered. "I was going to die," she said, faintly; "I don't know how to live. Oh, I think the other way would be better?"

But he did not stop to discuss it; he had put her back into the reclining chair—once in a while the physician remembered her fatigue, though for the most part the lover thought only of himself;—he saw how white she was, and put her in the big chair; then, drawing up a footstool, he sat down, keeping her hand in his; sometimes he kissed it, but all the time he talked violently of right and wrong. Elizabeth was singularly indifferent to his distinctions; perhaps the deep and primitive experience of looking into the face of Death made her so. At any rate, her question was not "Is it right?" it was only "Is it best?" Was it best for him to do this thing? Would it not injure him? David, brushing away her objections with an exultant belief in himself, was far less elemental. Right? What made right and wrong? Law? Elizabeth knew better! Unless she meant God's law. As



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"WILL YOU LIVE? WILL YOU GIVE ME LIFE?"

far as that went, she was breaking it if she went on living with Blair. As for dying, she had no right to die! She was his. Would she rob him again?

It was the everlasting, perfectly sincere sophistry of the man who has been swept past honor and prudence and even pity that poured from David's lips; and with it, love! love! love! Elizabeth, listening to it, carried along by it, had, in the extraordinary confusion of the moment, nothing to oppose to it but her own unworth. To this he refused to listen, closing her lips with his own, and then going on with his quite logical reasoning, a reasoning which, somehow, made the old standards seem trivial and foolish. His mind was alert to meet and arrange every difficulty and every detail; once, smiling at her, he stopped to say, "We'll have to live on your money, Elizabeth. See what I've come to! Yes; at first, you will probably have to support me," he said, joyously. The old scruples seemed, beside this new reality, merely ridiculous—although there was a certain satisfaction in throwing overboard that hideous egotism of his, which had made all the trouble that had come to them. "You see," he explained, "we shall go away for a while, until you get your divorce. And it will take time to pick up a practice, especially in a new place. So we shall have to live on your money, Elizabeth."

She hardly smiled. She was too much at peace in the haven of his clasping arms even to smile. Once, when he confessed his shame at having doubted her—"for I did," he said; "I actually thought you cared for him"; she roused herself: "It was my fault. I won't let you blame yourself; it was all my fault!" she said; then sank again into dreaming quiet.

It was midnight; the fire had died

down; a stick of drift-wood on the iron dogs, gnawed through by shimmering blue and copper flames, broke apart, and a shower of sparks flew up—caught in the soot, and smouldered in spreading rosettes on the chimney-back. The night, pressing black against the windows, was full of the murmurous silence of the rain and the soft advancing crash of the incoming tide; the man and woman were silent, too. Sometimes he would kiss the little scar on her wrist; sometimes press his lips into the soft cup of her palm; there seemed no need of words. It was in one of these silences that David suddenly raised his head and frowned.

"Listen!" he said; and then, a moment later; "wheels! *here?* at this time of night!"

Elizabeth crouched back in her chair. "It is Blair. He has followed me—"

"No, no; it is somebody who has lost his way in the rain. Yes, I hear them; they are coming in to ask the road."

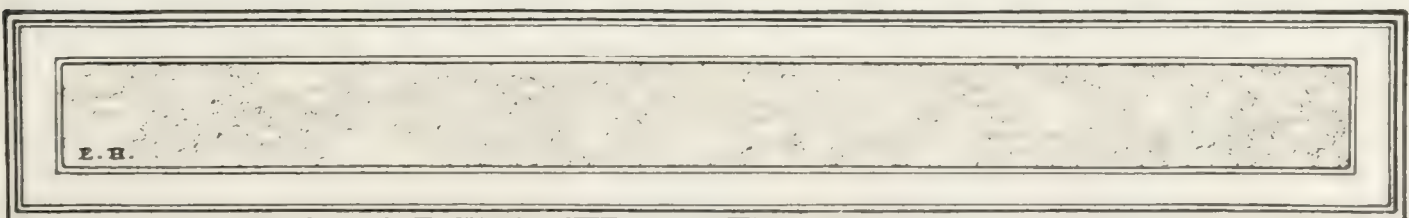
There were hurried steps on the porch, and Elizabeth grew so deadly white that David said again, reassuringly: "It's some passer-by. I'll send him about his business."

Loud, vehement knocking interrupted him, and he said, cheerfully: "Confound them, making such a noise! Don't be frightened; it is only some farmer—"

He took up a lamp and, closing the door of the living-room behind him, went out into the hall; some one, whoever it was, was fumbling with the knob of the front door, as if in terrible haste. David slipped the bolt and would have opened the door, but it seemed to burst in, and against it, clinging to the knob, panting and terrified, stood his mother.

"David! Is she— Am I too late? David! Where is Elizabeth? *Am I too late?*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



“Mother and Child,” by Mary Cassatt

CONFINING herself to painting children and the women who care for them, Miss Cassatt invests her subjects with a sentiment wholly feminine; but this feminine view is expressed in a technique so vigorous as to produce a result unique in women's work. She presents her figures realistically with the gestures and animation of life, her pictures seeming like so many mental films showing her interest in the intimate truth of things. The business of the child's toilet or amusement, the pearly tints of flesh, the surrounding fabrics—in short, all the picture-stuff under ever-changing light—shows her acute observation and delight in it. With this fugitive aspect of things come the suggestions awakened through her contemplation of the beauty and innocence of childhood. Throughout runs the tenderness of maternal love. There is no longer need of the excuse of religion which Renaissance painters employed in their representations of maternity; modern art has wider perception and greater subtlety. The only pupil of Degas, like herself of American birth, she strives, like him, to follow life closely and to express with the utmost precision the movements and character of individuals. She seizes her *dramatis personæ* in the act, representing them unconscious of attention as though seen through the keyhole. Her color is that of the impressionists, free from conventional shadows, and she avoids excessive elaboration. Her painting, though apparently extemporaneous and unconsidered, is the result of serious study.

Beyond method and color, the elusive, haunting *motif* of motherhood is ever latent in her scenes of home life, changing form with each new picture, but coming back again and again, as if never quite caught and definitely fixed in the artist's mind. And these ever-new variations of a world-old theme disclose imagination and delicate fancy, and being divested of the outworn conventions of the past, present a new symbolism of the thought and quality of our time.

The picture which Mr. Wolf has engraved from the original painting is reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Durand-Ruel & Sons.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"MOTHER AND CHILD," BY MARY CASSATT

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Path of Stars

BY ALICE BROWN

WHEN Marietta Cole came home, on a crisp winter evening, from the meeting-house where the minister's wife had been giving a talk on "My Week in Italy," she found her husband asleep. He was a picture of contentment there by the stove, legs stretched out, hands folded across his waistcoat, his mouth slightly open, and beside him, on the table, symbols of relinquished joys in pipe and county *Herald*. He was a thin man, with a withered, dust-colored face and a baldness that continued his wrinkled forehead, somewhat to its advantage, over the slope of a shining head. Marietta, who was thin, and "quick as lightning," the neighbors avowed, with a startled-looking, sanguine face, sparsely freckled, and vital yellow hair drawn straight back and tightly knotted, had never found cause to complain of 'Liphalet's looks; but to-night, as she stood there gazing absently at him and unwinding her cloud, she wished something was different. Whether or not it was he she did not know. 'Liphalet drew in his feet with a slow, luxurious stiffness, pulled himself up in his chair, and, shutting his mouth definitively, seemed to return once more to masculine ease in his own relation to things.

"I 'most wisht you'd gone," said Marietta. She had not folded her shawl and cloud according to her scrupulous wont, but swept them from her to the lounge, as if she could hardly stop for order in so interesting a world.

"Come round here an' git warm," said 'Liphalet. "I'll put in another stick, an' open the oven door."

She shook her head and sat down in the rocking-chair near the window. The curtain was up, and in the moonlight she could see a shining crust of snow. As she rocked and talked, she gazed at it absently. It seemed, for the first time, to cover a world beyond the ten or fifteen

miles she knew. There might be paths in it running everywhere, and the thought of them moved her.

"'Liphalet," she said, unprepared herself for what the words were to be, "I want to go som'er's."

"Where ye want to go?" he asked, with but mild interest. He rose and stretched himself yawningly. It was time to wind the clock.

"I dun'no'," said Marietta, vaguely. "If I had my choice I dun'no's I could tell. It's terrible pretty over there in Italy."

"Now what makes you think you know that," said 'Liphalet, to the accompaniment of the crackling wind of the clock, "hearin' a woman talk about it one evenin' so? I guess she set it out for all 'twas wuth."

"There was pictures," said Marietta, softly. She was clasping her knees and bending forward, her delicate chin protruded. "There's churches—an' there's towers."

"Well, well," said 'Liphalet, "it's crawlin' on to 'most half arter ten. We better git to bed."

But Marietta had risen and, with a darting haste, knelt before the corner cupboard. On the lower shelf was a pile of books, tightly covered with a cloth. The bottom one she pulled out carefully, and, bringing it to the table, bent over it with a frowning brow. It was a geography, dog-eared and worn, the covers scarcely showing their tracery of continents. Marietta whirled the leaves rapidly and settled upon a page.

"Here's Italy," she breathed. "Le's see what it says." But it said nothing to verify her hopes. "Productions," she read. "Population. No, there ain't any of it here."

"There, I told ye so," said 'Liphalet. He had gone to the sink and taken a fortifying draught from the dipper. "I told ye she set it out." He returned to



HE WAS A PICTURE OF CONTENTMENT THERE BY THE STOVE

the table and stood regarding, not her, but the book. A shade came over his face, and he spoke with a grave hesitancy: "Wa'n't that Warren's j'ography?"

Marietta closed the book and also stood looking at it, the light of anticipation wiped out of her face.

"Yes," said she.

"I 'most wish—" said 'Liphalet. There he paused, because he had been about to add, "I wish Warren hadn't died"; but that seemed to him perhaps unnecessarily emotional, and he nipped it before conclusion. But Marietta understood. She closed the book and returned with it to the cupboard, slipped it into its place, and spread the cover with her air of performing a gentle rite.

"'Twas fifteen years ago come March," said she. Then she shut the door upon her relics and came back to the table. Father and mother, their minds at one in the aching consciousness of old bereavement, they stood there letting their minds throb back upon the past.

"Well, well," said 'Liphalet. He did not even sigh, but turned away to put in another hard-wood stick to keep the room warm for morning.

But Marietta had more to tell. Italy had pushed it temporarily aside, but now it took its way.

"I don't see what possesses folks that have got children not to realize what 'tis. There's your brother Enoch. Do you know what he's done to Jessie?"

"Jessie?" repeated 'Liphalet, turning, stove-cover in hand. "What's he done to her?"

"Why, it ain't so much what he's done; it's what he ain't done. He won't give her a new dress for nice, an' there she was this evenin' settin' in her shawl, an' 'most died o' the heat. I see her when we come out. 'Jessie,' says I, 'you'll git your death all bundled up as you be, an' then comin' out into the cold.'"

"Well," said 'Liphalet, in a puzzle, "what's she do it for?"

"Why, she hadn't a thing to wear but that old plaid I give her three year ago, an' then 'twas rotten as a pear. Busted right acrost the shoulder seams it has, an' when she showed it to him, says he, 'Can't ye take a run along there, or hem it or suthin', an' put on a mite o' braid?' Jessie told me that with her own lips."



"WA'N'T THAT WARREN'S J'OGRAPHY?"

"Well," said 'Liphalet, "'twouldn't ha' been so if her mother 'd lived. He's runnin' pretty nigh the wind. He's goin' to build him a new barn come spring, an' that 'll take all he wants to put into it. Jessie better git along with things as they be, an' if she outlives him she never 'll have to put her hands into water."

"Outlive him!" flashed Marietta. "Why, your brother Enoch's likely to live twenty years at the least, an' here's all the other girls with their camel's-hair, an' some of 'em with furs. An' there's Elbridge Morse settin' side o' Rosy Ann Blake all the evenin', an' she with cologne on her handkercher, an' when 'twas over he see her home. I could ha' cried. Jessie come along with me, an' part o' the time I guess she *was* cryin'. 'Peared that way to me."

"Well," said 'Liphalet, untouched in an argument he held to be irrefutable, "if he's that kind of a feller, let him go. She's well rid o' him."

"What kind of a feller?" inquired

Marietta, in some scorn of dismissing so large a subject with a truism.

"A feller that thinks about clo'es an' the like o' that."

"He don't know it's clo'es," said Marietta, "nor cologne neither. What makes all the birds feathered out bright in the spring?"

"Why, I dun'no'," replied 'Liphalet. He was standing with the bedroom lamp in his hand, and he looked at her agape. "What's the birds got to do with it?"

Marietta put on her inscrutable face, the one that meant she saw it was of no use to go any farther on that tack.

"Oh, I kinder thought on't," said she. "I read suthin'

about it t'other day." Then she shut her lips with the look her husband knew.

But 'Liphalet thought he dreamed in the middle of the night that he heard her voice asking clearly, "Shouldn't you s'pose my butter-money would take me as fur as Italy?" He was certainly awake the next minute, and he was on the point of asking Marietta if she had spoken; but she was so still he knew he had really dreamed it, after all.

The next morning, when Marietta was alone, doing her dishes, Jessie came in, breathing fast with the haste of her running through the cold. She was a slender girl with bright-colored hair and an eager face; shy, it was easy to see, and yet with quick, cozy ways when she was encouraged. Though there was no kinship between them, she had a fleeting resemblance to Marietta. You could not put your hand on it, but it was there. Perhaps it was because they loved and hated the same things. Jessie took a towel and at once began to wipe the dishes.

"Don't you concern yourself with

that," said Marietta, pouring a libation of hottest water upon them. "You've got enough to do at home."

"He's gone to the Street," said Jessie, wiping with deft precision. Then she added in tardy recognition of the vague, ungracious pronoun, "father has."

Marietta was rattling pans in and out of her rinsing-water.

"Did you ever in all your life hear anything so great as that lecture was last night?" she asked. "I couldn't git a wink o' sleep till after two."

"I didn't think much about it," said Jessie, drearily. "Maybe I didn't listen very hard." The color had faded from her cheeks. Her mouth drooped forlornly.

"Mercy sakes! I dun'no' how anybody could help listenin'," said Marietta. "I should ha' had to stop my ears with cotton-wool." Then she remembered the tragedy of the inadequate costume and its covering, and added, kindly, "Well, mebbe you was too hot."

"I don't know whether I was hot or whether I was cold," said Jessie. Her eyes had the look of seeing far-away things she dreaded, and wondering whether they could really come. "Elbridge went by this mornin'."

"Did he? Well, there," said Marietta, in a passion of sympathy. "He stop?"

"No. He had Rosy Ann Blake with him."

"They goin' to the Street?"

"I dun'no'. I guess maybe they're goin' to ride."

For a moment they worked in a swift, silent unison, and then Marietta said, violently:

"Well, you hold up your head, Jessie Cole. That's what you do."

"But 'twouldn't make the leastest dif-

ference whether he asked me or whether he didn't," said Jessie, in a monotone of confidence chiefly to herself. "I ain't got any hat an' nothin' but that old shawl."

"Well, you hold up your head," counseled Marietta. "You're young, anyways—young an' strong. If you were as old as I be, you might well think 'twas good-night all."

"Why, you ain't old, Aunt Marietta," said Jessie, surprised out of her brooding. "You're as spry as a cat. I never should think of such a thing in the world."

"Well," said Marietta, good-humoredly, "I sha'n't see fifty ag'in, nor yet sixty. I guess if I told you what I was goin' to do you'd think I need to be spryer'n I be now."

"What is it?" asked Jessie, with but a mild curiosity.

"I'm thinkin' o' takin' my butter-money an' my quilt-money an' my two shares Uncle Freeman left me, an' I'm goin' to Italy."



"WHY, YOU AIN'T OLD, AUNT MARIETTA"

So wild a vision was terrifying to the girl. It snatched her from her brooding with a ruthless hand.

"Why, I never heard o' such a thing," she breathed. "Who you goin' with?"

"Oh, I dun'no'," said Marietta, carelessly. Yet her eyes shone and her color was high. "I guess there'll be folks enough on the boat so's I sha'n't git lonesome."

"What's Uncle 'Liphalet say?"

"I ain't told him."

Jessie thought she detected a momentary sagging of high courage here, and she felt no wonder at it.

"But what's it for, Aunt Marietta?" she persisted. "What you goin' for?"

"I've got to go som'er's," Marietta declared. She had hung up her dishpan, and now she stood, her back to the sink, as if she repudiated it. "I knew there was somethin' the matter o' me, but till last night I never see what 'twas. I've got to go."

"Seems 's if Italy was a good ways off," said Jessie.

Marietta's eyes sparkled.

"I guess it's the furthest there is," she declared. "Sounded so, anyway. Further the better. I've got to go." 'Liphalet's step came heavily, with a measured assurance, through the shed. They both knew it. "Don't you tell," said Marietta.

Her eyes glittered now, and Jessie shrank from the unusual in their lustre.

"I guess I won't," said she.

That evening Marietta and her husband settled to their occupations, he with the unfinished paper before him and she with squares of patchwork. But in her lap lay a little book she had found that day in a wild incursion upon the attic. *Physical Geography* it was called. She thought it might be some new light.

"What quilt you on now?" asked 'Liphalet. "How many's this sence June?"

"Five," said Marietta. She steadied the book on her knee.

'Liphalet leaned back in his chair and dallied with the luxurious sense of an evening to be warm in and two columns of the paper yet to read.

"Seems if you was possessed to make quilts," he remarked.

"I kinder like to," said Marietta, absently. "There's so many figgers you can plan. Some I've made up."

But now began a queer, intermittent cannonading. 'Liphalet sprang to his feet.

"What do you think 'tis?" asked Marietta.

He was lighting the lantern as he spoke.

"Old Kit's got cast. Don't you know the sound on't?"

And he was gone, leaving the door open in his haste, and Marietta threw her shawl over her shoulders and followed him. But midway in the slippery path she turned her ankle and fell, in a foolish, awkward way that twisted her so that she could not for the moment rise. So Marietta lay there and laughed and looked up at the heavens; but presently she became sober and looked again. And then, when the cannonading began once more, she felt it like a recall, and rolled over and got on her feet. When she reached the barn, Kit was up, and 'Liphalet had given her a consolatory measure of oats out of the bin, and the other horses were stretching curious noses.

"'Twon't do for her to do that many times more," said 'Liphalet, on the way back to the house. "Mebbe I'll build her a box-stall she can turn round in an' get her bearin's."

Marietta had a hand on his arm.

"'Liphalet, you stop a minute," said she. He wondered what made her breathe so fast. "Did you know," said Marietta, "the stars was all in patterns?"

'Liphalet instinctively held up his lantern, as if thereby he could find them better; but Marietta pulled it down imperatively.

"You look," said she. "Cast back your head an' look at 'em. They're in patterns, 'Liphalet. Did you ever think o' that before?"

"Why," said 'Liphalet, ponderously, "there's the Dipper. Everybody knows that. Then there's the Milky Way."

"Why, don't you see that kind of a square up there?" said Marietta, breathlessly. "An' there's two, right in line, looks as if they belonged together. An' them little crowded ones off behind the shed, jest on the pick. 'Liphalet, I guess I'm a fool, but never so long's I'm a livin' woman did I see the stars as I've seen 'em this night."

"There, there," said 'Liphalet, kindly. "You'll git cold stan'in' out here, nothin' on your head."

He began his plodding way to the house, and Marietta followed. But when they were once inside the kitchen she took the lantern from him.

"You le' me have it," said she. "I've got to go back. Yes, yes, I'll put suthin' on my head. I'll get me a pencil an' paper."

"What ye want of a pencil an' paper?" 'Liphalet inquired. He was busy fitting in a stick of wood. His idea of winter comfort was a stove hot enough to scorch you off to sleep. Marietta was searching in the desk.

"There, I got it," said she. "I'll take this sheet you tried your pen on. Don't you set up. I dun'no' when I shall be back."

'Liphalet turned his wondering gaze upon her.

"Where you goin' to this time o' night?" he inquired.

"Nowheres. I'm goin' to see if I can git some kind of an idea about them stars."

For a moment 'Liphalet stood frowning out his perplexity. Then he walked to the east window and put his face to the pane. There was the lantern irradiating the gloom. It seemed to him it might, from the direction, be on the corn-house steps, and in a moment he saw Marietta seat herself on the step below it. After that the lantern did not move, and 'Liphalet, his eyes upon it to the exhaustion of patience, got his hat again and went out. There she sat, as he had guessed, but very busy, too busy to notice him. A book was on her knees and a sheet of paper on the book, and Marietta was alternately looking at the stars and setting down random dots.

"Come, come," said 'Liphalet, "you'll git your death out here."

"You jest glance your eyes up," said Marietta. There was a thrill in her voice so that he hardly knew it. "Ain't that

an elegant one? There's three startin' one way an' three t'other. Anything so handsome as that is ought to have a name."

"Why, they've got names," said 'Liphalet, patiently. "They're the constellations. Don't you s'pose anybody ever glimpsed 'em afore to-night?"

"Yes, I know they be," said Marietta, working swiftly. "But I never see 'em afore, not jest this way. I've seen the stars. I guess I've looked at 'em every night o' my life when 'twa'n't cloudy. But I s'pose I thought they were jest set round hit or miss. But they ain't, 'Liphalet. They belong together. Ever you think o' that?"

"Well, well," said 'Liphalet, "you come in now an' think it over, 'fore you git your death."

But it was ten o'clock before she followed him, and then her paper was covered with ordered dots and her eyes were shining.

"No," said Marietta. "Mercy, no. I ain't cold."

The next night it was the same. 'Liphalet spent his evenings alone, and his wife sat now upon the platform of the well and made her breathless diagrams. There Jessie,

running over through the dark, found her, and, tingling as she was with news, delayed its sharing because Marietta, throned upon the platform with her lantern at her side and pencil and paper in her reddened hands, looked so queer a sight.

"For mercy sake, Aunt Marietta," cried she, "what you doin' out here?"

Marietta was absorbed in her mysterious task.

"You run in," said she. "Tell your uncle I'll be along in a minute. I've got to git this one straight."

"What is it," wondered Jessie. "What is't you're gettin' straight?"



"WHY," SAID 'LIPHALET, PONDEROUSLY, "THERE'S THE DIPPER"

"You look up there," Marietta commanded her. She was pointing with her pencil. "You see that little bunch o' stars all jammed together! Now, how many should you say there was, five or six?"

But Jessie squinted and craned her pretty neck and could not tell.

"Land!" said Marietta, "you ain't as fur-sighted as I be. Now you run in."

"I don't want to," said Jessie. Her voice was suddenly eager. "I'm glad I caught you here. Aunt Marietta, he only took Rosy Ann Blake over to the cars. Her aunt's got a lame back, an' they've sent for her."

"There!" said Marietta. "He tell you so?" She had risen and stood with her hand upon the back of the chair, ready to lift and carry it. Her feet were cold and her teeth chattered in spite of her. She knew 'Liphalet would say she had done enough star-gazing for one night.

"Yes, he told me," said Jessie, happily. "He came over to see if father 'd let him have the oxen a spell to-morrer, but he stayed an' talked. An' he let out she asked him to take her to the depot because their horse 'd lost a shoe. I guess she hadn't lost any to hurt. I guess he thought so himself, maybe."

"Mebbe," said Marietta. "Men ain't such fools as we think they be. Trouble is, you can't tell what they see an' what they don't. What else 'd he say?"

"He said one thing," said Jessie, "just as he was goin' out the door. He asked me if I knew Mis' Titcomb was goin' to have the sociable week from Wednesday."

"Well, you did, didn't you? 'Twas give out last Sunday same as usual."

"I didn't go last Sunday," said Jessie. Her lightsome mood had fled. "I ain't goin' to meetin' again this winter, till I get somethin' to wear. I told father so."

"What 'd he say?"

"He said, 'There's your mother's furs.' They're just that old yeller fitch, Aunt Marietta. I s'pose I ought to set by 'em because they were mother's, but I don't an' I can't. There ain't a girl in the congregation that wouldn't laugh if she see me walkin' in under mother's furs."

"Well," said Marietta, soberly—"well." She stood quite still. She seemed even to have forgotten to be cold.

"That's all," said Jessie. "I thought

I'd just come over an' tell you. Sometimes I think I'll wash an' iron my dotted muslin, an' wear it to the sociable. I s'pose I'd catch my death o' cold, but I shouldn't care for that. Only every single member there 'd know I hadn't got anything else. Well, I dun'no'."

She walked off down the path, and Marietta, carrying the chair, made her way to the house. But before Jessie had reached the gate, curiosity came again upon her, and she called, "Aunt Marietta, what was you doin' settin' out there in the cold?"

Marietta did not answer. She was putting down her chair in the kitchen, where 'Liphalet had the stove red hot for her.

"You come up here an' git your feet into the oven," he said, fretfully. "I never see such carryin's on. You're enough to worry anybody to death."

"No," said Marietta, absently, "I ain't cold."

She did draw up a chair and put out a hand to the reddening cover. But she kept her pencil and paper in the other hand.

'Liphalet had evidently charted the road of her enlightenment.

"Marietta," said he, "didn't you know folks had got the heavens all laid out 'fore you was born?"

"Oh yes, I s'pose so," said Marietta. "Queer if they hadn't. Seems if there wa'n't anything on the earth they'd find equal to them doin's up there."

"It's called astronomy," said 'Liphalet, impressively. He was really very anxious. "Them are the constellations. They've drawed 'em all out an' give names to 'em."

"Law! yes," said Marietta, easily. "I s'pose they have. That don't hender my doin' it too, as I know of. I've divided the heavens into four parts now—no'th, east, south, an' west. I should s'pose that was the best way, shouldn't you?" She was regarding him with an anxiety of her own. It had nothing to do with his, and 'Liphalet saw it. He could have groaned at her unreason.

"Marietta, don't you see," he essayed, despairingly, "they're folks that have give all their time to it. They don't do nothin' else. It's the way they earn their livin'. Mebbe they couldn't run a farm,



Drawn by H. C. Wall

MARIETTA WAS ABSORBED IN HER MYSTERIOUS TASK

or the like o' that, same's I can; but I couldn't go into their business 'thout some practice. Nor you can't, neither. Marietta, don't you see?"

"Law!" said Marietta, with the utmost indulgence for his point of view, "that don't make no difference to me. I s'pose folks have drawed out maps of Italy an' wrote books an' told ye jest how to git there an' what ye'd see. But 'twould be all one to me if I was goin'. I guess I should use my eyes."

She settled down to her mending, and 'Liphalet gradually subsided into his usual condition of somnolent ease. But while he was winding the clock she flicked him again in her unconsidered fashion of forgetting that his was not the habit of quick response.

"'Liphalet," said she, "should you think 'twas all right for me to do what seemed best with my butter-money?"

'Liphalet did think so, but, with habitual caution where Marietta was concerned, he pondered whether she could be intending to use it to her own disadvantage. He saw no possibility of lavishing it on the starry heavens, though

the present complexion of things pointed that way. But Marietta was hardly waiting a response.

"It's rolled up quite a lot," said she. "You know I've saved it for 'most five years, an' there's the twelve dollars I got when I sold that batch o' quilts. What possesses anybody to give so much for a mess o' patchwork quilts beats me. Anybody can make 'em if they jest set down to't."

She had forgotten all about the unanswered question, and he found it just as well. Emphatic as 'Liphalet might be in his restraint of Marietta's longings, he had at heart a sense of his own futility. One more question she had to put that night, and this he need not answer, chiefly because the certainty lay too deep in both their hearts.

"'Liphalet, if Warren had lived, I guess we should ha' let him have everything he wanted, don't you? Everything 'twas right. An' have it while he's young."

The next day was a sparkling one, with the snow blue in the hollows and diamond-bright in the sun, and just



ENOCH, WHITE WITH LATHER, STOOD SCRAPING A DISTENDED CHEEK

enough warmth to melt the icicles on the roof, so that they went pleasantly drip, drip. At two o'clock Marietta with old Kit and the sleigh drew up at brother Enoch's door and called to Jessie. The girl came at once, hot and worried, for she had been trying to set her mother's rusty velvet ribbon on a dress for which there was no hope.

"You git on your things," said Marietta, "an' jump in 'long o' me. I'm goin' to the Street."

"I ain't got any things," said Jessie, daringly. She knew her father was shaving at the kitchen glass, and with Marietta to give her courage she hoped he might hear her and trembled lest he should. "I ain't goin' to wear that old shawl, if I don't git out all winter."

"Come quick," said Marietta; "I can't stop to talk. I got to git some clo'es, an' you can't tell nothin' about colors less'n you see 'em by daylight. Do you up warm. I got a nice hot soapstone for our feet."

Jessie looked at the sparkling day, and the young heart in her cried out to her to use and spend it. She whirled back into the kitchen, where Enoch, white with lather, stood scraping a distended cheek. He was a dull-colored man like 'Liphalet, with a heavier build and a more masterful line of face.

"Where you goin'?" he asked.

Jessie thought he had heard where she was going. This was the preamble to what his mind, with a wrench, had brought itself to do. That Jessie should hate her clothes he could endure. It seemed an unintelligible condition of youth and mysterious girlhood. But that she should refuse to meet the eyes of the Street in them argued a strength of feeling he must mollify. He was a practical



MARIETTA LAUGHED A LITTLE TO HERSELF AND MOVED OFF

man, and, being disquieted, he sought a remedy.

"Here," said he. He brought out his worn wallet and ponderously selected from it. Jessie stood with her eyes dancing, an unbelieving smile upon her lips.

"Here's five dollars," said Enoch Cole. "You git me a clay pipe, an' you can put the rest on't into suthin' you want."

Jessie always remembered that day as the one "when I bought my blue cashmere." Somehow she found herself in the sleigh, not needing the soapstone at all because she was so warm with tingling life, and she was saying over and over again to Marietta: "Father give me five dollars. Only think, he give me five dollars!"

Marietta had her own opinion of the proportion of the sum, but she contented herself by commenting: "There! Now you see." And by the time they reached the Street, Jessie had rejoiced herself into the likelihood that Enoch was a passably good father, after all. It was only when they had actually stopped at the dry-goods store that Marietta told her purpose. She was blanketing old Kit and punctuating her speech with tugs and frowning asides about the chill of horses' legs, where the blanket doesn't serve.



THROUGH THE DRIVE HOME THEY WERE BOTH RATHER SILENT

"Now, Jessie, you're goin' to pick out two dresses—I kinder wish you'd pitch upon a blue—an' a hat an' an outside garment pretty as we can find."

"Why, Aunt Marietta!" said Jessie. "Why, Aunt Marietta!"

She had grown quite pale, and she stood still on the sidewalk and let Aunt Marietta give the last endearing touches to old Kit. Marietta turned and read the story of her face, all youth that hoped again, all ecstasy at the unknown that might be. Marietta, too, looked a little pale. Then she touched Jessie's hand and they went in together.

"You see," said Marietta, as they neared the counter, "your uncle an' me were kinder talkin' things over last night, an' what we both think is, if Warren had lived we should ha' wanted him to have things folks crave when they're young. We ain't got nobody but ourselves, an' what ye want ye want, an' that's all there is to it."

To Jessie it was a delirium of happiness, this calling down beautiful colors from the shelves to wonder which was prettiest and most becoming: never most

useful, but most becoming. And by chance Elbridge Morse walked in to buy handkerchiefs, and he looked curiously at her scarlet cheeks and the light in her eyes, for she was not the same girl that had been going to meeting in the old brown shawl. And when she tucked a little golden wisp behind her ear, his gaze still dwelt upon the shimmer of the hair she smoothed, even after her hand had left it. He looked startled, as if he had forgotten how pretty Jessie Cole could be and something in her renewed bloom and gayety had reminded him. Marietta laughed a little to herself and moved off down the counter to look at plaid shirtings; but when Elbridge remembered he hadn't hitched his horse and plunged out to catch him, walking down the street, Marietta came back to Jessie, and again they immersed themselves in color. There were a few other errands to be done, but at the last of them Jessie sat in the sleigh and held old Kit. She had a great many things to think about.

"There," said Marietta, "I b'lieve that's all. You keep that so's 't won't

git crumpled. It's some big writin'-paper—I guess they have it to draw on—biggest I could git.”

Through the drive home they were both rather silent. Jessie was sitting with the roll of paper in her hand, thinking the vague, ecstatic thoughts of youth. But Marietta was looking at the sky from time to time, and smiling, a knowing little smile, because she had decided the few clouds in the west would be gone when the sun went down and leave the evening clear. They were nearly home when the realities of things rushed back upon Jessie and for the moment dimmed her dream. She turned upon Marietta and gasped with the trouble of her thought.

“Oh, Aunt Marietta,” said she, “was that your butter-money?”

Marietta gave Kit a flick, and the horse's heels cast back a little frozen shower.

“That was your money,” Jessie went on, with increasing trouble. “Your own money. You said you was goin' to Italy.”

Marietta smiled broadly. She seemed to have a merry secret with herself, a most exciting one.

“Italy?” said she. “Italy? I couldn't go to Italy. I ain't got time. Why, there's more'n I could do up there”—she pointed with her whip, and Jessie's eyes followed uncomprehendingly, seeking only the western clouds—“if I should live a thousand million years. No, I ain't got time for Italy this v'y'ge.”

Let the Shadow Go

BY ANNE BUNNER

I LOVED thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago,
 Long, long ago; the memory still is dear.
 Stand face to face, friend, and unveil thine eyes,
 Look deep in mine and keep the sweet past clear
 Of all regrets; what matter if love dies?
 I loved thee, Atthis—let the shadow go.

I loved thee, Atthis—let the shadow go.
 Cloud not the glad young past with troubled tears;
 Why shouldst thou think to touch the far-off sky
 With thy two arms, or measure love by years,
 Or hold the swallow when it fain would fly?
 I loved thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago.

There was a blossom on the topmost bough
 The gatherers could not reach, Atthis, and so
 There was a love, perchance beyond our reach,
 But yet I loved thee—let the shadow go.
 I loved thee, Atthis, once—long, long ago.

Sea Tolls

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

IN ten days of a winter month not many years ago seven steamships that went out from Atlantic and Gulf ports onto the highways of the sea disappeared. Cargo-laden, manned and captained, seven ships, little integers in the great, ordered sum of the world's work, went on their courses of commerce, drew away from the last touch with the world—vanished.

Allegheny, Avon, Port Melbourne—names of dingy tramps, common laborers of the sea, out of memory ere this of everybody save the men who owned them and, perchance, some marine insurance-writer who recalls the risks he had to pay. Seven ships sail within ten days out upon the mapped highways of the sea; the sea opens under them and down they drop into the subcellars of ocean. Not a whisper of these little tragedies from the placid sea; not a word spelled in drifting wreckage or wallowing derelict comes back to the world behind shore lines to hint at the manner of the obliteration. It is as if seven ships had ventured beyond the Pillars of Hercules of a flat world and had dropped off the edge in a plunge to the nether stars.

A bark scudding up through the trade tracks of the Pacific, away out in the water wilderness between Valparaiso and Honolulu, sighted hull down the masts of a steamer. The captain of the bark altered his course by a few points for the sole reason of the lonesomeness of the mid-Pacific that was on him; besides, the trade tracks are not a place for steamers, and he was curious. The bark drew nearer the steamer. As the latter lifted out of the horizon, the shape of mystery rode its smokeless funnel and the masts that yawed from side to side in the rocking of the sea's trough. At a half-mile's distance the bark lay to and a boat went out from her to the side of the steamer.

The men from the bark clambered up

a sea ladder to a deck deserted. Not a living soul aboard. Scarcely human were the shapes of eleven dead men, Japanese, that were found huddled in bunks or sprawled where death took them. Two of the steamer's boats were gone; there were signs of desperate haste in departure where water-butts and tackle lay by the base of the outswung davits. The ship was sound, engines and hull. From the few papers written in English which were found scattered in the captain's cabin, the ship's name appeared to be the *Yaye Maru*, out of Hakodate, destination in undecipherable ideographs.

The captain of the bark had no mind to salve this ship of death. The eleven corpses he did not even attempt to bury, for there was the aspect of a plague about them. He took the reckonings of the derelict and pursued his voyage to Honolulu with not even so much as the identifying papers, plague-bearing perchance, in his possession. At Honolulu verification of the clearance of the *Yaye Maru*, out of Hakodate for Iquique, was had. A ship went out to salve her; other ships bound south and east kept sharp lookout for the ship of the dead men. Not from that time six years ago to the present has the *Yaye Maru* been sighted. The tides and the winds of ocean made sport of those of her pest-ridden crew that put off under the goad of terror in the two boats, as they made sport of the floating death-house boarded by men of the Honolulu-bound bark.

Again the careless sea, which the world's workers believe they have harnessed, bestirs itself to blot out a paltry ship and to seal with mystery the fate of the puny men who rode her.

When the "Prayer for Those at Sea" was written into the liturgy of the Church, people had more use for it than they have to-day. The devout who repeated that fresh prayer feared the sea and shrank before its mystery. They believed

they rode the sea through sufferance, not as masters. Then no sure pathways plotted to the very mile spanned the oceans, prescribed and circumscribed by weekly bulletins of hydrographic offices, charts of iceberg limits, forecasts of fog areas. No tremendous ships, tuned to the veriest fraction of resistance to disaster, made thousand-mile jumps from channel to channel so surely that variations of minutes in their schedules were matters of comment. When workers went out on ships in those days Divine Providence was not a negligible factor. The "Prayer for Those at Sea" is still in our prayer-books, as is the prayer for deliverance from wars and pestilence. But it is not the prevailing custom of those who go down to wave farewells to friends waving in return from the deck of a "five-day boat," to retire instantly to their closets and read a prayer for those at sea. Is it that the infinite co-ordination of the electric nerves of sensing and steel sinews of resistance that operates aboard the giant passenger liners of to-day, minute by minute from dock to dock, has beguiled all sense of fear and laid the haunting mystery of the sea?

Careful French statisticians compile each year for the "Bureau Veritas" a record of the accidents and losses suffered for a twelvemonth by the merchant marine of all nations from which data are obtainable. The yearly summary put forth by the "Bureau Veritas" is counted authoritative by all maritime men—owners, agents, underwriters. Few who loll in the palm-gardens or loiter on the roadways of the swift cities of ease that cross the Atlantic know the "Bureau Veritas," its record of the tolls gathered by that complacent sea down—far down—below the rails.

Nine hundred and eighty-six vessels of the world's merchant marine—steam and sail—totally lost in the year 1908, say these careful French statisticians; and this tally recognizes only steam-vessels of over one hundred tons' burden. Such the record of complete destruction, and the following the count of damage not irreparable: 4,273 steamers injured by fire, collision, stranding, stress of weather, and other causes. The destruction varies from year to year; in 1907 there were 1,104 total losses among merchant ships; in

1905 1,038 steamships and sailing-vessels were gripped by the sea.

No count is kept of the men who go down in the ships that are lost. The statisticians deal only with commercial values. No bureau in the world finds profit or incentive in keeping count of the thousands of sea-workers who are claimed as toll by the sea we reckon tamed. Only this is taken in count: that every day in the year somewhere on the restless wastes of the seven seas two—in some years three—ships are snatched in greed by the power that tolerates the many. So the average has it.

The sea takes most of its tithe by stealth. A bandage of fog about the navigator's eyes, a racing current moving unseen beneath the masked innocence of flat water, a knife-edge reef, or sand that yields until a keel is fairly trapped—then destruction. Not quite four hundred of the 986 vessels lost in the year 1908 were wrecked through stranding; 158 of these were steamships, superior as they were over the barks and schooners subject to the whims of the wind. Collisions sent ninety craft to the bottom. Fire destroyed thirty-eight. Ninety-three filled and foundered. Under the head "missing," which means that not even careful French statisticians can divine the secrets of the deep, fifty ships were registered in the 1908 record of disaster.

Missing—the word in the maritime code that sums up the unknowable, admits the inscrutable genius of the careless ocean. Tragedy is inherent, mystery is embodied in the term. Swift disaster under remote stars, lingering suffering beneath a pitiless sun, heroic sacrifice, black cowardice, prayers unavailing, cursings in madness, hopes that dwindle to dumb despair, the hearts of men shriveled by terror unplumbed—tales all told in the sinister ear of ocean alone and unheard by the world.

Ships crash into ships; one of them at least usually survives the shock to bring to the nearest port tidings of the accident if not survivors from the craft that disappeared. Ships drive upon some savage coast; their wreckage tells the tale if every mouth is stilled. But what of craft that sail out on ocean tracks, out and out to the wide port of lost ships? They are reported, perchance, by this

ship and that; then months pass; cables buzz in inquiry from port to port; ships' captains scan the waters where hope insists that they must be. Hope snaps finally.

Missing. Lost. No man will know where or how the sea snared these ships, nor what was the death that was visited upon their crews.

The big freighter *Naronic* was one of these boats whose fate the insolence of the Atlantic keeps secret. The *Naronic* on the day of her launching was the largest and strongest ship of her class in all the merchant navies. Twin screws, then an innovation in freighters, gave her tremendous power. Eight bulkheads were counted as perfect protection for her hull. The biggest, safest, swiftest sea-carrier was what shipping-men called her. The *Naronic* made six round trips from Liverpool to New York, justifying the boasts of her owners on each trip. Then one day in February she nosed out of her berth on the Mersey, full laden and fully manned, bound for New York. Captain William Roberts was her commanding officer; a crew of sixty worked her, and fourteen cattlemen were booked as passengers. The 5,780-ton ship was weeks overdue when the first whisper of disaster came sifting in from the Atlantic. The British steamer *Coventry* put into Bremen, out of Fernandina, with word that when about five hundred miles southeast of St. John's, Newfoundland, it had one morning passed a life-boat, riding bottom up on the long swell. The name on the stern of the capsized boat was hidden by the water. Later on the same day the *Coventry* passed a second life-boat, floating upright but almost awash. A sea anchor, made of oars and a spar, was dragging astern at the end of a painter. On the stern, just above the wash of the waves, were the black letters "*Naronic*." The water-logged life-boat was unoccupied. No other trace of the *Naronic* was found until five months later, when another of her life-boats was picked up off the Azores. This, too, was empty.

Steamship men tried to reconstruct the moment of disaster that had blotted from sight this biggest and safest boat of her class. The place where the *Coventry* had sighted the drifting life-boats was approximately 1,200 miles

northeast of New York and twenty-five miles south of the east-bound winter track across the Atlantic. There could not have been a collision, because no other boat plying in that vicinity had been missed, not even a Banks fisher. Icebergs had not been sighted on the winter track, consequently it was not probable that the ill-fated steamer had rammed one in a fog or snow-squall. The sea anchor on that second life-boat sighted by the *Coventry* gave the only faint support to speculation.

Those oars and that bit of spar shipped over the stern, mute testimony to some despairing effort of men in peril, meant only one thing—a storm, or rather, the spending of a storm, for no life-boat could keep upright in a winter storm on the Atlantic. A storm, then, it had been, said the men who tried to read the rebus of the sea; such a storm as raises the waves of mid-Atlantic to a height of fifty, sixty, even seventy feet from crest to trough. The *Naronic* had been overwhelmed by one of these waves and, stanch as she was, had wallowed for a while, then dropped like a plummet.

Sometimes the sea has sardonic pleasure in revealing part of its secret even while withholding the knowledge that men most seek. A case in point is the wreck of the *Rio Janeiro* outside the Golden Gate on February 22, 1901. This old liner had weathered many a typhoon on the China Sea, had baffled the fury of mid-Pacific gales, when suddenly, almost within smelling distance of her own tarry berth in San Francisco, she was snatched under. It was during the last night out on the ship's homeward run from Yokohama that a heavy fog barred entrance to San Francisco harbor. The ship tarried outside, waiting for the fog to lift with the morning. Her crowded saloon was kept alight until after midnight, the songs, speeches, and jests of folk who found themselves happy in the acquaintance of eighteen long days serving to speed the hours. Near six o'clock in the morning Captain Ward, believing the fog would lift in season, put his ship cautiously through the smother. Nearer and nearer he drew to the black fists of the hills that hold back the land to make a waterway, but still the fog did not lift. He kept groping onward.



Drawn by Howard Pyle

THE LAST OF THE "NARONIC"

The life-savers of the station at Baker's Beach, by the gateway of the harbor and within the limits of the city of San Francisco itself, were shocked into action by the hoarse bellowing of a whistle that morning. Through the eerie spaces of the fog the roaring of the whistle came, and with it a confusion of cries, all unearthly in that white world of mist. The life-savers ran out their boat, but before it had jumped the surf-line the insistent call of terror stopped abruptly in a gurgle, and the fog pressed down upon the more dreadful weight of silence.

They pulled people out of the water, these life-savers and the fishermen who had put over to the sound of the whistle. A few here, a few there; but only a small remnant of those who had been on the sentient, living ship ten minutes before was rescued. Of the *Rio* there was not a trace except jumbled deck débris which cluttered the water. She had torn off her bottom plates on a reef and plunged into deep water. Nor did the sea ever reveal that ship whose wild cry for help sounded at the very elbows of the life-savers. Though divers surveyed the bottom of the Golden Gate until the pressure of deep water sent them bleeding to the surface, and salvage companies grappled for days and weeks, the tides that stream through the cleft at Tamalpais's foot hid the wreck of the *Rio* beyond man's finding. As a taunt they cast upon the beach, nearly a year after the disaster, a gold watch-case engraved with the name of Captain Ward.

A thoroughly modern liner forges across the ocean at express speed, carrying near a villageful of passengers, half of them coddled in luxury, all of them secure. The giant hull beneath their feet is honeycombed into water-tight compartments, operating automatically. The first spark of fire in the wrong place is the signal for the banging of steel doors against the flame and the almost instant smothering of it by steam. Should a propeller shaft break or a screw drop off, a reduction of speed—that's all. Off a fog-bound coast two little sensitive receivers next the outer skin of the ship on port and starboard pick up through the water the throb-throb of a submerged lighthouse bell and carry to a dial in front of the captain's eyes indication of its

position. The swift antennæ of the wireless are ever shooting ahead, behind, feeling other giants in the ocean path, touching the shore at all times. With such a ship safety from the ocean's wiles is brought to as high perfection as the experience and ingenuity of marine engineers can achieve. Though a *Republic* collides and sinks after all aboard her are saved, and a *Dakota* is hurled on the rocks by a treacherous Japanese current, of such aristocrats among ships the records of the statisticians of marine disasters are not often compiled.

It is the workers of the sea who pay. Lame tramps, rotten in hull and palsied in engine, hiccough their way from port to port, luck and death casting dice for the men in them at every turn of the screw. Ancient barks and schooners staggering under top-heavy deck-loads risk the Hatteras gale and the Formosa typhoon. The trawlers of the North Sea and the Banks fishers off Newfoundland snatch a precarious living when the sea is sleeping, then turn and attempt to run when the swift anger of the sea strikes at them. Little coastwise steamers, whose owners risk their all on one voyage, yet balk at a shoestring requisition from their captains, play with the inshore current set, not daring to nose out where the big winds blow. Whalers and sealers walk into ice traps, trusting in the fetish of the Great Longhaired Sulphurbottom to take them out.

"Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up
with tar,

In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bil-
bao Bar.

Overloaded, undermanned, meant to
founder, we

Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed
the Eternal Sea!"

Brief are the obituaries of the common workers of the sea who have essayed too many times the sunny, smiling water-paths, only to feel at last the sullen stroke of the element they have tempted. For these plebeians of the world's merchant marine there is little money and less ingenuity expended on a wide margin of safety. They are not expected to carry luxurious passengers five decks above a sea which they in their crass innocence call a pond; these plebeian workers are

expected to carry only cargoes. Furthermore, ships and cargoes can be insured against loss; captains and crews have value only as they labor day by day, and they can always be replaced without loss.

Almost none of the freight steamers, big or little, that were built twenty years ago have the protection of bulkheads against collision or the sharp rasping of a reef. Most of these older boats have a single collision bulkhead in the bow, as if the theory of probabilities were that in any collision they would do the ramming. Gashed in any spot behind their collision bulkheads, these ships are as helpless as they would be with the hull construction of a ferry-boat. None but the most modern freighters have the "inside skin" or double hull that safeguards the giant steamships of the passenger service. A *Mauretania* might have a rent the length of the ship put in her lower hull plates and still make port; a tottering old vagabond out of Vladivostok would sink if it collided with a sampan off Shimomoseki. Captain Ebenezer Hogue, of the *Castle Drummoch*, who says he stuffed a hole in the side of his ship with bean-cake he was carrying from Dalny to Nagasaki, and who swears by the ten little Buddhas of Chinampho that when the bean-cakes swelled with the water they ripped the side of his ship "like rippin' open an envelope, b'gad!" had only the rudiments of imagination, after all.

The fate of the *Islander* tells the story of how small a strain of circumstance suffices to give the sea its toll of unseaworthy ships. The *Islander* was a freight and passenger carrying nondescript which was pressed into service at the time the gold fever set a tide of adventurers streaming toward Alaska. She plied between Victoria, B. C., and Skagway, carrying on each up trip as many passengers as could be jammed into her ancient saloon. It was on the morning of August 15, 1901, before the sun was up, that the *Islander*, then off Douglas Island on a return trip from Skagway, struck what the Atlantic captains would call a "growler"—an iceberg almost

awash. She met the ice directly bow on. The shock shook sleeping passengers out of their berths. A sailor who was stirring in the forecabin at the time of the collision heard a muffled cry of terror sound directly beneath his feet. He raced down into the hold and threw open the door of the vessel's collision bulkhead in the bow—the only bulkhead division in the whole hull. A wall of water, carrying on its crest the dead body of the stowaway who had screamed, toppled out of the bow compartment into the unprotected hold. As the sea swiftly gathered the rocking ship closer in its grip, madness ruled the decks. The 108 passengers had deposited \$400,000 in dust and nuggets with the purser when the *Islander* left Skagway. Now, with the deck boards exploding under the pressure of the water-driven air below, the passengers, goaded by a gold lust even stronger than fear, fought the purser and one another for the canvas sacks in the purser's safe. The sea snatched the ship from under their trampling feet. Sixty-seven of the total number aboard perished.

They course the tracks of seven seas, these dingy, laboring tramps—these overladen, wallowing barks. In fair weather and in foul they go and come. The Aleutians plot to trap them with fog. Sable Island notes their approach and whispers to all its hurrying currents that they may throw out their tentacles to snare. The yellow waters of the China Sea feel their keels and league with the hot winds in racking typhoon. To the men who have carried shifty cargoes of California wheat past the williwaws of Magellan Strait, who have threaded the graveyard of ships at Belle Isle and fought the crooked tides of Hiogo, the sea is not a pond, nor running schedules things to be posted to decide smoke-room wagers. The sea is a crafty, moody Presence, capable of treacherous deceit and unrelenting cruelty. The sea is a blind, impenetrable mystery, whose shrouds of veiling mist never disclose the shape of something terrible beyond understanding.

Further Reflections of a Beginning Husband

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WE have been out to Orange County to spend a week-end with the Peytons. They are about our age, but differ from us in condition in that they have adequate means of support. Archie Peyton got them by inheritance, and they are very ample and enable Archie and Eleanor to have all the desirable things and do everything they want to. They try conscientiously to live up to their opportunities, making pretty hard work of it, but that's natural, for it *is* hard work. They went abroad in the summer, and now they are providing country lodging and food and sport for their available friends. The sport is golf and tennis and road exercises, relieved by dabs of riding after hounds, for the Orange County Hunt meets out in their country. Eleanor says it's nice, except that they have to invite too many people who have had too much to eat and are trying to get thin, whereas it would be more satisfactory to be inviting people who have had too little to eat and were trying to get fat.

That's not why they asked us, for we had been living on our parents all summer and were quite plump. They have got motor-cars, horses, butlers, valets, chrysanthemums, greenhouses, and all the apparatus of pride. For us on sixty dollars a week it is rather expensive even to nibble at it. We can't do it often, but we saved money living on our parents, and the fall is a grand season, and to fill one's lungs with the air of it and one's vision with autumn colors is worth some fiscal strain, and it always does me good, too, spiritually even more than physically, to get over a little easy country on a horse. Besides, Archie is my client, and that's important. I have discovered that one of the great secrets of prosperity and advancement in this world, especially in the profession that I affect,

is to have one's coevals grow up and prosper and have business, especially law business, that somebody must be paid to do. When people have these opportunities of lawful gain to bestow they seem to like to bestow them on habitual friends, provided that they have any and can persuade themselves that they are competent. A great deal of opportunity goes by association—is bound to.

To be honest, I did not make all these discoveries solely on my own hook. Though they're simple enough. Major Brace expounded some of them to me after dinner. He gave me great encouragement in the effort to exist. Promotion, he said, cometh neither from the East nor the West, but from the cemetery, so it was almost sure to come to any one that could hold out; and in the long run a man who was sober, competent and diligent, and intelligent about his associations couldn't very well miss it. There were so many advantageous jobs to distribute and each generation had them in turn, as the world and what is in it came to be its property. Moreover, as things go now and with us, each generation has a lot more things and opportunities and good employments than the generation that preceded it, not only absolutely, but *per capita*, because the increase of wealth and business is out-running the increase of population. It wasn't a scramble, the Major insisted, for a share in a limited quantity of goods, but for an unlimited quantity, and the harder the scramble the more there was to distribute.

All that came out of a discussion whether we should restrict our wants or try to satisfy them. Try to satisfy them, the Major said. Effort in that direction enriches and develops civilization. It tends to increase the supply of commodities. It is not the satisfied people,

nor the people who are content to go without, that make civilization go forward, but the unsatisfied ones, who want a lot of things they have not got, and get out and go after them and build railroads and factories and improve agriculture and invent machinery and multiply automobiles and take an interest in aeroplanes and try to accumulate money and keep it employed.

"Are you doing all those things, Major?" said I.

"Me? Oh no! I belong to the police. My job is to help to keep order and protect property. I never had one of the large-sized appetites for commodities—just food, clothes, shelter, money in the bank, and something to give away, and protection against rainy days, and enough to keep my wife and children off the Charity Organization when I get run over by a motor-car—that's all I want. You see, I'm a lazy man and like to read the newspaper and invite my soul, and everything I can't get by working five or six hours a day I go without. Don't take me for a pattern. I haven't got the progress of civilization really at heart."

"The express-drivers help it on, I suppose, Major, when they strike for more pay." They were striking at that time.

"No doubt. All that should help distribution, provided the funds they are all striking to share exist in sufficient quantity. Distribution is next in importance to production. You've got to have something to distribute, and strikes are not immediately helpful to production, as you may have noticed, but the organization of labor ought to be helpful to distribution. Only nowadays when an important strike is won the cost of it is immediately shifted onto the general public by a gentle elevation of prices."

The Major is a lawyer and practises considerably as a trustee, and is doubtless more concerned with the philosophy of business than if his energies were enlisted in selling goods and wresting a profit out of it. "Mankind can be eased considerably in this earthly competition," he went on, "by great increases of production, great extensions of agriculture and manufacturing and transportation, and great economies in all of

them, provided that distribution fairly keeps pace with production." It comes nearer to doing so, he thought, than all the exhorters and socialist people admit, because products have to find a market; but when it comes to that, this is a fairly roomy world, with many mouths and backs in it, and transportation is cheap and markets are world-wide, and goods as yet don't necessarily pile up on any of us because there are a lot of them produced.

And so the Major argued in effect that one way to help bring on the millennium was to increase the production and distribution of commodities. I suppose that is one way. There must be some connection between the millennium and civilization. The millennium isn't going to swoop down on a world that has no meat in the house and where half the people live in trees. It is true that it was not a lack of commodities that drove Eve to eat the apple and brought on working for a living, and most of us realize that man cannot live by bread alone, and that with binsful of commodities on every corner free for the taking the world would not be saved nor the folks in it satisfied and happy. What an interesting simplification of wants would happen in that case, and how quickly people would come to ascertain what they really needed and refuse to be loaded up with anything else! Still, there is a connection between human progress and wants and the commodities that appease them. A missionary's daughter told me once about her father's experience with the South-African blacks. Now and then he would make a convert, and always, if it was a thorough job, the convert would begin to reach out after civilization—some clothes, a bigger dwelling—presently, I dare say, a top-hat. It wasn't all mere acquisitiveness, either, for some of the incidents of conversion were inconvenient, especially the troublesome domestic readjustment called for by the theory of the sufficiency of one wife. Of course the millennium may swoop down and find us running about in skins or less, and living on roots, but I bet it won't. It is much more likely to be welcomed by flocks of aeroplanes to an enormously productive earth, worked for all it is worth by peo-

ple intelligent enough to have abolished poverty and solved the problem of distribution.

What does man want here below, anyway? Room and bath, food, clothes, a newspaper, and a job and fair opportunities to better himself. He has got the newspaper already. In this country, at least, there are enough newspapers to go around, and in the cities any one who declines to buy one can supply himself out of the first ash-barrel. There is nothing so cheap as newspapers, and that is a consequence of the pressure of commodities on the market. The advertiser pays all but a cent's worth of the cost of the newspaper, and would gladly pay that, no doubt, but for the fear of arousing the reader's suspicions. How much this has to do with the fact that I hear of likely young men who come out of the nurseries of learning and look wistfully at the newspapers and fail to see attractive jobs on them and go away and do something else I don't know. It may be that likely young men never did troop in large swarms into newspapering. Banking usually looks better to them because men get rich at it, and law because a knowledge of it is no hindrance in any calling.

The supply of rooms and baths is not so nearly equal to human needs as the supply of newspapers, but it is gaining on the population. Out there at the Peytons' house, for example, it has caught up. In all the newer country houses hereabouts the great architectural feature is room and bath. In a Long Island house just completed that I inspected last spring before the family moved in, there were between twenty and twenty-five bath-rooms. There were three in the family, with a liability to guests if the owner's wife ever succeeded in getting rested. I thought this marked a considerable forward stride in civilization. Church unity still hangs back a bit, but we are getting pretty strong on plumbing, and the millennium may find us with a bath apiece.

The Peytons hadn't so many bath-rooms, because their house was not so large as the Long Island house and they had to save part of it for clothed appearances, but they had many, and Cordelia and I admired them very much. Living

in a six-hundred-dollar New York flat makes marvelously for the appreciation of space, light, air, and running water. Of course the Peytons' country house had all these blessings and, besides, was delightfully fresh and clean and embellished with very pleasing adornments. "No doubt, Cordelia," said I, "you might have had a set of things like this if you had shown a little timely judgment." "Possibly," said Cordelia; "this is a nice set, too. How many bath-rooms shall *we* need, Peregrine?"

"One—two—four—six; six will do us, I think, with a little management and a few extra sets of bath-robcs and slippers. We don't want to keep a plumber. To have more than a dozen makes a home too much like a hotel."

But there are a number of things that we shall want before we have even one house with even six bath-rooms in it. I do not greatly covet a superfluity of bath-rooms, though enough of them is one of the great luxuries of our time. Hot water is one of the leading valuables of life—one of the things that help to reconcile humanity to civilization and to offset its interference with such privileges as living out-of-doors and not having newspapers. That has long been appreciated. I believe the Greeks liked hot water and made provision to have it. Certainly the Romans liked it and went in strong for baths. The English have liked it and had it in fair quantity, along with daily deluges of cold water. We Americans delight in it and have more of it already, I suppose, than any people ever had before, and our supply is constantly increasing and constantly spreading from the cities to the country. It is cheap, as things go, and there is fair prospect that there will eventually be enough to go around. To have a universal supply of hot water and newspapers and a long start toward a universal supply of what we call education is doing not so ill as things go. I can wait for the six bath-rooms, or even three. We have one now. One is a great blessing. I suppose it is our egotism that makes us more or less indifferent to what is not ours and cannot be for the present. What most of us want is the next thing—the thing almost within our reach. We don't think about the things that are altogether be-

yond the scope of our fortunes. We do not covet them, nor are we jealous of our neighbors who have them, unless we conclude that we have too little because they have too much. If the competition seems to us fair, we rather like to see prizes go to those who can win them, for a life with prizes in it for winners, even material prizes, looks richer and more attractive to most of us than a life planned on the principle of a division of the gate-money among all who come in.

Do you notice how strong the propensity is among all the fairly comfortable people to consider their own condition and their own standards as normal and truly desirable, and those of other folks, whether they have more or less, as a little off? I think that propensity is a wonderful provision for human happiness. We value, as a rule, what seems the best thing obtainable for ourselves. Whether it is abundance or a stimulating degree of privation, we incline to think it is a good thing for us and a better thing than other people have who have something different.

"Cordelia," said I while we were talking about the bath-room, "you might have got a better set of things with some other man, but he would not have the experience or the discipline that I shall have by the time I have acquired the set of things that you ought eventually to get with *me*." There you are! We think we're better off than the Peytons because we haven't got so much as they have and better off than the Goves because we've got more (mostly prospective) than they have. *We* are the standard. We laugh at ourselves, but surely it's a fine thing to have so strong a bent toward toleration of things as they are, and expectation of being pleased with them as they're going to be. I suppose it is just a different form of this same self-satisfaction that makes the teetotalers want to vote away everybody's grog, and the college authorities insist that all the boys shall want to be high scholars like themselves, and the appeased women deprecate the agitations of the unappeased for woman suffrage.

Probably Cordelia and I are exceptionally resigned to our condition, more so than the average of mankind. Yes, I suspect that is so, but I suspect also that

it is only a provisional resignation. We reached out and got the next thing—each other. That was highly satisfactory and a good deal better than if we had waited for something else. But this reaching out for the next thing seems to be a continuing process, and I suspect it has to go on till stopping-time, and that satisfaction in life is pretty closely geared to the ability to maintain it effectively. That is not altogether a soothing reflection, but I don't know that it is desirable that all reflections should be soothing. A fair proportion of them ought to be stimulating. I observe that I read the writings of the efficient when my energies are high, and when they are low find solace in those of the lazy—only they must not be too lazy to write. Some of the very best writers were lazy, and struggled with it. Maybe it's hard work to be a writer, but then it's hard work to be *much* of anything. But that's nothing! Nobody wastes sympathy, or ought to, on hard workers, provided they get in fair measure what they go out after. And one of the greatest things they get is increased ability to work hard. This is not entirely my discovery. It was suggested by an aged friend, but as far as I have experimented with it I think it is so. Of course the suggestion was accompanied by a reminder in quotation marks that life would be endurable except for its pleasures, but that's not to be accepted too confidently. It depends on the pleasures and whether they please or not. There are a lot of things that are labeled "pleasure," and most of them are price-marked in more or less forbidding figures, but the considerable satisfactions of life seem to be conditions of the mind which may be related to living conditions that cost money, but which are not themselves price-marked in figures that are at all plain. There's polo, a good, lively pleasure and fairly high-priced and consumptive also of time, but I judge the main value of active sports of that sort to aspiring men is indirect. They contribute to a physical efficiency which is useful just so far as it promotes mental efficiency—sanity and activity of mind, spontaneity of thought and speech and power. No doubt for some men sports are a form of discipline. They train some spirits to

exertion and make for energy and supply driving force for work, but, dear me, they take a lot of time and tend to consume more energy than they furnish. They are fine for boys, soldiers, Englishmen, and people with a disposition to grow fat, and an excellent vacation employment for some people, but I suspect there is an economic warrant for the disposition of the common run of American adults to intrust the transaction of their active sports to persons who can give their whole time to them and whose skilful exertions it is restful now and then to watch.

I remember my classmate Hollaway saying one day of a group of sporty young gentlemen whom we were discussing, "The things that seem to amuse them would not give me pleasure." That was true. Hollaway liked to *think*. That was the way he had most of his fun. He was willing to put in enough physical exertion to make his machinery run smoothly, and liked, as a rule, to do it quickly and have it over, but he got his fun out of what went on in his head, and in talk. He practised and enjoyed all the mental processes, observation, cogitation, consideration, reflection, rumination, imagination, and the rest, with resulting and accompanying discourse. Nobody around had more fun than Hollaway. Somebody said he had a "happy activity of the soul." Maybe that is out of Emerson. I'll ask Cordelia, who confesses to some acquaintance with Emerson. But, anyhow, the happy activity of the soul is good to have and not visibly price-marked nor denied necessarily, like the opera and polo, to the impecunious.

Going out to visit the Peytons was an enlivening change and gave us new topics for discourse and reflection, but the best of it was to talk about it with Cordelia. I like the tranquillity of being married—married, that is, to Cordelia. Visiting the Peytons is a bit of embroidery on the fabric of life, but coming home to the flat and staying in all the evening, and reading as many of the contemporary periodicals as I can manage to get hold of and get time to explore, and talking to Cordelia—that is the very web of life. I seldom have the sense of justification in life so strongly as in these domesticated discourses with Cordelia. I

have got her to reading the contemporary periodicals and the newspapers and keeping some track of what is going on in the world. I don't know what kind of radicals we will turn out to be if we keep our minds on that diet. But I get the other point of view down-town, where my employment is largely to assist my boss to help gentlemen with property to adjust the management of their concerns to laws contrived with intent to retard their processes of acquisition. It is nip and tuck in these days between the gentlemen who make the progressive political periodicals and the gentlemen who control the railroads and banks and trusts and their employees, to determine who is going to run the country. As things are, the country is to run, after a fashion. The wheels do turn and production and distribution are accomplished. To be sure, the wheels screech more or less, and the production is pretty wasteful compared with what the professional economists say it might be, and the stream of distribution runs so lumpy that it makes you laugh; but a fair proportion of the Lord's will seems to be done, and hopeful people calculate that the proportion is increasing, though you might not always think so to read the progressive periodicals. A large part of the happy activity of nature consists of the big creatures eating the little ones, but we complain awfully about it when we think we see it going on in human society, and the law, whose humble but aspiring servant I am, was invented to check it. Everything that is invented to check that propensity tends to develop an appetite of its own. The law, the church, the walking delegate, all have in them the ingredients of voracity, and I dare say the same ingredients are latent in the progressive periodicals. Who has the brains to govern will govern, and the mere substitution of lean masters for fat ones is not necessarily an advantage. I suppose it is largely our own consciousness of that that restrains us from taking the country away from the interests and giving it to the periodicals; and besides, of course, it is harder, because the interests hang on so to what is theirs, and the law, which is me, finds so many obstacles to detaching them.

Well, practising law all day below

Canal Street in the interest of the interests, and reading the progressive periodicals all the evening—there's such a raft of them—in the interest of righteousness, altruism, and the people, ought to make me a very broad-minded person—so broad-minded probably that I shall lose sense of direction and fetch up in the driver's place on a Brooklyn street-car.

And yet probably not, with Cordelia as a partner. I have consulted her about going to the Assembly. Not that anybody wants me to go there, but it looks interesting. I wish my boss would employ me to go there and see that I did not starve. But he couldn't very well. I would be a legislator in the employ of an employee of the interests, and all the fun would be gone. Father and father-in-law might finance me, but neither of them is that much of a patriot. If I were employed by one of the periodicals there would be less scandal in that, but that's not a practical thought. I dare say that I shall have to make considerably more progress in the practice of my profession before I can go to Albany, and by that time I shall have become too valuable to myself and dependent associates to be spared to go there. After all, I got married, and I suppose that is as fatal an indiscretion as a person of my attenuated means should permit him-

self at this stage of his endeavors. It is about politics very much as it is about getting married—if you wait till you're ready, you can't. It seems as if everything had to be shot on the wing. We ought to be governed by people of independent means. They are the only people who can afford the employment. But most people who have independent means have a point of view to match, and there you are—it isn't quite the point of view of a large proportion of the governed. Just so contradictory things are, and yet, after all, it's that that makes the game.

My, my! We have been married nearly a year, and have not yet repented. Our circumstances improve a little from month to month. Besides The Firm's regular contribution to my maintenance, I pick up odd jobs now and then on my own account. Father and father-in-law take occasional chances in the lottery of my accomplishments by sending me bits of business, and I pick up other bits from other people. I have even made literary compositions, and tried, not always fruitlessly, to sell them. That is a good enough game, if one dared give himself to it, but, except as compounded with politics, economics, or public service of some sort, it leads away from law, so I don't follow it hard.

Invocation

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE bloom upon the grape I ask no more,
 Nor pampered fragrance of the soft-lipped rose,
 I only ask of Him who keeps the Door—
 To open it for one who fearless goes
 Into the dark, from which, reluctant, came
 His innocent heart, a little laughing flame;
 I only ask that He who gave me sight,
 Who gave me hearing and who gave me breath,
 Give me the last gift in His flaming hand—
 The holy gift of Death.

Journeys End

BY EMERY POTTLE

A YOUNG man of perhaps nine-and-twenty—a personable young man, one might say, not wishing to apply a more flattering adjective to his frank, pleasant face and well-proportioned body—was dressing in No. 9 of the Globe House, Fisherville. No. 9 was to the Globe as is the royal suite to a Continental hotel. That is to say, it had a brass bedstead, a patent rocking-chair, a Brussels rose-bespattered carpet, and its two lace-curtained windows gave on the industries if not the beauties of Main Street. It was the chamber traditionally given to the sojourner of importance. Its present occupant, however, seemed unimpressed by the elegance of his surroundings. He swore vividly as he contorted himself in futile efforts to evade the glare of the huge hanging kerosene-lamp on the mirror—a noisome system of illumination which defied him to lay a straight part in his hair or adjust his white cravat. As he swore he coughed, a racking, ill-natured cough. In the midst of his embellishments he abruptly desisted and threw himself into the patent plush rocking-chair which he had dragged, to the point of scorching the varnish, close to the air-tight stove. His bones ached wretchedly; little chills crept insidiously up and down his spine; his ears were filled with far quinine roarings, as a seashell; his cheeks burned with fever.

He crouched in utter abasement of body by the red-hot stove, his mind beset by the garish activities of fever. "Lord Heaven, I'm done with this!" he muttered. "Oh, I'm done with it all right. I'd rather go out and break stones. I hate it! To-night, to-night, by all that's holy, I'll write Veeley that it's all off. I can't stand for it any longer." His eyes sought greedily the irreproachable bed. "Oh, rotten—how rotten I feel! If I could just—no, it's no good. I couldn't get up again if I did." He made

a weak, ineffectual attempt at tying his cravat. His hands dropped and his head sank forward into them. "I'm pretty near all in, every way."

After all, the events we deal with most frequently in our existences are of necessity small events—small at any rate in the eyes of the Mover of the World. But for all that they often assume to us proportions gigantically overpowering—the blackest tragedy, the most exuberant joy. Life for each of us, life in the large abstract, is based on no more and no less than the life each of us happens to live. Therefore if Gaspar Lyde, in the patent rocking-chair of No. 9, told himself that he could bear no more, he had reached, by what commonplace paths we shall see, a very tragic moment.

He continued to cower by the stove, heedless of the hour and his uncompleted toilet, a prey to desperate imaginings that flew through his head like wild birds—old futilities, old disappointments, old dreams, hideously distorted, all of them, by the subtle connections of spirit and the body that sullenly refused to function in its customary ways. And the sum he made of it was that—to repeat his own comprehensive phrase—he was all in.

There was a knock on the door; gaining no response, it repeated itself. "Oh, come in!" grumbled Lyde. Beasley, the proprietor of the Globe, entered with an affectation of ceremony. "Excuse me, Mister—er—Mister, but Mr. Pleasants is down there waiting to take you up to his house to supper." He eyed his guest curiously.

"Umn!" murmured Lyde. He lifted his head aggressively. "It's mighty cold in this room."

Beasley stared. "My Lord!" His eyes eloquently besought the crimsoned belly of the stove. "I guess you ain't feeling very good, are you, Mister Lyde?"

"I guess not. Who'd you say was there?"

"George Pleasants. He says you're to eat up to his house."

"Damn—all right. Tell him I'll come down at once. You couldn't send me up a drink of hot whisky, could you?"

Beasley grew suddenly, embarrassedly confidential. "Excuse *me*, but you see there ain't no license in the village this year. I could give you some all right—between you and I, I've a little mite o' poison for my own use—but George is supervisor, you know, and, going to his house, he might smell it on you—and—and—"

"Never mind—make it a hot lemonade then."

Beasley retired apologetically. "If you're around next winter, sir, we'll fix you out, don't you worry. It's the wimin that's done this to me."

"Next winter," muttered Lyde, forcing himself to movement. "There won't be any next winter for me in this hole—or any other, maybe."

Some time later the young man dizzily descended to the bar and office to join his host. "Glad to meet you, sir; if you're ready, we'll walk along up to my house and see what they're going to do about the supper question. Beasley says you're not feeling first-rate, so I guess a little hot food 'll do you good. It's a fine night, and there'll be a big crowd out to hear you lecture, Mr. Lyde. Fisherville always knows a good thing when it sees it. And 'Veeley's Voyages' is a drawing card. Well, we'll go right along."

"*God—swallowtails!*" commented the frequenters of the Globe, in a hushed voice, as the lecturer was escorted forth.

There was a grateful sense of home in the big, old-fashioned Pleasants house, despite the commingled horrors of Victorian and "modern art" furniture—a friendliness, a welcome, a comfortable note of content, which was, after all, so Lyde imagined on his entrance, the note of its possessors. His chills had given place to blazing fever, at the moment infinitely more tolerable physically, however disastrous it might later prove. His head swam in the mounting tides of light and heat and greeting which engulfed him. It was only with the sharpest effort that he could fix his mind on his duties.

There was ample Mrs. Pleasants in rustling silk garments, such a cheerful compassion in her—"Why, George says you're kind of sick—now isn't that too bad! You must let me give you something. You know I'm a mother to every boy—and you're not so far away from being one, I guess, even if you are such a great traveler. Is he, George?" There was an angular, brown-bearded, ministerial person of solemn affability, and—did they say that meek, pink-cheeked little woman was his wife? And a most dignified lady with prematurely gray hair, gold *pince-nez*, and reserved, intellectual manners. Then a girl—a very nice girl, too, she vaguely seemed to him, but it was all of the haziest. If only they wouldn't talk to him, or at any rate expect him to answer. How silly people were to want to converse! Much better to lie down and sleep. What difference could it make to them whether he had a good journey, whether he liked Fisherville, whether he had a cold, whether he was graduated from Harvard, whether America seemed better or worse after Europe? It was a relief when supper was promptly announced, at half after six to give the lecturer plenty of time to reach "the Hall" at eight o'clock. At least he could sit down, though the idea of food appalled him.

They put him between Doctor Parks, the Presbyterian minister, and Miss Burke, the preceptress of the High School. The latter had, the preceding year, spent six strenuous, compact, tabulated weeks in Europe, and was the only person in Fisherville at the time who had traversed the deep. Doctor Parks was a profound student of works of travel. Therefore in point of social position it seemed that nothing could be more fitting than this arrangement.

The early moments of the meal were of a simple, hospitable character, dominated largely by Mrs. Pleasants and her husband, both in high good humor and ingenuous satisfaction at gracing their board with, as it were, these *pièces de résistance* of culture. As president of the Fisherville Lecture Course, Pleasants rather felt it incumbent on him to assume a ponderous dignity of speech, though his specialty was telling funny stories. He referred several times to



"WHERE DID YOU STAY ON COMO?" INQUIRED MISS BURKE, SOPHISTICATEDLY

previous mental feasts of the winter, inclining to the opinion that General Skenk's "Reminiscences of War Time" had been the gem of the series—an opinion politely but emphatically squashed at once by Doctor Parks, who affirmed that indubitably the Rev. Gordon's "True Manhood and Womanhood" had been the noblest contribution. This was seconded by Miss Burke. Pleasants gave in, but said he guessed Mr. Lyde was going to give them something pretty fine to-night. This focused the group on the unfortunate young man, who vainly strove to overcome his *vertige* and comport himself as befitted him, fortified to some extent by three cups of Mrs. Pleasants's famous coffee.

"Of course he is!" heartily declared his hostess. "I love to hear about people's travels. And so does Mary. She's crazy to leave her poor old father and mother and go gallivanting over the ocean—aren't you, Mary?"

"Oh, mother, I sha'n't desert you yet."

Lyde raised his leaden eyes to the delightful voice across the table, raised them and let them stay there fascinated. Something in the calm, fresh, blithe face of Mary, so simple, so blooming, above the whiteness of her blouse with its soft rolling collar, soothed and rested.

"If only she could have gone with me last summer," said Miss Burke, with a note of reproof.

"Oh, she'll go some day—won't she, George?"

"We'll see, daughter, how you behave."

"Travel," remarked Doctor Parks, as one elucidating a novel thought, "is one of the most important of our educational factors. Don't you find it so, Mr. Lyde?"

Mr. Lyde murmured something.

"Miss Burke was right there where you're going to talk about to-night," put in Mrs. Pleasants, sincere but somewhat confused in her phrasing. "Those Italian lakes."

"Really."

"My reading convinces me that it is a country rich in natural beauty," said Doctor Parks. "How do you find it compares with our own lake region, you two travelers?"

"Well—I—" hesitated Lyde, dismally.

"It's more poetic, isn't it, Mr. Lyde?" said Miss Burke, authoritatively.

"Oh—oh yes, more poetic."

"To the lover of nature there is poetry in every beautiful scene," mellifluously responded the doctor.

Lyde helplessly, mutely besought Mary's eyes. They were warm with sympathy. "Where did you stay on Como?" inquired

Miss Burke, sophisticatedly, as one foreign traveler to another.

"I beg pardon?"

"Where did you *stay*? What *place*?"

"Oh, what place? Oh, at—at Bellagio."

"So did I. Isn't it lovely? So quaint and Italian. The washerwomen were so picturesque on the shores of the lake. They wash all their garments, Mrs. Pleasants, right on the beach in front of the village."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Pleasants, "I don't see how they ever get their things clean with no boilers!"

"What is the length of Lake Como, sir?" asked Doctor Parks, respectfully.

"About ten miles, I believe."

"Why, Mr. Lyde, I should have thought it was three times that!"

"I believe it is."

Miss Burke looked slightly bewildered and a little disdainful. She began to think she mightn't enjoy the lecture, after all.

"Speaking of lakes," put in Pleasants, "you ought to see ours, Mr. Lyde—three miles from here. Pretty fine."

"Oh, he's just bought a place down there, and that's all he thinks of," explained his wife.

"Eighty acres, sir, of the finest fruitland, grapes, apples, and peaches. And a good house, too. I'm trying to persuade Mary to marry a likely young fellow to run it for me."

Mary blushed delightfully. "Is that all I'm worth to you, dad?" she laughed.

"You travelers aren't much in the farming line, I suppose," added Pleasants.

"I'd rather farm than travel any day," said Lyde, abruptly. He was sorry he had said it when he saw Mary's eyes cloud with disappointment. "That is," he added, vaguely—"that is, of course travel is a very fine thing."

"What is the largest city near the Italian lakes?" demanded Doctor Parks, who had a disconcerting passion for statistics.

"Florence."

"*Milan*," firmly corrected Miss Burke, her head high.

There was an awkward moment.

Mary was the rescuer. "Miss Burke, did you go to Germany?"

"Just a look, Mary, at it," responded that lady, proud to assert her rights.

"We landed at Rotterdam, from there through Holland—just the important cities, you know; Cologne, a day or two in Nuremberg, and then Munich, then back to Belgium, a week in Paris; Switzerland, the famous places, you know; the *Italian lakes*"—with a cold look at Lyde—"and down to Florence; back again to Milan and Paris, and across to England and Scotland—and home." She shot an eye of triumph at the dazed young man.

"Six glorious weeks," felicitously commented Doctor Parks. "Miss Burke made splendid use of her time and opportunities."

"It was all planned out beforehand, doctor."

"Exactly. Speaking of Milan, what is the population of that city, Mr. Lyde?"

"I don't remember," he sighed.

"Six hundred thousand, I think," supplied Miss Burke, neatly. "It is a great industrial center."

"We mustn't be greedy," added Mary, gently. "He's going to tell it all to us later. We're making you talk 'shop,' aren't we, Mr. Lyde?" She smiled sympathetically across to the young man, who received the favor with desperate gratitude.

"He hasn't eaten a thing," lamented Mrs. Pleasants. "I'm going to make him a hot drink before he goes to the Hall."

"A bad cold is a source of great discomfort, if not danger," said the doctor. "I advise you to take some good remedy at once. I have found that Warfield's Pills are most efficacious for such maladies."

"Oh, I'll be all right to-morrow," Lyde murmured. "You're all so kind. I—I don't know what to say."

They all protested, except Miss Burke.

After a century of social torture the supper was over, and they began their preparation for departure. Mary came up to Lyde with a pretty air of protection and friendliness.

"I'm awfully sorry you're ill," she said.

Lyde smiled painfully. "I—it doesn't matter. I'm ashamed to seem such a fool. I—you're so kind."

She laughed. "Don't call yourself names, please. And you're not—a fool. You couldn't have done all those beauti-



"IT IS BEAUTIFUL TO BE AT HOME," SAID GASPAR, DREAMILY

ful things if you were. Oh, I'm so glad to hear about it all. Remember I'm listening and wishing I had been there too. It's my dream."

Perhaps it was this balm of Mary's which continued to sustain the lecturer that night in his "glowing descriptions of the Northern Lakes of Italy," as the *Fisherville Record* later characterized them. But when it was over Gaspar Lyde fainted on the platform, and old Doctor Lloyd had trouble enough to bring him back to consciousness and transport him to the Globe.

"Typhoid," briefly said the old doctor, next morning.

"By gosh!" cried Beasley, aghast, "and him in No. 9!"

Spring came early that year to Fisherville, came with a flood of fragrance, white blooms, gay tendernesses. The ending of May was so mild and mellow, the wonted sharpness of its airs forgotten in the graces of summer, that Gaspar Lyde was allowed to stay out in the open sunshine most of the day. On a certain afternoon soon after dinner—dinner in Fisherville is at half after twelve—

propped with cushions, he reposed on the "lounge" on the Pleasants' capacious "back porch." There was a splendor of sun over the encroaching garden, and the garden itself, a sweet, artless place, was a tangle of old-fashioned roses just coming to blossom; insects hummed with droning industry; robins bickered; from far came the primitive noises of the village activities.

Beside the young man sat Mary Pleasants, reading aloud from the *Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson*. From time to time he closed his eyes in the blissful weakness of contented convalescence. When he did so Mary's gaze strayed from the book to his pale, pinched face in a great compassion—compassion and May are delightfully hazardous companions to a young female. And from time to time he let his eyes rest worshipfully on his companion. At these moments she pursued her reading diligently.

Old Doctor Lloyd and Mrs. Pleasants and a trained nurse from Buffalo had saved Gaspar Lyde. But they had had, as the doctor put it, "about the toughest tussle of it" that he cared to go through with. Twice the Reverend Parks had

been constrained to ask the prayers of his flock for "the stranger within our gates, grievously afflicted and nigh unto the Borderland." It was March when he fell ill, and it was not until early May that he was able to be moved from the Globe to the Pleasants'. For Mrs. Pleasants had insisted on completing the cure of "that poor boy" under her own mother-eye. And so it was there, with Mary beside him, that Lyde was gradually and surely knitting soul and body together for the old, ever-renewing issues of life. Just now he felt too exhausted, too lacking in energy of will, to face those issues. It was infinitely more delightful to lie in the sun, with Mary at his side, and to talk of themselves.

She ceased her reading, her voice full of wistful cadences. "He seems so simple, so gay, so gallant always," she sighed, "to have journeyed over the world with him, how perfectly satisfactory it must have been. 'Better to travel happily than to arrive.' With such a companion one might manage to do both, I think."

Lyde did not answer. They sat in silence for some time, their eyes fixed on the garden, as on the common symbol of the diverse imaginings of their hearts.

"It is beautiful to be at home," said Gaspar, dreamily.

"It is beautiful to see all the gardens over the seas," dreamily replied Mary.

Their eyes met; they smiled at each other ingenuously.

"You're at home."

"You're the happy traveler."

Lyde's face betrayed a trouble. He shifted uneasily in his chair. "You'll travel some day," he said, brusquely.

"Oh, I *must*," she declared, her voice eager. "The things to see! To feel! The pictures, the people, the palaces, the sunsets, the new countries! Sometimes it all comes over me with such a longing—you can't understand. Oh yes, *you* can, but not the others. It makes me feel a—a pig—to be so—different. But it's true! and I'm almost ready at times to—to run away!"

"You can't run alone," he said, rather shortly.

She laughed ruefully. "Oh, as for that—I sha'n't run at all."

Gaspar turned to her, his eyes all

desolate. She, too, seemed so simple, so gay, so gallant of heart—with her slim, softly curved, vigorous body in its glistening white skirt and blouse, her sweet, eager face—bonnie, as the Scotch would have characterized—her bright masses of hair parted on her brow and plaited at the neck with a great black bow. "You'll marry," he said, in a low tone, "and travel to your heart's content."

"You mean a grand wedding journey," she mocked, "and then back again to fulfil my wifely duties while my husband goes out and earns money? Beautiful! Oh no! I don't think I'd like that. Between you and me, I wouldn't go with Miss Burke last year—though daddy said I might. It seemed too much like—like—well, going to Niagara Falls."

Lyde chuckled. "Oh, I can understand that." He added, in an altered voice, "But when one loves, it—so they say—it doesn't matter where you are."

"I wonder," she replied, vaguely. Another long silence fell on them. "No, one couldn't go alone. But it would be worse—wouldn't it?—to be with some one that didn't really understand—all the little things, you see, the colors, the lights, the life of the people. I never realized it so much as the night of your lecture. All the *inside* part, I mean, that one can find in travel. To wander about contentedly, just where one liked, and then come back home when one is tired. That's the only way."

"To do that means leisure and money," he said, disconsolately. "A lot of both. And it isn't a very useful kind of life."

"Oh—*useful*!" she was youthfully contemptuous.

"Well, life—one's life—ought to be useful. Men have to work; that's the law of living."

"One would work," she confidently retorted. "But you, surely you like travel?"

He hesitated, his face reddening. "I? Yes—I like it."

"Well, then, you travel and you work. There you are."

"But I've no home."

"You will have some day. And I've no travel."

"You will have."

She shook her head sadly. "I'm afraid Fisherville isn't adapted to filling that

need. My place is here with my parents. The chances for a 'traveling marriage' are slim."

Lyde looked out over the garden. "But—it's mighty good here."

"Oh, I love this old place. Don't think me unhappy. But I have my little dream. Oh, I'd rather stay here till I die than accept a compromise. I want all or nothing."

"You mean," he interpreted, piteously, "that you wouldn't like to marry unless you could have—"

"I mean I'd like my dream come true."

"But one falls in love," he insisted, "and then—"

"Does one? Well?" she smiled, gayly.

Lyde's eyes deliberately met hers in a long, mute, impassioned appeal. Her wide, innocent gaze slowly changed to startled apprehension; her cheeks reddened; her lips slightly parted.

"Mary," he murmured, and timidly put out his hand. "*Mary.*"

"Oh," she cried, in a little, bewildered voice. Then precipitately she fled from him—out into the garden, down the rose-bordered paths, and on into the apple-orchard.

The young man dropped back on his pillows, very pale, very disheartened. His eyes closed. "I must go away from here," he told himself, repeatedly. "I must go away from here. I've no right to stay."

Pleasants found him there half an hour later, and hushed his noisy steps, thinking Lyde was asleep.

"I'm not asleep, Mr. Pleasants. Don't go."

"How's the invalid to-day? Those womenfolks have left you all alone, have they? Nice nurses! Where's my good-for-nothing Mary? Feeling better?"

"Yes, a good deal. I—I must be going away now. I've been on your hands too long. I—"

"Nonsense! Doctor Lloyd says you can't stir out of this town for at least a fortnight more. Why, we love to have you here, my boy. And you've got to go down and see that famous place of mine on our lake. You're so fond of foreign lakes, I guess we can show you one to beat 'em all. I've just come up from there. Nice place I've got, I tell

you. But I've got to have a man to run it. Want a job?"

"Yes, I'd like it!"

Pleasants's loud laugh echoed through the garden. "Guess you're better suited to talk about nature than to work it.



"NICE PLACE I'VE GOT, I TELL YOU"

Every man to his trade. . . . Hello, Marykins; where've you been? This young fellow says he wants to run my place on the lake. What do you say to that?"

"I'm afraid he wouldn't get on with his boss."

"Impudence! Come here and kiss me for that. He says he doesn't like it here and wants to go away. How's that for gratitude?"

Mary turned involuntarily to Lyde, her face overshadowed with swift distress. In another instant she controlled her emotion. "He must do as he thinks best, daddy, mustn't he?"

"Oh — please — I — I—" stammered Lyde, wretchedly.

Mary left them and went quickly into the house.

Lyde was so silent at supper that Mrs. Pleasants became worried and began to have visions of a relapse. He had all the difficulty in the world to assure her that nothing more serious than fatigue

was on him. "I walked too long in the garden, maybe," he explained. "It's disgusting to be so helpless." However, it offered a pretext for going early to his room. He said good-night with all the cheerfulness he could muster, but his eyes avoided Mary's. Once in his chamber, he sat down and unflinchingly took stock of his state of mind and of heart. It was a painful, discouraging process.

Out of it all he determined, in the uncompromising clarity of his scrutinies, two salient facts: he loved Mary, and he loathed "Veeley's Voyages." Furthermore it distinctly appeared that he must give up both. Having arrived arduously at this point, he took up his pen and wrote a letter to Veeley, relinquishing his position as aide-de-camp to that illustrious man. Thus the half of his duty was expeditiously done—that is, if one could with any sense of mathematics call it a half. It seemed then to Lyde like the thousandth part. Not that in cutting himself off from his only visible means

of livelihood he did not recognize the gravity of the act. There remained, then, Mary—

Hours after he had gone to bed he lay wide-eyed in his moonlit room, the soft sounds of darkness floating in to him in mournful cadences through the open windows. The beauty of the spring, of the night, the immortal passion in his heart, it was all unbearable. What place had sacrifice in such hours? He loved her—and perhaps she loved him. Over and over he repeated it, each new admission kindling the bright flame. He loved her; perhaps she loved him.

Eagerly he relived the days, the moments, of the past months. His heart had kept jealously every tiny event of their intercourse—love's intimacies; a look, a smile, a silence, a poem read aloud, a dropped flower, a confidence, a ray of sunlight on her hair. Now he brought them all forth in miserly exultation. At its height the wonderful wave broke and washed him back on the barren sands of living. He must give up



HEEDLESS, TOO, OF THE GIRL WHO STOLE SOFTLY BEHIND HIM

Mary. And because of his bodily weakness, and because there is no anguish in this world like the anguish of young love, he buried his face in his pillow and sobbed. Oh yes, the anguish of young love in combat with a New England conscience is a tragic experience.

The next morning Lyde crept off after breakfast to the apple-orchard and sat on the friendly wooden settee beneath "William Tell"—so Mary called the gnarled patriarch of the trees. Every association here was of her. This bench had been the objective-point of their daily walks. He recalled their gay satisfaction the first time his wavering legs had been able to accomplish the distance, and Mary's whimsical solicitude for him. Ah, significant omen of sorrow, there on the ground lay the faded spray of roses she had worn yesterday in her belt. He picked up the drooping blossoms with pious touch.

In the full light of day he could face with a manlier judgment his problem, although it lost no drop of its gall. Obviously the thing to do was to depart, and that at once before matters grew worse, for him or for Mary. Just what Mary's real attitude was he dared not imagine. If she did not care at all, so much the better for her. But if she did care—well, it was preferable to be hurt now in the beginning, a sudden blind hurt, to being hurt later on when she had entirely given over her heart, to being deceived, disillusioned, robbed of her faith. So he reasoned, on the rarefied heights of sacrifice. In any case he was under the falsest pretenses to her, and so whatever he might do could not make the situation much more difficult. "I'd like to get away and not have to say a word to any of them," he told himself, savagely, and cursed the weakness of body that defeated his desire. "Anyhow, I'll go to-morrow if I have to go on a stretcher!"

His head dropped forward into his hands; elbows propped on knees, he sat motionless, eyes closed, heedless of the warm, loving breath of spring which enfolded him. Heedless, too, of the girl who stole softly behind him—the personification of that warm, loving spring breath.

She stood with shining, compassionate

eyes, her hand stretched out, trembling, as if to touch his dark, bowed head. A little smile quivered about her lips. . . . For the first time the tide of love was rising in Mary's heart with divine freedom, the mingling desires of girlhood and womanhood, ancient, immortally young. She stood entranced in the miracle of her emotions. All this wonder, this mystery of appeal—soul and body! All this for that dark head bowed down to shut out the glamour of the spring day!

"*Gaspar*," she whispered. "*Gaspar*."

Lyde started to his feet. In dumb distress he faced her, his hands clenching in his struggle not to take her in his arms.

"It—it's a nice morning, isn't it?" he stammered.

The little smile on Mary's lips flickered and went out. Her eyes were hurt and questioning, but she did not speak.

"I'm going away," he got out, abruptly, brutally, in a strange voice. "I've got to."

Slowly, piteously, the horrible humiliation of it overwhelmed her; her cheeks burned, her body burned with shame; unwilling tears blurred her eyes. For a moment she remained helpless before him; then came the instinct of the wounded animal. She ran.

"My God, oh, my God!" groaned Lyde.

Despite the pleadings and gentle threats and apprehensions of Mrs. Pleasants and her husband, Lyde stuck to his decision to leave them the next day. He had stayed too long, they had been too kind, he declared. He spoke vaguely of important "business." Oh, he was quite able to travel. He must see Veeley before Veeley sailed for Europe in the first days of June. After, he would go to his aunt's cottage at Gloucester. His explanations and insistences were incoherent but stubborn.

Mrs. Pleasants went privately to Doctor Lloyd to ask his advice. "Anne," said he, "when these young fellows take it into their heads to do a thing, it's better to let 'em do it. He's weak yet, but he's well out of the woods. How's Mary?"

"Mary? Oh, she's all right. She's

got a little headache to-day and is in her room. This warm weather, I guess."

"Humph!" responded the old doctor, with a shrewd glance in his eyes at the serene face before him. "Taken quite a notion to him, Mary has, eh?"

"We all have. He's just as nice a young man as I want to know."

"Oh—is he?"

"Doctor, you needn't think I don't know what you mean by those looks! You know perfectly well I'm no match-making mother. But I do say that if they took a notion to each other, I shouldn't object much—nor George, either, I guess. The only thing I'd hate would be that *traveling*. And Mary's wild as a hawk to get into it! I'd have a fit to think of her on the ocean."

"Needn't worry yet, Anne, if he's going away."

"I guess I needn't worry anyway. I'm content to keep my Mary as long as she'll stay happy with us."



"YOU KNOW PERFECTLY WELL I'M NO MATCH-MAKING MOTHER"

The excitement of the day and the strength of his emotions had so exhausted Lyde that by twilight he was compelled to lie down helplessly in his room and submit to the ministrations of Mrs. Pleasants.

"There! Now don't you stir till supper-time," she scolded, affectionately.

He forced a smile. "If I could have another mother, I'd choose you, Mrs. Pleasants."

She beamed. "Now what a nice thing to say! And I know your mother must have been a fine woman. Dear me, how I always wanted to have a son! Four girls and never a boy! You mustn't forget that this is to be a kind of home to you, whenever you want a rest from those travels of yours, Mr. Lyde."

"Gaspar, please."

"Gaspar, then."

"No, I won't forget—anything," he answered, gravely, as she bustled gently away.

Half an hour later Mary descended listlessly for a breath of what she loved to term "the coolth." She was pale, and her eyes bore signs of tears. "I don't understand, I don't understand," she told herself, over and over, as she strolled up and down the lawn. "What is it? What does it mean?" For the hundredth time she went bewilderedly through the

labyrinth seeking escape. How vividly she saw his eyes, heard his voice, as he said *Mary*—the first time he called her *Mary*. And then the dreadfulness of this morning! "Why?" desperately she demanded. "Why? Why?"

In the midst of her hopeless questioning there appeared at the gate a large, blond, bland gentleman in a frock-coat and Panama hat. With much manner he accosted her in an unctuous tone.

"I beg your pardon, but is this the residence of Mr. Pleasants?"

"Yes; I am his daughter. My father is not—"

"Precisely. I am happy to meet you, Miss Pleasants. My name is Veeley—Vincent Veeley. And, if I am not mistaken, you have in your charge my young friend Lyde."

"Oh yes, Mr. Lyde is here. After his illness we thought the hotel wasn't quite the best place for—"

"Precisely. He has written me glowing accounts of your wonderful hospitality. It was a noble act, Miss Pleasants, a *noble* act."

Mary smiled, in spite of herself. "It was nothing. It has been a pleasure to us."

"He is a very worthy young man," proceeded Mr. Veeley, growing more confidential. "A young man I prize highly, for his moral and mental capacities. His work this year has been most successful. I count on him. When my field began to extend itself so rapidly in the past two years, I cast about for an assistant. I found Lyde. I hope to keep him with me. Up to this time I have not been able to let him accompany me on my summer tours in foreign lands, but—"

"You said—?" gasped Mary.

"I haven't been in a position to take him abroad with me, I said, until this year. Now, being professionally in a near-by city, I've run over between trains to see how he is, and to tell him to prepare himself for the voyage."

"You mean," she slowly, hesitatingly asked, "that Mr. Lyde has not been abroad *at all*?"

"Unfortunately for him, no. He has up to this time missed the delights of travel."

"The—the—the *lectures*?"

"Naturally mine," said the great man, pridefully. "He has a genius for rendering my descriptions almost phenomenal. And when he, too, has seen the glories of the Old World, his ability will be doubly enhanced. His illness, poor fellow, was a misfortune, but luckily, coming toward the close of the season—" he gestured amply. "And what a lovely retreat he has found."

Mary did not reply.

Mr. Veeley absorbed the perfume of a rose. "Delicious, like the roses of Como.

So my young friend made a favorable impression in your town? Good. I have counseled him to say nothing of his inexperience in travel on his tours. But with you, of course—friends—he has spoken openly. And so I have no hesitation in laying bare the secrets of our lit-



"MY NAME IS VEELEY—VINCENT VEELEY"

tle prison-house." He laughed sonorously, lifting his head to scent the evening airs. As he did so his eyes caught the figure of Lyde appearing at his chamber window. "Ah, there you' are, Gaspar, you rascal! Come down here at once and let me look at you!"

The instant she was free of him, Mary sped to the bench under the soothing shadows of "William Tell." She began to weep excitedly, but suddenly in the midst of her woe she changed to hysterical laughter. "Oh, what will Miss Burke say!" The violent emotional state continued alternately till her overwrought nerves had in a measure relieved themselves of their tensions. Then she sat up straight, adjusted her hair, wiped her eyes, and with a grave, wistful face put herself to the serious processes of thought. "Now I understand," she made out, finally. "Now it's quite clear."

And so inconsequent are the conclusions of love that, despite the pathetic fragments of her golden shattered dream, she smiled into the gathering dusk. "Poor Gaspar."

Mary did not turn to the sound of the coming footsteps, though she knew well enough they were Lyde's. When he stood before her miserably, she affected a calm indifference and gazed placidly at the glowing sky of evening.

"Well, now, you know," he began, abruptly. "I heard him tell you from the window."

Mary did not reply.

"I'm glad of it. I'm sick of being an impostor. Now you know, and I don't blame you for anything bad you think of me. I was going away because the thing made me sick. It was bad enough before, Lord knows, always having to put up that old bluff to everybody, and talk a lot of silly stuff about Europe, and having your nerves on edge every minute for fear you'd make a gaff and give away the whole show; but with you—oh, I can't tell you how awful it's been! You care so for all those things—travel and art and all that. So would I—if I

had the right to do so. I—I let myself in at the beginning—and then afterward I was a coward, that's it, and didn't have the courage or the sense to tell you. You see, I—I—got to care for you."

Still Mary regarded absolutely the sunset.

"I know what you think of me. I don't blame you. I haven't any excuse. I—I'm sorry I— Well, I'll be gone to-morrow. I'm glad I could tell you before I went. I—" his voice choked up painfully. "Good-by."

She turned to him for the first time; her voice was sweetly patronizing.

"I hope you'll have a very pleasant summer in Europe, Mr. Lyde. *Bon voyage.*"

The harassed young man stifled the oath on his lips. "I'm not going to Europe," he replied, shortly. "And I've chucked the Veeley job. I've told him so just now."

"Yes?"—still sweetly; "I hope you'll find something equally suited to your—talents."

Lyde ground his teeth. "I don't know what I'll find. I've never made a success of anything. It seems as if there was a



W.H.D. Knicker

"WON'T YOU SAY YOU FORGIVE BEFORE I GO?"

concerted effort on the part of circumstances to put me into the wrong pigeon-hole. It began with my mother, who had the gilded dream that she had produced a genius. And to please her I went into things that never made the slightest appeal. Always failure; and now I'm thirty and have got nothing. If they'd let me alone and allowed me to run the homestead, as I wanted to do! I'm born for the country. I'm a countryman." He came a step nearer. "Won't you say you forgive before I go? I've no right to ask it—but if you understood—"

Mary remained silent.

He hesitated a moment, his face scarlet

with embarrassment and chagrin. Suddenly he turned on his heel and walked away.

"Gaspar!"

He did not look back.

"Gaspar!"

He was almost out of the orchard now.

Mary ran after him down the path, a swift glimmer of white against the green. She caught his hand in hers, and pulled him about till she had his face. A lovely smile crinkled about her parted lips. "I should think that the least you could do now," she said, reproachfully, "*as long as you're not going to travel*, would be to stay here and . . . keep me company."

Morning Song

BY EDMOND RICKETT

FAIR the sun shines, the hills are gay
 With gorse and fern and heather,
 The streams and birds and the winds at play
 Are singing all together:
 Oh, haste, then haste,
 Too short the time to waste,
 And the long, long pain
 Of a love that is vain
 Shall die in the summer morning.

The pixie's voice in the waterfall
 Peals out in rippling laughter,
 Saying: Yield not to love at all,
 For sorrow comes thereafter.
 Oh, haste, then haste,
 Too short the time to waste,
 And the dull distress
 Of thy loneliness
 Shall die in the summer morning.

Clad all in mist, on the highest peak
 The mountain witch is waving;
 Aspire! she sings: for the heart shall seek
 In vain to dull its craving.
 Oh, haste, then haste,
 Too short the time to waste;
 Thy prayers shall cease
 And the hope of peace
 Shall die in the summer morning.

Editor's Easy Chair

THE poet came in with a very alarmist air and said, "Have you seen that paper by Havelock Ellis on 'Love and the Woman's Movement'?"

"No," we said, inattentively. "What is it about? How is love related to the 'Woman's Movement'?"

"Anything," the poet answered, "that is connected with love is related to everything connected with women, and the woman's movement is naturally related to love. Mr. Ellis thinks if that movement gets far enough it is going to end in the abolition of romantic love, through the intellectual revolt of women, and the return of the race to the classical motive, the Greek motive, the Roman motive in marriage, with the good of the family and the State for the matrimonial ideal, instead of the happiness of the youthful couple."

"Well, what is the objection to all that?"

It was either the editor who spoke or the philosopher who sat behind him, like his shadow cast there; who was, in fact, often interchangeably substance and shadow with him.

"You must allow," whichever it was that spoke, pursued, "that love as the basis of marriage is a good deal of a failure."

"I allow nothing of the kind," the poet vehemently dissented. "I deny the very premises of Mr. Ellis's argument. I deny that even among the Greeks and Romans love was not regarded as a plausible reason—yes, an imperative incentive to matrimony; and the poets will bear me out in my contention."

"Oh, the poets!" the philosopher scoffed; or was it the editor?

"Well, then, the historians. The poets were the first historians, anyhow; Homer, you'll certainly allow, was before Herodotus. There is evidence all through the epics and tragedies and comedies that people married for love among the ancients; I mean the young ancients. The

Anthology is full of it, and there are lots of mortuary inscriptions bearing the tenderest testimony to the affection of husbands for their wives, and even of wives for their husbands."

"There is a good deal of truth in what you say," the editor and philosopher jointly conceded, "though not, perhaps, so much as you think or would like to believe; that affection may have grown up after marriage. Of course, as a poet you are vitally concerned in the preservation of romantic love as the ideal in marriage. If it were once disestablished, you would be laid off half the time and as a novelist you would be out of a job altogether. You are a novelist as well as a poet?"

"In the pressure for large-selling fiction, and the small demand for poetry, I am often obliged to turn from verse to prose for business reasons; but I am always a poet even when I write fiction. I am a romantic novelist."

"Precisely. Romantic love is a vested interest as well as a cult with you, and we do not blame you for rushing to the defense of it as the ideal in marriage. But let us know the exact grounds of your disagreement with Mr. Ellis, who, we must warn you, will be apt to carry a great many advanced women with him, advanced in thought as well as in age. If he denies that the cuneiform inscriptions of the Assyrians, or the hieroglyphs of the Egyptians, or the sacred writings of the Hebrews afford any proof that romantic love, or what we know as the common or garden passion of love, was considered an unanswerable argument for marriage among the young people of those nations, and that the literature and art of the free peoples of antiquity are equally wanting in it, then when and how does he say the worship of it came in and began to possess the earth?"

"With the rise of chivalry. He holds that till some men began to respect the weakness of women and to protect them

from the brutality of other men, they had little notion or none of the necessity or propriety of marrying for love. That was one of the motives, but not the main motive, he seems to think; and I deny his facts as well as his postulates. Take the Stone Age itself, to begin with! Did the man of that epoch go out and club a particular girl into insensibility and drag her to his cave, with the notion of making a happy home for both because he loved her, or did he do it with the intention of founding a family and serving society against the hordes of race suicides? The question is absurd! He loved that particular girl passionately; he adored her; he felt that he could not live without her; he wanted her and no other woman for his wife; and in his primitive, inarticulate way he offered her his hand and heart."

"Very likely," the philosopher suggested, "Mr. Ellis might admit all you say, while he would make you observe that when people began to pick up from the Stone Age and get along in civilization as far as the Bronze Age or the Iron Age or the Nickel Age, they began to act upon less selfish motives for matrimony, to marry for monetary and social and patriotic considerations. The ego ceased to be the ideal of cultivated people; a gentleman looked upon himself primarily as part of a family, a *gens*, a city, a nation, and only secondarily as suitor for the hand of a certain pretty girl."

Lightning began to flash from the eyes of the poet and novelist; they blazed like incandescent lamps. "And he would say, I suppose, that Christianity was a sort of reversion to barbarism, to egoism, since it brought back the individual to the supreme place in his own regard, with a conscience which could not be given into the keeping of others, and a heart which could not be satisfied by the fulfilment of duty to the family or the city in the superlative affair of life."

"It would be rather daring of him, of course; and yet, wasn't it? I mean if Christianity was the precursor of chivalry, and chivalry was the source of romantic love." The philosopher put up his hand to delay the retort of the poet. "Isn't it one of the most cogent non-reasons of the anti-suffragists that if

women get the vote, men will stop giving up their seats to them on cars and taking off their hats in elevators? Hasn't chivalry always offered its beneficiaries courtesy instead of justice and honor instead of equality?"

"Do you call superiority inequality?" the poet hotly demanded.

"What do *you* call it?" the philosopher asked in turn, and while the poet gasped for words he went on: "Women have had too much of the superiority that love gives them and too little of the equality that law refuses them."

"Come, come!" the editor interposed. "Isn't all this rather beside the question? Though, by-the-way, what is the question?"

"In the Socratic method the question was anything Socrates chose to ask," the philosopher said, "but we will not be so absolute, as Hamlet says of the gravedigger. The question is whether the passion of love, as it prevails among the youth of both sexes, is the true or best ground for marriage. Of course, I mean the idolizing or idealizing love of the poets and novelists. The question is whether it is not often, and perhaps oftenest, a misleading rather than a true index of the union which produces the home, the city, the nation." The philosopher, after the fashion of his kind, went on to restate and overstate the case, while the poet helplessly fumed in tacit protest and denial as he waited for his innings. In the mean time we softly murmured in the well-known words of "Locksley Hall":

"With a little hoard of maxims preaching
down a daughter's heart.
They were false guides, the affections;
she herself was not exempt;
Truly, she herself had suffered—perish in
thy self-contempt!"

"Yes, what do you say to that?" the poet burst in.

"It doesn't sound exactly like argument," the philosopher returned. "But I should say whatever Tennyson himself said in 'Locksley Hall Fifty Years Afterward.' Or was it sixty?"

"Yes, and drew from Gladstone one of the most scathing rebukes that was ever visited upon a recreant!"

"Well, I don't know," the philosopher dreamily replied. "They were both old

men and perhaps equally unconvincing. I'll allow that Gladstone was right if you'll allow that Tennyson was. At their age they could not really have felt very keenly about it."

"You are not getting on," we interposed. "At this rate you will never arrive at any practicable conclusion. The simple fact is that the passion of love is in the world, and the question is whether it shall be used for getting married or for—worse?"

"Oh, is *that* the question?" the philosopher commented, as it appeared to us rather cynically, so that we had to take a tone of rebuke with him.

"Yes, and a burning one. What shall be done with the passion of romantic love now that we have got it in the world?"

"Yes," the poet put in, rather irrelevantly, "who sent it into the world? Who created it?"

"I suppose whoever created the other passions: fear, hate, greed, avarice; there are a lot of them."

"And you compare the passion of love with those passions and assign them the same divine origin?"

"Yes; don't you? If you suppose a Creator, you must suppose that He created everything."

"This," the poet gasped, "is er—er—pessimism."

We should have used a stronger word ourselves, but we were reluctant to interfere in so fruitful a controversy, and we only said, "We imagine that the main difference between you is that the poet would contend that the passion of love as popularly accepted came directly from the creative hand, and the philosopher would hold that it was largely an invention of romance, of chivalry, or whatever." Neither of the disputants denied this, and in their provisional assent we found the ground for proceeding: "Having realized that we live in a world where this formidable element prevails, we have to determine where we stand with regard to it. That is the Ibsenian lesson of life, the moral of the whole drama of existence—to know where you stand. If we allow that love as a guide to marriage is largely a failure—"

"But I *don't* allow it; I deny it!" the poet interrupted.

We went back for quantity. "If with

the experience of these States alone, where almost every marriage is a love-match, there is an average of one divorce to every seven and a half marriages, we must confess that love is not quite an infallible guide to marriage, not a home-maker of the highest order. At the same time we probably all feel that marriage without love is rather a repulsive notion—"

"I feel nothing of the kind!" the philosopher retorted almost as vehemently in his turn as the poet himself. "I maintain that mutual esteem, social and pecuniary equality, similarity of tastes, identity of race and religion, are predisposing causes to a life-long union altogether more reliable and respectable than that precipitated by your vaunted passion of love."

"Our vaunted passion of love?" we returned, and in our resentment we began to feel ourselves more and more differentiated from the philosopher. "You mean the poet's vaunted passion of love?"

"Well, I don't know," the philosopher said, and he laughed as if to have asked any serious consideration of the passion were to have abdicated some part of our claim to be taken seriously. "I thought you were going to turn sentimentalist."

"I accept the taunt, the stigma, gladly, proudly," the poet said. "Not only is the future happiness of mankind bound up in the worship of that passion as the heart of the home and the central impulse of the race, but it is the record of its life, the embodiment of the human story in nine-tenths of the literature of all languages. If the passion of love were once disestablished, so to speak, this immense mass of literature would fall into desuetude, it would be forgotten and would ultimately perish."

"And a good riddance to bad rubbish," the philosopher declared. "Nine-tenths of that nine-tenths of literature is truck, mere truck. Your idolized passion of love has played the tyrant in all the arts. It has assumed to be not only the supreme interest, but the only interest worth looking after in works of the imagination. All other human interests and motives are subordinated to it. Usually it is brought in unblushingly at the very beginning, but sometimes, when it seems as if human nature were going to be

given a show, the pestilential pair steal up at opposite points on the horizon and begin to emit the heat of their passion; and a malarial blight steals over the prospect. The spring of reasonable action dries up; the persons of the drama become mere puppets worked by wires round the poisonous pair and having no other aim in life than to contribute to their infatuation for each other."

"Aren't you putting it rather strongly?" we deprecated, though we really always enjoy a good, strong denunciation of average fiction.

"Not at all," the philosopher declared. "It's quite as bad as that, and in poetry it's worse for the most part—'sensual caterwauling,' Huxley called it."

"Yes," the poet hissed, "and what has become of Huxley and the rest of the agnostics? Who reads them or speaks of them, while untold millions in all parts of the habitable globe nurture their faith in human nature, in life here and hereafter, on the love-stories that embody the race-story."

"You must allow," we said to the philosopher, with an effort of impartiality, "that if romantic love were disestablished, beauty would largely perish."

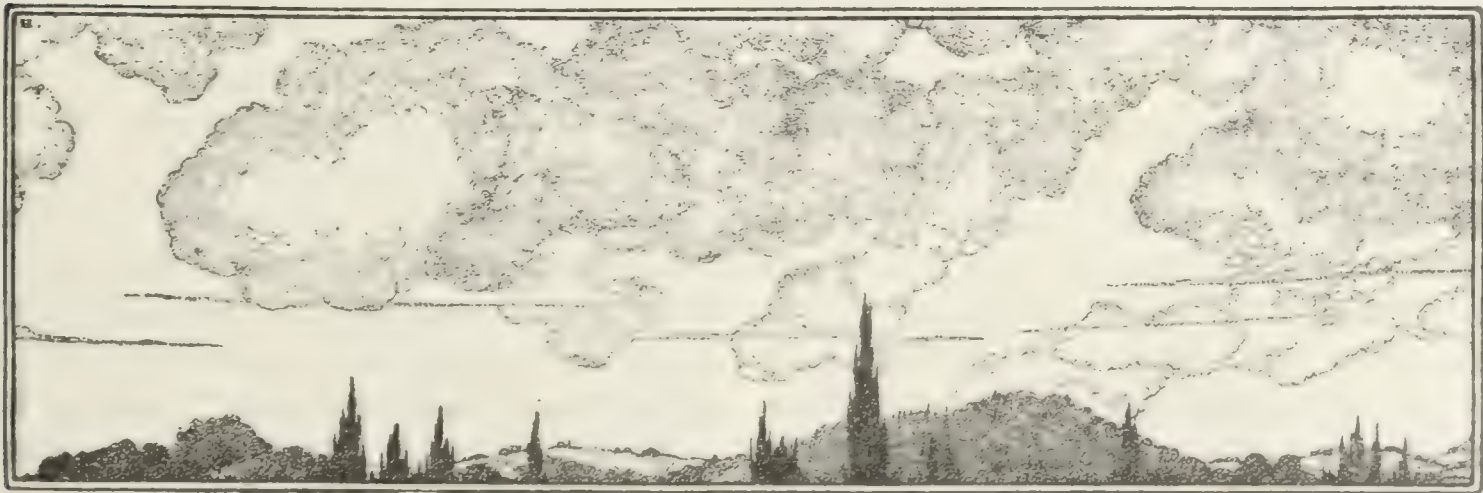
"It depends upon what you understand by beauty."


"Well, 'beauty is truth, truth beauty,'" we quoted.

"Then I should say it was not beauty which would perish, but stuff and nonsense. The truth is not in that false ideal, and therefore not beauty. If mar-

riage itself is not to perish, that ideal as a motive to it must go."

"Monstrous, monstrous!" we heard the poet murmuring prelude to some violent outbreak; and we hastened to interpose with a suggestion which we venture to leave to the reader. "Why not take a middle course? Marriages of arrangement by parents and guardians are not much more successful than love-matches, and they will never be accepted by the Germanic races, though the Latins seem resigned to them. But why not take a leaf from the Swiss statute-book in the matter of divorce? There it is legislated that if the happy couple have got tired of their bliss and wish to be separated, they must come three times, at several months' intervals, before the magistrate, who will grant them a divorce only in the event of their final perseverance. The same principle can easily be applied to cases of the romantic passion. When the lovers think that is the trouble with them and wish to get married, it could easily be arranged that they should appear in the county or city clerk's office and take out their first papers as for naturalization. After two years they can come again, and then at the end of five years the marriage license can be delivered to them. In this way all the errors of haste and judgment can be safeguarded, and the lasting happiness of the pair can be secured. Perhaps the intervals need not be so long. In some cases a succession of weeks or even days would suffice to bring reflection and forbearance."





Editor's Study

THE twentieth-century American defies classification. The same remark might be made of a twentieth-century Englishman or Frenchman, but in England and France it would be easier to find some kind of a label, if only a badge of office or party or social rank, to apply to a man eminent enough for recognition at all.

Eminence is not so segregate as it was in the last century. What a man stands for collectively gives him distinction. We have not characteristic personalities, and are not likely to have, that stand out individually as, in their several fields, Lincoln, Mark Hopkins, Emerson, Whitman, and Mark Twain did in the last century.

The late William James seems of the twentieth century, as the still living Bergson of France seems; and James, though allied to his French contemporary in some essential phases of his philosophy—notably in the unsophisticatedness of it—expresses that philosophy in characteristically American terms.

James's frank adoption of the term "Pragmatism" as designating his philosophy brings his thought of life and of the world into distinct harmony with the American tendency to measure everything according to its uses, or, as James does not mind saying, its "cash values"—to emphasize the pragmatic consideration, though of course his reference is to the coinage of life-experience. Worship is worthship, and value is rooted in valence, connoting also valiance. James is consistently American, then, when he brings all things that go to the making of faith and romance into the field of living experience and asks what they are worth there—what are their uses and values. His view of truth as living, as organically expressed, is especially pertinent to twentieth-century development through vast organization which everywhere translates individual into collective uses, and makes wealth commonwealth.

To hoard, to secrete, to exclusively possess anything, is along the way to death and burial, and is contrary to the frankness, openness, and abundance of Nature. All forms of repression, civil, social, and religious, close or interrupt living currents and produce static conditions and an artificial civilization. Among Western peoples the American has suffered least from such conditions, and has, more than any other, and more naturally and spontaneously, realized freedom of action and expression. At the beginning of the new century this people, more clearly than any other, has a sense of the worth of liberty as promotive of all other worth. The value of freedom is initial to all opportunity and availability in living lines illuminated by Reason. The tyrant's opportunity is for self-aggrandizement, blind seizure, brutal exploitation. It includes by exclusion and alienation. It is the truth of life that gives freedom to life, and the vision of that truth discloses creative values, nutritive and reproductive through correspondences and affinities. Thus the living truth has not only individual integration, but collective embodiment.

It is this freedom, thus realized and embodied, which is generating a new kind of sociability in the American people—new only because, for the first time in human history, sociability is released from inveterate artificial restraints, and is beginning to find its own laws and to evolve spontaneously its own issues. Both the laws and the issues are as inexplicable and as inevitable as those of Nature. Take, for example, this law—that if a man seeks something just for himself, even his own salvation, he is cut off from everything and becomes a mute and a surd, whereas if he is openly concerned in the world outside of himself, as the child is, then that world is joined to him with all its powers and accordant with him in all its harmonies; he is nourished

from all sources and grows into a universe as open to him as he is to it. This universal law existed always, the expression of an eternal verity, becomingly articulated therefore by the Lord—he who loseth his life shall find it; but it is only now, in the fullness of human freedom, that this law and this truth are clearly manifest in organic operation, socially accepted and illustrated.

This growth of the soul into Nature and humanity—a complex litany with catholic response—is a limitless increment. Freedom is its condition, because freedom is openness—from the frank openness of the elementary tentacle to the deep inbreathing of the spirit. Democracy is essentially and ultimately the unhampered expression of a people's desire—of the needs and uses of a people incorporate for unlimited assimilation and growth.

Twentieth-century sociability for the American people, therefore, means vastly more than can be indicated in conventional terms, such as we use in discussing forms and methods of government or of arbitrary associations for special ends, or even of educational institutions. It is a sociability which is constantly creating new capacities and correspondingly new powers, transcending all the hitherto formed, or reformed, channels of human activity. The wine of this new sociability cannot be put into the old bottles. All our political charts were made with reference to static conditions. Our Federal Constitution was adapted to peculiarly individualistic views of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, following the old English maxim that a man's house was his castle—views of property and privilege as private and secretive, emphasizing the idea of separateness. This organic law imposed an elaborate system of checks upon the political expression of the popular will, and these checks were by the wisest of the founders of the republic deemed necessary in then existing conditions. The idea of commonwealth was partial—a *res publica* selectively distributed—and no other or more complete realization of the idea seemed possible.

Our evolution of a real democracy has proceeded independently of political restrictions. It has been social and, we see now, creatively social. It must be

confessed that such freedom as was given to the people under the old forms of government established by the fathers, and that even so partial a conception of commonwealth as was entertained by them, were permissive conditions of this social evolution. A fixed autocracy or oligarchy would have imposed bonds which could have been loosened by revolution only. The removal of the old limitations of manhood suffrage has conferred upon all male citizens, as political factors, equality of dignity and power. Popular sovereignty is at last an indisputable political fact, for all that a political fact may mean. Its imperatives are not, as in a civil or criminal code, simply negative—how far they may be positive in administrative operation is shown by our recently developed municipal governments.

The extent to which the execution of these positive imperatives is more and more being withdrawn from legislative and as directly as possible delegated to administrative commissions shows not only our advanced collectivism, our fuller realization of the idea of commonwealth, but a growing popular dissatisfaction with the procedure of legislative bodies, because so large a proportion of lawmakers seem to be more concerned with their own political fortunes and with partisan politics generally than with the wants of the people, wants felt independently of politics.

This phrase, "the wants of the people," spreads out into a large proposition, even if confined to values which lie within the scope of governmental ministration. But we have reached a stage of social evolution in which collectivism, or, as we like to call it, sociability, becomes, as we have said, creative. In the ordinary channels of commerce and industry, food, clothing, and material comforts of every kind are distributed by a complex system of reciprocities, the ministrants having no actual personal acquaintance with those ministered to; it is a very vital sort of ministration, and we are happy if wicked combinations, in making the production and distribution efficient and facile, have imposed no unreasonable cost upon the consumer, and if our legislators have not put any undue restraint upon the trade. Whatever mechanism may be involved in the production and in the

transmission of such values, the processes seem almost physiological, and, if they are in no way obstructed, certain laws seem to control them, as inevitable as the laws of Nature; and we even see the operation of that law of life that only by giving can we receive. Yet this is the lowest plane of sociability.

Formerly this use of the term "sociability" would have seemed strange, as the term was confined to actual personal association or acquaintance. It implied too little intimacy and perhaps too much amenity to be applied to family intercourse. It was hardly applicable to religious meetings engaged in ceremonies of the faith, so rarely were the forms and tension of such exercises sufficiently relaxed; but it was just the term for the secular gatherings of church members, as in sewing societies, and for general assemblings of members of secret societies detached from the close and secretive operation of their ritual. The almost religious obligation of hospitality to strangers and prisoners of war deprived sociability of its spontaneity, which was most evident in wholly casual and objectless intercourse, involving neither loyalty to friends nor honor to enemies.

We have to-day a different kind of sociability because of our collectivism, which has reinforced the individual man by removing his secretiveness, opening him out to the world through the complexity of his wants, material and spiritual, and through the infinitely diversified exercise of his faculties. The personal contact and acquaintance are not necessary to this ultra-modern sociability. Powers operate at a distance, the only continuity being that of accordant vibration, as in wireless telegraphy; and this illustration suggests what modern science has done in facilitating and expanding an unlimited correspondence, while it is itself a most interesting kind of cosmic sociability—an openness in which are disclosed subtle elements which become elements for human assimilation, so that man does not live by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth out of the mouth of God. The pastures of the human soul are limitless. All new knowledge makes for greater openness, for more eager assimilation.

In all this clarity and expansion there

is still personal association, wider and more varied than ever before, and more powerful because it is inspired by the new sociability, which circumscribes and interpenetrates families and all other intimacies, breaks up clans, sanitates holy charnel-houses, drives men out of dens into the open air, makes public opinion, displaces gossip with intelligence, brings publicity into affairs, translates private into public wealth—all this by the operation of laws not written in statutes, yet compelling these where they are pertinent and necessary. But the new sociability is not dependent upon personally conducted social groups—it expresses the will of the unspecialized people, an organic will, not defined by special organizations and labeled "societies." In the case of the American people it is a will which works with freedom, submitting to no formal or academic definition of its desires or to any dictate determining what its desires should be, and protesting only against unreasonable obstruction.

Freedom of action and of expression, utmost openness of vision for the appreciation of values, and openness of ways for the attainment of these values give a people life, and, while they do not confer infallibility of judgment, they create that living experience which, in its sure alchemy, ultimately corrects mistakes and resolves difficulties. Taking the people as a whole, academic taste and culture may lie beyond the scope of this alchemy, but vital refinement is a hopeful issue. The things the people want may not be invested with old glammers and subtleties, but in their humble and simple guise they are very real things, not hitherto the general possession of mankind—and not the least of these is the desire for the world's peace.

We have used the phrase, "the unspecialized people." Of course all evolution proceeds through specialization, but through creative rather than arbitrary or conventional specialization. The people is not the aggregation of its numerical units; it is not "the composite citizen"—it is a living organism, with a living growth. While it forever creates and inspires a new individualism, it transcends individuality. Through its correspondences it reaches out beyond itself and becomes one with Nature and with all life.

Editor's Drawer

Machiavelli

BY GEORGE WESTON

MR. HOPPER was a philosopher, but, alas for philosophy, Mr. Hopper was also in love. Nature had made him short, and a sedentary life had left him stout, so that when he moved around his bird-store, with a slow deliberation which must have been very soothing to the canaries and the chaffinches, it was hard to believe that there were times when he thought in empires and sighed in lovelorn madrigals. But Minerva knew differently, and so did Dr. Faust.

Minerva was the owl which occupied the cage of honor at one end of the counter, and Dr. Faust was the parrot which graced the large cage opposite. At night, when the blinds were drawn, Mr. Hopper would often sit between this attentive pair reading Marcus Aurelius or Swinburne and talking first to Minerva and then to the doctor.

"Now I could have thought of these things, too," complained Mr. Hopper one night, looking up from a volume of the noble Marcus and addressing Minerva. "Yes, and I could have thought of them even deeper than he did. But suppose I finish my *American Machiavelli*. What then? Hardly anybody will want to read it because I haven't the name. People will say, 'Who is this man Hopper who has written the *American*

Machiavelli?' And when they find out that I keep a bird-store—"

Minerva blinked her eyes.

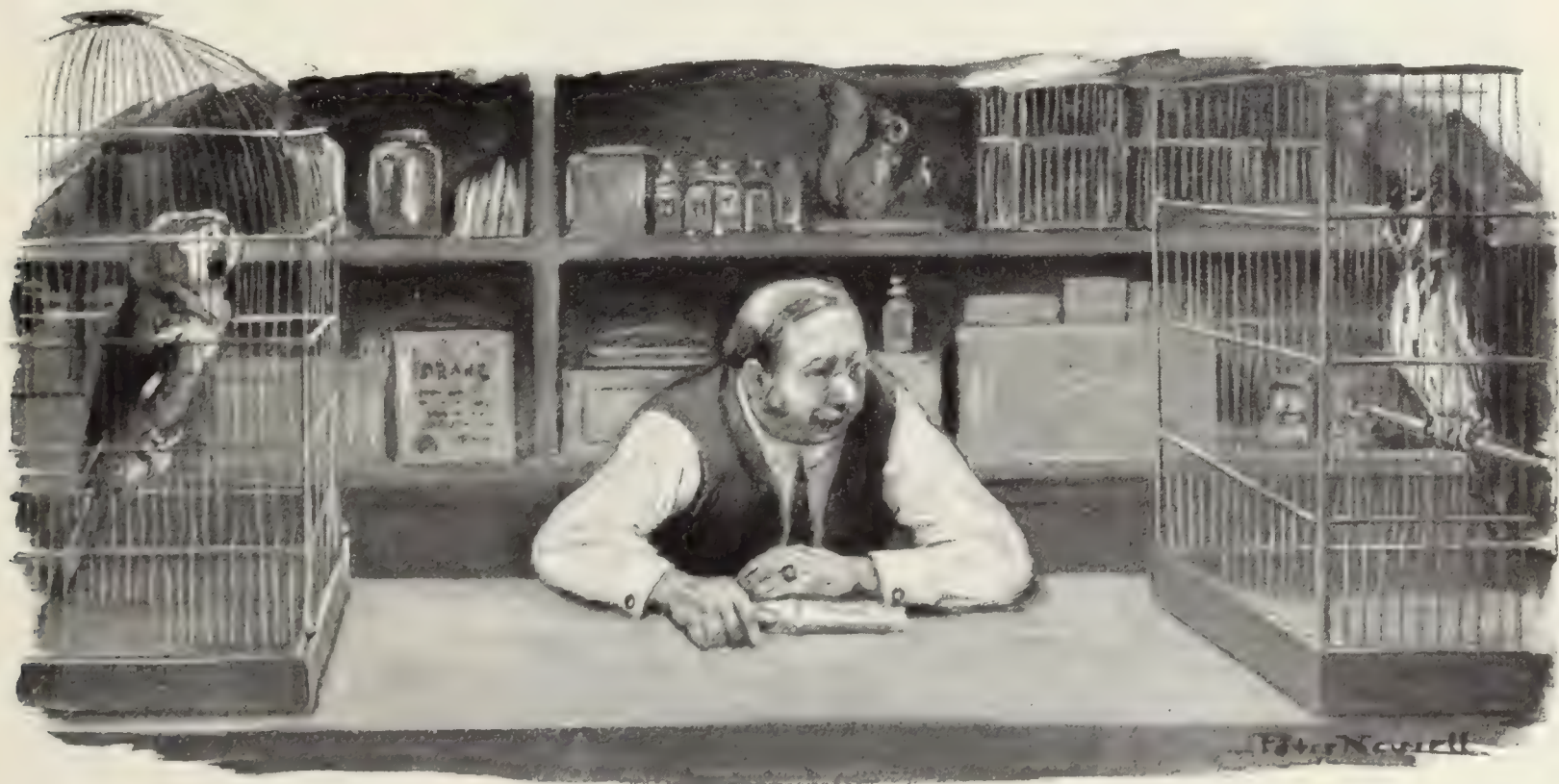
"No," said the philosopher, "and I don't know that I blame them so much myself. The most exciting things I did to-day were to sell three canaries, two bird-cages, stuff a squirrel, and open another barrel of dog-biscuit. Put Machiavelli in a bird-store and he would have been buried by circumstances, too. Well, such is life."

And having uttered this unconscious summary of all the philosophies, he closed the *Meditations of M. Aurelius* and turned his attention to Swinburne, first moving his chair around to face Dr. Faust.

"Unrequited affection," said Mr. Hopper, wagging his head over the book. "No wonder the poets are always singing about it. If I hadn't gone in so strong for philosophy, I think I would have gone in for poetry. Why, I could write on unrequited affection, Doctor," said Mr. Hopper, feelingly, "in such terms as would bring tears to the eyes of a—of a—of a blue-jay."

He put the book down and walked around the store.

"And, after all, who am *I* to think of *her*?" he asked, stopping in front of the Doctor's cage. "I'm only her tenant. There



she lives above the store and never gives me a second thought after I have paid my month's rent. Buys a little catnip every once in a while for her Angora cat, and thinks more of the cat than she does of me. And that's my life. I can't be a philosopher or a Machiavelli because I haven't the opportunity, and I can't show my regards for Mrs. Stebbins because I'm not supposed to have any."

And after he had given a sigh that woke up half the birds in the shop, he stood still and listened to a heavy tread overhead.

"That's him," he said, turning a jaundiced eye to Dr. Faust. "He's calling on her twice a week now—him and his little fox-terrier. First thing we know they'll be married, and that will be the end of that." He dropped his voice to a sly, revengeful note. "If I could only get him to eat the biscuits which he buys for his terrier—!" He hastily turned his thoughts from the contemplation of strychnine and prussic acid and drew a number of unfinished manuscripts from underneath the counter.

"Now, what shall I work on to-night?" he reflected. "Here's *The Drawbacks of Speech, Based on Observing the So-called Dumb Animals and Birds*. Shall I give that a go? And here's *The American Machiavelli*, or, *Only the Strongest Survive*. I guess I'll tackle the *American Machiavelli* to-night. Somehow I feel in the humor for it."

He was sharpening a pencil (from his expression it might have been a dagger), when he heard a commotion in Mrs. Stebbins's rooms overhead.

"Has something happened to him?" Mr. Hopper hopefully asked himself, his head on one side like that of a listening robin. "Has he gone and fallen off a chair, or set fire to himself, or something?" The next minute there was a knock on his door, and when Mr. Hopper unlocked it a worried-looking man strode into the shop carrying an even more worried-looking fox-terrier under his arm.

"You'll have to leave him," said Mr. Hopper, speaking with great dignity after he had completed his diagnosis. "In addition to the scratches and con-tu-sions this hind-leg seems out of joint I'll have to bandage it and keep my eye on it for a week or two before he can run around much."

The worried-looking man had hardly left when another knock sounded on the bird-man's door. Again he unlocked it, and his landlady entered, tenderly carrying a basket. A bright-eyed, bright-faced widow of forty was Mrs. Stebbins, but when she placed her burden in Mr. Hopper's hands she was too upset to speak. She pointed to the panting bundle of fur that lay in the bottom of the basket and sank into the chair by the side of the counter.

Again Mr. Hopper made his diagnosis, and when at last he shook his head there was a very ominous atmosphere in the bird-shop.

"I should judge, ma'am," said Mr. Hopper, in tones which Talleyrand would have envied, "that a dog has done this."

"Yes, and would have killed her if I hadn't hit him with the poker. You do whatever you can, and if anything happens to her—"

"If anything happens to her," thought Mr. Hopper as Mrs. Stebbins left, "he will never call to see her again—he nor his fox-terrier, either. . . ."

The door closed. Mr. Hopper locked it and returned to the basket on the counter. He looked at Minerva, and Minerva looked back at him. He turned and gazed at Dr. Faust, and the Doctor returned his glance with an interest which can only be described as intense.



A WORRIED-LOOKING MAN STRODE INTO THE SHOP CARRYING AN EVEN MORE WORRIED-LOOKING FOX-TERRIER

Mr. Hopper drew a long breath.

"Well," he said to himself, "what are you going to do?"

On a shelf in the corner was a round bottle. Mr. Hopper looked up at this bottle. Part of the label was hidden, but enough was visible to display the following letters, "Chlorof—"

"Only the strongest survive," muttered Mr. Hopper — "'only the strongest survive.'"

He started for the bottle, but ended by taking a walk around the shop, his hands in his pockets.

"What would Machiavelli have done?" he demanded of himself as he walked away from the bottle. He stopped.

"But I'd feel so plaguey mean whenever I thought of it," he replied, walking back to the bottle.

"But you wouldn't have to keep thinking about it, would you?" he demanded as he walked away again.

"I would think of it," he answered, walking back, "every time I saw a cat."

"Well, you wouldn't have to keep looking at cats, would you?" he demanded, walking toward the door.

"No," he said, returning to the corner. "But I'd think of it every time I saw Mrs. Stebbins."

"You're a fool!" he fiercely told himself.

"I know it," said he. "That's always been my trouble."

He sat down in his chair behind the counter and groaned. Minerva was watching him with all the wisdom of the ages in her big, round eyes, and Dr. Faust was ironically biting the bars of his cage and chuckling to himself.

"Now let us reason it out like Marcus Aurelius would have done," said Mr. Hopper, taking a new grasp on things. "If I make this cat well, Mrs. Stebbins will forgive him, especially when she finds out how hard she hit the dog with the poker. But if the cat dies, she will *never* forgive him."

He blinked his eyes like another Euclid working out an intricate mathematical proposition.

"And that," announced Mr. Hopper—"and that would leave me. I could give her another cat, with my compliments, just as good as this one. And this one I could stuff. Somehow I wouldn't feel so bad about chloroforming it, either, if I knew I was going to stuff it."

Mr. Hopper looked quickly from Minerva to Dr. Faust.

"And here I was just complaining about



THEIR EYES MET, THEIR HANDS MET, THE BLINDS WERE DRAWN

having no opportunities like Machiavelli had," he said.

Dr. Faust chuckled.

"And it isn't as if it would hurt the cat," he said, turning to Minerva.

Very solemnly Minerva looked at him, and very solemnly she blinked her eyes.

"It would put the poor thing out of its misery, too," said Mr. Hopper, deserting Talleyrand in favor of Mr. Pecksniff. With this last reflection he arose and walked toward the bottle. "What is the life of a cat," he asked himself—"what is the life of a cat compared to a man's whole future happiness?"

But, nevertheless, his step lagged as he neared the corner shelf, and he had stopped to frame a few more Machiavellian arguments when a plaintive "Meow!" ascended from the basket. Mr. Hopper seized the lethal bottle, and, running to the back room, he opened the window and poured the anesthetic into a pot of last year's geraniums which was outside. Thus removed from temptation, he hurried back to his patient.

"There," he said an hour later, "you'll get over it now all right—poor little puss!" And, gathering up the bandages and things, he thoughtfully added, "When a man gets fat like me I guess he can't very well be a Machiavelli."

Ten days passed. Every morning and every evening Mrs. Stebbins came down to note the progress of her pet, and every evening she stayed a little longer. On the tenth night while she was there the owner of the fox-terrier came in to see how *his* pet was getting along. Mrs. Stebbins promptly left the store, her head on high.

"Has he gone?" she asked, returning half an hour later, just as Mr. Hopper had pulled down the blinds.

"Has who gone, Mrs. Stebbins?" asked Mr. Hopper, smiling with pleasure at his landlady's unexpected reappearance.

"That murderer!" she cried.

Mr. Hopper's conscience gave him a twinge that was like the toothache.

"I wouldn't be too hard on him," he faltered.

"No; that's because you've got such a good heart."

"But it's a very lonely heart," faltered Mr. Hopper again.

They were leaning over the counter, she on one side and he on the other. Between them sat the cat, while Minerva and Dr. Faust were watching from their accustomed places.

"And an aching heart," continued Mr. Hopper, miserably.

"Goodness me!" murmured Mrs. Stebbins.

"Yes, and sometimes a breaking heart," declared the unhappy Mr. Hopper.

"Gracious sakes!" cried Mrs. Stebbins, beginning to look like a rosy-cheeked apple. "You'll have to get some one to mend it, if that's the case."

"There's only one who can mend it, Mrs. Stebbins," said Mr. Hopper, faltering worse than ever. "Only one, . . . and that one . . . is you . . ."

Their eyes met, their hands met, the blinds were drawn, and when Mrs. Stebbins ran away at last, with cheeks that left the apples and the roses and the peonies simply nowhere, Mr. Hopper looked at Minerva for nearly a minute and then boisterously laughed, "Why, Machiavelli was a *fool* compared to me!"

A Pedestrian

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

I WONDER what it's like up where
Th' Grown-up people, they all walk!
I s'pose th' chimney-tops an' trees
Know what it is about they talk,
But where it is I'm walkin' 'round
It's all jus' grass an' stones an' ground,

An' paths of shoe-buttons that lead
Down to a patent-leather toe,
An' petticoats—they stay by you
Jus' ev'ry single place you go!—
Sometimes it's bes' to grab right hold
An' hang on to a dress's fold,—

That's if Five Fingers they aren't down
A-huntin' 'round to look for you,
Sometimes they're all dressed up in gloves—
But they will know jus' what to do,
Or else th' big flat Paving-stone
Will make you wish you'd let him 'lone.

Th' Bow-wow Dogs an' Pussie-cats

They walk along down where you do,
Sometimes they come right up an' ast
Me where I think I'm travelin' to,—
I put *one* finger on their fur
N'en they begin to wag an' purr!

I guess it's those two Trouser-legs
I am a-goin' 'long to meet,—
I 'spect my Pa's inside of them,
They look some like his two big feet!
N'en I'm thro' walkin',—'cause instead
I'm up where folks has got a head!

My Pa—he's drefle s'prised at what
It is he's ridin' long up there,—
He thought what he'd got hold of was
A little soft white Polar Bear!
"Please don't eat him all up to-day,—
Save some for t'morrow, anyway!"



The Power of Music



Drawn by C. Clyde Squires

The Happiest Woman in the World



Comparative Areas

MR. MONK (*rebukingly*). "When the occasion arises I always give my seat to a lady."

HIPPOPOTAMUS. "Huh! That ain't saying much; it might be worth blowing about if you had as much to give up as I have."

To the Bitter End

MRS. BROWN-JONES. "Mrs. Smith is opposing your nomination bitterly. Can't you conciliate her in any way?"

MRS. SMITH. "It is impossible. Twenty-four years ago I said that her baby was small for its age."

"Not in the least. He was awfully nice all the way through."

"And he didn't say anything to you?"

"Why, no. Oh yes, he did say something once when I happened to make a misdeal. He said: 'What's the matter? Can't you even deal?'"

Mild

TO a certain club in Chicago belonged an expert bridge-player named Jones, who had the reputation of being pretty severe with less skilful partners. A member named Brown with only a smattering of bridge was very anxious to play as Jones's partner for the chance of learning the fine points of the game. He was warned, but would not be deterred, and finally succeeded in arranging it. Later, Brown met some friends in the billiard-room, and one of them asked him how he enjoyed the game.

"First rate," replied Brown, with some pride.

"Well, but wasn't Jones disagreeable to you in any way?" pursued the friend.



Art

MRS. S. "Oh, what a beautiful face! Who is it?"

PAINTER. "That, madam, is your daughter."

MRS. S. "What a perfect likeness! I think I'll have you paint me, too."



Exclusive

"Oh, Jack, I am glad we waited till the end of the season! It's so nice having the ocean all to ourselves."

The Main Trouble

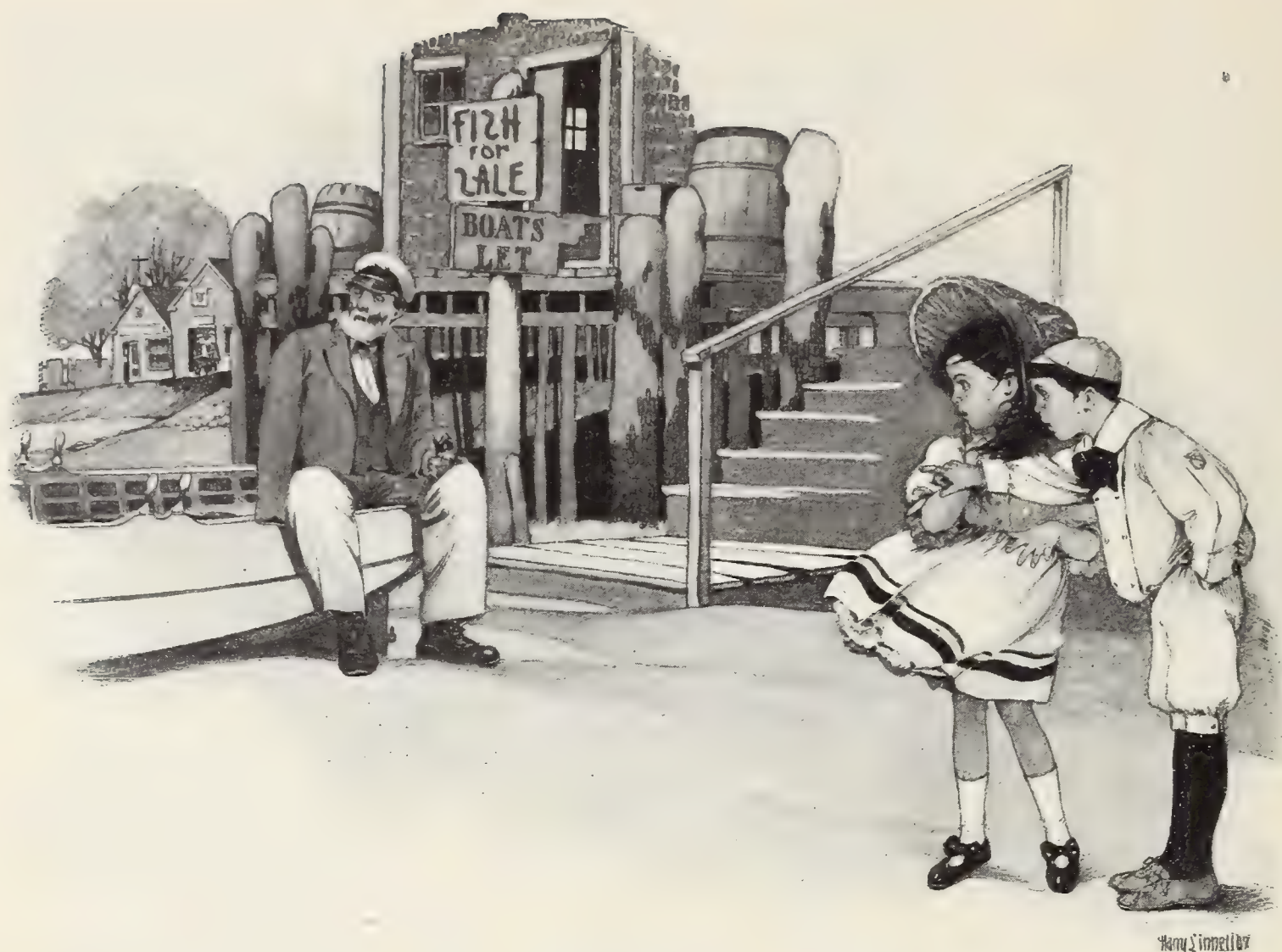
BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THERE'S lots o' things that childern has to do 'most every day,
 Like never bein' impuhlite in what they do or say,
 An' never eatin' with a noise, or plaguin' little girls,
 Or makin' faces at 'em, or a-pullin' at their curls—
 An' I could be as good as pie, an' 'most as good as you,
 If I could just remember to remember what to do.

A boy he knows th' *proper* things, but when they're *proper-est*,
 W'y, like as not his memory is runnin' galley-west,
 An' so his folks they scold at him an' send him off to bed
 Buheause o' somepin' he has done or somepin' he has said.
 Why can't they understand that he would always be polite
 If he could just remember to remember what is right?

Rememberin' is easy, though—just to remember things!
 You know it's time to get right up right when th' call-bell rings,
 But who'd get up at all if nothin' said 'twas time to wake?
 You see there's lots o' bothers—an' the difference they make!
 I'd be th' banner boy of all, do right th' whole day through—
 If I could just remember to remember what to do.

If I could just remember to remember when I should,
 W'y, then 'most any one can see I always would be good,
 But when I keep forgettin' to remember how to act
 I don't think I need all the blame, an' that's a certain fact!
 I'd be as good as any one on earth, no matter who,
 If I could just remember to remember what to do.



BOBBY. "Say, Mary, did you know that Captain Hank had been in the Arctic regions trying to find the North Pole?"

MARY. "No; I didn't even know he'd lost it."

Preparation

"ARE you still taking a cold plunge every morning?"

"No, I quit doing that to save time."

"Why, a cold plunge doesn't take more than a minute or two."

"I know, but I used to spend three-quarters of an hour curled up in bed hesitating."

A Unique Proposition

A NEW ENGLAND lawyer tells of an occasion when he defended a commission dealer in fruit in an action brought for the recovery of a sum paid for a consignment of oranges which the plaintiff declared to be unfit for human food. The defense alleged that, although the oranges were moderately soiled in appearance, as the plaintiff knew when he bought them, yet they were perfectly wholesome. The oranges were in court.

The plaintiff, quite a character in his way, conducted his own case. He was skilfully cross-examined, and the case was so obviously going against him that once or twice he retorted hotly, causing the judge to threaten to commit him for contempt. At length the plaintiff grew desperate, and, turning to the opposing counsel, he demanded, hoarsely:

"Now, it stands this way, don't it? You say them oranges is good to eat, and I says

they ain't. That's all there is between us, ain't it? Now, s'elp me, if you'll eat two of them oranges and you ain't sick immediately afterward, I'll lose my case."

His Honor at once saw the propriety of the suggestion. A hurried consultation took place. Counsel suggested that it was the lawyer's duty to submit to the experiment. The lawyer refused. The dealer himself was then asked if he would risk it.

"What will happen to me if I don't?" asked he:

"You'll lose the case," replied both his legal advisers.

"Then," he exclaimed, hurriedly, "lose the case, lose it."

Repenting at Leisure

MARIE had been naughty at the dinner-table and her mother had sent her into the next room to remain until she was sorry for her behavior.

Marie cheerfully complied. Making no expression of repentance after a suitable time had elapsed, her mother called from an adjoining room:

"Marie, dear, aren't you sorry?"

No answer. On a repetition of the question, however, Marie replied, with a sweet and patient dignity:

"Mamma, please don't ask me any more. I'll tell you when I'm sorry."



Painting by Stanley M. Arthurs

Illustration for "The Phillipses: Father and Son"

THE INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL GRANT

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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My Experience During the Commune

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

PART I.

PARIS, 14th March, 1871.

DEAR M—:

You will be surprised to see that I am in Paris, but you will understand why when I tell you that I received a letter from Mrs. Moulton to this effect: "If you wish to go to Petit Val [our country place] to look after the things you left there when you went to Dinard last August, you had better come to Paris without delay, as the trains are running regularly now." The trains may have been running regularly (I left Dinard the next day), but they were certainly not running on time.

We arrived at Rennes too late to catch the evening train for Paris. The fine omnibus at the station made me imagine that it belonged to an equally fine hotel, but the hotel proved to be anything but fine; it was dreadfully dirty and shabby, and filled to overflowing. It was with the greatest difficulty I was able to secure a room for myself. My grumbling maid had to content herself with the sofa. The *salle à manger* was thronged with officers clanking their swords on the brick floor and all talking at once. I passed a sleepless night, being kept awake by the loud and incessant conversations in the corridor and the continual tramping of soldiers under my window. We started for Paris the next morning at eight o'clock. The train was crowded with people who, like myself, were eager to return home after so many months of

anxious waiting. In all the stations through which we passed one saw nothing but soldiers—their ragged uniforms hanging on their emaciated forms, their feet—which had been frozen in January (poor things!)—were still bandaged, and hardly any of them possessed shoes; they did look, indeed, the picture of abject misery.

At Le Mans, the place where we stopped for luncheon, the soldiers were lying about on the brick pavement of the station, too tired and worn out to move, waiting for the cattle-vans to take them away. In these they would be obliged to stand until they reached Paris and its hospitals. Every one of the travelers was anxious to alleviate their misery in some way, by offering them cigars, food, and money. My heart bled for the poor creatures, and I gave them all I had in my purse, and my luncheon also. They represented the débris of Faidherbe's army, which of all the troops had seen the most desperate fighting during the war.

Hungry and penniless, I arrived at last, and I was delighted to see a healthy, normal-looking person in the shape of my brother-in-law, Henry, who met me at the station. He had plenty to tell me of his experiences since last September. He had been living at Petit Val throughout the whole campaign.

On my arrival at the Rue de Courcelles I found the family well. Mrs. Moulton knitting as usual, Mlle. W—

napping, and Mr. Moulton reading the *Journal des Débats* out loud, in his impossible French.

Mr. Moulton, who had been in Paris at the time of the revolution of '48 and knew about revolutions, had had the forethought to lay in a stock of provisions, such as ham, biscuits, rice, etc., and all sorts of canned things, which he deemed would be sufficient for all their requirements. They had even given dinner-parties, limited to a very choice few, who sometimes brought welcome additions in the shape of canned delicacies.

When the family moved from Petit Val to Paris last September the French government had given them permission to keep one or two cows. They also brought with them a calf, a sheep, and some chickens. The cows and the sheep shared the stables with the horses, while the chickens were let loose in the conservatory, and were expected to lay enough eggs to pay for their board. The gardener had cleverly converted the conservatory into a sort of kitchen-garden, and had planted some useful vegetables, such as radishes, carrots, salad, etc.

16th March.

This has been a very fatiguing day for me, so you will receive only a short letter.

Paul [Count Hatzfeldt, my brother-in-law] invited Mrs. Moulton and me to come to Versailles, and offered us a cup of tea as an inducement. You know Paul is Count Bismarck's private secretary, having been with him and the German sovereign during the entire war. He is still in his abode in Versailles, but he expects to leave for Berlin one of these first days. He came to fetch us at the station with the fat ponies and the basket-wagon. Fortunately they were not too fat to carry us through the park at a lively pace and land us at Paul's palatial residence. It seemed strange to see German officers, who, in their tight-fitting uniforms, were strolling leisurely about in the park, where before I had only seen the rather slovenly *pious-pious* on holidays when the fountains played by day and the fireworks by night.

The park looked enchanting in its spring toilet, and made me think of the last time I was here. Could it have been only last May? It seems years ago!

We were, at that time, invited to a picnic at Grand Trianon, given by the Emperor and Empress for the Archduke of Austria.

Paul said that Bismarck liked Henry very much, and had given him passes to come and go from Petit Val as he pleased. He made him talk freely, and as Henry did not ask better than to talk (the freer, the better), Bismarck was delighted. Paul had been with the King, Jules Favre, and Bismarck at La Ferrière, where they had met without any other result than to see Jules Favre weep. Paul had been at Versailles when the King was proclaimed Emperor in the Salle de Glaces—the greatest emotion he had ever experienced, he said. He had also been witness of the signing of the armistice. The pen they signed it with had been given to him, and he had it lying on his table.

17th March.

Such a funny thing happened to-day.

I don't know whether I told you of some Americans, called the O——s, I had met, fresh from America (via Southampton). When I bade them good-by I said in an offhand way, "When you come to Paris you must come and see me."

"Oh, that will be nice!" gushingly replied Mrs. O——. "Where do you live?" (Every one of the O——s' phrases commenced with Oh!).

"I live in the Rue de Courcelles," I answered.

"Roue de Carrousel," she repeated. "What number?"

"Rue de Courcelles," I replied, correctly, "27."

Mrs. O——'s next question was, "Have you a flat?"

"A flat! No," I said, "we have a hotel. Every one knows our hotel in the Rue de Courcelles."

I then proceeded to forget the O——s and everything concerning them. This morning when we were at luncheon the concierge came rushing in, the tassels on his calotte bristling with agitation.

"Madame," he gasped, "there is a fiacre full of people with a lot of trunks asking to come in to Madame. I can't understand what they want." His emotion choked him.

We all said in unison: "Ask for their cards. Who can they be?"



LE PALAIS ROYAL AS IT APPEARED IN JUNE, 1871

The porter came back with Mr. O——'s card.

I recollected my impulsive invitation, and thought it very polite of them to be so *empressé*. I went into the salon, followed by Mlle. W——, where we found Mr. O—— seated at his ease in a fauteuil, his feet reposing on the white bear-rug.

I apologized for having kept him waiting, but explained that we had been at luncheon.

He (complacently): "Oh, that's all right; we have just arrived in Paris, and we came straight to you."

I felt overwhelmed at such a keen appreciation of my politeness.

"How is Mrs. O——?" I said.

He answered with the inevitable "Oh!"—"Oh, she's all right. She's outside in the cab."

"Indeed!" I said, and wondered why she had not sent her card in with his, though I supposed she was waiting to be asked to come in if he found me at home.

"We thought before trying anywhere else we would see if you could take us in."

This staggered me considerably. I tried to take him "in" as he stood before me with traveling-cap and umbrella.

"Are you full?" he went on. Mademoiselle and I wondered if we showed signs of a too copious luncheon.

"Why, what a nice place you have here!" looking about.

"Well," he continued, nothing daunted, "you see we only want one bedroom for us, with a room next for baby, and one not too far off for Arthur."

What was he driving at? Mlle. W—— thought he was either a spy or a burglar who had come to take a survey of the hotel.

He, familiarly settling himself down for a chat, said, "Do you think you could pick up a maid for Mrs. O——?"

Mademoiselle and I exchanged a glance of intelligent indulgence, and thought: All our friend wanted, probably, was a few addresses before settling themselves in Paris. How stupid of us not to have thought of this sooner! I hastened to promise all sorts of names and addresses of tradespeople, thinking he would take his departure.

Not he! On the contrary, he tucked his umbrella more firmly under his arm, and turned to Mlle. W——. "Have you got a register?" taking her no doubt for *la dame du comptoir*.

Mademoiselle draped herself in her most Rachel-like attitude and glanced knowingly at the hot-air flue which she had been told was a register.

"We have," she answered, curtly.

"I had better write my name down."

This was too much! Mademoiselle thought now that he was not a burglar, but a lunatic.

"I think," I said, "I can give you the address of a very nice maid," trying to lead him back into the paths we had trodden before.

"Oh, that 'll be all right. You have perhaps a maid in the house?"

"Certainly we have," answered Mademoiselle, with asperity, giving her velvet bow an agitated pat.

"Money is no object," continued he. "I'm always willing to pay what one asks."

Mademoiselle gasped for breath, while he looked about him approvingly.

"Real nice house you have, Madame; not very central, but we don't mind being in a quiet part of Paris, as Maria wants to learn French"; and seeing the conservatory, he remarked: "Arthur can play in there. That 'll do splendidly." After an awkward pause: "Well, if the rooms are ready we can come right in; Maria will be wondering why I have been so long." I also wondered why he had been so long!

To cap the climax, he handed Mademoiselle a five-franc piece, saying: "I guess this will cover the cab; the coachman can keep the change."

A light dawned on me. He thought this was a hotel!

I said, "When you get settled in your hotel I will come and see you."

"What? Can't you take us right in? We counted on coming to your hotel."

I laughed outright. Mademoiselle raised what she is pleased to call her eyebrows, and shrugged her shoulders as if her patience was utterly exhausted.

I explained to my guest his mistake. Instead of saying, "Oh, that's all right," he said, "Well, I'll be blessed!" and without wasting any more time he marched out, happy to join the tired Maria, the baby, the nurse, and Arthur. We watched them as they drove off, all gazing out of the window at the hotel which was *not* a hotel.

May Allah protect them!

March 19th,

The day before yesterday Henry and I decided to go to Petit Val. I looked forward with delight to see my beautiful

home again. Mrs. M—— promised to drive out and bring me back to Paris late in the afternoon. We drove to the station de la Bastille and took our tickets for La Varenne.

Having no alternative, we were obliged to walk from the station to the pontoon bridge, made, Henry said, in one night. I don't know about that, but what I do know is that the French blew up my bridge *in one night*. Then we made the whole distance to Petit Val on foot, passing by the Châteaux of Ormesson, Chenvières, Grand Val, and Montalon.

It seemed strange to see a sentry-box stationed at the entrance of our park and a sentinel pacing to and fro; Henry gave the pass-word and we walked up the avenue toward the château. I will not weary you by trying to depict my feelings, but will leave it to you to imagine what they must have been. I looked in vain for the beautiful Lebanon cedar which, you remember, stood on the broad lawn. Henry said that it had been the first tree that the Germans had cut down, and it had been lying there on the lawn just as it fell, where the soldiers could conveniently cut their fuel. Henry called my attention to a white flag flying on the château, which at Paul's request Count Bismarck had ordered to be put there.

Henry said it signified, in military language, that only staff officers were to occupy the château, and that no unnecessary damage should be done—that is, as you will see by the inclosed document, "if we are quiet." Did Bismarck think we were likely to be unruly and go about shooting people? The one thing in the world we wanted *was* to be quiet; the flag also signified that the château should be protected. Henry had once complained to Bismarck of the damages done by the German soldiers at Petit Val, and Bismarck had replied: "A la guerre comme à la guerre"; adding, "The German government will hold itself responsible for private losses, with the exception of those which are the consequences of a state of war; . . . there is always a certain amount of unavoidable destruction."

Henry answered: "Certain unavoidable destruction! That can cover a multitude of sins."

"The exigencies of war," said Bismarck, "if you like that better."

When we arrived at the château itself, the officers, who had evidently just been lunching, came out to meet us, wondering apparently who this courageous lady (poor trembling me) could possibly be. Henry knew their names and presented them all to me; they clanked their heels together and made the most perfect of military salutes.

The commanding officer in charge of Petit Val is Count Arco, a major of a Bavarian regiment. I hastened to explain my presence among them, saying that I wished to collect the various things I had left in the château when I went away last August, and I had taken advantage of the first occasion which offered itself of coming here.

Count Arco held a short conversation with Henry, who told him I would like to go to my apartment. I said: "Do not trouble to have anything disarranged for me, as I shall only be here for a short time; my mother-in-law is driving out later in the afternoon to take me back to Paris."

While we were talking Count Arco informed me that there were twenty-six officers in the château itself, and one hundred and twenty soldiers quartered about in the different pavilions, farm-houses, ateliers, and (I think he said) about fifty in the *orangerie*.

Presently an orderly appeared and conducted me to my rooms, which had evidently been hurriedly evacuated, but they looked quite nice and clean.

Having finished packing the things I wished to take with me, I wished to have a look at *protected* Petit Val.

The salon was a sight never to be forgotten. The mirrors which paneled the whole of the east wall were broken, as if stones had been thrown at them; every picture had been pierced by bayonets. The beautiful portrait of the Marquis de Marigny (the former owner of Petit Val and brother of Madame Maintenon) had vanished.

Instead of the Aubusson furniture we had left, which I suppose has been transferred to other homes, I found two pianos, one grand (not ours), two billiard-tables (not ours), some iron tables and some very hard iron chairs (certainly not ours), annexed. I should say, from a neighboring café.

The library, formerly containing such rare and valuable books, is now a bedroom. The shelves are half empty, the

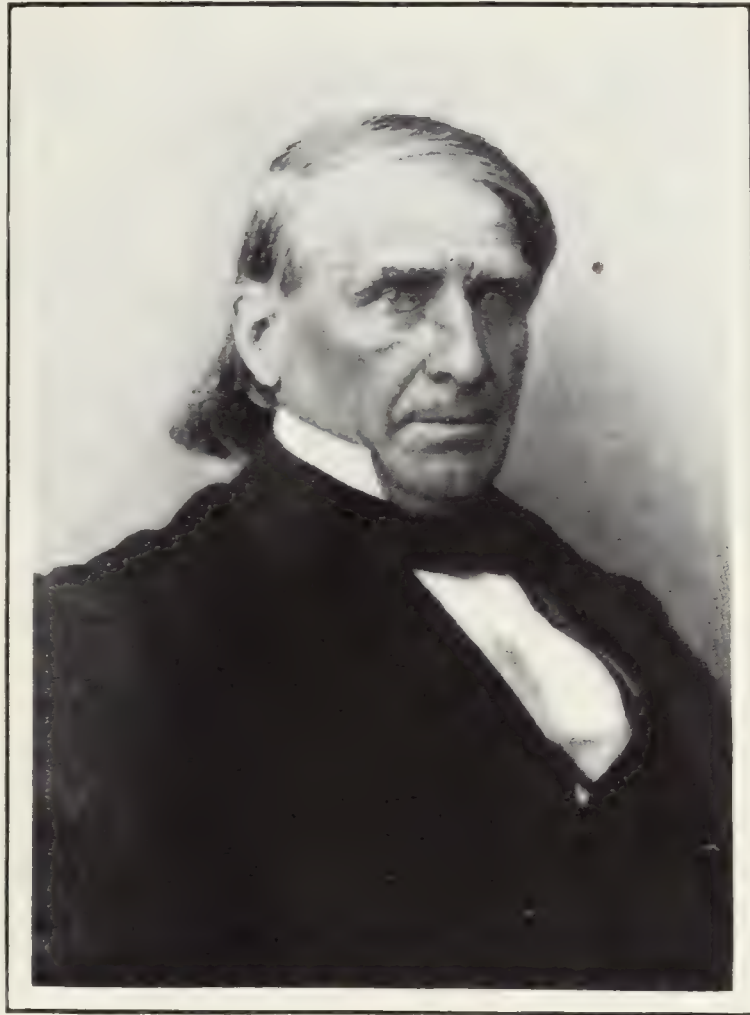
books scattered about, some of them piled up in a corner and used as a table. Henry said that when one wanted to light a fire or a pipe they simply tore a page out of a book. What did they care? Was it not one of the "exigences de la guerre"? The frames and glasses of the engravings were broken, but fortunately all the engravings were not ruined.

You remember Mrs. M——'s boudoir, where all was so dainty and complete? The soldiers had converted it into a kitchen, and at the moment we were there were cooking cabbage, *à la tedesco*.

My pretty pavilion! If you could have seen it! Evidently the all-powerful flag had not protected this, for it was without doors, windows, and parquets.

The officers had coffee served under the Charmille.

I was glad to get something to sustain



ELIHU WASHBURN
United States Minister to France
during the Commune



THE RUE ST. DENIS AFTER THE COMMUNE

my sinking heart. Henry and I took a sad walk through the park. The once beautifully kept lawn is now like a plowed field, full of ruts and stones.

Five o'clock came before we realized how late it was. We expected the carriage every moment, but there was no sign of it, though we scanned the length of the long avenue with the Count's field-glasses.

Why did Mrs. M—— not come? . . . Something must have happened! But what? Henry and I were seriously alarmed. Noticing our looks of dismay, Count Arco asked me if I was anxious. I replied that I naturally was anxious, because if my mother-in-law could not come or send the carriage she certainly would have telegraphed. He then inquired if I wished to send a telegram. No sooner had I said yes than an orderly appeared on horseback to take the telegram to the station. He returned while we still stood in the avenue looking for the longed-for carriage, with the astounding news that all the telegraph wires were cut.

To take the train was our next idea, and the wondering orderly was again sent back to find out when the next train would start. This time he returned with still more astounding news.

There were no trains at all!

Count Arco seemed to be most agitated, and I could see by the expression of the faces of the other officers that they were more disturbed than they wanted us to notice.

What should I do? Everything was in ruins in the village. There was not even an "Auberge" of the smallest dimensions. All the neighboring châteaux were abandoned. Of whom could I ask hospitality? Count Arco, seeing my embarrassment, proposed my staying the night at Petit Val. Henry living there made it easier for me. So I accepted his offer; besides, there was no choice. The soldiers arranged my room according to their ideas of a lady's requirements; these included a bootjack, ash-trays, beer-mugs, etc. Their intentions were of the best.

At seven o'clock Henry and I dined with the officers. It seemed strange to me to be presiding at my own table surrounded by German officers, Count Arco being my *vis-à-vis*.

Do you want to know what we had for dinner? Bean soup, brought from Germany. Sausages and cabbage, put up in Germany. Coffee and zwieback, I suppose also from Germany.

The evening passed quickly, and I must

say pleasantly. Every one who had pretensions for music played or sang. Henry performed some of his compositions, and one officer did some card tricks. They all had an anecdote of their experience from the past months, which they told with great relish. Henry whispered to Count Arco: "My sister-in-law sings. Why don't you ask her for a song?" I could have pinched him!

I seated myself at the piano and commenced one of Schumann's songs, and then I sang "Ma mère était bohémienne" of Massé, which had a great success, and at the refrain, "et moi, j'ai l'âme triste," there was not a dry eye in the little circle. Graf W——, one of the oldest warriors, wept like an infant while I was singing, and, coming up to me after blowing his nose, said in his delightfully broken English: "You sing like an 'angle'" (I hope he meant angel). "It is as if ze paradise was opened to us"; then he retired to a corner and wiped his eyes. I sang "Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen" of Schumann, and when I came to the line "Und wem das just passieret, dem bricht das Herz entzwei," I heard a mournful sigh. It came from the Benjamin of the flock, a very young officer, who sat with his hands over his face, sobbing audibly. What chord had

I struck? Was his the heart that was breaking *entzwei*?

It seemed so strange to wake up and find myself in my own room. An orderly brought me a very neatly arranged tray with tea and buttered toast and a note from Henry announcing the terrible news that Paris was under arms—a revolution (*rien que ça*) had broken out and all approaches to the city were barricaded. This was news indeed! I understood now why no carriage came last night, why trains were stopped, why telegraph wires were cut, and why no mother-in-law appeared!

Every one was much excited about the news. The officers pretended not to know more than we did; perhaps what they did know they did not care to tell. We saw messengers flying in all directions, papers handed about, more messengers galloping down the avenue, agitation written on the faces around us. All I knew was that there was a revolution in Paris, and I was in Petit Val.

But as the psalmist puts it, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." My joy came late in the afternoon on returning to Petit Val, where I found the landau of the American legation, my mother-in-law, and (hobnobbing with the German



RUE DE RIVOLI, WHERE THE HÔTEL CONTINENTAL NOW STANDS



WRECKED BUILDINGS—SITE OF THE THÉÂTRE DE LA RENAISSANCE TO-DAY

officers) the American Minister himself, the popular and universal Mr. Washburn.

They were overjoyed to see me, as they had been as anxious as I had been, having tried every means in their power to reach me. Telegraphing was impossible, sending a groom on horseback equally so. Finally as a last resort they had written to all-powerful Mr. Washburn to see if he could not solve the difficult question, which he did by driving out himself with Mrs. M——.

As soon as the horses were sufficiently rested (my hosts and I being profuse in our mutual thanks) we started for Paris, passing through Alfort, Charenton, and many villages, all more or less in ruins. Still, there were plenty of people lounging about in the streets. We reached Vincennes without difficulty, but thenceforth our troubles commenced in earnest.

Mr. Washburn thought it more prudent to close the carriage, cautioning the coachman to drive more slowly. We were stopped at every moment by soldiers and barricades; then Mr. Washburn would show his card and his *laisser passer*, after which we were allowed to pass on, until we came to more soldiers and more barricades. Omnibuses turned over, paving-stones piled up, barrels, ladders,

ropes stretched across the streets, anything to stop the circulation. Poor Mr. Washburn was tired out, popping his head first out of one window, then out of the other, with his card in his hand.

The men who accosted us were not polite, and spoke quite decidedly, as if they did not expect to be contradicted. . . . We did not care to contradict them, either.

It took us nearly two hours to reach the Place de la Bastille.

This was a sight to behold, the space around the Column filled with paving-stones and all sorts of débris (strange to say, my eyes saw more brooms than anything else); cannons were pointing everywhere. A very impertinent, common-looking *voyou* said, on looking at Mr. Washburn's card, "You are all very chic, but you don't pass, all the same."

We shook in our shoes.

But Mr. Washburn, equal to the occasion, said something which had the desired effect, and we passed on.

All along the Rue de Rivoli the soldiers of *la garde nationale* were in groups, talking and gesticulating, flourishing their guns about as if they were walking-sticks.

As we passed the Hôtel de Ville we

saw the red flag of the communards waving over the palace. Barricades and cannons filled the space between that and the Rue de Rivoli. Here we were stopped again, and tired Mr. Washburn, annoyed to death, answered more stupid questions, showed his card and documents, and gave a little biography of himself.

I thought we should never get on.

I could have cried when I saw the Tuileries; it was only last August I had had a delightful half-hour with the Empress (she asked me to take tea with her). Then she was full of confidence in the triumph of the Emperor (who could have doubted it?), pleased that her son should have received "le baptême du feu," as the Emperor telegraphed—oh, the pity of it all! and that was only last August! only seven months ago!

And now! The Tuileries deserted, empty! the Emperor a prisoner, the Empress a fugitive! All France demoralized! All its prestige gone! One wonders how such things can be.

Mr. Washburn said he was not sorry to have remained in Paris (an experience he would on no account have missed). He thought he had been of service to his own country and also to France.

Mrs. M—— remarked, "What would those shut up in Paris have done without you?"

"Oh," he answered, "I was only a post-office."

In the Faubourg St. Honoré things were much quieter, though there were numbers of soldiers slouching about, with their guns pointing every which way. When we arrived at last at home in the Rue de Courcelles (it had taken us four hours), all was as quiet as Sunday in Boston.

20th March.

Great excitement prevailed all Sunday. The Communists remained in possession of all the public buildings. The red flag was hoisted everywhere, even from the palace of the Princess Mathilde, which, as you know, is directly opposite us. The Princess had left Paris last September. As I look from my window across to the Palace, and see all the windows open, and the courtyard filled with shabby soldiers, I realize that we are *en pleine Commune*, and wonder when we shall

come out of all this chaos, and how it will all end.

My dear old friend, Auber [the famous composer], came to see me this afternoon. He had not had much difficulty in driving through the streets, as he avoided those that were barricaded. We had a great deal to talk about. He had been in Paris all through the entire war, and had suffered intensely, both physically and mentally; he looked wretched, and for the first time since I had known him he seemed depressed and unhappy. He is eighty-six years old, and looks his age. He is a true Parisian, adores his Paris and never leaves it, even during the summer, when Paris is insufferable. One can easily imagine his grief at seeing his beloved city as it is now. He was full of uneasy forebodings and distress. He gave me the most harrowing description of the massacre of General Lecomte. It seems that the mob had seized him in his home and carried him to the garden of some house, where they told him he was to be judged by a *conseil de guerre*, and left him to wait an hour in the most pitiable frame of mind.

The murder of General Clement Thomas was even more dreadful. Auber knew him well, described him as kind and gentle, and honest to the tips of his fingers. They hustled him into the same garden where poor General Lecomte already was, pushed him against the wall, and shot him, killing him instantly. Then they rushed upon their other victim, saying, "Now it is your turn." In vain did Lecomte beg to be judged by his equals, and spoke of his wife and children. But his tormentors would have none of that, and shot him then and there. Auber said: "My heart bleeds when I gaze on all that is going on about me. Alas, I have lived too long!"

I tried to make him talk of other things to divert him from his dark thoughts. We played some duets of Bach. Auber loves Bach, and when we were through with him we played Mendelssohn.

To-day there was a great demonstration in the streets.

A young fellow named Henri de Penc thought if he could collect enough people to follow him he would lead them to

the barricades in the Place Vendôme in order to beg the communards in the name of *le peuple* to restore order and quiet in the city. He sent word beforehand that they would come there unarmed.

De Pene started at a very early hour from the distant boulevards, calling to every one, waving to them in order to make them come from their balconies and from their work, shouting to all in the streets, and managed to assemble a large crowd to join in his courageous undertaking.

I happened to go at one o'clock to Worth's, in the Rue de la Paix, and, finding the street barred, I left my coupé in the Rue des Petit Champs, telling Louis (my coachman) to wait for me in the Rue St. Arnaud (just behind the Rue de la Paix), and I walked to No. 7.

I wondered why there were so few people in the street; the Place Vendôme was barricaded with paving stones, and cannons were pointing down the Rue de la Paix. I walked quietly along to Worth's, and hardly had I reached his salon than we heard distant, confused sounds, and then the shouting in the street below made us all rush to the windows.

What a sight met our eyes!

This handsome young fellow De Pene, his hat in his outstretched hand, followed by a crowd of men, women, and children, looked the picture of life, health, and enthusiasm.

De Pene, seeing people on Worth's balcony, beckoned to them to join him; but Mr. Worth wisely withdrew inside, and, shaking his Anglo-Saxon head, said, "Not I." He, indeed!

The crowd bore banners on which were written "*Les Amis du Peuple*," "*Amis de l'Ordre*," "*Pour la Paix*," and one with "*Nous ne sommes pas armés*."

This mass of humanity walked down the Rue de la Paix, filling the whole breadth of it.

One can't imagine the horror we felt when we heard the roar of a cannon, and looking down saw the street filled with smoke, and frightened screams and terrified groans reached our ears. Some one dragged me inside the window, and shut it down to drown the horrible noises outside. De Pene was the first who was killed; the street was filled with dead and wounded. Mr. Hottingeur (the

banker) was shot in the arm. The living members of *les Amis* ran away, the wounded were left to the care of the shopkeepers, and the dead were abandoned where they fell, until further aid should come.

It was all too horrible!

I felt terribly agitated, and, moreover, deathly sick. My one thought was to reach my carriage and get home as quickly as possible. But how was I to accomplish it? The Rue de la Paix was, of course, impossible. Worth had a courtyard, but no outlet into the Rue St. Arnaud. He suggested that I should go through his ateliers, which he had at the top of the house, and reach an adjoining apartment, from which I might descend to the Rue St. Arnaud, where I would find my carriage. He told one of his women to lead the way, and I followed. We toiled up many flights of wearisome steps until we arrived at the above-mentioned ateliers. These communicated with another apartment, of which Worth's woman had the key. On her opening the door we found ourselves in a small bedroom (not in the tidiest condition), seeming to have just been occupied. We passed through this room, and came out to a staircase, where the demoiselle said, "You have only to go down here." I therefore proceeded to descend the five flights of waxed steps holding on to the wobbly iron railing, my legs trembling, my head swimming, and my heart sick. My only hope was to get to the carriage and home.

When at last I came to the portecochère I found it closed and locked, and the frightened concierge would not open for me. Fortunately I had a gold piece to make her yield to my demand. She reluctantly unfastened the door, and I went out. The street was filled with a terrified mob howling and flying in every direction. I caught a glimpse of the carriage away up the street, and I saw a hand gesticulating above the heads of the crowd, which I recognized as Louis. It was the only one with a glove on!

I pushed my way through the mass of people, saying very politely, "Pardon," as I pushed, and *very* politely, "Merci," after I had passed.

My horse had been unharnessed, and a man was trying to lead him away in

spite of Louis's remonstrances. The man had hold of one side of the bridle, while Louis, with a pluck unknown before, kept a firm grip on the other, the horse being tugged at on both sides, and, had he not been the angel he was, there would have been trouble in that little street.

The man holding the bridle opposite to Louis seemed a most formidable person to me. Still I tried to smile with placid calmness, and, though I was shaking all over, said, "Pardon, Monsieur, will you permit me to have my carriage harnessed?" I think he was completely taken off his guard, for, with the intuitive gallantry of a Frenchman, he answered most amiably, throwing back his coat and showing me his badge, "I am the agent of the *salut publique*, and it is for the government that I take your horse."

I made him observe that it would be very difficult for me to walk to my home in the Rue de Courcelles, and if his government wanted the horse it could come there and fetch it. He looked doubtfully at me as if weighing the situation, then said, very courteously, "I understand, Madame, and give you back your horse," and he even helped Louis to reharness the horse, who seemed happy to return to his shafts.

When I arrived home I had to go to bed. I was so exhausted. Mlle. W—— administered the infallible *camomille* tea, her remedy for every ill. She cannot conceive of any disease which is not cured by *camomille* tea, unless in *extremis*, when *fleurs d'oranger* takes its place.

24th March.

The American Secretary, Mr. Hoffman, and his wife, who are living in Versailles, invited Mrs. Moulton and me to luncheon to-day, saying that Mr. Washburn was also of the party, therefore we need have no fear of being molested or inconvenienced on our way. Mr. Hoffman proposed our going to the *Assemblée*, which has its sittings in the Palace.

I was particularly glad to have an opportunity to see the notabilities whose names and actions had been our daily food these last months.

We sat in Mr. Hoffman's box, who, in his position as Secretary of the American Legation, had been obliged to attend all these séances from the first. He knew

all the celebrities, and most amiably pointed them out to me.

Thiers was in the president's chair; Louis Blanc, Jules Favre, Jules Grévy, and others were on the platform.

I confess I was rather disappointed; I thought that this Pleiades of brilliant minds would surely overcome me to such a degree that I should not sleep for weeks. But, strangely enough, they had just the opposite effect. I was dreadfully confused. Mr. Washburn must be writing a book on modern history, I think, and Mr. Hoffman must be writing one on ancient history. I sat between them—a drowsy victim—feeling as if my brain was making spiral efforts to come out of the top of my head.

While I was trying with all my might to listen to Thiers's speech, who, I was sure, was saying something most interesting, Mr. Hoffman on one side of me would say in a low tone, "Just think of it! Here in these very same boxes the pampered and powdered (or something like that) court of Louis XIV. sat and listened to Rameau's operas." I tried to seem impressed. Then, on the other side, I would hear, "Do you know, Mrs. Moulton, that the Communists have just taken seven millions of francs from the Bank of France?" Then the distant, squeaky voice of Thiers, trying to penetrate space, said, "*La Force ne fonde rien, parcequ'elle ne résout rien.*" And when I was hoping to comprehend why "*La Force*" did not "*fonder*" anything, I would hear Mr. Hoffman whisper, "When you think that Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette passed the last evening they ever spent in Versailles in this theater!" "Really," I replied, vaguely. My other neighbor remarked, "You know the 'reds' are concentrating for a '*sortie*' to Versailles." "You don't say so!" I answered, half asleep.

There would be a moment's pause, and I caught the sound of General Billot's deep basso proposing that the French nation should adopt the family of General Lecomte, who had been so mercilessly butchered by the mob. Mr. Hoffman, continuing *his* train of thought, remembered that Napoleon III. gave that "magnificent dinner" to Queen Victoria in this theater. Jules Grévy talked at great length about something I did not

hear, and when I asked Mr. Hoffman what it was he answered something I did not understand. Jules Favre next spoke about the future glories of "notre glorieux pays" and the destiny of France. These remarks were received with tremendous applause. People stood up and ladies waved their handkerchiefs, every one seeming very excited, but my American friends were not greatly impressed. "How typical!" says Mr. Hoffman. "What rubbish!" says Mr. Washburn.

When we returned to Paris we found Mr. Moulton in a flutter of agitation. Beaumont (the renowned and popular painter) had been at the house in the afternoon, and had asked Mr. Moulton's permission to bring Courbet (the celebrated artist, *now* a Communard) to see us. Mr. Moulton had no sooner said yes than he regretted his impulsiveness, but he forgot to call Beaumont back to tell him so. The result was that we had the visit of Courbet last evening.

Of course they talked of "the situation." Who could help it? Courbet belongs more to the fraternity part of the motto than he does to the equality part of the Commune! He is not blood-thirsty, nor does he go about shooting people in the back. He is not that kind. He really believes (so he says) in a commune based on principles of equality and liberty of the masses. Mr. Moulton pointed out that unlimited liberty in the hands of a mob might become dangerous, but he admitted that fraternity covered many minor sins.

They talked on till quite late. Beaumont showed Courbet his last picture, which he (Beaumont) thinks very fine, but Courbet said, "What a pretty frame!" I don't know if Mrs. Moulton and I felt much admiration for the great artist, but he left us convinced that we were all in

love with him. We told Mr. Moulton we thought it might get us into trouble if Courbet vibrated between us and the hot-bed of Communism. But Mr. Moulton answered:

"What does it matter *now*?" as if the end of the world had come.

25th March.

. . . Mrs. Moulton and I drove out to the Bois. I had not been there since last August. How changed it was! The broad Avenue de l'Impératrice, where the lovely Empress drove every day in her *calèche à la Daumont*, surrounded by the fine-looking *cent garde*, is now almost impossible to drive in; the trees are cut down and the roads full of ditches and stones.

Rochefort, who was in power while the siege was lasting, suggested some medieval methods (too childish to imagine) to annihilate the whole German army if it should enter Paris. He had ordered pitfalls in the Avenue de l'Impératrice (holes about three feet deep), in which he intended the German cavalry to tumble headlong. He thought probably the army would come in the night and not see. Rochefort had also built towers, as in the time of the Crusaders, from which hot oil and stones were to be poured on the enemy! Did you ever hear of anything so idiotic? He little dreamed that the German army would take possession of Paris, bivouac in the Champs Elysées, and quietly march out again.

We visited the Pré Catalan, where last year the fashionable society met every day to flirt and drink milk. This is, as you may imagine, minus cows. These had, like all the other animals, been eaten and digested long ago. Thick hides being at a premium, the hippopotamus and rhinoceros had been kindly spared to posterity.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



The Shadow

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

THEY were walking in the wood, and it was years ago; yet hearts were the same in 1866. She had a crinoline, yet a restrained one; since this eccentric appanage was already on the wane. Her flowing skirt was trimmed above the hem with sweet and silly flutings of ribbon. It was her best gown, and of the stuff they called organdy. Her hair was drawn over her ears; yet not so deep down as her mother had worn hair twenty-five years before. She swung by its bright blue strings a wide-brimmed hat of Dunstable straw, and she looked in every detail exactly as we have been taught to believe girls looked in those days—days which seem so especially far off because we are already in another century. Yet hearts are alike. Hers, so she thought as they walked through the wood, was certainly broken. Time would prove; hearts have a trick of mending.

For him— He was dressed sprucely, and as a young man of to-day would scorn to be. A touch of the dandy lingered in 1866. There remained about him that nice touch of fancy expressed by a flowered waistcoat and a tie that was bright. There were still—sartorially speaking—rays to the masculine sun in those days. He parted his hair and brushed it up in what would be called a funny way; mutton-chop whiskers gave him the look that we laugh at. The hat he carried in his hand (for the June night was sultry) had an odd enough brim—say you survey it through the tantalizing mists of nearly fifty years.

The two of them looked, as they walked along the ridge of the hill, and with a beautiful belt of woodland at their feet below, like those figures we see in woodcuts of the period. It is, to us, all far away; unreal, grotesque. But it was alive and pulsing; they suffered, joyed, struggled, and loved—had victories, rebuffs, and conflict; each day brought

its sortie. They loved and lived as we do, and as those that will come after us and laugh at us and be sceptical about us will do. We, to-day, poke fun and are sceptics. We say that these mid-Victorian people were stodgy, quite Teutonic; and, from the point of view of art and passion, hopeless. They did not love; they only married. We say of them the things that posterity is presently going to say about us: posterity — purblind — that judges the soul by the cut of the garment. Hearts are alike.

These two walked slowly along the ridge of the hill. All day they had been together; gaining blest hours—their last—by artifice. It was supposed that she had gone some distance into the country on a visit to an elderly relative. Sly lovers get skilled at small sins.

For his part, he was a free-lance, for he was spending a holiday with his uncle, the well-to-do druggist whose shop was in that clean little county town that lay beyond the woods. Had he chosen, he could have lived with his uncle and succeeded, snugly, to the business in due course; but he was ambitious and dreamed of larger undertakings.

Wealth, fame—who knew?—they should come to him some day. Meanwhile, he was just a paid assistant in a very big druggist's shop in London, and was going back to it to-morrow. London, as he assured his love, through their broken pauses, was the only arena within which men might fight for fame. There were—to pursue the figure—no bulls or wild beasts of any sort outside the London radius; no victor's crowns.

She, as they walked the hill to-night—beautiful woods, winding green waters, and the clean brisk town beneath—was in that mood of glorious misery that some of us know. She loved him, and they were presently parting forever. It is an agony; yet at least scarlet: but you do not see the color while you stand

close up. She drooped and was forlorn. They held hands. Her pensive face was haggard; it was telltale, and eloquently foreshadowed the sort of pinched old woman she would be. His face betrayed a sort of sad and smirking triumph, if it may be phrased so: only so can his mood be expressed.

They had loved, they had kissed and laughed and whispered; charming candid whisperings beneath the moon. They had swept all the strings of the poor old instrument, they had made the usual vows of fidelity. They had talked lugubriously of life and of death. One of her ringlets was twined up in his pocket-book now; close to his heart, as he reminded her—while the sardonic moon stared at them over the ridge of the hill; laughing its big laugh, as well it might. Always, the moon stumbles on some such scene; just love-making, just whispers, just eyes that flash as fire-flies. Sometimes the gage is a ringlet (we laugh at that now), sometimes it is—well, it is to-day some trifle at which posterity will poke fun: one generation lives to provide jokes for the next. That is evident.

He said to her, sounds of common sense vibrating strangely through his voice:

"Lydia, it is hopeless. Put your dear handkerchief away. I will not be a traitor to Gathergood, nor make you false to womanly virtue. Let us go back to the town and I will take you boldly right up to your mother's gate. What matter who sees us to-night? To-morrow you will be Gathergood's bride."

He pulled out his watch and held it to the moon; a fine gold repeater—his uncle, the well-to-do old druggist, had presented it. The practical act was a blow upon her tenderness, and she flinched.

"Eight o'clock," he said. "Where is Gathergood?"

"Absent on some business; no, playing the flute, I think," she answered, dully. "In no case should I see him to-night; so near the wedding. It would not be discreet, and people never do. Willie, I won't marry him. It—it isn't fair."

"Dearest!" He looked almost afraid. "What harm is done? Just a few poor vows, just a kiss or so. Just your

darling curl close to my heart for all my life."

He was full of little ardors and eloquences alien to his rank and calling. In this flamboyant way he had talked to her at intervals for hours. He loved her; yet the motto of his life was, not to fall in love until you could afford to marry.

"You will be Gathergood's wife," he proceeded, sounding amorous yet obstinate. "I shall go back to London. Think of me behind the counter; a prisoner behind those big warm-looking bottles, green and red. And I shall picture you in a hair-dresser's shop; sitting close to Gathergood while he weaves his cold wigs. It is a good business, Lydia; well established, dignified. This is all confoundedly hard upon us," he kicked at the tufts of hill grass, "but we are not the first or the last. True love is rarely smiled upon."

She answered nothing. They looked upon each other and they thought the same thing: that the first lovers were dead, and the last unborn. Pain of the present, all solitary, was theirs and only theirs. No other hearts were racked to-night. We all feel that in our time of pain.

He went on talking, with his trick of romance, queer in a tradesman. He lightly sketched in her future and his own. Any one who did not love him would have seen the shallow workings of his soul, but to her he was large, chivalric; and skilfully he conveyed to her distraught, most faithful mind the impression that he was sacrificing her for her own sake. She could revere him and despise herself to-night.

They had turned. They stood still at the top of the hill, hating that descent into the town. It led to Gathergood and to a betrothed young woman's watchful mother. The perfect June night was laughing at their pain, yet not quite so loudly as the moon did. For it loved them and it sent them, as they approached the wood, little scents of flowers, little stirrings of birds for their mute consolation.

"We must descend, dear heart," he slipped an arm glibly round that small waist of hers in its rigid, well-boned bodice.



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

Half tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"TO-MORROW YOU WILL BE GATHERGOOD'S WIFE"

Now that the moment of parting approached, he also suffered—yet with merely the ghost of her suffering. His love was a tinsel thing and transient. She was of that mute sort; not to be moved in her feelings, not to be cured or translated.

He looked, as they lilted down the hill, first at the moon, then at the wood below.

“Your bright eyes and their deep lashes,” he whispered, pointing to green branches and silver-green light.

This was the sort of thing that he could say quite easily, and with such he had lured her from Gathergood. Not that she had ever loved the hair-dresser; but she had known him all her life: her mother and his father had decided, years before, that it would be a most respectable and suitable match. He had won her from Gathergood, yet to-night he was giving the gift back. He pressed her own heart upon her; into the place of its legal allegiance. The man who can do this—having done the rest—is a poltroon. Lydia felt this, in her simple fashion; loving him, and knowing not the word poltroon. She felt that her spirit had been betrayed, and that to any husband she could now give nothing but an empty body.

Pathetically, she just leaned at her lover's shoulder for the last time. To-morrow morning she would wed Gathergood.

They approached the big trees and the winding river. The moon enlarged, rarefied, and mystified it all. He, a man of towns, was thinking fantastically of the theater and a painted drop scene. Beech-trees with their great trunks, water that was green—as bits of broken bottles are green when they have been salt-washed by the restless ocean—all of this was theatrical. This suited him, since he was garish too. Once parted from Lydia, he would forget; he would pass pleasantly on to the next dramatic comedy. When he was in London he went to the theater once a week, and took a discreet interest in actresses of the day. He went also to other places of amusement, and he considered himself, in the archaic language of his far-off times, “a sad dog.”

This was a drama, and it should be played out. He regarded himself to-night

as an actor, not an onlooker. He was one of those who suffer with their parts; who must suffer in order to act well. He was gloriously agonized as he walked with Lydia down the hill to-night, leaving the broad hills with their squat bushes of hawthorn, approaching the beech wood, with its air of Sadler's Wells theater and a Saturday night seat in the pit. He would be glad to get back to London. The country was good for your health now and then; also it was good policy to keep on friendly terms with a well-to-do uncle. Yet good things were dull.

Still, it was hard, it was a real throbbing pain, to part with Lydia. Suddenly he pulled her to him; reckless, bold, and real. He rejoiced in the timid flutter of her breathing, and he thought of love-making birds and their twittering wings. He left off posturing, just for a moment. This was the true thing; it was the meaning of life perhaps—to love and to possess the chosen woman. Yet presently he steadied himself with the phrase which always, so to say, he kept rolled under his tongue and ready: you must not fall in love until you could afford to marry. He was prudent and despicable. His arms dropped away from her with a sort of limp violence—a gesture contradictory. Silently they went on, toward the deep wood with all its dusky summer sweetness, palpitating branches, seductive murmurings.

They did not look behind them once. Only the moon saw that shadow moving cautiously down the fine slope of the hill, keeping track of them, coming nearer to them, dipping down now and then to hide behind the rich hawthorn-trees. The hawthorns were scented, pink and white. They were ghostly beneath the moon. These little trees were all dangerous spikes and bewitching fragrances. They were spicery and weapons; still-rooms and an armory.

The gliding, furtive thing, looking sprawling, unearthly big, and grotesque in the light from the moon, was the shadow of Gathergood. For weeks he had suspected them. When a girl is pretty; when she is cold to you—a something more frozen than mere demure; when a stranger comes to town—some bold fellow with the gift of words—what can you do but suspect?

Gathergood had meekly pieced things together. He had woven delicate facts into definite shape; just as he wove fine hairs into formidable wigs. Here, on the eve of the marriage, he had set a trap.

He followed them into the wood, glad to be there. Once in the wood, and a man could screen himself behind a big beech-tree. His build and the lover's were the same; short men, both of them. Gathergood had a queer way of sucking his cheeks when he was moved: in leisure moments he played the flute. They were wholesome-looking cheeks, pink and rather girlish-looking. He crept through the wood, picking his way that he might not tread on a dead branch and snap it, moving his cheeks.

They did not see him, nor hear him. They would not, whatever he did. When you love enough, when you are rent by the near prospect of parting, what do you care!

He was so close that he could hear the gentle rustle of his bride's ample skirts; he could see the blurred pattern of her organdy gown, could almost catch her sad breathings. He crept along. At the edge of the wood, by the brink of the river, the lover stood stock-still and Lydia with him. Gathergood, nimble, dodged behind the next tree. He was so close now that he could have touched them.

The lover, swashbuckler and dramatic, spouted his part. His arms, once more, closed fast round her.

"To-morrow you will be Gathergood's wife and I shall be gone. Promise me one thing."

"Anything," returned Lydia, faintly. It floated like a little leaf, that word.

"Sweetheart, for all our lives, each June, on the first night when the moon is at the full, I will walk along the top of the hill and look toward the town and try to see your window and reach out my arms to you. Will you be watching? Promise me. From an upper window of Gathergood's house you may see the hill plain; and see me on it, Lydia—loving you, longing for you, faithful to you always. Yes, faithful and alone. We are pledged to suffering. Honor must come first."

"I promise," she said, fervently; so fervently that she made him flinch.

"You must not come to me," he in-

sisted. "That would kill our love. After all, we shall have the precious essence, and Gathergood merely the stuff that they throw away."

He was proud of this touch. He pressed the details of his genteel calling into service—and the druggist should deal in romance!

All through, he had managed to impress her with an air of magnificent renunciation. He had, as it were, coated his cowardice with the sugar of renunciation. She was swallowing the pill.

"I promise always to watch and never to come," she said, solemnly, looking up at him with those grave, large eyes of hers: eyes that made a man uneasy.

Gathergood saw. His little pink face bobbed round the tree. His cheeks puffed in and out. He not only listened, but he looked. His brain was busy.

They went on. He did not follow now. No need. He watched them cross the white bridge that spanned the grass-green river. They went toward the town.

For twenty years Lydia had sat on her side of the shop. And she was old; women grew old sooner then; also, she was of that sort. They were an elderly couple already, she and Gathergood; a blanched, empty, and disappointed couple. Sometimes she would look across at him, surveying him impartially. She would feel how unreal it had all been, that long wedded life of theirs. She saw a man already wizened. He was blue-eyed, bald, and pink-cheeked. He grew, well beneath his chin, a fringe of grayish hair, so tufty that he might have stuck it there as tribute: just witness to his craft, advertisement!

He sat in his shirt-sleeves working at wigs. Now and again he would leave off, suck at his cheeks, stretch his arms, look out into the street, and sigh. Perhaps he sighed because wig-making was nothing of a trade nowadays. His father's business before him, that had been a flourishing affair, if you like. To-day he lived mainly upon the interest of his father's prudent investments in stocks and bits of land. And he lived very frugally at that. Perhaps he sighed because he and Lydia were aging before their time. They had failed; they were also childless. They were a pale and dry old

couple; sulky and silent with each other always. By nature, Gathergood was a cheerful and a garrulous man.

Lydia sometimes wondered why he sighed. Yet never once had he said that he wanted children. Never once had he made a sad quip on his grand name of Gathergood—he, who had gathered nothing; not even the rich love of a wife that a woman can and should give. He was always kind and quiet.

She looked at his side of his shop and she hated it: hated the glass cases, full of weak wigs, of colorless coils of hair.

Well, for that matter, she also hated her own side of the shop, where she sold fancy work and stitched at it. Gathergood's mother had done this, in her more prosperous time. It had always been a shop with a double trade. Years ago, when she had settled down as a sad young wife, a creature subtly spoiled for all things, Lydia had sold crochet-cotton and displayed patterns for crochet. She had taken orders for the make-up of Berlin wool slippers. She had sometimes finished ambitious pieces of work for indolent ladies who were weary. She did this still. Yet fancy work, with wigs, had fallen out of demand. Young women nowadays despised the needle. Nowadays—this was in the eighties—if they worked at all, they embroidered flowers or nursery picture-book scenes in crewel upon linen crash. Her side of the shop was just a pale litter and tangle of lumber, and it appeared puny beside Gathergood's glass cases with their grandiose, well-curled wigs.

In this manner, day after day, they sat, the two of them working industriously, speaking seldom. And just as he had grown shriveled and rosy, so she was angular and big; with sunken eyes and an ugly, thin neck. As she worked at her silly fancy work, starting or finishing useless things for other people, she would sit very upright, pressing close to the wall, and keeping as far from the wigs as she could. That side of the shop should be a distant country. Now and then she also looked out at the street, yet not sighing nor stretching her arms. Her weary eyes marked nothing in particular. They passed blankly over the pretty, old street, with the bow-windowed shops and dignified houses; with the flagged pave-

ments shut off by white posts and swinging chains from the road that lay a couple of steps below. It was a sleepy scene and sweet. It was death to a woman with a hot, strong heart. She had been that. Those blank eyes of hers would flutter up from the street. There, right at the top of things, she caught the outline of a great hill; saw just a teasing wedge of it and no more. She would look up, then look away, then look furtively across the shop at Gathergood, working upon wigs. He never noticed.

This had been going on for twenty years. How did women endure such things? She asked herself that now and then. As years went on, however, she asked the question with less frequency. Doubtless there were other women just in her plight. They said nothing, they did nothing; they held rigidly aside from sin and scandal—taking their perfumed yet very bitter way. They suffered, they wasted. She would put her hand up to her throat and feel it thoughtfully; a wasted hand to a corded throat. One day she had laughed; that was years ago. Gathergood jumped then. He stared across the shop.

"You startled me," he said, gently. "Don't do it again, my dear. Wig-making is delicate work."

Through the first year of them all, while she was still the mournful bride, how ardently she had looked and listened for the postman! He represented her sense of hope kept long alive. Through him, her sweet rose of living would open once more to the sun. She could not quite say how or why; she only felt that with the postman lay some secret of blooming.

Cheerfully, he passed down the sunny street. That was twenty years ago, and the street had not changed since. The postman would come into the shop, throwing back the door with official briskness, jangling the weak-throated bell that hung upon the door. But it would only be a letter for Gathergood, wanting wigs. Or a letter for her, wanting fancy work. Or it would be a letter from some relative; just an affair of steady and tempered affection. How can a letter of that sort rest the riotous heart!

When he went away, when the bell shook itself quiet again, with feebly pro-

testing jangles, deadness for the day settled upon her. To her, through the first year of marriage, the postman was the Apostle of the Unexpected. He was instinct with romance, with the magic haphazard of human living. Something would surely happen. He would bring a letter from her lover. This state of things could not go on. She would surely die unless weather—of the emotions—changed. She did not die. For twenty years—more—the east wind blew gaunt through each chamber of her heart.

She had felt, in those first days, that the bag he carried must be stuffed to bursting with hearts, the ache of them, the emptiness of them; betrayals, despotic, most tender demands. He carried letters of the heart, precious and exclusive things; letters that, so she had heard and read, lie put away in boxes to grow honorably yellow, letters that are watered by vain tears. She would feel all this of him; then he would bring out of his eloquent bag just a circular or some business bill. The one true letter, it never came. Through that first year, then, the postman remained to her nothing but a dangling, provoking evanescence; a thing of froth, of colored bubbles lightly blown, directly dissipated.

He brought nothing. She began at last to realize that he never would. Yet she lacked courage to forget the past. She could not build some bitter little fire and, burning over, pass on. By day she dreamed that some vital word must surely come—a summons. Each night she fell asleep upon the soft, false bosom of Chance. Her sense of the coming message was very dim—yet surely it should bring reprieve.

At least June would come; nothing could possibly delay the birth of summer. She thrilled and dared, she longed and looked for June and for the full moon. It would bring joy and deliverance, an ardent man; something tangible and more than a mere Shadow.

Fervently she waited. She was restless, ardent, happy. She laughed without reason. She was tender to Gathergood. She flowed over with love to all things. She could not keep still. Her hands trembled at her work, and she would move about the house singing.

All of this was years upon years ago.

The angular, wasted old woman working in the cold shop would remember it all and marvel. She would wonder; and she would stare out at the hill. All the days were spent alike; she stitched, Gathergood worked with dead hair. They hardly moved, they barely spoke, and when they arose to go to meals it was in a slow, ritual way. Certainly the little old house and double shop was a place of hollow ceremonies.

Five evenings out of six she was alone, and she liked that. When evening came, a jaunty change would quite transform Gathergood. He would throw aside those ceremonies of wig-making, pick up his flute, and depart. Once away from wife and wigs, he was, so the neighbors said, a jolly man, and his flute was in demand. He played at friendly gatherings in the town or at more stately local concerts. Sometimes, for he became modestly famous as a sweet flautist, he would even be paid to play at entertainments in adjoining towns.

One night he returned late from an affair of this sort. Lydia had been sitting alone in their bedroom; her hands folded, that look of ease and loosening about her which was so marked directly she got away from Gathergood. He called her down from the foot of the stairs.

"Lydia!"

It was a chirpy voice; it was changed and strange, for he never showed her this side of himself: it was a mask convivial.

For one cold moment she suspected that he had been drinking. He never drank; but she misjudged him, on this matter, as on other matters. It was part of their general disjointment to misjudge. When they found anything new or strange in each other, they instantly concluded the worst. They were constant enemies of the soul, and stood upon their guard; here, in a chilly land, in the pinched airs of the little shop.

His voice was jocund yet masterful, and she came down at once, looking assaulted, oppressed, and afraid. He was certainly in a funny mood, for he put his short arms boisterously around her and kissed her—long—upon the mouth. He seemed to have shaken himself free from some tight pressure. He was a free man, and thirsty, so it appeared.

She could not understand. She let him kiss her, then drew primly aside. They looked at each other, and the new light died upon his face. Together they were grotesque and gawky; each felt a queer desire to run off and hide from the other. This was the way with them; they had not the dignity of endearments. They never merged into the tender majesty of a perfect mating.

"Did the people like your flute-playing to-night?" she asked him, very gently.

"The flute!" his voice was sullen. "Never mind the flute, but get the supper. I've—I've brought something extra. I thought we'd have a treat for once, but you don't care for it, nor for anything that I can do."

His voice was angry. His eyes were fixed upon her face. They were angry eyes and watery and pleading. She felt sorry for him, and as she started to spread the supper out she looked at him sideways. She did not wish to be unkind to him, of course not; yet she would be very glad when it died—their poor pretence of love-making. It made them seem ridiculous. Her mouth felt shy; a maiden's shyness, lacking a maiden's amazed joy. He had not kissed her mouth for years. Forlornly, she hoped that he would not wish to do so again.

"It's a Lincoln pie," he said, as she unpacked his parcel. "Do you remember how fond father was of them? We had one for supper two nights before our wedding. Do you remember that? You and your mother came here, Lydia."

She shook her head. "No," she said, coldly and lying. "I don't remember any of it." For she hated all tradition. It bound her to him.

They sat down in stilled silence; Gathergood's sense of festival was quite destroyed. When they spoke it was as strangers, in sentences fragmentary and polite. She could not understand his mood. Later on she understood.

This was in April. Then June came; Junes turned round more quickly as you grew old. Lydia was finding, with other broken people, that when life is gray enough, Time gallops.

June! To-night the moon was at the full. Gathergood was working late, so it happened, upon an order for a barrister's wig. Orders were rare in these

days. Before she went secretly up-stairs to stare at the hill, Lydia flung one despairing glance round the pale shop. Was this Life, and all that it meant to give? Why did the dear God do such things with women!

She went quietly away. Gathergood did not look up; he worked at the wig, he worked his pink cheeks, flute-fashion. The staircase was narrow and dark; a leaded window, high up, lighted it. It was an uncurtained window, with greenish glass, with deep-green ivy, seeming to beseech, grown half across the little panes. Lydia went slowly, for when you want a thing very much, and when the rapture of it will be brief, you linger at the last and you conserve.

She lifted the latch of the bedroom door; theirs was an ancient house. She crossed the room, with its low ceiling, with its air of housewifely spotlessness. There was ghostly dimity at the bed-head and shrouding the window. The beautiful, consoling moon flooded everything. It lay in silver bars across the bare oak floor, with the strips of carpet here and there: just strips, each side of the bed, for them to stand upon as they undressed, she and Gathergood. They were very poor, and so they had preserved the quite unconscious elegance of asceticism. The room, with a few bits of solid old furniture, with a brown old floor, sunken here and sloping everywhere, was beautiful and fit for any queen.

Those silver bars of moon across the floor! Each one seemed alive and warm, and she picked her way to the window, not treading on them, afraid of hurting them, the tender, childish things. She knelt down, for the window was low, and one must kneel in order to see plainly the great hill. Also, she loved to kneel upon these nights; it seemed most fitting. This she hardly knew and could not have told why. Yet, in her simple, broken way she felt that as she knelt, and as she waited for the beloved Shadow, so the sense of a most piteous God and of prayer enfolded her and kept her safe.

Kneeling and hushed she waited; surveying the big bare beauty of the hill; just as for more than twenty years she had waited upon June nights such as this: waited for the entrancing Shadow of the one and only man her heart had loved.

Presently the plaintive sounds of Gathergood's poor flute came stealing silvery up the stairs: strains to mix with the silver moon. He was playing a jig-about tune, and it seemed strange with the instrument. She hated the sound. On nights, June nights, such as this one, she rebelled at any hint of any tie with Gathergood. She wished that he had gone out to-night, as usual. Why had he not? Wasn't it her right to be alone to-night; yes, only to-night—of all the nights! She wished to have the hours wholly to herself. And she remembered that on all the other June moons she had been quite alone, weeping hopelessly and wildly—yet more quietly as the years went on—holding out her hands to the beloved Shadow.

As she waited, she cherished, but from a long way off, the fidelity of this lover. She warmed to him, and yet she felt ineffably weary. As she watched the hill and recalled his lovely last kiss on the night before her wedding, she felt that it would be the solution to that queer riddle, her life, if once more their lips could meet: quietly, with religious solemnity, without one word. To sleep in his arms for a thousand years, without word or any movement, how restful that would be! To remain oblivious to wigs and flutes and the use of the needle: yes, and also to June nights of vigil coming once a year. Just to be kissed quiet!

He was late to-night, and little by little her heart became a hot young heart again. Years ago, at the first, her heart had tried to choke her on nights such as these. She recalled them; most of all she recalled the feverish first June. Subtly, it stood out from all the rest. On that first night, as the Shadow stood upon the hill, as he stretched his arms to the town, she had nearly rushed to him. Before the night really came she had quite decided that she would go, happen what must. She loved him, only him; that, to simple women, is enough sometimes. Yet when the moment came, and when she saw him standing there in a silver flood, her knees, so to say, had been nailed to the floor. It was miraculous, perhaps, and she owed all to her tender guardian angel. Had she not vowed that she would

not be false to wifedom and to virtue? So, kneeling that first June years ago, she had not gone to the hill. She had merely wept; and had felt that her very life ebbed with the Shadow as it turned away.

She had revered her lover for his grand resolve, for his magnificent courage. Yet at the root of her was some tincture of resentment. Had he wanted her, he would have written, for did not Love come first? She loved him, yet was proud, as pure women are. In this way, year after year, she had grown from a charming young woman to a gaunt, middle-aged one, and never once had she gone to the hill and to him; but the heart and soul, they yearned to go.

To-night she waited. The hill was clear and radiant. Certainly with these new spectacles one saw beautifully, and she could not possibly miss him. She took the glasses off and rubbed them and wryly smiled. Fancy her old and wearing glasses!

No doubt he also had changed. She knew, in fact, that he had. That loved face of his she had not seen; she could not tell if his hair had grown gray or his eyes dimmer. What bright eyes they had been—and bold! She applauded a bold man. She had not seen his face, but the shape of him had grown more solid, more rotund. That was certain. She missed the lithe youth of him; that lover had gone. Yet the same heart always; and again, the beautiful fidelity of him swept her right through, and she thrilled.

He did not come. She stared at the bare hill, and was now afraid. The thought of Death tweaked at her.

The flute stopped suddenly. Was Gathergood coming to the foot of the stairs to call her down to supper? She would not let him come up here into the room. He must not; it was sacred ground. Her bleak face flushed and worked. She felt that she, after years of quiet sense, was now losing her senses; that she had snapped, was adrift perhaps, loosed from her last mooring.

The placid moon flooded the hill. A naked, non-eloquent hill, and it looked something more than bare! The desolate conviction came to her that to-night he would not come. He was gone, he was



Drawn by W. Hatherell, R.I.

KNEELING AND HUSHED, SHE WAITED

dead, he had at last forgotten? She must know for sure; she would slip her senses else.

She scrambled up from the floor and huddled on her outdoor things. She trembled and muddled; she kept stooping down to stare through the window. The hill was magic and all alone; the bewitching thorn-bushes danced, and they threw the only shadows. When she was ready she went down-stairs. At the last she looked into the glass. She had changed so desolately, and she wondered if her leanness would repel him. She did not want to go to the hill, yet she must go. So long as he had shown himself to her just once a year, then she could remain faithful as a wife, tragic as a lover. She could have gone on until the very end. Now she could not, but must rush to find him; stream round the world. Gathergood, his ways, his looks, their pinched, long married life together, just rolled up. She was merely Lydia, and she loved.

She never doubted that, once get through the town and through the wood, once climb the hill, then she would find him. There he would be; asleep, perhaps, behind the pink and white thorns. Or perhaps, secretive, in the green tangle of the beech wood. Or to be found by the green water, or on the frail white bridge that spanned it. She must go. She must find him. There would be speech and touch and sight at last—and what fools they had been to spoil their lives, to be sure! She felt a young woman, and never mind what one looked—a last look in the glass! She knew that her soul was still a maiden, and all of it was his.

She went down the stairs with the gait of going into battle.

Gathergood had left the shop and shut it up. He was in the little parlor at the back. The stairway led into that parlor. She had hoped to get out by the side door and through the bit of garden and elude him; for she could not bear to look upon him just now, with his pink cheeks, bald head, and enraging manner of gentleness. To-night, for all the nights and all the days, her nature had demanded some man in armor.

He looked patiently up with that wan air of welcome that was his whenever he

greeted her. She looked crooked and gaunt. He left off playing, sucked his cheeks in and out, wiped his mouth. There was a funny wrinkle or so she had never before noticed round the corners of his faltering blue eyes. He, for his part, surveying her as she stood by the door that shut off the stairs from the room, oddly recalled that gracious girl of the sixties that he had married.

What pretty clothes women wore then, to be sure! And what ugly ones now! They were fools, these women, for they did not know what a man demanded in the way of dress. He remembered her full, crisp skirts and little fringes; all her dainty asides of dressing in those gracious girl days: muslin sleeve and chemisette; frilled, most snowy petticoats. He did not know the names of all her little ornaments, yet he remembered them, and his eyes grew weary as they dwelt upon this woman standing now by the stairway. He too was tired; he of her, she of him; each of their life. Perhaps he had not really known it until now. He mentally considered the clothes that she was wearing to-night: it was the ugly dress of the eighties—an absurd bonnet without a brim, a tight jacket, a narrow skirt of dingy stuff, foolishly befurbelowed. She was an ugly old woman now, and he felt tired of her. Not the gracious girl he had loved, and he had not been able to let go. Lydia said, not looking up but moving slowly toward the outer world:

“It is such a hot night; not a breath of air. I must go out.”

He had taken up the flute as she moved, and started to play. He left off playing before she went out of sight, mopped his mouth, and said:

“Yes, do go, my dear. It is a fine June night, and the full moon.”

He spoke softly; he never looked up.

She returned later on, looking distraught and draggled, looking patiently broken. They looked at each other, and it was a new look this time; on her side it was pleading—the stare of a creature in some awful pain, and feeling round everywhere for a mode of healing. As for Gathergood, all sorts of things sprang into his eyes.

The flute was put away and he had the

supper laid, with a bunch of roses, cottage grown and colors mixed, blooming right there in a jug, and set between the frugal bread and cheese. Another jug, brown, was drawn full of beer.

He said, dragging out the arm-chair:

"Sit down, Lyddy."

He had not called her that name for years. "Tired of playing the fool?" he pursued, gently. "I am."

"The fool! You!"

She sat down. She feebly tried to untie her bonnet strings.

"Let me do it." He came close and was deft.

He took that fright of a bonnet and set it, looking pygmy and comic, on the chest of drawers. In their young days she had worn a bonnet with a floating veil, and a silken frill behind that women called a curtain. Pretty bonnet, pretty times! He sighed.

"At first I did it for a joke," he said, gingerly touching her hands. "And then I kept on; to please you, I suppose, my dear. You can't always say just why you do a thing—now can you?"

"You did it! You! It was you?"

He nodded, looking bluff, yet ashamed, looking as he always did look at her, with that aggravating "don't-hit-me" sort of air.

"The first year he was there too," he checked a silly giggle at the memory. "For fear that he would see me, I had to bob behind a thorn. It was quick work, I can tell you."

He spoke in a munching, ruminative way. She was looking at him wildly.

"If we had come face to face, there must have been a fight," he said, squaring himself and looking jaunty.

"The first June! So he came then. He came then," she said, fumbling at her jacket, trying to get it off.

Gathergood nodded. He laughed, covering up his timidity with a bit of bluster. That was a queer look in those eyes of hers. Such large eyes! But she would come round. He had done it to please her; yet you never knew how a woman would take a thing.

He unbuttoned her jacket, and she limply let him do it. He hung it over the back of a chair, and she sat betrayed in her ugly black house-bodice; pointed before and behind, with a meager frill at

the throat, with a twinkling row of jet buttons, set close, down the front.

"That's right." Gathergood's pink cheeks moved comically. "Now drink this. Drink it off, I say."

He poured beer from the brown jug; she pushed the golden glass away.

"The first June—yes," she nodded. "That was different. I've always thought so."

"You'll always say so." Gathergood here showed some red streak of husbandly rage. "The other years I went alone; just for a joke, to fool you, to please you, to see how you'd take it. Upon my word! What a woman!"

He surveyed her.

"You!" she said, "you!" and looked at him in the way that he did not quite like.

"Me!" he nodded, briskly. "And then—do you remember that night when I came from Liddleshorn this last April?"

"Yes," she said; "it was April; I remember."

"You remember the months, don't you? April—May—June!"

He showed his teeth, catching the two upper front ones over his lower lip until he looked the inflamed rabbit. "I brought home a Lincoln pie for supper, and you wouldn't touch a bit. In the night I heard you crying."

"Of course," she said, "of course," and sat looking at him with a blind, queer air of interest.

"Well, then, I'd seen him then; met him in the High Street—Liddleshorn High Street—that very night. He asked after you. He made a joke about our little family. He made sure we'd got a family. He's got one: five boys, three girls, and all of them hearty and growing up."

"Married!" said Lydia.

"Of course, the year after. What did you expect? He's a rich man, too; he's been lucky. He was telling me all about it; we spent a comfortable hour at his hotel. We just ran up against each other in the street, and he slapped me on the back and said he'd have known me anywhere. Shouldn't have known him, for he's changed—fatter and redder; takes his drop, so I should say. What do you think he's done? A smart chap—always was! He's invented a patent pill,

and it's sold everywhere. 'Gathergood,' he says to me, 'my name is a household word.' Queen Victoria keeps his pills in her medicine-chest, I wouldn't wonder."

Gathergood spoke with simple pride. He continued:

"I never told him of my joke about the hill. At first I thought I would, and then, somehow, I didn't. You can't say why you do or you don't."

He looked at his downcast wife and his voice dropped; it was deleted of all joy and bluster. Suddenly he was gentle again, the meek, flute-playing man. He put his hands on her stooping shoulders, bending over her. He let them stray from her shoulders, down her long arms to her restless hands that moved upon the cloth, tracing a pattern. She was thinking of the fancy work that she had done only to-day.

"Lyddy," he said, "let's begin again. Let's be young—as we was when we started."

She stared at him. The poor, beseeching, pink old man! He seemed unearthly old to her; for she, to-night, was young and racked.

"I went all over the hill, up and down," she said. "I waited in the wood. I looked behind the thorn-bushes."

"It's been a bad joke." Gathergood soothingly patted her hands. "You can carry a joke too far. I did. Look here, Lyddy, can't we begin again and—"

She pushed his fat fingers away and stood up. Her eyes were kind as she looked at him; friendly and patronizing and sad. He stared back, and their thought was about the same. They were

thinking of their married life; no children, trade fallen away, youth departed—just starved out. They felt that they were cheated, and that they had cheated each other. Some other woman would have borne him children; this was probable. For her! She could certainly have ripened and borne fruit upon some other man's house wall.

"It isn't any good, my dear," she said, speaking in dull, awful gasps. Thus, staccato, she expressed their poor tragedy. She went from him to the stairway and opened the door. "I will come down to supper soon," she said, docilely.

When she had gone he picked up the flute again and started to play. She might like a little music; it was a consoling instrument, the flute, and a true companion to any mood.

Lydia went up the stairs into that silver-flooded bedroom of theirs. She felt, in some dull, resentful way, that she had been defrauded, and that all her life she had been plastic in the hands of a couple of tricksters. One, perhaps, had in him some unconscious streak of fine nobilities; that was Gathergood. The other had some false and spouting genius for romance.

It was the other that she loved and always would. To-night made no difference.

She knelt at the window, staring at the forever naked hill. The tender rays of silver moon still lay upon the floor. She knelt there until Gathergood cautiously from the foot of the stairs called up:

"Lyddy, my dear, come down, or the supper beer will be quite flat."



The Welfare War

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

Formerly General Agent of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor

WHEN the National Conference on Workmen's Compensation met at Atlantic City in July, 1909, it was justly charged that the United States, jointly and severally, ranked among the backward nations in the matter of compensation to industrial workers and their dependents for injury or death sustained in due course of employment. Our antiquated liability laws were generally characterized as barbarous—burdensome to employers, cruel to employees, and a perpetual occasion for bitterness and mutual recrimination. Since then commissions have been appointed by State after State; in a considerable number the employers' liability laws have been radically modified; New York and Minnesota have passed compulsory compensation laws; and one State, Washington, honoring the liberal spirit of the West, has inaugurated a system of compulsory State insurance against industrial accidents which for comprehensive justice and social wisdom compares favorably with the most advanced legislation in Europe.

These laws are the first-fruits of one of the most extraordinary conflicts in our industrial history. All parties to the controversy are and have been agreed that the actual situation with regard to industrial accidents is unjust, wasteful of money and human life, and generally intolerable. All parties advocate change in the direction of justice and humanity. And yet, so momentous are the anticipated economic and social consequences of action, that the sharpest differences of opinion exist as to the character of the first step to be taken. This controversy, waged by men all of whom desire an equitable solution of an admitted evil, is at once so intense and is attended by the daily sacrifice of so many lives that it is not stretching a paradox to characterize it as a Welfare War.

The facts involved are gravely impressive. As in the case of our national birth and death rates, we have unhappily no accurate official information about industrial casualties. But our foremost authority on this subject, Mr. Frederick L. Hoffman, a statistical expert, computes the number of fatal accidents among occupied males in the year 1908 as between thirty and thirty-five thousand. These figures are exceedingly conservative. They take account of only a few more than twenty-six million persons in a population estimated at only eighty-seven millions. They omit from consideration our six million wage-earning women, and they do not include the millions of casual laborers, who, while not registered as employed, are not infrequently exposed to industrial hazards. Reviewing Mr. Hoffman's estimates in the light of later information, Mr. W. J. Ghent, a most scholarly student of our industrial conditions, declares that the "annual death roll of American industry cannot be much below fifty thousand." Both authorities are agreed in placing the annual total of non-fatal accidents in the United States at "not much less than two millions"—a frightful commentary upon our civilization!

These are the tragic facts underlying the Welfare War. They acquire their especially grim significance from the circumstance that a large percentage of them occur through nobody's fault. They are the inevitable concomitants of high-speed machine production. Our methods of manufacture and distribution have undergone revolutionary changes; but our laws affecting industrial accidents are less well adapted to modern industrial conditions than the unmodified common law of a hundred years ago. As under the old common law, injured workmen to-day have no

redress but suit for damages against employers who as often as not are innocent either of deliberate wrong or even of simple carelessness. To protect innocent employers from financial ruin in case of accidents involving the loss of many lives, the courts have modified the common law, surrounded the employers with a hedge of so-called "defenses" that make recovery by the injured exceedingly difficult even when the employers are grossly at fault. And yet, notwithstanding these defenses, to avoid the serious consequences either of their own possible negligence or of the power of the plaintiff's attorney over the emotions of the jury, the employers are constrained to spend for insurance against liability for industrial accidents millions, which, if they might be distributed directly to the injured without involving well-disposed employers in legal pitfalls (for the payment of money is likely to be construed as a confession of guilt!), would go far to mitigate the cruelties of the present system. In no department of our national life is there so weird a muddle, and in none do we pay more dearly in money and lives for the backwardness of our social legislation.

The situation in New York State is typical. In 1909 conditions had become so acute that Governor Hughes appointed a commission to clarify the facts and to make appropriate recommendations. But where were the facts to be found? It is notorious that in those industries where fairly complete records are required by law, such as the railroads and mines, a higher casualty rate prevails in the United States than elsewhere in the world; it is generally conceded that American industry is prodigal of workmen. But in the majority of our industries this prodigality is so cavalier that it does not even stop to count the dead and wounded. The New York commission found that in construction, excavation, teaming, freight-handling, and kindred occupations, in which European experience shows the highest accident rate, the reporting of accidents was not even required by law; and it found, further, that in many industries where the reporting of accidents was required by law the law was light-heartedly ignored.

In testing the completeness of the official records the commission discovered, for example, that of three hundred and four *fatal* accidents known to the medical officer of Erie County, only seventy-three had been reported to the State Commissioner of Labor; one hundred and three *may* have been reported to the Public Service Commission in conformity with law, but as that commission does not require the names of the killed to be reported, it was impossible to determine with certainty whether they had been reported or not; and one hundred and twenty-eight had certainly not been reported—a curious commentary on the respect which business men have for the law. Similarly, of two hundred and fifty fatal accidents of employment known to the coroners of Manhattan, nine had been reported to the State Commissioner of Labor, forty-four to the Public Service Commission, and one hundred and ninety-seven had not been reported at all. In spite of the fact that no battle of the Civil or Revolutionary wars had ever cost the State in killed and wounded a number comparable to her annual loss in industry, Governor Hughes's commission was forced to the *inferential* conclusion that "the 22,722 reported accidents of employment in 1908 were a small proportion of such accidents occurring during the year."

And the great majority of these accidents fell with crushing weight upon the workers and their innocent dependents. The law is so framed that, unless the injured can establish the gross negligence of the employer, he has no redress. The employers' liability law takes no account of the fact that the fault lies with modern industry, and neither with master nor servant; it is not the product of enlightened public discussion and consequent enlightened legislation. Commenting upon its main features, Governor Hughes's commission says: "It is judge-made. . . . Its development was profoundly influenced by the belief of the courts that the necessities of profit in industrial enterprises demanded protection even at the expense of damage to certain individuals." And this odd medievalism of the law is grimly reflected in the operation of justice under it.

An analysis of one hundred and fifteen cases of married men killed by accidents of employment in Erie County shows that there was *no* compensation in thirty-eight; one hundred dollars or less in nine; and between one and five hundred dollars in thirty-four cases. Over seventy-eight per cent of the dependent families of these killed workmen got no substantial recovery! A similar study of sixty-seven cases of married workmen killed in Manhattan shows that there was no substantial recovery in eighty-one per cent. of those that were fought through the courts.

I had seen in the United Charities Building and in the Municipal Bureau for Dependent Children the disastrous consequences of uncompensated industrial accidents upon workers and their dependent families; I was familiar with the statistics of the New York and other commissions; but I had not seen the manifold stupidities of our liability law in operation until a court order summoned me to jury duty in the spring of 1910.

The case was a very simple one. In July, 1906, a workman had been killed through a defect in a power-driven elevator. The accident had occurred in a silk-factory in Brooklyn. It had been the custom at this factory for an expressman to call daily for trunks laden with silk ribbons for market. On a certain day, the trunks being unusually heavy, the expressman had asked for a "lift," and the janitor of the factory, obeying what were seemingly his instructions, had gone to his aid. Together they got the trunks down to the shipping platform, which was but a four-foot stationary extension of the platform of the elevator; they had placed one trunk on the wagon; and the janitor had been in the act of stepping back to get an underhold on a second, when he fell into the elevator shaft and was instantly killed. A defect in the mechanism of the elevator had caused it to be set in motion; the safety gates, which were designed to drop automatically as the elevator rose, were tied up and failed to operate; and a widow with two dependent children, one of them an invalid girl, was left destitute. For four years this case had been in the courts. Ours was

its third hearing. The verdict of our jury in behalf of the plaintiff was set aside by the court and the case remanded for a fourth trial!

The janitor's widow was in court—a pathetic, gray little figure. For four days the jury sat listening to witnesses and to the wrangle of attorneys; the president of the silk company and many of his salaried employees were kept from their work. All to no purpose! And the irony of the situation was that the president of the defendant company had the best of reputations with his employees; he was, indeed, one of the gentlest of men; he would gladly have settled out of court. But because he might have been ruined in case an explosion or sudden fire, such as is likely to occur in any modern factory, had turned public feeling against him, and the jury had found him guilty, he carried insurance with a liability company; so that the workman's widow was compelled to litigate with a third party to whom the dead man had been personally unknown, and whose only interest in the case was to avoid damages.

It is this preposterous situation that more than any other created dissatisfaction with the present laws among employers. During the three years 1906-08 the gross premiums received by ten insurance companies authorized to write employers' liability insurance in New York State amounted to \$23,523,585. But of this huge amount only \$8,559,795 went to the injured. "For every \$100," says Governor Hughes's commission, "paid out by employers for protection against liability to their injured workmen, less than \$37 is paid to those workmen; \$63 goes to pay the salaries of attorneys and claim agents, whose business it is to defeat the claims of the injured, to the costs of soliciting business, to the costs of administration, and to profit."

And to add to the perversity of this tragic injustice, at least one-fifth of the time of all the courts of the State is taken up with the adjudication of accident cases!

Such are the fruits of the employers' liability laws in the great majority of our States to-day. No nation of intelligent beings could remain indefinitely patient before such an indictment. As

the findings of the New York and other commissions were published, each of our important industrial groups took cognizance of the growing evil and either sought or demanded a remedy. But the conflicting judgments of the three principal groups as to the wisest remedial course to pursue has proved an almost insuperable obstacle to legislative progress.

First there are those who may be classified as employers of the first magnitude, such as the United States Steel Corporation and the Standard Oil and International Harvester companies. These great concerns, with their colossal resources, have become laws unto themselves, and do not encourage legislative interference. They feel able to solve their own problems without State intervention. The International Harvester Company, for example, has worked out a system of workmen's compensation and old-age insurance which, so far as the company's own servants are concerned, has many admirable points. Its object, as announced by the company, is "to insure to employees at the works, twine, steel, and lumber mills, and on the railroads, prompt, definite, and adequate compensation for injuries resulting from accidents occurring to them while engaged in the performance of their duties; and also to provide compensation to the widow, children, and relatives who may be dependent on any employee whose death results from such accident." The company undertakes, *without any contribution from its employees*, to pay in case of death three years' average wages, "but not less than \$1,500 nor more than \$4,000." Special compensation is provided for loss of hand, foot, or eye; and, in case of other injuries, "one-fourth wages during the first thirty days of disability, and, if disability continues beyond thirty days, one-half wages during continuance thereof, but not for more than one hundred and four weeks after the date of the accident. Thereafter, if total disability continues, a pension will be paid." Small contributions are required of employees toward the payment of compensation during the first thirty days of disability; but this slight abridgment of the non-contributory feature of the scheme is designed solely that "every

employee shall be financially interested in guarding against accident."

The United States Steel Corporation operates a similar compensation system, and the Standard Oil Company, while maintaining no separate accident department, avoids litigation by the payment of compensation as each case arises on a basis that, so far as one may judge from the infrequency of damage suits, is acceptable to the company's employees.

But against such systems as that of the International Harvester Company both the employers of lesser magnitude and the great body of workmen outside of the company's jurisdiction object vigorously. The members of the National Association of Manufacturers, for instance, while no less ready than the employers of the first magnitude to recognize the generally existing evils and no less desirous of remedying them, consider the scale of compensation lavish and beyond the means of all but the wealthiest employers. Moreover, they condemn the exemption of the employees from contribution as both unjust and unwise. Referring to the non-contributory system of the United States Steel Corporation, the association's committee on industrial indemnity insurance sarcastically observes:

"In these days of wholesale denunciation of some large interests, it may be good policy to win public favor by giving more than can legally or justly be demanded. However, it would be poor wisdom to force by compulsory law upon the hundreds of thousands of employers what does not properly belong there. Such action would be 'hasty legislation, unwise experiment.'"

The association advocates legislation looking to the abrogation of the workman's present common-law right of suit, and the substitution therefor of a system of mutually contributory insurance automatically providing indemnity for victims of industrial accidents and their dependents through a mutual insurance concern organized and controlled by the manufacturers.

The workmen's objections rest on entirely different grounds. At a convention in New York City the representatives of some hundreds of thousands of organized men and women unanimously

registered their dissent. Their attitude was tersely expressed to me by Mr. James P. Boyle, a delegate of the Brooklyn Central Labor Union. Mr. Boyle had in mind certain phrases used in a discussion of the International Harvester Company's Welfare Work before the National Civic Federation.

"The Harvester Company went into these enterprises in a purely business spirit," one speaker said, "believing that the plans would so knit its vast organization together, would so strengthen and develop the *esprit de corps*, as to increase business and earnings." And referring specifically to the company's profit-sharing plans, the same speaker observed: "It will be seen that this offers the men an exceedingly satisfactory form of investment in the business in which they are employed, and gives to the company the great advantage of anchoring its organization to the business."

This phrase, *anchoring its organization to the business*, Mr. Boyle applied to the company's entire scheme of welfare work.

"In other words," he protested, "they want men chained to the shops, as they were once chained to the land by feudalism. This is an economic danger. *Organization*—to which the Harvester Company, like the Steel Corporation, is relentlessly opposed—and *mobility of labor* are the first requisites of efficiency and economy. We want no far-reaching and deep-laid schemes that will prevent the free movement of our workers to get better conditions and wages."

This was a characteristic expression. But while the workers joined their criticism of the private insurance and compensation systems of the great companies to that of the lesser employers, they demanded precisely that system of compulsory State compensation which the manufacturers of the National Association denounced as "hasty legislation, unwise experiment."

Such are the more important views whose conflict has hampered legislative progress. In many States the clashing of opposed interests has prevented all remedial legislation; in others it has held legislation to partial and by no means effective modifications of the prevailing liability laws. But in certain States the Welfare War has already re-

sulted in elective compensation laws under which employers and employees have the privilege of substituting legally fixed scales of compensation for the capricious awards of wasteful litigation; in Minnesota compensation has been made compulsory; and in Washington, as I have already pointed out, the unprecedented conflict has issued in a remarkably modern system of obligatory State insurance. This Washington law is undoubtedly the most comprehensive, the most practicable, and the wisest that has yet been enacted in this country; its insurance provision follows the best European experience and has the almost universal sanction of disinterested experts; no law so far passed so clearly reveals the drift of American legislation relative to industrial accidents.

Some appreciation of what that drift has been is essential to an appreciation of the Washington law.

At common law, in the United States as in England, the legal relations of master and servant did not differ, before the year 1837, from the ordinary legal relations of strangers, and there were no special rules governing employers' liability. If one person suffered injury solely through another's negligence, he might recover damages in such amount as the jury might decree, whether he was an employee or not. In 1837, however, the common law was modified by a judicial decision that has borne with increasing severity upon workmen as the hazards of industry have been increasingly complicated by the use of steam, electricity, and high-speed machinery. The Fellow-Servant Rule, as this judicial modification of the common law is ordinarily called, was created by Lord Abinger in the English Court of Exchequer. The case was surrounded by the simple industrial atmosphere of the times, and the facts it involved are in curious contrast with those to which Lord Abinger's reasoning has since been applied.

A butcher's helper, injured through the carelessness of a wagon-driver hired by his master, sued for damages. Lord Abinger held that it would be absurd to hold the master-butcher responsible for the injuries suffered by his helper at the hands of a fellow-servant.

"If the master be liable to the servant

in this action," said he, "the principle of that liability will be found to carry us to an alarming extent. . . . The master, for example, would be liable to the servant for the negligence of the chambermaid for putting him into a damp bed; for that of the upholsterer for sending in a crazy bedstead, whereby he was made to fall down while asleep and injure himself; for the negligence of the cook in not properly cleaning the copper vessels in the kitchen."

How different were the conditions surrounding the decision in which, only a few years later, Lord Abinger's fellow-servant rule was engrafted upon the common law in America! The plaintiff in this case was a trainman, crippled in a railroad accident. The evidence traced his injury to the negligence of a fellow-servant, a switchman, and Chief-Justice Shaw, of the Massachusetts courts, following Lord Abinger's reasoning, held the railroad company relieved of responsibility, and declared that the trainman had no ground for recovery.

This was in 1842. Since then the fellow-servant rule has settled into rigid precedent. The range of its later application is shown by a decision of the Georgia Supreme Court rendered in 1890. A lineman, while repairing a wire for an electric light and power company of Savannah, was killed through the act of the engineer in turning on the current. The city court of Savannah gave damages to the widow. The superior court, however, reversed the decision, holding that while the engineer and the lineman were, indeed, employed by different departments and were not collaborating at the time of the fatality, they were none the less fellow-servants.

The doctrine of the Assumption of Risk has shared with the fellow-servant rule the responsibility of concentrating the burden of modern industrial accidents upon the injured employee. It, too, is an emanation of judicial reasoning.

The broad provisions of the common law are that the employer must provide his employee with a reasonably safe place to work, with reasonably safe tools and appliances, and that he must exercise reasonable care in hiring agents and servants fit for their work. These con-

ditions having been met by the employer, the employee is held to assume the further risks incident to his occupation.

But the inhibitions of the doctrine strike still deeper. If the employee knows of defects in his machine or appliances, though these defects arise from neglect or fault of the employer amounting even to violation of the positive requirements of a statute, and the workman, having such knowledge, continues at work, he may not recover. An interesting case in point is that of *Gillen vs. the Patten and Sherman Railroad Company*. The plaintiff, while uncoupling cars, had his foot crushed in an unfilled frog, and had been awarded damages in the court of original jurisdiction. A motion for a new trial was argued before the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, and was granted. The decision, delivered by Judge Lucilius A. Emery, acknowledged the existence of a statute requiring the filling or blocking of guard rails or frogs on all railways before January 1, 1890. Judge Emery held, however, that such filling was not immediately mandatory upon a railroad constructed after that date; that such company was entitled to a reasonable time for compliance with the statute; and that the trainman had no right to assume that the rails were filled even though the statute said they should be. The brakeman, therefore, not only assumed the risk which resulted in his injury, but he was also guilty of contributory negligence, since "to move about over frogs and switches while coupling and uncoupling cars, even in moving trains, without taking any thought of the frogs and guard rails, or as to where he may be stepping, is negligence on his part contributing to the catching his foot in them."

In the drift toward compensation and State insurance, these two "defenses" have been the first objects of attack. As early as 1853, Georgia abrogated the fellow-servant rule as a defense for railroad companies. In 1901 Colorado removed this defense from all employers. During the past three years both defenses have yielded rapidly to hostile public opinion. In a number of instances their abrogation has been used as a means of inducing employers to

come under the provisions of elective compensation laws. In Wisconsin, for example, a law has just been passed providing a fixed scale of compensation as the legal basis for contractual arrangements between employers and employees. Fearing that if the payment of compensation were made compulsory, the law might be held unconstitutional as depriving the employers of property without due process of law, the State makes the acceptance of its terms elective for both parties. If the workmen accept, they waive their common-law right of suit. If the employers fail to accept, they are deprived of the defenses of the fellow-servant rule and the doctrine of assumption of risk, leaving them exposed to almost certain defeat in court.

By such slow stages the drift of our legislation has culminated in the Washington law, creating a compulsory State insurance.

The distinguishing feature of the Washington law is its provision for the collection of an "accident fund" from the employers of the State, thus distributing the burden of industrial accidents over the entire industrial organization of the commonwealth. This is in harmony with the best modern experience. The disadvantage of compensation, as compared with State insurance systems, is that in case of sudden catastrophes, such as the Triangle fire in New York, they are likely to impose a ruinous burden upon the individual employer. Moreover, in Great Britain, where what has been accepted as a model compensation law is in force, and where the best stock companies in Europe that insure against industrial risks are to be found, it costs a shilling for expenses to get a shilling of benefit to the injured or their dependents. In Norway, Austria, and Germany, on the other hand, where State insurance departments have superseded private stock companies, the expense is in no case more than sixteen per cent. of the net costs, as compared with one hundred per cent. in Great Britain.

These are weighty considerations in favor of the Washington State insurance system. But an even more important consideration is the fact that the first of our attempts to enforce compulsory

compensation, the New York law of 1910, has been held unconstitutional by the New York Court of Appeals, whereas there is good reason to believe that the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court upholding the Oklahoma bank-guarantee law will be applied to the Washington law.

In the case of the Noble State Bank of Oklahoma the Supreme Court said:

"There is no denying that by this law a portion of plaintiff's property might be taken without return to pay the debts of a failing rival in business. Nevertheless, notwithstanding the logical form of the objection, there are more powerful considerations on the other side. . . . It is established by a series of cases that an ulterior public advantage may justify a comparatively insignificant taking of private property for what in its immediate purpose is a private use. . . . The police power may be put forth in aid of what is sanctioned by usage or held by prevailing morality or strong and preponderant opinion to be greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

In spite of the fact that the New York Court of Appeals declined to admit the applicability of this reasoning to the compulsory compensation law of that State, great reliance is placed upon it by Mr. W. V. Tanner, State's Attorney, in his very able brief submitted to the Supreme Court of Washington. For while the New York law placed the entire burden of accident in those trades which it covered upon the individual employer, the Washington law so distributes it as to constitute the "accident fund" a "comparatively insignificant taking of private property," and this in a cause which "prevailing morality and strong and preponderant opinion" holds to be "greatly and immediately necessary to the public welfare."

To keep it well within the police powers of the State, the Washington Legislature limited the compulsory application of the law to a list of "extra-hazardous" occupations. This list is, however, remarkably comprehensive, and to make its limitations flexible it is provided that "if there be or arise any extra-hazardous occupation or work other than those enumerated, it shall come under this act." The list includes factories,

mills, and workshops where machinery is used; mines and quarries; logging and lumbering camps, and ship-building yards; all buildings in course of erection or reconstruction; telegraph, telephone, and electric light and power plants; steamboats and railroads. For all occupations not enumerated the provisions of the law are elective. To cover the risk of accidents in these industries all employers affected are required to contribute to the "accident fund" a percentage of their total pay-rolls ranging from .015 in creameries, for instance, to .100 in power-works. But these rates are subject to readjustment by the Legislature in harmony with the relative increase or decrease of hazard as it may be revealed by experience; for it is the intent of the law "that the fund shall ultimately become neither more nor less than self-supporting, exclusive of the expense of administration," which is to be borne by the State.

The scale of compensation is as remarkable for its modernity as are the general terms of the law. It is especially noteworthy that the benefits are not based, as is customary, upon a percentage of the workman's average earnings, but upon a careful calculation of the probable minimum needs of the dependents. The determining consideration seems to have been that the object of accident insurance is not to mulct the employer, but to protect the injured and their dependents from pauperism, and especially to safeguard the health and morals of dependent children as future citizens. Characteristic of this division of the law is the following section:

"If the workman leaves a widow or an invalid widower, a monthly payment of twenty dollars shall be made throughout the life of the surviving spouse, to cease at the end of the month in which remarriage shall occur; and the surviving spouse shall also receive five dollars per month for each child of the deceased under the age of sixteen years at the time of the occurrence of the injury until such minor shall reach the age of sixteen years, but the total monthly payment shall not exceed thirty-five dollars."

And the following sentences from the preamble of the law admirably catch its spirit:

"Injuries formerly occasional have become frequent and inevitable. The welfare of the State depends upon its industries, and even more upon the welfare of its wage-workers. The State of Washington, therefore, exercising its police and sovereign power, declares that all phases of the premises are withdrawn from private controversy, and sure and certain relief for workmen, injured in extra-hazardous work, and their families and dependents, is hereby provided, regardless of questions of fault and to the exclusion of every other remedy."

Immediately upon the enactment of the law a suit was brought to test its constitutionality. As in the case of the much less revolutionary New York compensation law, it is possible, though for reasons which I have already given not by any means probable, that the Washington statute may be annulled by the State Supreme Court. But while such an event might lead to the modification or, indeed, to the strengthening of its provisions, there can be little doubt that public opinion would assert itself as it did in New York and demand an empowering constitutional amendment.

One of the most dramatic incidents in our Welfare War was the storm of protest that greeted the adverse decision of the New York Court of Appeals.

The fervor of this protest is a fair gauge of the intensity with which the Welfare War is being waged. But the issue, though slow of attainment, cannot be in doubt. Those countries have progressed most rapidly in industry and civilization where just and adequate laws have anticipated the needless waste and bitterness of litigation over industrial accidents, and have shifted the heavy burden of inevitable injury or death from innocent workmen and their dependents to the broad shoulders of society. Sooner or later we shall be compelled to a similar course by the demands of industrial efficiency. It is hard to be patient with delay due to factional differences of opinion; and yet one cannot escape the inspiration of a conflict which, though carried on at the sacrifice of thousands of unrequited lives, has for its end the establishment in American practice of a new conception of social wisdom and justice.

Cogan: Capeador

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

KIERAN, the pump-man, came strolling aft; and swinging down the long gangway, he sang:

"There was a girl—I knew her well—a girl in Zanzibar—

A bulgeous man of science said you bet her avatar

Was Egypt's Cleopatra—and from off a man-o'-war

I met her first—and, oh, her eyes!—a blazing polar star!

From which you couldn't head away no more than you could fly—

Oh, Gipsy one of Zanzibar! For you who wouldn't die!"

It was one of those fine days in the Gulf of Mexico. Abreast of the ship the Florida reefs, low-crested, ragged, and white, loomed above the smooth sea. Kieran contemplated the line of reefs; presently he leaned over the taffrail and stared down at the whirling propeller; from there his gaze shifted to the whirling water above and about the screws, and thence to the tow in their wake. He put his head to one side, studied the spectacle of the straining hawser and the wallowing barge on the end of it, as if it were a mysterious problem.

"Oh-h, shucks!" He sighed and came suddenly out of his reverie, looked up at the sky, turned wearily inboard, and sat himself on one of the towing-bitts.

The passenger, from the other towing-bitt, asked quietly what it was.

"I was just thinking that some of us are tied to the end of a string, just like that barge, and we don't know it any more than she does, and no more able to help ourselves than she can—sometimes."

"I never looked at a towing-barge in that light before," said the passenger, and lit a cigar. He made no offer of one to Kieran, because he had before this learned that Kieran never smoked.

The ship rolled, the barge yawed, the reefs kept sliding by. The passenger stole a look at the pump-man, and ventured:

"Kieran, there used to be, a few years ago, a pole-vaulter and jumper competing under the name of Campbell in the Hibernian and Caledonian games up North, and you're a ringer for him."

Kieran glanced sidewise at the passenger. "You must have been in athletics yourself—to follow them so. Were you?"

"Some. I used to be a sprinter. My name's Benson."

"I remember. And a good one, too."

"Good enough—with no Wefers or Duffey, or some fast professional like yourself around," protested the passenger, but immensely pleased, nevertheless, to be identified after so many years. And they were both pleased, and talked of a hundred incidents of athletic days. And by-and-by, but not prematurely, the passenger asked, "But *was* there a girl in Zanzibar?"

"No, there wasn't any girl in Zanzibar. There *was* a girl, and there was a friend of mine—call him Cogan. Oh, not a bad fellow—no worse, maybe no better, than you or I or most anybody we know, and he happened to drift down the Isthmus way—into Colon—during the revolution. Ever there?"

"Once, just after the revolution."

"So? Well, Cogan didn't find much doing on the streets of Colon after the revolution, and so he got in the way of dropping into a joint where they sold you drinks at tables in the front room and ran faro layouts in two rooms in back—one for whites and one for blacks."

"Cogan drifted in there with a man who looked like the pictures of grand-dukes he'd seen—tall, fine broad shoulders, and dressed in white ducks, and wore a long, well-trimmed dark beard, and swung a gold-headed cane, and had a big ring on one finger. Cogan heard him on the wharf that day—he talked pretty good English—helping out a Chinese merchant who was kicking over the freight charges on some sample-cases he was shipping across the peninsula. The

American gang running the railroad down there used to charge what they pleased in those days, and Cogan had a sympathy for anybody that bucked them, and he and the grand-duke got chummy, and looked the town over together; but it was not much to look at, and this evening they drifted into this place—the Russian taking a highball and Cogan another ginger-ale—to have an excuse to hang around and see what was doing.

“Cogan’s grand-duke turned out to be a Peruvian, a dealer in Panama hats, from Lima, and he told Cogan a lot about Panama hats, which weren’t Panama hats at all, and other interesting things — South-American politics and bull-fighting especially. He had a brother, Juan, who was a famous mounted capeador, he said—that’s the man who sits with a red cloak on a horse in the first part of the bull-fight—and Cogan could see that he was very proud of him.

“Cogan and his Peruvian friend were getting on fine, when a tremendous old Indian woman showed up in the doorway and said something in Spanish to the Peruvian, and he got up, explaining to Cogan that his daughter Valera, who had come with him on this trip, had sent to say that he must not forget his good-night before she fell asleep. ‘She never allows me to forget that,’ said the Peruvian. ‘Also, possibly she knows,’ he smiled, ‘that if I am at home I shall not be in mischief’; and he said he hoped they’d meet again next day, and bowed himself out.

“Cogan went off, later, to his hotel. He had the end room of the lower floor of the wing which ran down toward the beach.

“It was a hot, close night, and Cogan’s bed no cooler for being wrapped four times around with mosquito-netting; so, after he had tossed in bed an hour or two, he guessed he might as well get up and have a swim. He had only to step through a window, take a hop, step, and jump, and he would be at the edge of the surf; but as he opened up his shutters, softly, so as not to disturb anybody else in that wing of the house, he saw that it was already near dawn, and then, quick as that, the top edge of the sun popped up.

“Cogan, looking out, saw a young girl of maybe fourteen years, with long, black hair hanging loose behind her. It was a smooth, silver-like sea, with hardly surf enough to raise a white edge on the beach; and the girl, ankle-deep in the water, was kicking her feet ahead of her, making a great splashing as she marched



HE SAID HE HOPED THEY'D MEET AGAIN, AND BOWED HIMSELF OUT

along. Her legs below her knees were bare, and she was gurgling with joy. By the time she was abreast of Cogan's window it was full dawn.

"Suddenly she turned, ran in waist-deep, and plunged seaward. Cogan, seeing her over her head and alone, began to worry; but he might have saved himself the worry—she came tumbling back like a young dolphin, found her feet on the beach, and flew to where a pair of Chinese slippers and a cloak were piled on the sand. The long rays of the just-rising sun were now flashing level atop of the sea, and the sea-water clinging to her in a million twinkling drops.

"Her bare young legs, as they twinkled on the beach, were like a pair of moving poems to Cogan, and then the long cloak enveloped her. An instant later the little feet slipped out from beneath the cloak and into the sandals, and then a big woman came running down the beach. Cogan recognized her—she was the same big Indian who had come after his Peruvian friend the night before. He decided she must be a descendant of the old Incas that Pizarro conquered, and, of course, that little thought didn't make it any less interesting. She began to scold the girl, peering distressfully around all the while, as if to see if any early hotel riser had seen them. But the girl only made a face up at her, and that gave Cogan his first sight of her teeth. Cogan thought her the most delightful creature he had ever seen. They disappeared between a row of trees farther up the beach—a row of palms which guarded a line of cottages from the surf.

"That," said Cogan to himself, when his eyes couldn't make out the fluttering of her cloak any more—"that must be Valera." And he sat down later to the hotel breakfast with a great appetite, thinking happily that by-and-by he would see her father again.

"But Cogan, who was off one of our cruisers in Colon harbor, had to be back aboard ship for quarters that morning, and after quarters it was up the coast to Chiriqui Lagoon to coal; and it was three days more before he was back in Colon. His Peruvian friend he could not find, but he looked up the Chinese trader that he'd first seen him with.

"The Chinaman could tell him. Señor Roca had taken the choo-choo back to Callao—si, si— Oh yes, for Lima.

"Cogan asked for the name and address. 'Señor Luis Roca,' he repeated. 'I'll remember that—and the street and number. And some day I'll take a run down to Peru—to Lima.'

"And one day, being free of the navy, Cogan went to Peru. He took a bald-headed schooner out of Portland, Oregon, with a load of lumber for Callao. Between watches he studied a *Spanish-Without-A-Master* for one dollar. The lumber-schooner did not quite reach Callao, but she did make one of those volcanic islands to the south side of the harbor—piled up there and began to fill, which forced the crew to leave in a hurry and row into Callao harbor in their quarter-boat. From Callao the shipwrecked crew took a trolley to Lima to see the American consul. In Lima the crew became scattered.

"Cogan crossed a bridge over a river that must have come tumbling all the way from the top of the Andes, it had such a head of speed on. He patrolled he did not know how many streets, and at last he sat on a bench at the curbstone in front of a fruit-store to think things over.

"As he sat there a group of well-muscled, well-set-up young fellows passed him. It was a cool, cheerful morning, and they appeared to be full of play. Cogan knew these at once for some sort of athletes. Cogan got up and followed them.

"If Cogan had never seen a bull-ring, he would at once have known this in Lima for one. It was a perfect circle, about two hundred feet across, packed with what looked like hard sand, and surrounded by a stout stockade, and with seats enough around for eight or ten thousand people. The bull-fighters had not minded when he followed them in, and now he took a seat on the empty benches and watched them at practice.

"A few of these men, as Cogan looked on, stood out from the others; and after a time from among those few stood one by himself. From the first Cogan had noticed that he was very fast and clever—and strong, yes, as when he took the bull by the horns and in a wrestling way forced the creature to his knees; but even



BETWEEN WATCHES HE STUDIED A "SPANISH-WITHOUT-A-MASTER"

in that it was his quickness and skill, even more than his strength, which told.

"Cogan, later, saw him in the dressing-room. He came off the field before the others, and while they were yet practising he had had his bath. He was now dressing, and Cogan saw that he wore expensive linen and fashionably cut clothes. He had a room to himself off the main dressing-room, and two attendants jumped to serve him. From time to time, standing at the door of his dressing-room putting on a collar or adjusting his tie, he would let a glance rest on Cogan. His eyes were friendly. They were also of good size and deep-set, Cogan now had a chance to see; but also they were tired-looking and somewhat wistful, which made Cogan wonder; for at this young fellow's age, and he the star of the troupe, life should have been a bounding joy.

"By-and-by the others came in, and with their coming Cogan's favorite was again lively and laughing. Soon he was ready for the street. And, all dressed up, he was a great swell; but also he was a most attractive figure of a man. As he passed out, those in his way skipped quickly aside, while those in the corners ran forward to catch his eye and bid him adieu. 'Torellas, Torellas!' Cogan

heard again and again in the most admiring tones. All eyes followed him to the door.

"After he had gone, Cogan asked one of the bull-fighters who he was. But his *Spanish-Without-A-Master* seemed to be not clear to this one, who called out: 'Ferrero! Oh, Ferrero!' explaining to Cogan that 'Ferrero spik the Ingliss—Oh, fine—a—good Ingliss.'

"One whom Cogan recognized as one of the liveliest performers in the ring, though somewhat older than the others, came over and bowed politely.

"'Señor, if you will tell me—who is Torellas?' repeated Cogan.

"'Torellas'—Ferrero pointed toward the door—'he departed only one moment ago.'

"'Señor, I saw, and thank you. But who is he?'

"'Torellas? Who ees Torellas?' Not only Ferrero, but every bull-fighter in the place, peered wonderingly at Cogan. Ferrero turned to Cogan: 'Sir, surely—a stranger?' And Cogan said, 'Si, señor, a stranger—from the United States.'

"And Ferrero said: 'Ah-h—Americano—surely,' in the most charitable tone. 'Señor, I speak your language a leetla bit. It is true I leevd in your country one time—a fine country is United Stat-es—

two years—yes, sir, surely. Listen, please. Torellas, sir, he ees born here, in thees very city, a Peruvian. We are proud of him. The prodeegious skill, the strength, the light foot, the stroke of the espada, the sword of Torellas—a descending thunderbolt it ees—but, oh, he ees not to be descriptsheened. Some day you shall see—you must not depart until you have seen. Even now he ees in Peru—yes, sir—in all South America the supreme matador. Soon—we have the assurance of it, señor—he shall go to Spain, to Madrid, and in the great bull-ring there he shall keel his bulls before the King and Queen.’

“And Cogan said to himself, ‘This Torellas person must surely be some class.’

“‘And, señor—surely’—Ferrero had only stopped to get his breath—‘it would be criminal not to view Torellas in all his splendor—not as you have viewed him this mor-rn-ing—that was play—but in the full strength of his science, his art—deliverin-g, señor, the final stroke to the ferocious bull.’

“Cogan began to see that it would be a crime not to view the great man in action, and he was also told that even more than Torellas the matador they loved Torellas the man, the good comrade.

“Cogan became quite friendly with the bull-fighters. He inquired further of Ferrero, who in the ring was a banderillo—that is, one of those nimble fellows who stick the gayly decorated stakes in the bull’s neck—possibly Señor Ferrero knew of a mounted capeador by the name of Juan Roca.

“‘Juan? Who does not? Yes, sir. Very much, sir,’ and went on to tell Cogan that Juan, the best mounted capeador in all South America, was that very morning breaking in a new horse on the ranch of Don Vicente Guillen outside the city.

“Ferrero was a most friendly person, and invited Cogan to eat with him, and Cogan went. Ten or a dozen bull-fighters boarded in one place near the bull-ring—a large, square, two-story adobe house, a grand house, with walls painted in colors and splendid high rooms arranged around a patio inside.

“It was now high noon, and warm enough in the sunny streets outside, but

in the patio it was cool, with a breeze from the Pacific, and after lunch the bull-fighters sat around there and smoked cigarettes and played stringed instruments, all but a few wild ones, who went leaping and springing about the garden walks. Cogan could not hide his interest in this jumping exercise, and Ferrero, seeing it, invited him to join in, which Cogan did, and beat everybody there jumping. He did so well that Ferrero asked him if he could jump over a horse, and he said he’d try it. So they went out and got a horse somewhere, and Cogan jumped over it. And then they brought in another and placed the two side by side, and Cogan jumped over the pair of them, at which they all shouted, ‘Bueno, bueno, Americano!’ and Ferrero slapped him on the back, and told him he must stay with them and practise bull-fighting.

“Cogan had another question. Was not the mounted capeador, Juan Roca, a brother of Luis Roca, the hat-dealer? giving the street and number. And he was told that he was, and that Luis Roca was now engaged in an enormous hat business with the United States, and had grown very wealthy, thanks to the increase of trade since the American occupation of the Isthmus. And Cogan inquired further—was there a daughter who would be now about eighteen? ‘A daughter? Blood of a bull!—surely.’ ‘And beautiful?’ ‘Beautee-full! The Señorita Roca beautee-full? Mother of God!’ If he wished, he could post himself on the Pasada that very afternoon—any afternoon—and see her driving with her jolly good father or her proud mother, or it might be with Señor Lorenzo de Guavera. ‘And,’ added Ferrero, ‘you will meet Juan there also—if he ees returned from the ranch.’

“In the cool of the afternoon they went to the Pasada, which is where everybody in Lima who has a pair of horses and a coachman goes driving of an afternoon. They go up one side and down the other. Cogan never before saw so many fine horses and beautiful women in such a short time. And he saw the hat-dealer—the same lively, good-humored grand-duke man to look at, dressed in the same style of white ducks and big Panama hat, with the same great beard

down on his chest. Beside him was a stately, beautiful girl. Cogan stared. There was a resemblance. 'That must be her elder sister,' he thought, 'and that must be her mother.' The mother was beautiful, too, but proud-looking. There was also a well-set-up, well-dressed, well-groomed, almost a distinguished-looking man.

"Cogan was staring after the carriage, when he heard a voice in his ear. Ferrero was speaking to him. 'Ah-h, you know heem, Luis, Juan's brother, yes? And the señora?—and the Señorita Valera?'

"'Valera? But that is not the little girl—'

"'Leetle girl?'

"'Has she not—the señorita—a younger sister?'

"'Sister? There ees no sister—only herself.'

"And so his mischievous little Valera had grown into that stately, self-contained creature. Cogan felt sad.

"'And some say he is to be betrothed to her, yes. Señor—Mister

Guavera, yes—that ees heem. A stately man. Poor Torellas! Ah-h, but here ees Juan coming. He speaks the most beautiful English—Juan—Behold—Juan!'

"Ferrero was pointing out a square-shouldered, compactly built, bronzed man of five feet seven or so, who seemed to be telling the group around him all about a horse. He was making curved shapes with his hands, pointing to one horse, then another, in the parade, to illustrate his words. To further illustrate, he carved beautiful figures out of the air with his cane, and raised his knees one

after the other rapidly—by way of showing the action.

"Ferrero introduced Cogan to Juan as one who knew his brother Luis.

"'But I met him only once,' added Cogan.

"'Once? It is sufficient,' assured Juan. 'Fully sufficient. To meet Luis once is to meet him forever. He is always the same. But some others—not so. You have been shipwrecked, yes? You lost everything? Ah-h, that is most hard luck, but do not despair. I, too, was a sailor—one time; but let us find a café and have our coffee. It has been very dusty to-day—very.'

"Two cups of coffee, and Juan was talking to Cogan like a brother. And his speech had more speed than a dynamo's. 'A man can be no greater than a man, I ask you, sir? Luis, he will be glad to see you, if you came in rags—no matter—he is always the same, always. But

the señora—pir-r-h—proud! A good woman, mind'—Juan leaned over and tapped Cogan's arm to let him know there must be no mistake on that point—'the best of women, but'—he sighed—'Luis is absent from home six months in the year, and she it is who has the training of the señorita. And once she was as like her father as—Oh, and such a heart! But she will become—I fear it now—like her mother. And her mother does not want Torellas.

"'And Torellas! A torero, yes. But whether a man is a muletero, a vaquero,



SEÑORITA VALERA

a toreador, what matters it? Torellas has been all three, and I, her brother-in-law, also, but what matters it? Luis, my brother, oh, so poor when they married; but, my friend, I say it, I am his brother, a scamp, yes, but we had family. A handsome boy was Luis, and she—I admit it—very beautiful and good. But Luis does fine business, and then your country, señor, comes to Panama for the canal. Trade—business—what do you say in your country?—booms, yes, in hats, and Luis becomes wealthy. At once the señora must have a grand son-in-law. Torellas is a torero—yes—but also Torellas is something more than that. The señora waits for a chance to break off. And the señora, Mr. Cogan, she says Torellas must give up bull-fighting! Luis favors him. I favor him. Old Tina favors him, and, I think—I think—Valera herself—but she is too proud to say. She, also, consider it!—beseeched

him to give up bull-fighting. That was the señora's influence. If he were an ordinary matador—but the great Torellas! Pir-r-h—but a moment. Pedro, *mas cafe!*

“Juan downed his coffee in a gulp. ‘And you shall come with us to see Luis,’ he goes on. ‘Come in your shipwreck clothes; it shall not matter to Luis. I recollect now, sir, you are the American sailor he met in Colon one night. He has spoken often of you. The señora will not like it, you understand, a sailor, but with the señorita, it is but to charm the more. You go with Ferrero now? Ver-ry good.’ Juan stood up and with his cane he saluted profoundly. ‘A Dios. Ferrero, A Dios. Good-by, señor.’

“Cogan thought then of visiting Luis Roca and his family. Stirred up by Juan, he thought of going that very night. But he did not go, nor next day, nor that week. He saw Juan regularly

in the bull-ring, and always Juan urged him afresh, but Cogan did not go to see the Rocas. ‘Later, perhaps,’ he said to Juan, who looked inquiringly at him, but did not ask why.

“And so things went until that morning when the American battle fleet came steaming into Callao harbor. Cogan was one of twenty or thirty thousand who crowded to the stone pier that day, and when the beautiful white ships came rounding in he felt very proud.

“That was the morning that Torellas told Cogan that, if he wished, he could go into the ring on the occasion of the festival which Peru was to hold in honor of the American fleet. There was to be a great



JUAN WAS TALKING TO COGAN LIKE A BROTHER

bull-fight, at which Torellas was to make his last appearance before going to Spain.

"Well, the day of the bull-fight came, and that afternoon the bull-fighters marched into the ring; and in their smooth-fitting tights — black, white, green, pink, blue, purple, all colors—their short jackets, puffed-out shirts, with their queer little hats and the neat black slippers—well-built fellows, all of them—they made a great showing.

"They marched once around the ring, and then Torellas, who was leading them, halted in front of the Mayor's box and asked permission to kill the bull; and the Mayor, of course, said yes. Then, marching to the opposite side of the ring, to where the President of Peru, in the biggest box of all, with hangings of red and gold, the four American rear-admirals of the fleet with him, Torellas saluted, and tossed up his hat, then his cloak, to the President. And as he did so, around the ring the less famous bull-fighters were picking out friends or great people and to them tossing their hats, by way of doing them honor. Cogan tossed his up among the American bluejackets, and they, not knowing that he wasn't a Peruvian, didn't know what to make of it.

"Torellas was in white tights with black slippers. A small gold cross was pinned to the breast of his fine white shirt. As he stepped back from the President's box he touched a fine silk handkerchief to his lips—he was almost like a woman in some things—but those graceful little movements were as much a part of him as were his strength and courage.

"The ring was now clear, with the bull-fighters hidden behind the stockade or tucked away in the little places of refuge built against the inside of the stockade. These places of refuge were for the bull-fighters to run into when chased by a bull; and there were half a dozen of them, of heavy planking and about as high as a man's chest, with an entrance wide enough for a man, but not for a bull's horns. Cogan picked out his particular refuge because just above it, in front seats, were the Rocas and Guavera.

"It was now time for the bull-fight

to begin, but this was such an extraordinary occasion that a compliment had first to be paid to the visiting fleet; so the Peruvian band played our national hymn, and at the first note every American bluejacket there came to attention. Cogan felt as proud as could be of them, in their clean white suits of muster white, with the beautiful blue collars and cuffs, section after section piled solid with them—and here and there an old shipmate; to look at them made Cogan almost homesick. Four thousand strong, they stood stiff as statues to attention, right arms across body and caps held to their left breasts, while the 'Star-spangled Banner' was being played.

"It was fine; made such a hit that the Peruvian band played it again. And fine musicians they were, too, only as they played it, trying to get every shade of respect into it, it sounded something like a funeral march. However, through it all our bluejackets, four thousand strong, stood frozen to attention in their beautiful suits of muster white, with their caps held respectfully to their breasts.

"Great! Was it not noble and affecting!" Cogan could hear them all about him. 'Ah-h!' And again that fine band arose to play the 'Star-spangled Banner,' but this time our brave bluejackets also arose, four thousand strong, and yelled as one, 'Oh, cut it out, and bring on the bull.' And they brought on the bull.

"But first a bugle-call rang out, and into the ring came the mounted capeador. And it was Juan, and he was riding his Argentine roan. And he took his station in the middle of the ring, and there he waited, in his left hand the reins, and in his right, hanging down by his stirrup, a scarlet cape. Great cheers greeted him; and all around the ring Cogan could hear the natives, from the high one in the box with the American admirals, from the President down, explaining that this was their famous mounted capeador, Juan Roca, and to have an eye out for Juan's unparalleled skill and his bravery—and did they notice that Juan wore no iron, nor even leather protection to his legs? Every one called him Juan, as though he was an old friend. Cogan remem-

bered how, on that night in Colon, the hat-dealer was as proud as could be of his brother, but no more proud, he now saw, than was everybody here in Lima.

"A barrier of light boarding was raised, and there was the bull—a big, chocolate-colored fellow, with heavy shoulders, and horns that must have spread three feet. Again Cogan could hear the residents explaining to their American guests that this was one of a lot of bulls bred especially for the ring, on the ranch of Don Vicente Guillen, outside the city, and for this afternoon's sport the government had provided six of these bulls, paying \$1,500 in gold for them, and also that the bulls had been fed on half-rations for the past forty-eight hours, to make them of a high eagerness for this most widely advertised combat.

"Back there in the half-light under the shed, Cogan could see the big bull weaving his head from side to side and swaying on his legs as he looked out on the ring. The sudden light probably blinded him, for he didn't seem to see—not for a few seconds at least—the scarlet cape Juan was holding up. But when he did! Out he came, head on for Juan. And Juan stayed there with not a move, until Cogan thought the bull surely had him hooked. But no. At arm's-length, and in front of the flaming eyes, Juan flirted the cape, and still in front of the blazing eyes he held it, and behind him, past his horse's withers, he whipped it; and with that, with but a single word, and drawing in on his reins, he seemed to lift his horse off the ground, to whirl him on his hoofs, almost without moving from his tracks; and the bull rushed on by.

"Juan spurred his horse, waved the scarlet cape aloft, took up a new position, and the people cheered. And again cheered as the bull charged, for once more Juan was safe away. The bull frothed and tore up the sand to get at him, and a dozen times it looked as if the bull would bowl over and gore both the horse and Juan, but always just in time Juan flashed the red cape, and always he and the wonderful horse would come safe away.

"And then into the ring came the

capeadors on foot. Cogan took part with these. They were to play the bull on foot as Juan had been playing him on horseback, but, instead of one, there were eight of them in the ring together. And one after the other, five, ten, or a dozen paces away, they waved a red cape in front of the bull, at which he glared and lowered his head and charged; but always he charged in one way, head down and eyes only for the red cape; and there was the way the man beat the brute. The bull had his speed, strength, endurance, but nothing else. Once he put his head down, he had eyes only for the red cape, and so long as the capeador handled his cape and himself with speed and skill, and no accident happened, he might count on getting safe away.

"Cogan only tried to repeat in the ring this day what he had been doing for weeks in practice. As the bull came charging, he used the cape to lead him to one side, allowing just room enough for the horns to pass. If he waited too long before he turned the bull, of course it would mean trouble; but if he turned the bull too soon, it would be clumsy. Whatever else he did, a bull-fighter must not be clumsy. The first time he tried it, Cogan didn't do a good job—the bull was faster than he realized, and he had to run for one of the little places of refuge, with the bull after him. Then the crowd roared, or they yelled, 'Malo, malo!' which is the same as if a crowd of baseball fans yelled, 'Rotten, rotten!' Next time Cogan did better, and then it was, 'Bueno, bueno!' from everybody. Possibly some of the applause was because by this time the rumor had spread that he was not only a new-comer, a stranger, an American, but also a sailor, and these four thousand American sailors were this day the guests of the nation. Cogan could not help looking up to Valera and her father after he had done his good turn, and was thrilled to see them cheering and smiling at him.

"So far it was clever, neat work, but nothing wonderful. The crowd wanted quick action, and there were cries of 'Torellas! Torellas!' The bugle sounded, and Torellas came. 'Ah-h!' sighed they—you could hear them—'now we shall see something.' Torellas, holding the red cape before him, lured the bull,



HE WAS NOW BOWING, EVEN SMILING TO THE AUDIENCE

turned him skilfully, and, spinning on his heel, tempted the bull to wheel and charge again; and when the bull did so, and yet again and again, Torellas, holding him always at arm's-length, swung him back and forth, himself retreating a step at a time, and with every step the bull plunging on after him. It was just as if he were snapping the bull on the end of the cape, snapping him back and forth across his path, as he made his way backward. Torellas was never so far away but what the bull, with one unexpected lunge, would get him. But Torellas had the bull too well in hand for any accidental lunge. At short range he kept him going, drawing him halfway across the ring at one time, until at last the bull himself, seeming to understand that he was being fooled, stopped short; and Torellas pulled up too, and let his cape hang loosely by his side; and as he did so, instantly and at full tilt at Torellas went the bull again; but that seeming carelessness on the part of Torellas was part of his play. With a light upward bound, as the bull low-

ered his head to gore him, Torellas stepped between the horns, and when the great head came up, adding the spring of his leap to the toss of the bull's head, away he went, sailing, twenty feet beyond the bull, and landed like a breath of air on his feet.

"While the people were still making the walls shake with their applause, Cogan saw Torellas look wistfully up to where Valera and her people sat. Cogan looked, too. She, leaning back between her mother and Señor Guavera, with her face cloaked, was almost hidden. Her mother and Guavera were talking indifferently across her. Cogan looked back to the matador. He was now bowing, even smiling, to the audience; but Cogan, who was close enough to mark every line of his face, saw that he was getting no great joy of his triumph.

"Torellas had left the ring, and the banderillos were now in possession. These were the men with the wooden stakes of the length of a man's arms and the thickness of a thumb, and wrapped around in gay-colored paper-

ribbon streamers, and at one end an iron spike about as long as a man's little finger, but very thin. The banderillos were to stand in front of the bull, with a stake in each hand, and, as he charged, to step in between his horns and reach over and plant a stake on each side of his neck.

"Ferrero, who was possibly the best banderillo in Peru, first faced the bull. He held his stakes up near the end farthest from the bull, to get as much distance at the start as possible, though it wasn't that which saved him from the bull's rush. That helped, but it was that the bull stopped up short when he felt the spikes going into his neck, and that was what Ferrero reckoned on, always, when it wasn't done too late. The bull continued his charge when he realized what had happened, but by then Ferrero was out of the way.

"They leaped like panthers. The jabbing in of the stakes and the wiggling aside to escape the bull's plunge—it was like one sinuous movement. Soon the bull was going round the ring, with five or six pairs of banderillas decorating his neck. Of these Ferrero had planted the first and last pair. When he came back to his place in the refuge beside Cogan, the air was quivering with buenos.

"But the great thing was to come. 'El matador! El matador! Torellas! Torellas!' they were shouting. And again Torellas came. He crossed the ring with his even, unhurried walk to Cogan's place of refuge, and asked for his cape. 'You will allow me—please—yes? Gracias, señor'; and, with the one word 'Americano' and a nod of his head toward Cogan, held the cape to the nearest section of American bluejackets, who had been wondering, ever since the word had been passed of an American among the bull-fighters, which he was.

"Torellas wrapped the cape around his left forearm. He then took from an attendant and gripped in his right hand the espada, the short sword with which he was to give the bull the finishing stroke.

"Now, to Cogan's way of thinking, Ferrero and the other banderillos took a chance when they placed their be-ribboned stakes, but they had the length

of their stakes the start of the bull, and they did not have to linger over doing it. A light touch, the stakes were in, and they were off. But to drive a knife through twelve or fourteen inches of bull gristle! Cogan pictured himself walking into a butcher's shop, picking out twelve or fourteen inches of tough gristle, and driving a knife through it. He could do it, of course he could, or any man, but he would have to brace legs and back to get enough power in the stroke. But to stop to brace for that stroke and a rampant 1,700-pound bull piling down on top of you, and to pick out a spot on his neck no bigger than a fifty-cent piece! And if you missed your spot! Or were a little bit slow! Even in being too soon there was danger, if you could imagine a man being too quick.

"That was how Cogan looked at it, and he felt himself worrying for Torellas. He looked toward the Rocas. The mother and Guavera were no longer talking, and Valera was again drawn back between them; but her father, excited and expectant, was leaning well forward, with eyes fixed on Torellas.

"There was great shouting when Torellas faced the bull, and then a great silence. Torellas moved his cape-draped forearm—up, down, coaxingly. The bull headed for him. Torellas stepped aside. The bull passed on and wheeled. Torellas took half a dozen dancing steps. The bull followed. Torellas waved his arm, the bull charged. Torellas leaped easily to one side. The bull passed on. More light play, a charge, another charge, yet another, all beautiful athletic play, and Torellas had worked his way across the ring to near the place of refuge where Cogan and Ferrero were. This also brought the bull under the seats of the Rocas. Cogan, studying the matador's face, had a feeling that he had drawn the bull there purposely. It was as if he had said to her up there: 'Here—here is the product of my highest skill. To do this well I have dedicated my abounding youth. I offer them a sacrifice to you.' So Cogan viewed it.

"The bull was at last properly worked up. Torellas took his final stand. His feet were well apart, but not too far apart, body and legs set so that he

could have leaped instantly, forward, backward, sideways. Cogan, watching, thought what a painting, or, better, what a sculpture could have been made of him so. He was standing on the balls of his feet, with his body canted slightly forward from the waist. His head was forward, too, but inclining a little to one side, toward his right shoulder. His eyes were narrowed; Cogan could hardly see them, but the glitter of them was plain enough. The sword up to this time he held loose in his right hand, palm in and shoulder high, with the blade horizontal, the point toward the bull. His left arm, held forward, well clear of the body, was the final effect in the miracle of his balance. Standing like that, he was planted solidly enough on the earth, but he gave out, too, such an impression of energy, force, power bottled up, that he made you feel that he could fly if he tried.

"Standing so, he didn't seem to breathe. But the crowd were breathing for him. From the seats behind him Cogan could hear, almost feel, their breaths.

"The bull now stopped and studied this last enemy. The others had come at him in groups, but here was one all alone.

"The bull stood with half-lowered head, weaving it from side to side, the position in which from behind the barrier he had first appeared to the crowd. He eyed the red cape. It must have flamed like blood in the sun to him. His nostrils, his eyes, were flaming like blood, too. He ceased his weaving, raised, lowered his head, and bounded toward Torellas. And everybody there knew that it was the bull or the matador this time. The red cape of the matador seemed to leap forward, no loose ends now for a flying horn to catch, but a tight roll on the matador's left forearm. No standing five or six feet away now, to blind the charging bull as the capeadors had done. Torellas had to step close in. And now he was close in, and his forearm was across the bull's forehead. It was hard to follow, the action was so fast, but Cogan saw that Torellas was already between his horns. Cogan looked for the flash of the heavy blade, but already Torellas's right arm had gone forward, that eye of his had

marked the little, vital spot, and, as the bull lowered his head and lunged to gore him, the blade was driven forward, and onto the point of it rushed the bull. The blade went home—clear to the hilt—eighteen inches or so. Before the people could clear their choked-up throats to applaud, before many could realize what had happened, the bull was stumbling to his knees, and Torellas was unwrapping the cape from his left forearm. One long, thundering out-breath and they were mobbing Torellas with applause.

"The bull rolled from side to side on his knees, tried to balance himself there for four, five, six seconds, and then rolled over. Half lifting his head from the sand, he kicked, once, twice, again, and then relaxed and lay limp. A bugle rang out; two Peruvian boys came galloping in on horses. The bugle sounded again; they took a bridle hitch on the bull and went galloping out of the ring, bugles going and the bull dragging behind.

"Cogan looked up to the Rocas' party. Her father was still wildly cheering Torellas. Her mother and Guavera were applauding, too, but their applause did not have the quality of Señor Roca's. Valera's face was still hidden by her fan. Cogan looked to the matador. He seemed to be limp, apathetic. 'The reaction,' Cogan thought, and Torellas being so young and such a high-strung fellow, maybe it was only natural; and yet, thinking a moment later, it had come rather soon for an athlete in his fine condition.

"In the sand lay the sword with which he had killed the bull, and, while the people were cheering, stamping, hurling words of applause, endearment, love at Torellas, he picked up the sword. Already the President of the republic was standing up in his box with the cloak and hat of the master, to hand them back to him with words of appreciation, and to him and the crowd Torellas was bowing.

"Cogan, with eyes only for Torellas, did not see the beginning of what happened next. He first heard a cry, then a loud voice or two, then a hundred, a thousand voices. He turned. The gate which held the next bull in confinement

had been opened or else it had burst out. The gateman was there, but with despairing hands on high; and across the ring the fresh bull was coming. Torellas was standing with his back to the gate, and not twenty feet from it, almost in the spot where he had killed his bull, and wiping the sword-blade in a fold of Cogan's cape, which he was now holding loosely. He was looking up at the Rocas and seemed at first not to hear the cries. He turned slowly—with horrible slowness, Cogan thought, when he recalled how rapidly he had seen him move.

"He turned too slowly. The bull caught him sideways, and when he came down it was astraddle of the bull's back, from which he fell to the sand beside the bull, who had wheeled and was waiting. He must have been stunned when he landed, for the sword and cape had fallen from him, and he lay motionless. The bull lunged like lightning. The

horn went into the left thigh, just above the knee, and, not done then, the bull ripped on upward with that same horn until it came out under the matador's left breast.

"The white tights turned red. The bull lowered his head to gore him again, when Ferrero leaped from his place of refuge. Cogan was with him. Ferrero picked up the cape and flouted it in the bull's eyes. The bull lifted his head from Torellas, looked at the cape, and charged. And as he did, Cogan snatched up the matador's sword and leaped toward the bull. The bull charged past Ferrero, but, wheeling quickly, made again for Torellas, and his head was lowered to gore again. Ferrero got desperate and threw the cape from him, and it caught on the horns, and, while the bull was entangled and enraged afresh, Cogan stepped close, picked out the little spot the size of a fifty-cent piece at the head of the spine, stood on

his toes, and, when the cape was tossed aside, seized his chance and came down with all his force. It was not the approved matador's stroke, for Cogan, standing behind, drove home in just the reverse fashion, but it was a good stroke. The knife went home.

"The bull rolled over, and Cogan stood there and looked and looked. Nobody was more surprised than he. Not once in ten times could he have done it in cold blood. When Ferrero pulled him by the arm, he thought to turn and bow to the cheering audience, especially to some bluejackets who had now recognized him as an old shipmate and were calling him by name—hundreds of them.



COGAN DROVE HOME WITH ALL HIS FORCE

"In the middle of the excitement he looked up to see how Valera was taking it. She and her father were both leaning far over the rail toward him—he with both arms extended and yelling, she with her handkerchief pressed to her lips. Her eyes met Cogan's, and Cogan was satisfied. His little Valera of the beach was on deck again. No matter about the rest. That must have been a full minute after it happened and after the surgeon had called out: 'It is well. Torellas will live!'

"But the bull-fighters in the ring did not believe that all was well. 'Torellas! Oh, Torellas!' they were saying, and some shedding tears, as they carried him to the dressing-room. Torellas was now conscious. He smiled at Ferrero, and he was smiling while they were undressing him, and he took Cogan's hand and held it while the others were telling him how it was. Not until the surgeon said, 'You will live, but your bull-fighting days are done,' did he lose his nerve. He had been pale, but he went paler then. The globules of sweat came to his forehead. 'Oh no, no, doctor!' he cried, and fainted.

"That night Cogan slipped away from a party of American bluejackets who wanted to paint Lima in high colors for him, and went down to see Torellas, who had been taken to his home—a fine, large house on a wide street. A crowd was in the street, waiting for word of his condition.

"Ferrero met him at the door. 'They wait for you, good friend.'



WORDS WHICH WERE NOT FOR HIM TO HEAR

"'They? Who?'

"'Oh, you shall see.' And he led Cogan to the second floor, to where a fine suite of rooms led off the great hall. Her father and Juan were in the outer room.

"These two clasped him to their bosoms. 'You brave one!' said her father—and, 'Buena Americano!' said Uncle Juan, and patted him on the head as if he were a son. 'He will live—oh, be sure of that. But never will he fight bulls again. Never, never. And that is sad. But we have him. Let us not mourn. And you'—Juan raised both hands high—'you and Torellas—I love you both.'

"Cogan thought he heard her voice,

the voice which never in his life he had heard, and hesitated. 'Proceed,' said her father, and pushed him toward the door of the middle room. 'She is there. And Tina—you remember Tina—that night in Colon? She is also there. The señora'—he looked at Juan and Juan smiled back at him—'she is too fatigued to come, but Tina came.'

"Cogan softly crossed the second room, but paused on the threshold of the inner room. He saw a great, stout woman, her back toward him. He knew her—Tina. He looked farther, and under the half-light saw the face of the matador. Valera was beside the bed. He could not see her face, but he heard her voice, and it was over her shoulder that he saw the matador's face.

"There were murmured words in Spanish which he did not understand, and then a phrase at which he could guess, then words which there was no mistaking, and which were not for him or any third person to hear. He backed out. Juan, Ferrero, and her father were still at the outer door of the outer room. They were not looking. He saw that from this middle room a window led on to a balcony. He stepped through the window to the balcony, found a post, dropped to the ground, made his way through the garden in the rear, and so on to a back street. He ran on—one street, another, a dozen, and then uphill to a wall.

"He climbed the wall and sat there. Somewhere he could hear a band playing. He looked toward the Pacific. He knew where the harbor of Callao should lie, and in the middle of the harbor he could see a great cluster of lights—the lights of the battle fleet. And those were the fleet's search-lights playing on the great stone pier.

"He had been lying on the wall with his hat in his hand and staring up at the sky. Now he sat up, put on his hat, took another look to the lights in the harbor, and sang softly, 'It's home, boy, home, it's home you ought to be. And you've no kick coming. Dreams, dreams, but you've had your hour, too.' He took one last look to the lights of

the fleet—another to the lights of the city below him. 'It's all right. Good-night, Lima,' he whispered, and dropped off the wall."

Kieran said nothing more. The passenger nothing—not for a long time. Then it was:

"And they were married?"

"I don't know. I never heard—Cogan didn't wait to see—but of course."

"Of course," echoed the passenger, and in silence resumed his study of the sea. "But Cogan—where is he?"

"There was no Cogan."

"What—no Cogan?"

"No, no Cogan."

"And no bull-fight, and no Valera, and no Torellas, nor Juan, and it never happened?"

"Why, of course it happened, and just as I've told it. But not to anybody named Cogan. There was no Cogan, or, rather"—he rolled over on his side and rested one elbow on the deck—"I'm Cogan."

"Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h! And you're Campbell, the old champion athlete?"

"Yes, I'm Campbell, and I'm Cogan, and I'm Kieran, pump-man on this wall-sided oil-tanker at fifty-five per month."

"But why?"

"Why, why?" He sat up. In the dark the passenger could almost see the thick, dark eyebrows draw together. "Why? Why anything? What would you do?"

"Forget it."

"Forget it? But can you—everything? You can? You're lucky. Every one can't. So I run my heart out in foot-races and beat up bully bosuns, and fight bulls—when I can."

"But when you can't?"

"When I can't? Why, when I can't I lay out on the fo-c's'le head, and bay up at the moon."

The passenger turned and looked down. "Thank your God, Kieran," he said, "you can laugh when you say that."

The pump-man's smile died away. "Maybe I'm thanking God," he said, softly, "for more than that."

The City of Towers

BY MILDRED STAPLEY

THERE are critics courageous who never hesitate to pronounce upon an unfinished, ever-growing, ever-changing piece of work. There are critics prudential who take refuge behind its transitional aspect and suspend their judgment—clearly the safer course. But when the “piece of work” happens to be New York enlarging feverishly and with terrestrial boundaries so fixed that it has no choice but to expand skyward, one cannot delay his verdict. Certainly we who live in it, or who, entering from its outskirts to our work, greet its towering mass each morning under the different aspects that sun, mist, rain, snow impart, have already formed our opinion, premature and fondly biased though it may be. The mere every-day view of the place itself—infinately various, and seen, as in no other city, in all its grand totality from every side and angle—cannot leave one silent. We know now, unless our sterile minds must wait for others to furnish our opinions, what we think of New York. It is for us to say who feel a deep intimacy with it, whose every breath is drawn in its vivid intensity, and who are factors in, not detached spectators of, its fierce, amazing growth. So we speak our minds now, instead of leaving it for later generations who will not have its early twentieth-century flavor, its topical quality, and who in all probability will calmly assume that we invented and hazarded and fevered and went still higher (and fell at times) all for the sole purpose of impressing *them*—of rounding their eyes in wonder as the ancient builders of the pyramids now round ours. We, to-day, know what we think of New York. We consider our city on Manhattan uniquely, logically, illogically, startlingly beautiful.

We give out at once and positively, and with all its wealth of adverbs, the challenging adjective, because of the

early disrepute of the sky-scraper, and the denunciation of the metropolis as intolerably ugly by certain Americans. But our enthusiastic verdict is corroborated by the artists, and they surely may be considered the final court of appeal in this question. A Frenchman's picture of New York buildings was recently a sensation at the Salon; and the same artist, after spending last year among us, has gone back with other canvases equally calculated to command attention. Etchers in particular, for architecture seems most aptly interpreted by the etched line, have delighted in the tall buildings. Our sky-scrappers have, in fact, ceased to be merely fantastic. Immediately, without waiting for the mellowing hand of time, they exhibit that peculiar sort of beauty which makes a picture; and yet an American writer has declared them to be “extravagant pins stuck, as in the dark, in a pincushion already overplanted,” and also to be “vulgar,” “mere monsters of the market,” “fatal, tall, pecuniary enterprises rising where they will,” and leaving the sky-line the “eternal victim of the artless jumble.” That they are “impudently new and still more impudently novel” is the lightest swish of this critic's lash. We can only plaintively repeat that we, like Pitt, will attempt neither to palliate nor to deny the atrocious crime of being young. Athens was once young; and perhaps when she crowned the Acropolis with the Parthenon, her ambitious scheme appeared to some jaundiced vision as both impudently new and impudently novel.

To have to extol originality in an age whose greatest boast is precisely that, seems unnecessary. Should we, a very commercial product of a very commercial age, have met the topographical exigencies of our situation by erecting endless copies of pagan temples or Renaissance palaces in which to carry on the highly complex business of the “mere

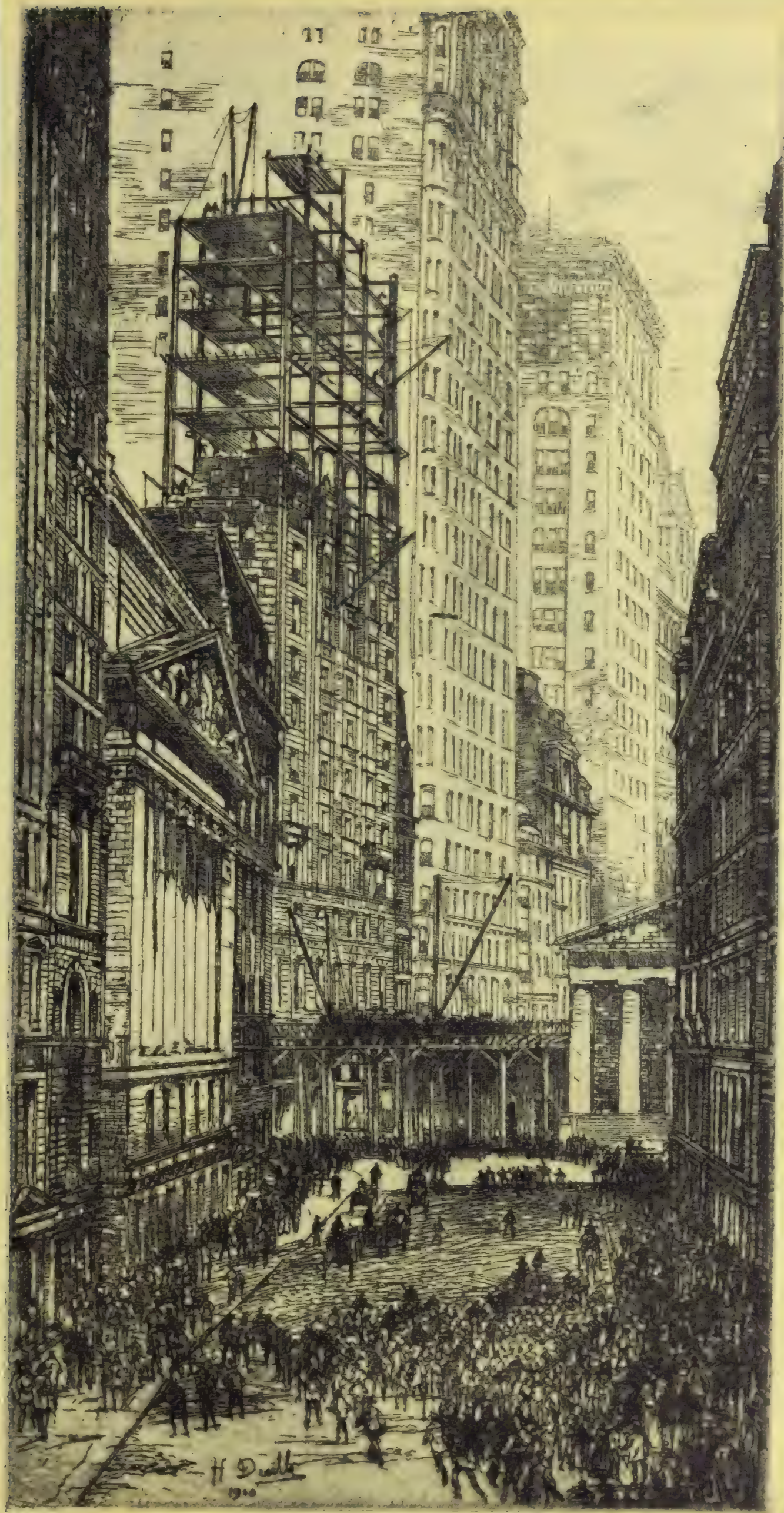
market"? If we compromised by using these for our churches or residences, where the requirements are more or less unchanging, might we not have expressed our individuality in those buildings in which the newest, tensest part of our new, tense life is passed? No, says our lacerating critic, we might not; for while individualism may be all very well in other matters, "it often conjures away, in architecture, just that mystery of distinction which it sometimes so markedly promotes in the field of life. Conformity and subordination would have been the one *not* vulgar way of meeting our problem."

But to sneer at sky-scraping New York is less in vogue nowadays than it was some years ago; and when one does hear it, it is given out not by an examination of the facts, but rather in accordance with the long-cherished fallacy that no community can be commercial and at the same time achieve beauty. Venice and Barcelona, once rival mistresses of Mediterranean commerce, are two of many proofs to the contrary. We may be far less artistic inherently than the Venetians or the Catalans, and our achievement may be, if one will, merely accidental, but there it is and simultaneous with our commercial success. Money and money greed may have produced it all; but the thousands who lift their eyes to it daily, and twice daily, from ferry-boats and trains and bridges, are not thinking of the money behind it when they admire, rising out of the broken glitter of busy water at its base, the huge chain of buildings, surmounted by particular peaks such as the Singer and the Metropolitan towers. The mass is beautiful. The commercial is lost in the esthetic.

An understanding of the peculiar difficulties under which this beauty has been accomplished should add to our pride in it. We all know how the small size of the island, combined with its astonishing prosperity, has made its every inch so fabulously costly that no one can hope, in the lower part of the city at least, to spread his building over much ground. Hence a new problem for the architect: he must build narrow and high. Steel construction and the development of the elevator made this possible, but in point of design

he was still at a loss. Classic breadth of proportion was out of the question; and as his training had been mostly along classic lines, his first fumbings for a solution were jejune in the extreme. In his narrow building he could not resist the temptation to somewhere "work in" the five orders; the pseudo-Greek temple was likely to be found anywhere—at the base, as a crowning feature, or half-way up the building, as in the Citizen's Central National Bank on Broadway. At last he awoke to the fact that this classic, with its preponderance of horizontal lines, was not the thing. A tall building demanded, for any sort of congruity, a strong expression of verticality. So he turned to Gothic; not only because verticality is its dominant note, but also because, contrary to classic, Gothic is made up of a maximum of void with a minimum of solid, and this is the prime requirement for an office building whose rentability depends on every room being well lighted. Then, too, Gothic and its affiliated styles permit of greater freedom of treatment than does the restrained precision of the more ancient architecture. So our architects began to design sky-scrapers with pointed roofs and pinnacled turrets, until the sky-line is now, by reason of this freer handling, of alluring picturesqueness, at sight of it. The different edifices have arranged themselves in most startling composition—"arranged themselves," because their owners were too variously circumstanced both as to temperament and purse to make any concerted effort to produce the effect. Even had it been otherwise, had they admitted their duty to art, it is doubtful whether the result could have been happier save in isolated instances like the most un-Gothic Whitehall Building, poor in itself and standing too far apart, too much out of the composition, to benefit by the merits of the general mass of the city. Unfortunate units like this are not as rare as one would wish, but it is comforting to know that the others occupy far less prominent positions than the Whitehall.

New York, then, having turned to the architecture that sprang up and flourished in the great commercial centers of the Middle Ages—Paris, Rouen, Amiens, Brussels, Antwerp, London—soon con-

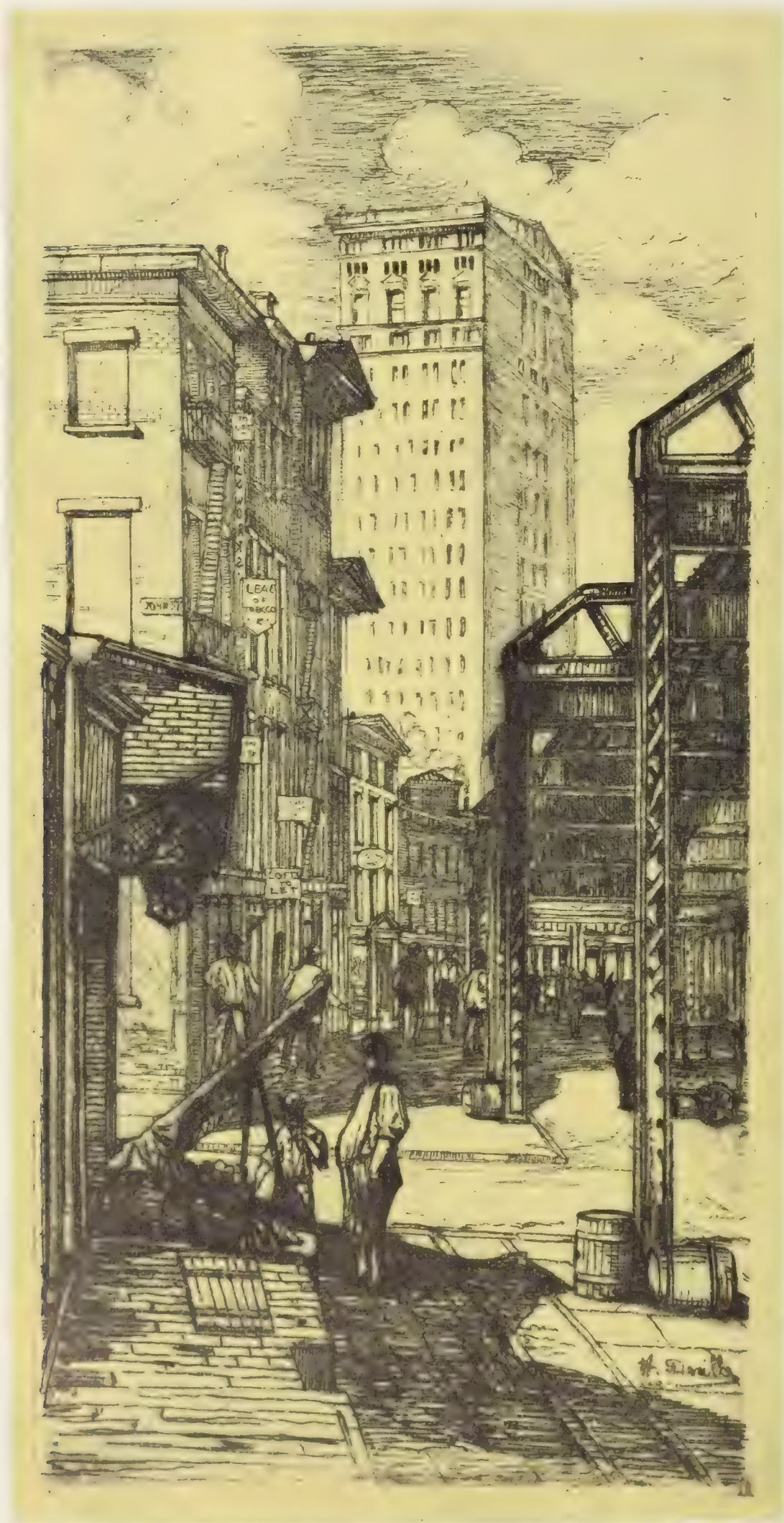


BROAD AND WALL STREETS
Etched by Henry Deville

centrated on its most aspiring feature, the tower. It is interesting to reflect how we, twentieth-century heterogeneous Americans, are the natural inheritors of this old commercial spirit and the architecture that accompanied it; we came from it all long ago, and now, in spite of intervening centuries of culture which

have tried to forget that mean word *trade*, we return to it. By more modern methods we acquire commercial supremacy; and by modern methods we make the Gothic tower of old Europe a monument to this very thing. With wonderful insight American architects have seen in this form, which existed originally only

to stand empty, a hive to house by day thousands of busy workers. Sometimes it is south of the Alps that the architects have gone for their inspiration. The Times Building, for instance, repeats in its uppermost stories Giotto's campanile in Florence; while Venice's fallen belfry served as a prototype for the huge Metropolitan. The latter is a tower *in toto*, the former a tower (of which the Singer is also an example) superimposed on a larger building with a view to securing light for itself against adjacent tall structures yet unbuilt. Both the Madison and the Times Square landmarks have something of their famous originals, yet much more that is uniquely their own. Along with other towers they have risen in quick succession in our midst, forming new and sudden silhouettes that are a never-ceasing topic of conversation among the inhabitants. Often one hears the comparison made between New York as seen from the Staten Island Ferry and Mont Saint Michel; or between a broadside view as seen from Jersey and the Italian ridge-perched San Gimignano.



ALONG THE SECOND AVENUE "L"



EXCAVATIONS FOR THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING

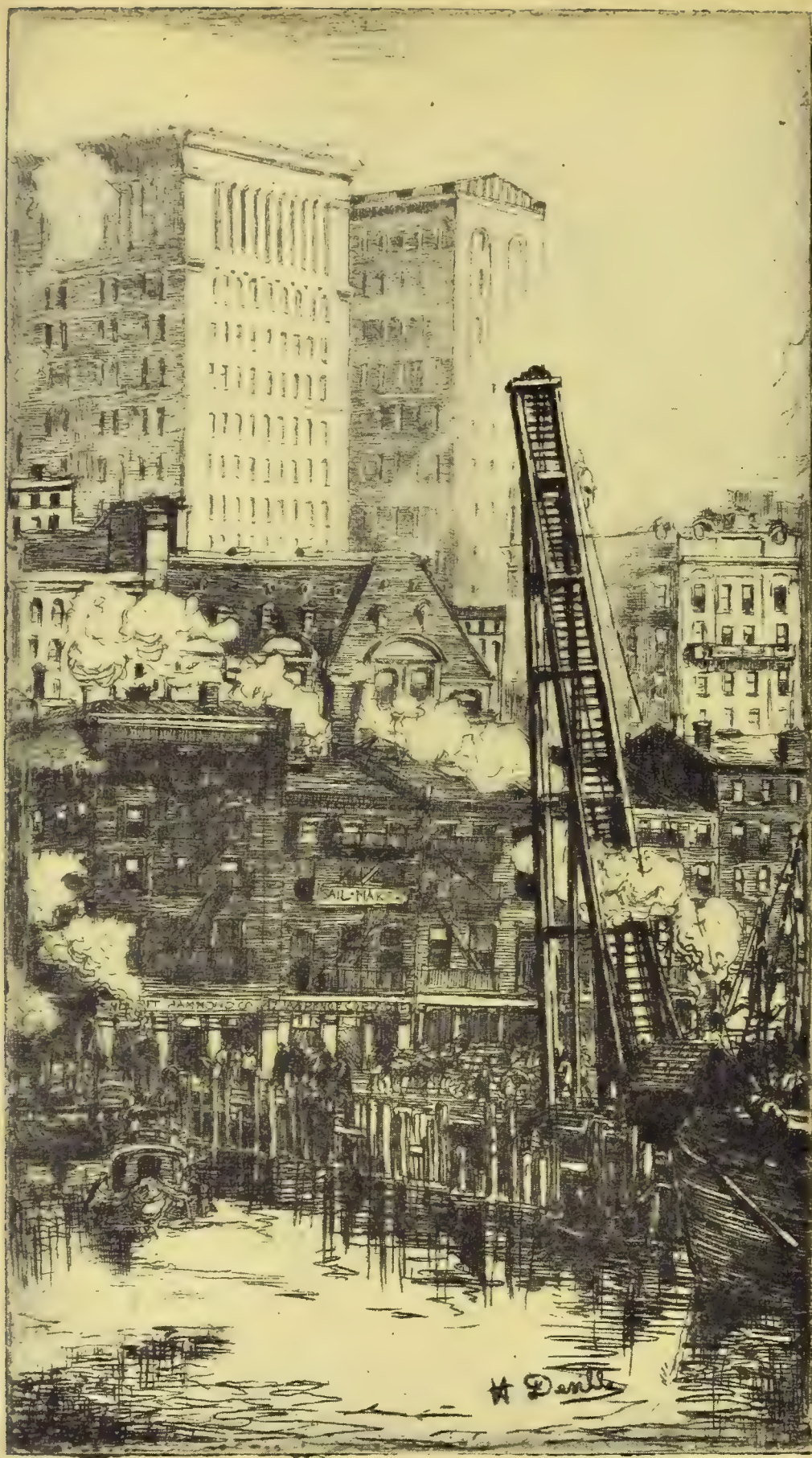
These haunting suggestions "of something seen like something here" are not exaggerations; it is perhaps the city's greatest charm that under the "apocalyptic blaze of sunset," when it stands heaped high, its thousand windows all afire, or in the soft mystery of twilight, it offers just this wealth of poetic suggestion.

That New York should recall some old hill town is most natural, and yet unnatural; for while it is loftiness in each case that fixes the attention, the foreign city obtains its height by having, for defensive reasons, capped some high rock with towers; while here the buildings are at once both base and peak of the mountain, the whole rising not merely from sea-level, but from far below it; for such steel and stone monsters can find a proper footing only on solid rock.

And anent this matter of foundations—these mysterious, invisible, underground feats of engineering which insure the safety of the fortieth-story tenant—have

not they also their power to stir the imagination? Do the crowds of office clerks who pass their noon respite in watching the huge caissons slowly sinking into the depths of earth—do these noon audiences go away unstirred?

To the structural difficulties attendant upon building high the engineer has seen. The problem of caissons, of riveting, and computing the strength of the steel skeleton has been his; and his, too, the problem of the elevator that makes the skyscraper possible (though its existence is still undreamed of abroad by the unsophisticated. It is not long ago that, stopping before a picture of the Singer Building displayed in the Viterbo agency, I heard some passing natives say, "Dio mio, it is a crime to make employees climb daily to the top of that tower"). And while the engineer was overcoming these difficulties of construction, the architect was less successful with greater ones—difficulties of a sort that could not be overcome by any nicety of calculation,

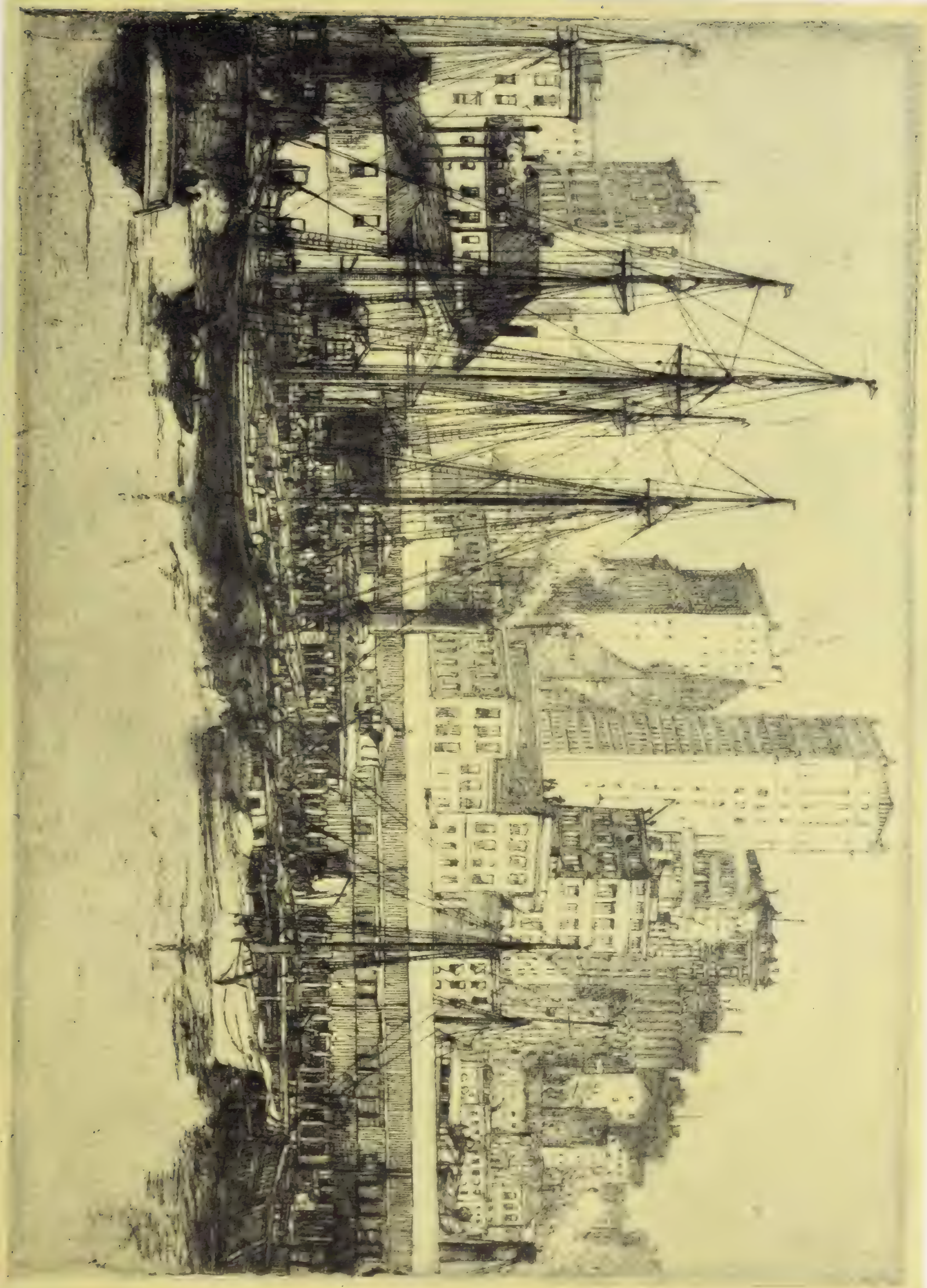


THE OLD WATER-FRONT

since they were not in the nature of the structure itself, but in the nature of its owner. Here, generally, was an individual to whom personal profit was the first, and municipal embellishment the last, consideration. Space given over to such purely ornamental features as loggias, broad, imposing hallways, or unusually lofty stories would bring no money returns. To one who understands how dominant in this utilitarian pressure, the noble sacrifice by the Metropolitan Insurance Company of the office space consumed by

its thirtieth-story loggia seems like a magnificent manifestation of civic pride; so also seems its terminating peak, while a whole first floor devoted to an impressively handsome entrance-way, as in the City Investing Building, is declared by most real-estate men, figuring the rent it would bring if cut up into shops, as the maddest sort of money waste. Furthermore, even where an owner would submit to a certain amount of "treatment" that meant financial loss for artistic gain, this had to be lavished on the street front only, while the other three elevations, though often equally conspicuous toward the top, were simply handed over to the bricklayers. Happily, as the tower or symmetrical type of building has become more fully established with its quadrilateral demand for dignity and beauty, this architectural offense is less frequent, and the owner, seizing the idea of the monumentality of the tower, consents now to the treatment of every visible part. By this development on his part, the newest and highest building, now in course of erection, is profiting in fullest measure. The architect, realizing that the portion silhouetted against the sky is his greatest contribution to the wonderful picture, has concentrated his best efforts on the tower. As it tapers majestically, the huge corner buttresses separate at certain stages from the main shaft, allowing the light to pierce through with airy laciness that proclaims the triumph of the artistic over the practical.

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FISHING BOATS—EAST RIVER DOCKS

Etched by Henry Deville



A DOWN-TOWN VISTA

Besides the owner, another impediment to the architect's fancy, but a far more reasonable one, is to be found in the building laws of the city. These determine in hard-and-fast fashion certain matters wherein he would have preferred a little freedom. Thus, with building laws forbidding any encroachment outward upon the public pavement, and the owner forbidding any encroachment inward upon available office-room, a façade is at once robbed of variety. The old Gothic architect could with impunity plant his buttresses a few feet out into the street, and the street was accommodating; or if his sense of beauty demanded an arcade for the first-story *motif*, he threw it across the entire pavement, and passers-by were only too glad of its shelter. But to-day, with the public jealously guarding every inch of its all too limited space for circulating, and the owner guarding even more jealously every inch of space for renting, the architect has but small chance to make the base of his structure interesting. In short, a sheer vertical wall, deviating neither outward nor inward, and dotted uniformly with windows, is more often than not his exiguous opportunity. Small wonder then if, until they near their summits, many of our sky-scrapers are *not* satisfying architecturally; if they fall below that measure of beauty individually that they manifest collectively.

And now that this tower type of building has been evolved, what is its future? It is an axiom with architects that the best done in their field is the building that most sincerely expresses its purpose and its structural material. The sky-scraper answers to the first notion of sincerity, but vio-

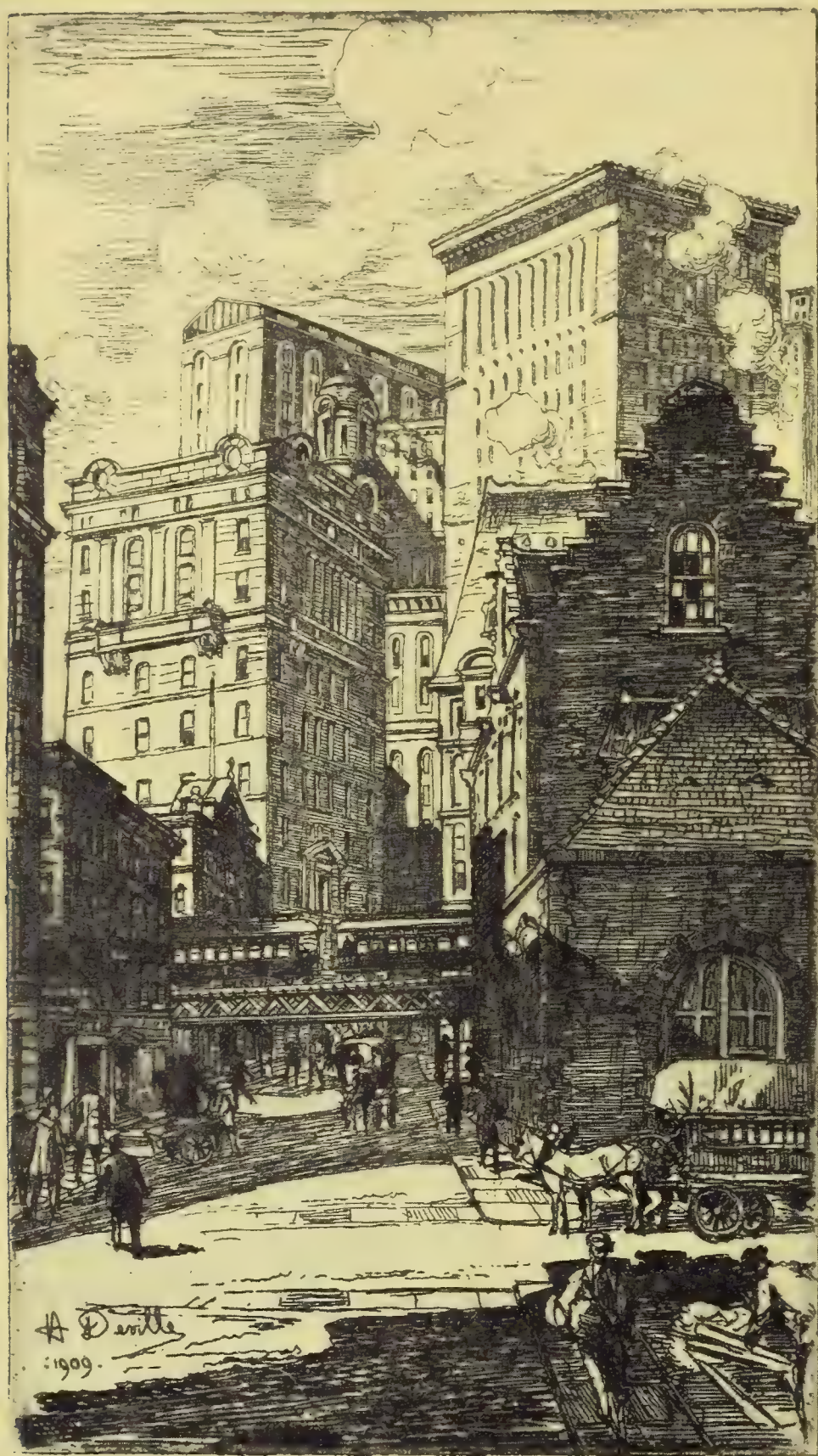
lates the second. The falsity of hiding a steel structure, whose every member is exquisitely proportioned to its work, under a mere envelop of stone is disquieting to the principles of the profession. They know how much of a sham is all this apparent masonry; it offends all elemental honesty to see it start at, say, the tenth story, and proceed simultaneously both down and up the steel supports. Yet few architects are prepared to say how we may arrive finally at a true expression of the actual metal structure. Courageous designers have let it assert itself in combination with terracotta and tiles in the new municipal ferry-houses; but one eager to experiment along the same lines with an office building would find himself seriously handicapped by that factor already referred to—the owner. *He* is skeptical of newschemes. For him the well-tried style, the surest and quickest step to a return in rent for the vast sum he is spending, is the only sort of building to be considered.

Meanwhile, until the truer expression shall be arrived at, steel towers sheathed in the present more or less Gothic covering are being constantly added to the already amazing mass—too constantly, since they must soon supplant every vestige of that older New York which was in its way picturesque and dear to its generation. At present there are still enough of the old buildings left for one to enjoy the astonishing contrast as he turns any corner off lower Broadway. This incongruity of old and new types is one of the greatest “finds” for the artist.



THE OLD AND THE NEW—BARCLAY STREET

It is disturbing, even violent; yet fascinating as a *motif*. It insists on his recording it. So, too, do the dimensive extremes of the shipping, incessant, restless, wonderfully expressive foreground to the motionless cliff of buildings back of them. Vessels of every size and build move the surface of the water, or lie for a brief spell, tied to the very street-ends, discharging their cargoes animate or inanimate. Another note the artist must seize for any true rendering of our narrow island is the crowds in the streets. Not only business but recreation finds them there, for the lower city has but few open squares set apart to rest in.



FRONT STREET AND OLD SLIP

Life is everywhere; there is none of that melancholy emptiness of particular streets or buildings falling into neglected old age which makes up the picturesqueness of other metropolises. Yet all this vivid daytime intensity, though the true New York, is by no means the whole of it. At night, when these lower cañon streets are sunk to sleep as early as eight, or at least nine o'clock, to remain absolutely deserted and mysteriously silent under the stars until a new day brings again the mighty throbbing, there is another and very different appeal to the artist's mind. Of all New York's con-

trasting effects, it alone is unalterable; sky-lines may change; the very skyscraper itself may change; but the weird, tomb-like, nocturnal silence of the business district never. Never again while New York holds its present place in the ordering of things will people live there, pass the night there. The great buildings alone keep watch.

That these varying aspects which make up the artistic quality of New York have found a somewhat livelier appreciation in foreign than in American artists is not strange; the latter, perhaps, have grown familiar with it too gradually, while it bursts upon the former as a sort of revelation. Foreigners become instantly enthusiastic. In the case of M. Henri Deville, whose etchings of New York are here shown, enthusiasm has never waned after nine years' residence in the city. For him its inspiration is inexhaustible. When he hears of the impending demolition of some old corner, he hastens to etch it, for the sake of what has stood so long; and when its humble, unpretending three or four stories are replaced

by some towering giant, changing the whole *entourage* as by magic, he etches that also, for the sake of the strange and utterly different beauty of the new. His work is not the sketch of the hurried visitor, exaggerated and even burlesque, but the sympathetic study of the foreigner who knows, and has grown attached to, every down-town cañon or alley. He sees old and new with an unprejudiced eye that never seeks to emphasize any relation it may bear to anything foreign, but takes it as it is, completely and uniquely American.

The Sport of Fortune

BY MELVILLE DAVISSON POST

MOST of the congregation had gone when David Talbott came out of the church. There had been a little business to transact on this Wednesday afternoon, and he had remained to speak with the class-leader. He got on his horse and began to descend the country road winding through a wood into the valley below. It was a day of early autumn. The sun lay warm on the many-colored foliage. There was silence. Nature seemed gently sinking into slumber.

Talbott was sixty-five years old. About him was every physical evidence of a never-ceasing, rigorous conflict with the soil; his shoulders were stooped, his joints big, his hands flattened and covered with a callous like bony plates. The man bore also the aspect of a rigid economy—the economy that cannot permit the tiniest detritus.

Everything about him spoke to the very slightest expenditure of money. His clothes were of jeans—that material which is country woven and wears like a skin. His boots were of cowhide, and hand-made by the village shoemaker. His shirt had been purchased at the country store, and was of that tough material called in the South “hickory.” Usually he wore these shirts without a collar, but to-day, out of respect for the religious service, he had added a paper one, fastened with a detachable button, the head of which was some bright-colored composition enclosed in a brass band.

This man represented life maintained against a mean soil that would hardly support it. But industry, a painful economy, and an exact, accurate knowledge of conditions had enabled him to advance. He owned a little farm of some fifty acres, and he was out of debt. His habit of purchasing only those things which he actually required, and paying for them in cash, and his extreme care

in contracting about what he would do, had in the end established his reputation for integrity.

When a man advances against difficulties that beset him, in whatever avenue of life, he takes on a certain feeling of security. In him, in spite of the humility engendered by religion, there develops a deep and abiding belief that the human mind is master over the mysterious and unknown agencies with which it is forced to contend. And in his aspect the man will come to carry this egotism. Talbott rode with his legs thrust out, his chin depressed, and his face in repose. Those things which he had wrung from the soil, and the esteem in which he was held by his neighbors, had endowed him with a feeling of security.

When Talbott turned out of the wood at the foot of the hill, he saw a man standing in the road, and beside him, drawn up on the sod, was a horse and wagon. The wagon was covered with a tarpaulin drawn over wooden bows, and within sat a woman, wrapped in a bed-quilt. Talbott knew these persons for gipsies. It was their custom in the autumn to follow this road over the mountains into the South, and to return North upon it when the winter had passed.

Talbott nodded as he approached. The gipsy stopped him.

“I would trade horses, mister,” he said; “it is a good colt, but I travel, and I require an old horse.”

Talbott glanced over the horse which the gipsy indicated. It was a big, iron-gray gelding; evidently young, compactly built, with short, flat, bony legs, and a deep chest. Talbott’s horse was nearly fifteen years old. He saw the possibilities of this young animal, and he got down out of his saddle.

“I’ll look at your horse,” he said.

He went over to the wagon and began that careful examination which those

who cannot afford to be mistaken are accustomed to make—that examination which scrutinizes everything, and by its sheer care eliminates the element of chance. Without the knowledge of anatomy taught in veterinary schools, this man was a judge of a horse. By long experience and by the closest observation he knew every point of the animal.

Talbott was profoundly puzzled. The horse appeared to be sound. And yet there must be some reason why this man wished to exchange a young animal for an old one. And he began again to apply those tests upon which he was accustomed to rely. Finally he discovered the trouble; the horse was “graveled”—that is, a tiny pebble had entered the hoof under the shoe. This was not a serious thing, but it would cause the horse to go lame until it gradually worked out through the top of the hoof.

Talbott rose and turned to the gipsy.

“Your horse is lame,” he said.

The gipsy began profuse explanations. He ran to the horse and pointed out the small hole in the hoof which Talbott had already discovered. It was nothing; the gravel would presently work out; the horse required only to be turned to pasture for a week. But for him that was impossible; he must go on; therefore he would trade—he would trade at a sacrifice—this young horse for an old one.

A certain thing pressed him; he could not stop.

What the gipsy said of the horse, Talbott knew to be true, and he would have willingly exchanged his old horse for the young one. But the evident anxiety of the man moved him to ask a bonus.

And after the manner of those among whom he was accustomed to barter, he named a sum very greatly in excess of what he could hope to receive.

“I’ll take twenty dollars to boot,” he said.

To his astonishment, the gipsy seemed to consider this absurd demand. He began to talk, to gesticulate, to complain of the hard terms, and the situation in which he was placed, and as he talked, in his excitement he began to speak in Romany. He pointed to the woman. Talbott did not understand, but he saw that the gipsy was exceedingly anxious for this trade, and he remained firm. The man went over to the woman, they talked

in Romany, excitedly and with gesticulations. Finally they got a twenty-dollar bill out of a greasy wallet; the woman held it in her hand and spoke for some time in a low voice, then the man came out into the road and handed the money to Talbott.

Talbott took his saddle on his arm, and, leading the young horse, returned to his home.

His little farm, with its thin, inhospitable



TALBOTT RODE WITH HIS LEGS THRUST OUT AND HIS CHIN DEPRESSED

pitiable soil, lay beside the river. Here in the early autumn there was some pasture, and he turned the horse into the field. That night, before the fire, alone in his house, he began to review the incidents of the trade. Why had the gipsy been so willing to give him this twenty-dollar bonus? These men were proverbially excellent judges of a horse; this one must have known that the young animal was superior to the older one for which he had exchanged it. And he became fearful lest this horse had some obscure defect which he had not discovered.

He was uneasy. And very early in the morning he caught the horse and began again with that thorough, painstaking examination that excludes error. It was the eye of which he was especially fearful. And with care and with patience he made every test, and created every condition in which a hidden defect would appear, but discovered nothing. Nevertheless, he was not wholly convinced, and throughout the day, as some further experiment occurred to him, he would return, and again verify the examination which he had made. But no defect appeared. And in spite of the abiding conviction that some potent reason must exist for this extraordinary trade, he was at last convinced that the horse was sound.

By one accustomed closely to consider the trivialities of life, no problem is abandoned. Such a one does not dismiss a puzzle that touches him at any point. His margin of

gain is so slight that he dare not be involved with a thing which he does not understand, and the habit is established to remain before the enigma until its meaning appears.

Talbott continued to consider this extraordinary trade. All day in the field, about his labors, he subjected it to a certain method of exclusion after the manner in which he had examined the horse for a defect. And one by one he dismissed those theories which seemed the less likely to contain the truth. By virtue of this proceeding he finally arrived before the suggestion that probably



"I'LL TAKE TWENTY DOLLARS TO BOOT"

the twenty-dollar bill which the gipsy had so easily paid over was not good money.

He stopped before this possibility, and certain evidences advanced to support it. Counterfeit money was associated, in this country, with the stranger, the circus, the traveling salesman, the gipsy. Moreover, the man and his wife had discussed this bill, and they had easily paid it over. Having reached this point in his consideration, Talbott's mind remained there.

That evening when he went in from the field he got the bill from his leather wallet and scrutinized it carefully before the candle. It appeared not precisely the proper color. He laid it aside until morning, and examined it in the daylight. It seemed faded. He replaced it in the wallet, which he kept concealed in the mattress of his bed, and sat down to consider what he should do. He did not permit himself to decide upon the validity of this bill. He had the right to the security of the doubt. He had received it in the course of trade for valid money, and he had the right to so dispose of it. Moreover, the discoloration was slight, and had he not been seeking for the gipsy's motive he knew that he should not have marked it.

The storekeeper in the neighboring village had been urging him to purchase a certain fertilizer for his field. He had refused because he had not the money and could not afford the debt. He determined now to make this purchase, and he went in the afternoon to the village. The storekeeper was pleased to agree to Talbott's proposition. He would purchase twenty dollars' worth of the fertilizer, provided the storekeeper would undertake to sell at the store those extra bags which Talbott would not require for his field.

"When will you be goin' into town?"

"I'm expecting to go Saturday," replied the storekeeper.

And Talbott promised to bring him the money before that day.

On Friday evening Talbott went with the twenty-dollar bill to the village. The evenings were a bit chill, and there was a crowd about the stove when he entered the store. It was baiting the storekeeper. The topic of conversation was

a traveling circus, advertised to visit the village, and some one was saying:

"You've got to look out for that set, Andy; they always leave their plugged half-dollars with the country storekeeper."

The crowd laughed.

"They won't leave any with me," replied the storekeeper. "I always examine silver when I take it in."

"S'pose it's a greenback?" some one said; "you can't always tell about a greenback."

"I can't," replied the storekeeper, "but the bank can. The cashier always examines your money when you deposit it, an' if you had a bad bill he'd stamp it 'counterfeit.' Now, I always remember who I get a bill from, an' if a man give me a bad one, I'd go after him an' I'd make him fork over good money for it."

Talbott stopped. He remained a moment in the door, then he spoke to the storekeeper.

"I guess I won't buy that fertilizer, Andy."

The storekeeper was surprised and annoyed. He received a good commission on this article.

"You've already bought it," he said; "I've ordered it."

Talbott was now alarmed.

"Well, he said, "I've been thinkin' it over, an' I find that I ain't just exactly in a position to take it."

The storekeeper was insistent.

"You said you'd take it."

"Yes," Talbott replied, "I thought I could manage, but things have turned out a little different from what I expected."

"You mean you haven't the money?"

Talbott hesitated. "Well, yes, . . . that's about it."

The storekeeper did not continue. He went around the counter to his desk and began to write a note countermanding his order. He knew that if Talbott had not the money, it was useless to insist; such a man could not be persuaded to incur a debt. But he was angry, and when Talbott was gone out he said:

"Now, who'd a-thought that ol' Talbott would back out of a trade?"

And he began to relate the incident, and to explain how definitely the trans-

action had been concluded. The crowd about the store, with the exception of the blacksmith, were inclined to take the side of the storekeeper. The blacksmith said:

"A man's sometimes disappointed about layin' his hands on money to pay for a thing, an' that's excusable. If he's got the money an' he won't stand up to his bargain, that's different. Now, I'd say that, if Talbott had the money on him, he'd be no man to back out."

This sound comment silenced the crowd. But the chagrin of the storekeeper over the loss of his commission remained. And that night he related the story to his wife. She said:

"If there's a yellow streak in a man, it 'll come out when he gets old."

Talbott returned to his home. He was annoyed over this incident. In order to extricate himself from a purchase which he now feared to make he had in a manner repudiated his word, and he had drawn perilously near to a statement that, from one point of view, was not precisely the truth. He had not the money for this purchase unless the bill was valid. And the certain test indicated by the storekeeper had alarmed him. In that moment in the door he had seen the danger. If the bank stamped this bill, he would have to find other money in its stead. And on the instant, without reflection, he had been forced to withdraw from the difficulty in the best way that he could manage.

That night he reflected. He had done no wrong. He had received this money innocently and in the course of trade. He had taken it in good faith, and he was entitled to the benefit of any doubt. But deliberately to make a test such as the storekeeper indicated was neither

prudent nor necessary. And it seemed to him that if the bill quietly entered the avenues of trade, other than through the doors of a bank, no one would suspect it and no one would suffer loss.

On Monday, at work in his field, he saw a young man approaching along the road. When he drew nearer, Talbott recognized him for one who had come into the community and established a summer subscription school. This man was from a distant State; his school had closed, and Talbott was curious to know why he remained. He went down to the fence and engaged the school-teacher in con-

versation. He learned that the man was going about to collect certain subscriptions that were due him; when these were secured, he would set out for his home. The man complained that the persons in his debt were able to pay, and in the end would do so, but they required him to await their pleasure.

Talbott had an inspiration. "How much do the people owe you?" he said.

"About twenty-five dollars," replied the school-teacher.

Talbott appeared to reflect. "I might be able to help you out a little," he said.



HE GOT THE BILL FROM HIS LEATHER WALLET, AND SCRUTINIZED IT CAREFULLY

And he explained that to accommodate the school-teacher he would advance him twenty dollars and take an assignment of these subscriptions.

The school-teacher was pleased; this arrangement would enable him to set out on his journey without further delay.

"If you have the idle money, Mr. Talbott," he said, "and if it won't inconvenience you, I would be very much obliged."

Talbott assured him that he had the money in cash; that for the present he had no use for it, and that it would gratify him to do this favor. And it was arranged that on Friday the school-teacher should come with an assignment of the subscriptions and receive the money.

In a small country community everything is known. A few days later, when Talbott entered the village on his way to the post-office, the storekeeper stopped him.

"I thought you was short of money," he said.

Talbott, who divined some reference to the fertilizer, sought refuge in an ambiguity.

"Well, yes," he said, "I've been a little hard up this fall."

The storekeeper nodded his head. "I knew it wasn't so," he said.

Talbott saw that the man referred to some other incident. "What wasn't so?"

"That you was goin' to advance the school-teacher twenty dollars."

Then Talbott realized the position into which he had unwittingly entered. He made some equivocal reply and went on to the post-office. He was greatly disturbed. He saw no way out of this dilemma except to say that he found himself unable to carry out his suggestion. And, obtaining a sheet of paper and a stamped envelop from the postmaster, he wrote a letter to the school-teacher.

There is this disadvantage in a life of integrity, that an indiscretion is all the more conspicuously marked. One does not observe a stain upon that which is already stained; it is the white background that proclaims it.

A few days later the school-teacher came into the village with the letter which he had received; he was disap-

pointed, and he went about showing the letter, and explaining that Talbott had agreed to advance him the money, and had then repudiated that agreement. He had made his arrangements to depart, depending on what Talbott had said, and he complained.

When the gossip came to the storekeeper's wife, she said, "I always knew that ol' Talbott was crooked."

These two contracts from which Talbott had withdrawn after his word had been given, his conflicting statements about the possession of money, and his disingenuous excuses were discussed. Such conduct in one hitherto beyond reproach aggravated the obliquity of it, and public opinion began to reform itself upon this data.

Without hearing it directly, Talbott became aware of this change. Such a thing is intangible, like the air, but, like the air, perceptible. He felt it moving around him, extending itself, gaining with every day.

This change in public opinion presently became indicated in certain acts which Talbott understood, but could not resent. When, in the course of his petty trades, an element was his promise to do certain things on his part, it was suggested that the agreement be reduced to writing. And when an element was his promise to pay money, he was asked for an earnest upon the bargain. He recognized these requests as the ones which he himself had been accustomed to exact when dealing with persons not entirely to be trusted. And he recognized the excuses with which they were suggested as the very ones which he had made to the tricky and unreliable—namely, the uncertainty of life and the custom and usage of trade.

Deeply smitten by this evident distrust, he strove to discover in what esteem he was held; and he endeavored in every way that he could to surprise this secret out of those with whom he conversed and with whom he associated. But in this he never succeeded.

In such old, isolated communities, public opinion insinuates itself behind the amenities of life. By the word and by the manner of his neighbors one cannot learn that he has fallen. The liar will be no longer believed, and the thief no longer trusted, but he will not hear it



Drawn by H. M. Brett

"I GUESS I WON'T BUY THAT FERTILIZER, ANDY"

from his neighbor's mouth. In the multitude of excuses, and in the safeguards with which his neighbor hedges himself about, it will sufficiently appear. Nevertheless, like one ill of some desperate malady, who suspects the physician of having warned his family while offering to himself consoling words, Talbott, in his manner and by the subtleties of speech, probed for the truth. But it was by accident that he found it.

One evening in the village he passed some children at play; they spoke to him pleasantly, but when he had gone by he heard the storekeeper's little girl remark to a companion, "You'd think ol' Talbott would be ashamed to show his face after my pap caught him in a lie."

Talbott went on, but the truth was now naked before him. He walked past the blacksmith's shop, out to the little house by the roadside where the shoemaker kept the village post-office. There he stopped and reflected; this matter must be somehow cleared up. It was unjust that he should be so regarded. But how could he clear it up? How could he explain? What could he say? The incidents going to establish this conclusion were all incontrovertible. And yet this opinion of him was unjust. He had been caught in a certain conjunction of events and carried forward, whither he had not willed. His theory of life had been very simple—that one received here what his acts deserved. Virtue had its reward, and its negation its reward. And over the affairs of men a Judge presided who dealt according to this rule of thumb. One controlled events. One's agency was free. What one did and what one did not were wholly matters of one's own selection. Or how else could the scheme of things be just? He had depended on this theory, and now, somehow, it had failed him.

That night alone in his house, he sat for a long time before the fire. He was perplexed. He was like a litigant who has got an unjust decision from a judge whose integrity he cannot doubt. Such a one reviews each detail in his case with painful recurrence, seeking that aspect of it which could have influenced the court against him. And Talbott, like that litigant, believed himself the victim of some error. Certain injustices were,

in this case, too clearly indicated. His conscience was not against him; he had intended no injury to any man, and he had, in fact, done no man an injury; and yet as a result of certain trivial events he would be ruined.

And after he had gone to bed he lay a long time staring at the whitewashed ceiling. How could it happen that one questionable thing outweighed all those blameless acts that heretofore had made up the sum total of his life? He had told the truth innumerable times; he had dealt fairly innumerable times; and yet the force and virtue of this mass yielded before a single disingenuous incident, and that incident of the most trifling moment. How did it happen that such a hideous virility lay in those events that are hostile to us?

He could not sleep, and he got up and went out onto the porch of his house. A fog was rising from the river and creeping across the field slowly toward him, and he thought how this heavy mist symbolized that sinister influence which had been let loose against him, and which he could neither seize nor resist. And the oldest explanation in the world to account for the evil potentiality of incidents otherwise slight and trifling occurred to him—that by virtue of supernal powers, and through the agency of vicious persons, petty things were sometimes charged with an influence that compelled one to an evil destiny. And he recalled all the housewives' tales and all the scraps of legend that in every community lie incrustated on this ancient belief.

The hard common sense of the man dismissed this testimony. But that vague fear which lay at the root of this belief he could not dismiss. And, in spite of the sane conclusions of his reason, he began to associate his ill fortune with the possession of this twenty-dollar bill. Here were incidents of the family of those tales: the thing was a piece of money, and he had got it from a gipsy.

He returned to his bed, but he did not sleep. The suggestion remained, and he continued to regard it. The man's austere religion, rooted in the Hebrew Scriptures, accepted certain ancient legends that comprehended this idea. The ruin of men, innocent of wrong, of wom-

en, of children, of whole tribes and cities, had followed the possession of articles in themselves harmless, but charged with an evil influence. And here a suggestion presented itself, namely, that of some expiatory act. And vaguely, through the half-sleep into which he presently entered, this idea moved with the problem that disturbed him.

The following day this suggestion took on the habiliments of fancy and withdrew. Talbott went about his labors. The health of the sun and of the air encouraged him, and he endeavored to believe that the change in public opinion had not been so great or of so wide an influence. But an event of the afternoon eviscerated this hope.

When he came in from the field he saw a man sitting on his porch and a horse tied at the gate. The man was the Superintendent of Free Schools, and, as Talbott was a member of the district board, this call did not disturb him. The man remained during the entire afternoon. He talked with Talbott on every conceivable subject except that one which had moved him to this visit. As the hours passed, and the man's conversation remained general, Talbott became uneasy. He knew what this subterfuge portended; when one had a disagreeable thing to say he remained for a long time, and always approached it after an interminable discussion of subjects in no way related to it. Talbott's anxiety was presently justified.

When the Superintendent of Schools had finished his visit and gone out to his horse, he finally said the word:

"By-the-way, Mr. Talbott, the people think that the school board ought to be made up of men who have children to educate—naturally a man with a family could afford to give more of his time to school matters; so, if you have no objection, the people would like to have Henry Lightwood on the board."

Talbott was forced to express himself as satisfied with this successor, and the Superintendent of Schools rode away.

Talbott was not deceived by these excuses. And that night the idea of some sinister influence attached to the piece of money assailed and possessed him. The reputation which during a lifetime he had laboriously established seem-

ed now to be attacked by a deadly and insidious erosion. He was like one forced to observe a bronze which he cherished, eaten by some invisible agencies lying in the very odors of his garden. And on every occasion and at every hour he could see the metal that once had been so hard and bright scaling from the figure, and he could see this figure, that once had been a thing of beauty, changing perceptibly into something formless.

And the suggestion of an expiatory act returned to him with a greater force. Those visited by misfortune have in all ages believed that the authority moving events could be appeased. One brought an offering to the temple, or cast a gift into the sea. And, under forms and subterfuges, the custom remains. This man, possessed by fear, and prepared by the precedents abounding in the sacred books of his religion, moved toward this idea.

The following Sunday an itinerant minister preached at the church. This man was a sort of celebrity, who on occasion traveled through the country. The unrestraint of his speech and his violent and erratic manner assured him an audience. On this day the grove before the church was filled with horses; every seat in the church was occupied, and persons stood along the wall. Talbott sat on the first bench before the pulpit. He had made up his mind about what he intended to do, and when the man called upon him to take up the collection, he put the twenty-dollar bill into his hat.

The minister rose and began to speak to the congregation while the collection went forward. In order to prick this man to some intemperate speech, it had been the custom of certain mischievous persons to put mutilated coins, tokens, and the like into his collection, and it was against this habit that he now uttered his invective. He threatened such offenders with the law. Such acts were comprehended by the criminal statutes against counterfeit money; they were felonies, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. He had consulted with the authorities. He would put up with it no longer. And with gestures and with violence he presented the terrors and the severities of the law.

The dense crowd forced Talbott to move slowly, and as the minister spoke he was seized with terror. He had not thought of the law, and the fear of it chilled him. If this bill were counterfeit, he was on the point of committing a crime. This man would denounce him, and he would be wholly and inextricably ruined. And as the minister continued, and as he went forward with the collection, the thing which he was about to do seemed to be the very refinement of madness. Finally appalled by the danger, as he turned the collection out onto the table he slipped the bill into his hand, and, returning to his seat, got it into his pocket. He was cold and his body was sprayed with sweat. He sat on the bench breathing deeply, like one who, with his foot extended, is plucked backward from an abyss.

When the minister announced the result of the collection, some eighteen dollars, there was a whispering about the congregation, and when the service was concluded some persons went forward to speak with the minister. This was usual, and without giving it any attention Talbott went out with the crowd. He had got his horse, when some one came to the door and called him; when he entered there was a little crowd in discussion before the pulpit. The minister came forward.

"Brother Talbott," he said, "I wish you'd look under the band of your hat; some of the congregation thought they saw a twenty-dollar bill in the collection." And he began to explain how, when the hat was turned over, money sometimes slipped under the band and remained there.

Talbott was appalled. He presented his hat and began to turn up the band. But nothing appeared.

The persons standing around the minister made no comment while Talbott

remained. But when he had gone out somebody said:

"An' he's a thief, too!"

On an afternoon of early March, Talbott rode again down the wooded hill from the country church. Beyond him the great road ran over the mountains into the South. He was on his way into some new country. He had sold his little farm, and about him, on the horse, he carried all that he possessed. At the turn of the wood he saw several covered wagons moving along the great road from the direction of the mountains. He continued to observe them now and then through the openings of the trees. Finally, at the foot of the hill, he met these wagons. As he approached, in the last team he saw his old horse that he had traded to the gipsy. He stopped. The man walking beside the wagon ran over, and, lifting the foot of Talbott's horse, began to examine it.

"He's got well," he said, "the young horse. I have sorrow to trade him." Then he rose. "But a child was to be born and I must get to my own people then."

He drew back a corner of the tarpaulin and revealed a woman holding a baby in her arms.

Talbott was not listening to this speech; he had been getting out his wallet.

"I want you to take back this counterfeit money," he said.

The gipsy looked puzzled.

"What is that you say, mister?"

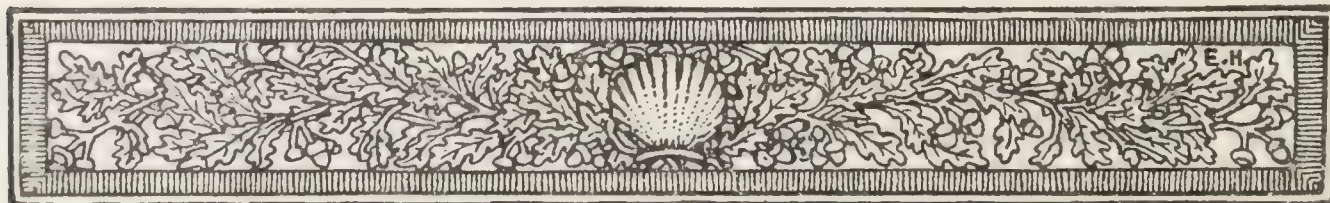
Talbott presented the twenty-dollar bill.

"I want you to take back this counterfeit money that you gave me."

The gipsy came over to Talbott; he looked at the faded bill, then his face brightened with comprehension.

"That money, mister, it have been wet with water, but bad! no, it is good. I will give you gold."

And he handed Talbott two eagles.



The Iron Woman

A NOVEL

BY MARGARET DELAND

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE rainy dawn which Elizabeth had seen glimmering in the steam and smoke of the railroad station filtered wanly through Mercer's yellow fog. In Mrs. Maitland's office dining-room the gas, burning in an orange halo, threw a livid light on the haggard faces of four people who had not slept that night. . . .

When Blair had come frantically back from his fruitless quest at the hotel, to say, "Is she here, *now*?" Mrs. Richie had sent him at once to Mr. Ferguson, who, roused from his bed, instantly took command.

"Tell me just what has happened, please," he said.

Blair, almost in collapse, told the story of the afternoon. He held nothing back. In the terror that consumed him, he spared himself nothing: he had made Elizabeth angry; frightfully angry. But she didn't show it; she had even said she was not angry. But she said—and he repeated that sword-like sentence about "David's money and David's wife." Then, almost in a whisper, he added her question about drowning. "She has—" he said; he did not finish the sentence.

Robert Ferguson made no comment, but his face quivered. "Have you a carriage?" he asked, shrugging into his overcoat. Blair nodded, and they set out.

It was after six when they came back to the big dingy dining-room where the gaslight was struggling ineffectually with the fog. They had done everything which, at that hour, could be done.

"Oh, when will it ever get light!" Blair said, despairingly. He pushed aside the food Nannie had placed on the table for them, and dropped his face on his arms. He had a sudden passionate longing for his mother; she would have *done* something! She would have told these

people,—these dazed, terrified people—what to do. She always knew what to do. He sobbed under his breath. For the first time in his life he needed his mother.

Robert Ferguson, standing at the window, was staring out at the blind, yellow mist. "As soon as it is light enough, we'll get a boat and go down the river," he said, with heavy significance.

"But it is absurd to jump at such a conclusion," Mrs. Richie protested.

"You don't know her," Elizabeth's uncle said, briefly.

Blair echoed the words. "No; you don't know her."

"All the same, I don't believe it!" Mrs. Richie said, emphatically. "For one thing, Blair says that her comb and brush were not on her bureau. A girl doesn't take her toilet things with her when she goes out to—"

"Elizabeth might," Mr. Ferguson said.

Blair, looking up, broke out: "Oh, that money! It's that that has made all the trouble. Why did I say I wouldn't give it up? I'd throw it into the fire, if it would bring her back to me!"

Mrs. Richie was silent. Her face was tense with anxiety, but it was not the same anxiety that plowed the other faces. "Did you go to the depot?" she said. "Perhaps she took the night train. The ticket-agent might have seen her."

"But why should she take the night train?" Blair said; "where would she go?"

"Why should she do a great many things she has done?" Mrs. Richie parried; and added, softly, "I want to speak to you, Blair; come into the parlor for a minute." When they were alone she said, —her eyes avoiding his—"I have an idea that she has gone to Philadelphia. To see me."

"You? But you are here!"

"Yes; but perhaps she thought I went home yesterday; you thought so."

Blair grasped at a straw of hope. "I will telegraph—"

"No; that would be of no use. The servants couldn't answer it; and—and there is no one else there. I will take the morning express, and telegraph you as soon as I get home."

"But I can't wait all day!" he protested; "I will wire—" He paused; it struck him like a blow that there was only one person to whom to wire. The blood rushed to his face. "You think that she has gone to him?"

"I think she has gone to me," she told him, coldly. "What more natural? I am an old friend, and she was angry with you."

"Yes; she was, but—"

"As for my son," said Mrs. Richie, "he is not at home; but I assure you—" she stumbled a little over this—"I assure you that if he were he would have no desire to see your wife."

Blair was silent. Then he said, in a smothered voice: "If she is at your house, tell her I won't keep the money. I'll make Nannie build a hospital with it; or I'll tell her if she will only just come back to me, I'll—" He could not go on.

"It is light enough now to get a boat," Robert Ferguson said, from the doorway.

Blair nodded. "If she has gone to you, if she is alive," he said, "tell her I'll give him the money."

Helena Richie lifted her head with involuntary hauteur. "My son has no interest in your money!"

"Oh," he said, brokenly, "you can't seem to think of anything but his quarrel with me. Somehow, all that seems so unimportant now! Why, I'd ask David to help me, if I could reach him." He did not see her relenting, outstretched hand; for the first time in a life starved for want of the actualities of pain, Blair was suffering; he forgot embarrassment, he even forgot hatred; he touched fundamentals—the need of help and the instinctive reliance upon friendship. "David would help me!" he said, passionately, "or my mother would know what to do; but you people—" He dashed after Mr. Ferguson; a moment later Mrs. Richie heard the carriage rattling down the street; the two men were

going to the river to begin their heart-sickening search.

It was then that she started upon a search of her own. She made a somewhat lame excuse to Nannie—Nannie was the last person to be intrusted with Helena Richie's fears! Then she took the morning express. She sat all day in fierce alternations of hope and angry concern: Surely the poor child was alive; but suppose she was alive—with David! David's mother, remembering what he had said to her that Sunday afternoon on the beach, knew, in the bottom of her heart, that she would rather have Elizabeth dead, than alive under such conditions. Her old misgivings began to press upon her: the conditions might have held no danger for him if he had had a different sort of mother! "If his own mother had lived, perhaps he wouldn't have had those wicked thoughts." She found herself remembering, with anguish, a question that had been asked her very long ago, when David was a little boy: Can *you* teach him to be courageous; can *you* teach him to be unselfish; can *you*—"I've tried, I've tried," she said; "but perhaps Dr. Lavendar ought not to have given him to me!" It was an unendurable idea; she drove it out of her mind, and sat looking at the mist-infolded mountains, struggling to decide between a hope that implied a fear and a fear that destroyed a hope; and every now and then, under both the hope and the fear, came a pang of memory that sent the color into her face: Robert Ferguson's library; his words; his kiss.

As the afternoon darkened into dusk, through sheer fatigue she relaxed into certainty that the hope of life, which was the fear of love, was baseless: Elizabeth had not gone to David; she couldn't have done such an insane thing! David's mother began to be sorry she had suggested to Blair that his wife might be in Philadelphia. She began to wish she had stayed in Mercer, and not left them all to their cruel anxiety. "If she has done what they think, I'll go back to-morrow. Robert will need me; and David would want me to go back." It occurred to her, with a lift of joy, that she might possibly find David at home. Owing to the bad weather, he might not have gone down

to the beach to close the cottage as he had written her he meant to do. She wondered how he would take this news about Elizabeth. For a moment she almost hoped he would not be at home so that she need not tell him. "Oh," she said to herself, "when will he get over her cruelty to him?" As she gathered up her wraps to leave the car, she wondered whether human creatures ever did quite "get over" the catastrophes of life. "Have I found it so? And I am fifty, and it was twenty years ago!"

When with a lurch the cab drew up against the curb, her glance at the unlighted windows of her parlor made her sigh with relief;—there was nobody there! Yes; she had certainly been foolish to rush off across the mountains, and leave those poor, distressed people in Mercer.

"The doctor is at Little Beach, I suppose?" she said to the woman who answered her ring; "Oh, by-the-way, Mary, no one has been here to-day? No lady to see me?"

"There was a lady to see the doctor; she was just possessed to see him. I told her he was down at the beach, and she was that upset," Mary said, smiling, "you'd 'a' thought there wasn't another doctor in Philadelphia!" Patients were still enough of a rarity to interest the whole friendly household.

"Who was she? What was she like? Did she give her name?" Mrs. Richie was breathless; the servant was startled at the change in her; fear, like a tangible thing, leaped upon her and shook her.

"Who was she?" Mrs. Richie said, fiercely.

The surprised woman, giving the details of that early call, was, of course, ignorant of the lady's name; but after the first word or two David's mother knew it. "Get me a time-table. Never mind my supper! I—I must see the lady. I think I know who she was. She wanted to see *me*, and I must find her. I know where she has gone. Hurry! Where is the new time-table?"

"She didn't ask for you, 'm," the bewildered maid assured her.

Mrs. Richie was not listening; she was turning the leaves of the Pathfinder with trembling fingers; somehow, somehow, she must get there, "*to-night!*"

she said to herself. To find a train to Normans was an immense relief, though it involved a fourteen-mile drive to Little Beach. She could not reach them—"them!" she was sure of it now—she could not reach them until nearly twelve, but she would be able to say that Elizabeth had spent the night with her.

The hour before the train started for Normans seemed endless to Helena Richie. She sent a despatch to Blair to say:

"I have found her. Do not come for her yet. This is imperative. Will telegraph you to-morrow."

After that she walked about, up and down, sometimes stopping to look out of the window into the rain-swept street, sometimes pausing to pick up a book; but, though she turned over the pages, she did not know what she read. She debated constantly whether she had done well to telegraph Blair. Suppose, in spite of her command, he should rush right on to Philadelphia—"then what!" she said to herself, frantically. If he found that Elizabeth had followed David down to the cottage, what would he do? There would be a scandal! And it was not David's fault. She had followed him. How like her to follow him, careless of everything but her own whim of the moment! She would have recalled the despatch if she could have done so. "If Robert were only here to tell me what to do!" she thought, realizing, even in her cruel alarm, how greatly she depended on him. As she thought of him the color rose sharply in her face; but the next moment she had forgotten him, and was counting the minutes before she could start for the station.

It was a great relief when she found herself at last on the little local train, rattling out into the rainy night. When she reached Normans it was not easy to get a carriage to go to Little Beach. No depot hack-driver would consider such a drive on such a night. She found her way through the rainy streets to a livery-stable, and, standing in the doorway of a little office that smelled of harnesses and horses, she bargained with a reluctant man, who, though polite enough to take his feet from his desk and stand up before a lady, told her point-blank that there wasn't no money, no, nor no woman,

that he'd drive twenty-eight miles for—down to the beach and back—on no such night as this; “but maybe one of my men might, if you'd make it worth his while,” he said, doubtfully.

“I will make it worth his while,” Mrs. Richie said.

“There's a sort of inlet between us and the beach, kind of a river, like; you'll have to ferry over,” the man warned her.

“Please get the carriage at once,” she said.

So the long drive began. It was very dark. At times the rain sheeted down so that little streams of water dripped on her from the top of the carryall, and the side curtains flapped so furiously that she could scarcely hear the driver grumbling that if he'd 'a' knowed what kind o' night it was he wouldn't 'a' undertook the job.

“I'll pay you double your price,” she said once, in a lull of the storm; and after that there was only the sheeting rain and the tugging splash of mud-loaded fetlocks. At the ferry there was a long delay. “The ferry-man's asleep, I guess,” the driver told her; certainly there was no light in the little weather-beaten house on the river-bank. The man clambered out from under the streaming rubber apron of the carryall, and, handing the wet reins back to her to hold—“that horse takes a notion to run sometimes,” he said, casually—made his way to the ferry-house. “Come out!” he said, pounding on the door; “tend to your business. There's a lady wants to cross!”

The ferry-man had his opinion of ladies who wanted to do such things in such weather; but he came, after what seemed to the shivering passenger an interminable time, and the carryall was driven onto the flat-bottomed boat. A minute later the creak of the cable and the slow rock of the carriage told her they had started. It was too dark to see anything, but she could hear the sibilant slap of the water against the side of the scow and the brush of rain on the river. Once the dripping horse shook himself, and the harness rattled and the old hack quivered on its sagging springs. She realized that she was cold; she could hear the driver and the ferry-man talking; there was the

blue spurt of a match, and a whiff of very bad tobacco from a pipe. Then a dash of rain blew in her face, and the smell of the pipe was washed out of the air.

It was after twelve when she stumbled up the path to her own house, and stood awaiting David's answer to her knock; when he opened the door to a gust of wet wind and her drawn, white face, he was stunned with astonishment. He never knew what answer he made to those first broken, frantic words; as for her, she did not wait to hear his answer. She ran past him and burst into the fire-lit silence that was still tingling with emotion. She saw Elizabeth rising, panic-stricken, from her chair. Clutching her shoulder, she looked hard into the younger woman's face; then, with a great sigh, she sank down into a chair.

“Thank God!” she said, faintly.

David, following her, stammered out, “How did you get here?” The full, hot torrent of passion of only a moment before had come to a crashing standstill. He could hardly breathe with the suddenness of it. His thoughts galloped. He heard his own voice as if it had been somebody else's, and he was conscious of his foolishness in asking his question; what difference did it make how she got here! Besides, he knew how: she had come over the mountains that day, taken the evening train for Norman's, and driven down here, fourteen miles—in this storm! “You must be worn out,” he said, involuntarily.

“I am in time; nothing else matters! David, go and pay the man. Here is my purse.”

He glanced at Elizabeth, hesitated, and went. The two women, alone, looked at each other for a speechless instant.

CHAPTER XXXIX

“YOU ought not to be here, you know,” Helena Richie said, in a low voice.

Elizabeth was silent.

“They are all very much frightened about you at home.”

“I am sorry they are frightened.”

“Your coming might be misunderstood,” David's mother said; her voice was very harsh; the gentle loveliness of her face had changed to an incredible



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"YOU OUGHT NOT TO BE HERE. YOU KNOW"



harshness. "I shall say I was here with you, of course; but you are insane, Elizabeth! you are insane to be here!"

"Mother," David said, quietly, "you mustn't find fault with Elizabeth." He had come back, and even as he spoke retreating wheels were heard. They were alone, these three, with the night and the ocean and the storm; there was no world to any of them outside that fire-lit room. "Elizabeth did exactly right to come down here to—to consult me," David said; "but we won't talk about it now; it's too late, and you are too tired."

Then, turning to Elizabeth, he took her hand. "Won't you go up-stairs now? You are as tired as Materna! But she must have something to eat before she goes to bed." Still holding her hand, he opened the door for her. "You know the spare room? I'm afraid it's rather in disorder, but you will find some blankets and things in the closet."

Elizabeth hesitated; then obeyed him.

David was entirely self-possessed by this time; in that moment while he stood in the rain, counting out the money from his mother's purse for the driver, and telling the man of a short cut across the dunes, the emotion of a moment before cooled into grim alertness to meet the emergency: *there must be no scene*. He must ignore his mother's evident agitation, and assume that the situation was perfectly commonplace, especially now—he laughed under his breath—that her presence preserved the proprieties! But for fear she should be so unwise as to begin any reproaches, he must get Elizabeth out of the room at once. As he slipped the bolt on the front door and hurried back to the two women, he said a single short word between his teeth. Yet he was not angry; he was only irritated—as one might be irritated at a good child whose ignorant innocence led it into meddling with matters beyond its comprehension. And he was not apprehensive; his mother's coming could not alter anything; it was merely an embarrassment and distress. What on earth should he do with her the next morning! "I'll have to lie to her," he thought, in consternation. David had never lied to his mother, and even in this self-absorbed moment he shrank from doing so. He was keenly disturbed, but as the door

closed upon Elizabeth he spoke quietly enough: "You are very tired, Materna; don't let's get to discussing things to-night. I'll bring you something to eat, and then you must go up to your room."

"There is nothing to discuss, David," she said; "of course Elizabeth ought not to have come down here to you. But I am here. To-morrow she will go home with me."

She had taken off her bonnet, and with one unsteady hand she brushed back the tendrils of her soft hair that the rain had tightened into curls all about her temples; the glow in her cheeks from the cold air was beginning to die out, and he saw, suddenly, the suffering in her eyes. But for the first time in his life David Richie was indifferent to pain in his mother's face; that calm declaration that Elizabeth would go home with her brushed the habit of tenderness aside and stung him into argument—which, a moment later, he regretted.

"You say she'll 'go home.' Do you mean that you will take her back to Blair Maitland?"

"I hope she will go to her husband."

"Why?" He was standing before her, his shoulder against the mantelpiece, his hands in his pockets; his attitude was careless, but his face was alert and hard; she no longer seemed a meddling good child; she was his mother, interfering in what was not her business. "Why?" he repeated.

"Because he is her husband," Helena Richie said.

"You know how he became her husband; he took advantage of an insane moment. The marriage has ended."

"Marriage can't end, David. Living together may end; but Blair is not unkind to Elizabeth; he is not unfaithful; he is not unloving—"

"No, my God! he is not. My poor Elizabeth!"

His mother, looking at the suddenly convulsed face before her, knew instantly that it was useless to pretend that this was only a matter of preserving appearances by her presence. "David," she said, "what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that she has done with that thief." As he spoke it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was best to have things out with her now; then in the

morning he would arrange it, somehow, so that she and Elizabeth should not meet;—for Elizabeth must not hear talk like this. Not that he was afraid of its effect; certainly this soft, sweet mother of his could not do what he had declared neither Blair Maitland, nor death, nor God himself could accomplish! But her words would make Elizabeth—well, uncomfortable. So he had better tell her now, and get it over. Also he would himself be spared the necessity of a lie the next morning; in the midst of his own intense discomfort, he was conscious of a sense of relief at that. “Mother,” he said, gently, “I was going to write to you about it, but perhaps I had better tell you now. . . . She is coming to me.”

“Coming to you!”

He sat down beside her, and took her hand in his; the terror in her face made him wince. For a moment he wished he had not undertaken to tell her; a letter would have been better. On paper, he could have reasoned it out calmly; now, her quivering face distressed him so that he hardly knew what he said.

“Materna, I am awfully sorry to pain you! I do wish you would realize that things *have* to be this way.”

“What way?”

“She and I have to be together,” he said, simply. “She belongs to me. When I keep her from going back to Blair I merely keep my own. Mother, can’t you understand?—there is something higher than man’s law, which ties a woman to a man she hates; there is God’s law, which gives her to the man she loves! Oh, I am sorry you came to-night! To-morrow I would have written to you. You don’t know how distressed I am to pain you, but—poor mother!”

She had sunk back in her chair with a blanched face. She said, faintly, “*David!*”

“Don’t let’s talk about it, Materna,” he said, pitifully. He could not bear to look at her; it seemed as if she had grown suddenly old; she was broken, haggard, with appalled eyes and trembling lips. “You don’t understand,” David said, greatly distressed.

Helena Richie put her hands over her face. “Don’t I?” she said. There was a long pause; he took her hand and stroked it gently, but in spite of tender-

ness for her he was thinking of that other hand, young and thrilling to his own, which he had held an hour before. His lips stung at the memory of it; he almost forgot his mother, cowering in her chair. Suddenly she spoke:

“Well, David, what do you propose to do? After you have seduced another man’s wife and branded Elizabeth with a—a dreadful name—”

His pity broke like a bubble; he struck the arm of his chair with a clenched hand. “You must not use such words to me! I will not listen to words that soil your lips and my ears! Will you leave this room or shall I?”

“Answer my question first: what do you mean to do after you have taken Elizabeth?”

“I shall marry her, of course. He will divorce her, and we shall be married.” He was trembling with indignation; he said to himself that no matter if she had taken a mother’s place to him almost all his life, he would never forgive her! “I will not submit to this questioning,” he said. He got up and opened the door. “Will you leave me, please?” he said, frigidly.

But she did not rise. She was bending forward, her hands gripped between her knees. Then, slowly, she raised her bowed head and there was authority in her face. “Wait. You must listen. You owe it to me to listen.”

He hesitated. “I owe it to myself not to listen to such words as you used a moment ago.” He was standing before her, his arms folded across his breast; there was no son’s hand put out now to touch hers.

“I won’t repeat them,” she said, “although I don’t know any others that can be used when a man takes another man’s wife, or when a married woman goes away with a man who is not her husband.”

“You drag me into an abominable position in making me even defend myself. But I will defend myself. I will explain to you that, as things are, Elizabeth cannot get a divorce from Blair Maitland. But if she leaves him for me, he will divorce her; and we can marry.”

“Perhaps he will not divorce her.”

“You mean out of revenge? I doubt if even he could be such a brute as that. But if he is, we will do without his di-

voice! We will do without the respectability that you think so much of."

"Nobody can do without it very long," she said, mildly. "But we won't argue about respectability; and I won't even ask you whether you will marry her, if she gets her divorce."

His indignation paused in sheer amazement. "No," he said; "I should hardly think that even you would venture to ask me such a question!"

"I will only ask you, my son, if you have thought how you would smirch her name by such a process of getting possession of her?"

"Oh," he said, despairingly, "what is the use of talking about it? I can't make you understand!"

"Have you considered that you will ruin Elizabeth?" she insisted.

"You may call happiness 'ruin,' if you want to, mother. We don't—she and I."

"I suppose you wouldn't believe me if I told you it wouldn't be happiness?"

Her question was too absurd to answer. Besides, he was determined not to argue with her; argument would only prolong this futile and distressing interview. So, holding in the leash of respect for her contempt for her opinions, he listened, with strained and silent patience to what she had to say of duty and endurance. It all belonged, he thought, to her generation and to her austere goodness; but from his point of view it was childish. When at last he spoke, in answer to an insistent question as to whether Elizabeth realized how society would regard her course, his voice as well as his words showed his entire indifference to her whole argument. "Yes," he said; "I have pointed out to Elizabeth the fact that though our course will be in accordance with a law that is infinitely higher than the laws that people like you consider, yet, as you say, there will be fools who will throw mud at her."

"A 'higher law,'" she said, slowly. "Yes; I have heard of the 'higher law,' David."

"That Elizabeth will obey it for me, that she is willing to expose herself to the contempt of little minds, makes me adore her! And I am willing, I love her enough, to accept her sacrifice—"

"Though you did not love her enough

to accept the trifling matter of her money?" his mother broke in.

Sarcasm from her was so totally unexpected that for a moment he did not realize that his armor had been pierced. "God knows I believe it is for her happiness," he said; then, suddenly, his face began to burn, and in an instant he was deeply angry.

"David," she said, "you seem very sure of God? You speak His name very often. Have you really considered Him in your plan?"

He smothered an impatient exclamation. "Mother, that sort of talk means nothing to me; and apparently my reason for my course means nothing to you. I can't make you understand—"

"I don't need you to make me understand," she interrupted him; "and your reason is older than you are; I guess it is as old as human nature: You want to be happy. That is your reason, David; nothing else."

"Well, it satisfies us," he said, coldly; "I wish you wouldn't insist upon discussing it, mother; you are tired, and—"

"Yes, I am tired," she said, with a gasp. "David, if you will promise me not to speak to Elizabeth of this until you and I can talk it over quietly—"

"Elizabeth and I are going away together, to-morrow."

"You shall not do it!" she cried.

His eyes narrowed. "I am not a boy, mother. I will do what seems to me right. Right?" he interrupted himself, despairingly; "why is it you cannot see that it is right! Can't you realize that Elizabeth is *mine*? It is amazing to me that you can't see that. That unspeakable scoundrel stole her; he stole her just as much as if he had drugged her and kidnapped her. I tell you, I take my own!"

His voice rang through the house; Elizabeth, in her room, shivering with excitement, wondering what they were saying, those two—heard the jar of furious sound, and crept, trembling, half-way down-stairs.

"I take my own," he said, "and I will make her happy; she belongs in my arms, if, my God! we die the next day!"

"Oh," said Helena Richie, suddenly sobbing, "what *am* I to do? what am I to do?" As she spoke Elizabeth entered. David's start of dismay, his quick pro-

test, "Go back, dear; don't, don't get into this!" was dominated by his mother's cry of relief; she rose from her chair and ran to Elizabeth, holding out entreating hands. "You will not let him be so mad, Elizabeth? You will not let him be so bad?"

"Mother, for Heaven's sake, stop!" David implored her; "this is awful!"

"He is not bad," Elizabeth said, in a low voice, passing those outstretched hands without a look. All her old antagonism to an untempted nature seemed to leap into her face. "I heard you talking, and I came down. I could not let you reproach David."

"Haven't I the right to reproach him?—to save him from dishonoring himself as well as you?"

"You must not use that word!" Elizabeth cried out, trembling all over. "David is not dishonorable."

"Not dishonorable! Do you say there is nothing dishonorable in taking the wife of another man?"

"Elizabeth," David said, quietly, putting his arm around her, "my mother is very excited. We are not going to talk any more to-night. Do go upstairs, dear." His one thought was to get her out of the room; it had been dreadful enough to struggle with his mother alone—power and passion and youth, against terror and weakness. But to struggle in Elizabeth's presence would be shocking. Not, he assured himself, that he had the slightest misgiving as to the effect upon her of the arguments to which he had been obliged to listen, but . . .

"Do leave us, dearest," he said, in a low voice; the misgiving which he denied had driven the color out of his face.

His mother raised her hand with abrupt command: "No; Elizabeth must hear what I have to say." She heard it unmoved; the entreaty not to wound her uncle's love and Nannie's pride and old Miss White's trust did not touch her. All she said was, "I am sorry; but I can't help it. David wants me." Then Helena Richie turned again to her son. "How do you mean to support your mistress, David? Of course the scandal will end your career."

Instantly Elizabeth quivered; her eyes turned toward his. The apprehension in

them made his words stumble: "There—there are other things than my profession. I am not afraid that I cannot support my wife."

But that flicker of alarm in Elizabeth's eyes had caught Helena Richie's attention. "Why, Elizabeth!" she said, in an astonished voice. "*You love him!*" Then she added, simply: "Forgive me." Her words were without meaning to the other two, but they brought a burst of hope into her entreaty: "Then you won't ruin him; I know you won't ruin my boy, if you love him!"

Elizabeth flinched; "David! I told you—that is what I—"

He caught her hand and pressed it to his mouth. "Darling, she doesn't understand."

"I *do* understand!" his mother said. She paused for a breathless moment, and stood gripping the table, looking with dilating eyes at these two, who loved each other and yet were preparing to murder Love. "I thank God," she said, panting, "that I understand!" The elation in her face was almost joy. "I understand the disgrace such wickedness will bring to him. No honest man will respect him, no decent woman will trust him! And listen, Elizabeth: even *you* will not really trust him; and he will never respect himself!"

Elizabeth slowly drew her hand from David's—and instantly he knew that he was frightened. What! Was he to lose her again? He shook with rage. When under that panic storm of words, that menace of distrust and disgrace, Elizabeth, in an agony of uncertainty, hid her face in her hands, David could have killed the robber who was trying to tear her from him. He burst into denunciation of the littleness which could regard their course in any other way than he did himself. He had no pity because his assailant was his mother. He gave no quarter because she was a woman; she was an enemy—an enemy who had stolen in out of the night to rob him of his lately won treasure. "Don't listen to her," he ended, hoarsely; "she doesn't know what she is talking about!"

"But, David, that was what I said. I said it would be bad for you; she says it will ruin you—"

"It is a lie!" he said.

It was nearly three o'clock. They were all at the breaking-point of anger and terror.

"Elizabeth," Helena Richie implored, "if you love him, are you willing to destroy him? You could not bear to have me, his mother, speak of his dishonor; how about letting the world speak of it, if you love him?"

"David," Elizabeth said again, her shaking hands on his arm; "you hear what she says? Perhaps she is right. Oh, I think she is right! What shall I do?"

The entreaty was the entreaty of a child, a frightened, bewildered child. Helena Richie caught her breath; for a single strange moment she forgot her agony of fear for her son; the woman in her was stronger than the mother in her; some obscure impulse ranged her with this girl, as if against a common enemy. "My dear, my dear!" she said, "he shall not have you. I will save you!"

But Elizabeth was not listening. "David, if I should injure you—"

"You will ruin him," Helena Richie repeated.

David gave her a deadly look. "You will kill me, Elizabeth, unless you come to me," he said, roughly. "Do you want to rob me again?—You've done it once," he flung at her; fear made him brutal.

There was a moment of silence. The eyes of the mother and son crossed like swords. Elizabeth, standing between them, shivered; slowly she turned to David, and held out her hands; then her open palms fell at her sides with a gesture of complete and pitiful surrender. "Very well, David. I won't do it again. I won't hurt you again. I will do whatever you tell me."

David caught her in his arms. His mother trembled with despair; the absolute immovability of these two was awful.

"Elizabeth, he is selfish and wicked! David, have you no manhood? Shame on you!" Contempt seemed her last resource, but it did not touch him. "David," she implored him; "wait two days; one day, even—"

"I told you we are going to-morrow," he said. He was urging Elizabeth gently from the room, but at his mother's voice she paused.

"Suppose," Helena Richie was saying

—"suppose that Blair does not give you a divorce?"

Elizabeth looked into David's eyes silently.

"And," his mother said, "when David gets tired of you—what then?"

"Mother!"

"Men do tire of such women, Elizabeth. What then?"

"I am not afraid of that," the girl said.

The room was very still. The two looking into each other's eyes needed no words; the battling mother had apparently reached the end of effort. Yet it was not the end. As she stood there a slow illumination grew in her face—the knowledge, tragic and triumphant, that if Love would save others, itself it cannot save! . . . "I am not afraid that he will tire of me," Elizabeth had said; and David's mother, looking at him with ineffable compassion, said, very gently:

"I was not afraid of that, once, myself."

That was all. She was standing up, clinging to the table; her face gray, her chin shaking. They neither of them grasped the sense of her words; then suddenly David caught his breath:

"What did you say?"

"I said—" She stopped. "Oh, my poor David, I wouldn't tell you if I could help it; if only there was any other way! But there isn't. I have tried, oh, I have tried every other way." She put her hands over her face for an instant, then looked at him. "David, I said that *I* was not afraid, once, myself, that *my* lover would tire of me." There was absolute silence in the room. "But he did, Elizabeth. He did. He did."

Then David said, "I don't understand."

"Yes you do; you understand that a man once talked to me just as you are talking to Elizabeth; he said he would marry me when I got my divorce. I think he meant it—just as you mean it, now. At any rate, I believed him. Just as Elizabeth believes you."

David Richie stepped back violently; his whole face shuddered. "You?" he said, "my mother? No!—no!—no!"

And his mother, gathering up her strength, cringing like some faithful dog

struck across the face, pointed at him with one shaking hand.

"Elizabeth!—did you see how he looked at me? *Some day your son will look that way at you.*"

CHAPTER XL

NO one spoke. The murmuring crash along the sands was suddenly loud in their ears, but the room was still. It was the stillness of finality; David had lost Elizabeth.

He knew it; but he could not have said why he knew it. Perhaps none of the great decisions of passion can at the moment say "why." Under the lash of some invisible whip, the mind leaps this way or that without waiting for the approval of Reason. Certainly David did not wait for it to know that all was over between him and Elizabeth. He did not reason—he only cringed back, his eyes hidden in his bent arm, and gasped out those words which, scourging his mother, arraigned himself. Nor was there any reason in Elizabeth's cry of "Oh, Mrs. Richie, I love you"; or in her run across the room to drop upon the floor beside David's mother, clasping her and pressing her face against the older woman's shaking knees. "I *do* love you—" Only in Helena Richie's mind could there have been any sort of logic. "This," her ravaged and exalted face seemed to say—"this was why he was given to me." Once he had told her that her goodness had saved him;—that night it had not availed, and God had used her sin! Aloud, all that she said was:

"David, don't, don't feel so badly. It isn't as if I were your own mother, you know; you needn't be so unhappy, David." Her eyes yearned over him. "You won't do it?" she said in a breathless whisper.

To himself he was saying: "It makes no difference! What difference can it possibly make? Not a particle; not a particle." Yet some deeper self must have known that the difference was made, for at that whispered question he seemed to shake his head. But Elizabeth, weeping, said:

"No; we won't—we won't! *Dear Mrs. Richie, I love you. David! Speak to her.*"

He got up with a stupid look, then his eye fell on his mother's face. "You are worn out," he said in a dazed way. "You'll come up-stairs now? Elizabeth, make her go up-stairs."

She was worn out; she nodded, with a sort of meek obedience, and put out her hand to Elizabeth. David opened the door for them and followed them up-stairs. Would his mother have this or that? Could he do anything? Nothing, nothing. No, Elizabeth must not stay with her, please; she would rather be alone. As he turned away she called to him, "Elizabeth and I will take the noon train, David."

And he said, "Yes, I will have a carriage here."

The door closed; on one side of it was the mother, exhausted almost to unconsciousness, yet elate, remembering no more the anguish for joy of what had been born out of it. On the other side these two, still ignorant—as the new-born always are—of the future to which that travail had pledged them. They stood together in the narrow upper hall and their pitiful eyes met in silence. Then David took her in his arms and held her for a long moment. Then he kissed her. She whispered, "Good-by, David." But he was speechless. He went with her to her own door, left her without a word, and went down-stairs.

In the empty living-room he looked about him; noticed that the table-cover was still crumpled from his mother's hands and smoothed it automatically; then he sat down. He had the sensation, spiritually, that a man might have physically whose face had been violently and repeatedly slapped. The swiftness of the confounding experiences of the last eight hours made him actually dizzy. His thoughts rushed to one thing, then to another. Elizabeth? No, no; he could not think of her yet. His mother? No, he could not think of her, either. It occurred to him that he was cold, and, getting up abruptly, he went to the fireplace and kicked the charred sticks of driftwood together over a graying bed of ashes. Then he heard a chair pushed back overhead and a soft, tired step, and wondered vaguely if his mother's room was comfortable. Reaching for the bellows, he knelt down and blew the reluctant embers

into a faint glow; when a hesitant flicker of flame caught the half-burned logs he got on his feet and stood, his fingers on the mantelpiece, his forehead on the back of his hand, watching the fire catch and crackle into cheerful warmth. He stood there for a long time. Suddenly his cheek grew rigid: some man, some *beast*, had—my God!—wronged Materna!

It was the first really clear thought; instantly some other thought must have sprung up to meet it, for he said, under his breath, "No, because I didn't mean . . . it is different with us; quite different!" The thought, whatever it was, must have persisted, for it stung him into restless movement. He began to walk about; once or twice he stumbled over a footstool, that his eyes, looking blindly at the floor, apparently did not see. Once he stood stock-still, the blood surging in his ears, his face darkly red. But his mind was ruthlessly clear. He was remembering; he was putting two and two together. She was a widow; he knew that. Her marriage had been unhappy; he knew that. There had been a man—he dimly remembered a man. He had not thought of him for twenty years! . . . "Damn him," David said, and the tears stood in his eyes. Then again that thought must have come to him, for he said to himself, violently, "But I *love* Elizabeth, it is different with me." Perhaps that persistent inner voice said, "In what way?" for he said again, "Entirely different! It is the only way to make him divorce her so we can be married." Again he stood still and stared blindly at the floor. That a man could live who would be base enough to take advantage of—*Materna*! Between rage and pity and confusion he almost forgot Elizabeth, until suddenly the whirl of his thoughts was pierced by the poignant realization that his outcry of dismay at his mother's confession had practically told Elizabeth that he was willing to let her do what he found unthinkable in his mother. His whole body winced with mortification. It was the first prick of the sword of shame—that sword of the Lord! Even while he reddened to his forehead the sword-thrust came again in a flash of memory. It was only a single sentence; neither argument nor entreaty

nor remonstrance; merely the statement of a fact: "*you did not love her enough to accept her money.*" At the time those ironical words were spoken they had scarcely any meaning to him, and what meaning they had was instantly extinguished by anger. Now abruptly they reverberated in his ears. He forgot his mother; he forgot the "beast," who was, after all, only the same kind of a beast that he was himself. "You, who could not accept a girl's money, could take her good name; could urge her to a course which in your mother overwhelms you with horror; could ask her to give you that which ranks a man who accepted it from your mother as a 'beast.'" David had never felt shame before; he had known mortification, and regret, too, to a greater or less degree; and certainly he had known remorse; he had experienced the futile rage of a man who realizes that he has made a fool of himself; these things he had known, as every man of nearly thirty years old must know them. Especially and cruelly he had known them when he understood the effect of the reasoning egotism of his letter upon Elizabeth. But the beneficent agony of shame he had never known until this moment.

In the next hour or two, while the flame of the lamp still burning on the table whitened in the desolating morning light that crept into the room, David Richie did not reason things out consecutively. His thoughts came without apparent sequence; sometimes he wondered, dully, if it were still raining; wondered how he would get a carriage in the morning; wondered if Elizabeth was asleep; wondered if she would go back to Blair Maitland? "No, no, no!" he said aloud; "not that; that can't be." Yet through all this disjointed thought his eyes, cleared by shame, saw Reason coming slowly up to explain and confirm his conviction that, whatever Elizabeth did or did not do, for the present he had lost her. And Reason, showing him his likeness to that other "beast," showing him his arrogance to his mother, his cruelty to his poor girl, his poor, pitiful Elizabeth! showed him something else: his assertions of his intrinsic right to Elizabeth—how much of their force was due to love for her,

how much to hatred of Blair? David's habit of corroborating his emotions by a mental process had more than once shackled him and kept him from those divine impetuosities that add to the danger and the richness of life; but this time the logical habit led him inexorably into deeper depths of humiliation. It was dawn when he saw that he had hated Blair more than he had loved Elizabeth. This was the most intolerable revelation of all; he had actually been about to use Love to express Hate!

Up-stairs Elizabeth had had her own vision; it was not like David's. There was no sense of shame. There was only Love! Love, pitiful, heart-breaking, remorseful. When David left her she sank down on the edge of her bed and cried—not for disappointment or dread or perplexity, not for herself, not for David, but for Helena Richie. Once she crept across the hall and listened at the closed door. Silence. Then she pushed it open and listened again. Oh, to go to her, to put her arms about her, to say, "I will be good, I will do whatever you say, I love you." But all was still except for soft, scarcely heard, tranquil breathing. For David's mother slept.

When Elizabeth came down the next morning it was to the crackle of flames and the smell of coffee and the sight of David scorching his face over toasting bread. It was so commonplace and unheroic that it was almost heroic, for it meant that they could keep on the surface of life. David said, simply, "Did you get any sleep, Elizabeth?" and she said: "Well, not much. Here, let me make the toast; you get something for your mother." But when she carried a little tray of food up to Mrs. Richie, and kneeling by the bedside took the soft, mother-hand in hers, she went below the surface.

"I am going back to him," she said; and put Mrs. Richie's hand against her lips.

David's mother gave her a long look, but she had nothing to say.

Later, as they came down-stairs together, Elizabeth, still holding that gentle hand in hers, felt it tremble when Helena Richie met her son. Perhaps his trembled, too. Yet his tenderness and con-

sideration for her, as he told her how he had arranged for her journey to town, was almost ceremonious; it seemed as if he dared not come too near her. It was not until he was helping her into the carriage that he made any reference to the night before:

"I have given her up," he said, almost in a whisper, "but she can't go back to him, you know; that can't be. Mother, that can't be?"

But she was silent. Then Elizabeth came up behind him and got into the carriage; there were no good-bys between them.

"I shall come to town to-morrow on the noon train," he told his mother; and she looked at him as one looks at another human creature who turns his face toward the wilderness. There was nothing more that she could do for him; he must hunger and know how he might be fed; he must hear the whisper that if he broke the Law, angelic hands would prevent the Law from breaking him; he must see the kingdom he desired, and its easy price. He must save himself.

Elizabeth, groping for Mrs. Richie's hand, held it tightly in hers, and the old carriage began its slow tug along the road that wound in and out among the dunes. . . .

The story of David and Elizabeth and Blair pauses here.

Or perhaps one might say it begins here. A decision such as was reached in the little house by the sea is not only an end, it is also a beginning. In their bleak certainty that they were parted, David and Elizabeth had none of that relief of the dismissal of effort which marks the end of an experience. Effort was all before them, for the decision not to change conditions did not at the moment change character; and it never changed temperaments. Elizabeth was as far from self-control on the morning after that decision as she had been in the evening that preceded it. There had to be many evenings of rebellion, many mornings of taking up her burden; the story of them begins when she knew, without reasoning about it, that the hope of escape from them had ceased.

Because of those gray hours of dawn and shame and self-knowledge, love did



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"I HAVE GIVEN HER UP," HE SAID, ALMOST IN A WHISPER

not end in David, nor did he cease to be rational and inarticulate; there had to be weeks of silent, vehement refusal to accept the situation: something must be done! Elizabeth must get a divorce "somehow"! It would take time, a long time, perhaps; but she must get it, and then they would marry. There had to be weeks of argument: "why should I sacrifice my happiness to 'preserve the ideal of the permanence of marriage'?" There had to be weeks of imprisonment in himself before a night came when his mother woke to find him at her bedside: "mother — mother — mother," he said. What else he said, how in his agonizing dumbness he was able to tell her that she was the mother, not, indeed, of his body, but of his soul—was only for her ears; what his face, hidden in her pillow, confessed, the quiet darkness held inviolate. This silent man's experiences of shame and courage began that night when, in the firelit room, besieged by darkness and the storm, that other experience ended.

Blair's opportunity—the divine opportunity of sacrifice—had its beginning in that same desolate End. But there had to be endless days of refusing to recognize any opportunity—life had not trained him to such courageous recognition! There had to be days when the magnanimity of his prisoner in returning to her prison was unendurable to him. There had to be months before, goaded by his god, he urged his hesitating manhood to abide by the decision of chance whether or not he should offer her her freedom. There even had to be days of deciding just what the chance should be!

There had to be for these three people, caught in the mesh of circumstance, time for growth and for hope, and that is why their story pauses just when the angel has troubled the water. The impulses and the resolutions that had their beginnings in that End are like circles that must spread and spread and spread until they touch Eternity. At first the circles were not seen; only the turmoil in the pool when the angel touched the water. And how dark the water was with the sediment of doubt and fear and loss in the days that followed that decision which was the beginning of all the circles!

Robert Ferguson and David's mother used to wonder how they could any of

them get through the next few months. "But good is going to come out of it somehow," Helena Richie said once.

"Oh, you mean 'character' and all that sort of thing," he said, sighing. "I tell you what it is, I'm a lot more concerned about my child's happiness than her 'character.' Elizabeth is good enough for me as she is."

David's mother had no rebuke for him; she looked at him with pitying eyes; he was so very unhappy in his child's unhappiness! She herself was doing all she could for the "child"; she was in Mercer most of that winter. "No, I won't hire the house," she told the persistent landlord; "I can't afford it; I'm only here for a few days at a time. No, you *sha'n't* lower the rent! Robert, Robert, what shall I do to keep you from being so foolish? I wouldn't live there if you gave me the house! I want to stay at the hotel and be near Elizabeth."

In her frequent visits in those next few months she grew very near to Elizabeth; it was a wonderfully tender relation, full of humility on both sides.

"I never knew how good you were, Mrs. Richie," Elizabeth said.

"I never really understood you, dear child," Helena Richie confessed. She drew near Blair, too; she knew how he had borne the story Elizabeth told him when she came back to Mercer; she knew the recoil of anger and jealousy, then the reaction of cringing acceptance of the fact; she knew his passionate efforts, as the winter passed, to buy his way into his wife's friendship by doing everything he fancied might please her. She knew why he asked Mr. Ferguson to find a place for him in the Works; and why he induced Nannie to take the money he believed to be his, and build a hospital. "He is going to use the old house for it," Mrs. Richie told Mr. Ferguson; "well, it's one way of getting Nannie out of it, though I'm afraid he'll have to turn the workmen in and rebuild over her head before he can move her."

"It's the bait in the trap," Robert Ferguson said, contemptuously.

"Well, suppose it is? Can you blame him for trying to win her?"

"He'll never succeed. If he was half-honest he would have offered to let

her go in the first place. If he expects any story-book business of 'duty creating love' he'll come out the small end of the horn."

"I suppose he hopes," she admitted. But she sighed. She knew those hopes would never be realized, and she felt the pain of that poor, selfish, passionate heart until her own heart ached. Yes, of course he ought to "offer to let her go." She knew that as well as Elizabeth's uncle himself. "And he will," she said to herself. Then her face was softly illuminated by the lambent flame of some inner serenity: "But she won't go!"

Those were the days when Blair would not recognize his opportunity. It was not because it was not pointed out to him.

"I'm certain that a divorce could be fixed up some way," Robert Ferguson said once, "and I hinted as much to him. I told him she couldn't endure the sight of him."

"Do you call that a hint?"

"Well, he didn't take it, anyway. Of course, if nothing moves him, I suppose I can shoot him?"

She smiled. "You won't have to shoot him. He is very unhappy. Wait."

"For a change of heart? It will never come! No, the marriage was a travesty from the beginning, and I ought to have pulled her out of it. I did suggest it to her, but she said she was going to stick it out like a man."

Blair was indeed unhappy. His god was tormenting him by contrasting Elizabeth's generosity with his selfishness. It was then that he saw, terror-stricken, his opportunity. He tried not to see it. He denied it, he struggled against it; yet all the while he was drawn by an agonized curiosity to consider it. Finally, with averted eyes, he held out shrinking hands to chance, to see if opportunity would fall into them. This was some six months after she had come back to him; six months, on her part, of clinging to Mrs. Richie's strength; of wondering if David, working hard in Philadelphia, was beginning to be happier; of wondering if Blair was really any happier for her weariness of soul. Six months, on Blair's part, of futile moments of hope, because Elizabeth seemed a little kinder; "perhaps she's beginning to care!" he would say to himself; six months of agonizing

jealousy when he knew she did not care; of persistent, useless endeavors to touch her heart; of endless small, pathetic sacrifices; of endless small, pathetic angers and repentances. "Blair," she used to say, with wonderful patience, after one of these glimmerings of hope had arisen in him because of some careless amiability on her part, "I am sorry to be unkind; I wish you would get over caring about me, but all I can do *ever* is just to be friends. No, I don't hate you. Why should I hate you? You didn't wrong me any more than I wronged you. We are just the same; two bad people. But I'm trying to be good, truly I am; and—and I'm sorry for you, Blair, dear. That's all I can say."

It was after one of those miserable discussions between the husband and wife that Blair had gone out of the hotel with violent words of despair. He never knew just where he spent that day—certainly not in the office at the Works; but, wherever it was, it brought him face to face with his opportunity. Should he accept it? Should he refuse it? He said to himself that he could not decide. Perhaps he was right; he had shirked decisions all his life; perhaps so great a decision was impossible for him. At any rate, he thought it was. Something must decide for him. What should it be? All that afternoon he tried to make a small decision which should settle the great decision. Of course, he might pitch up a penny? no, the swiftness of such judgment seemed beyond endurance; he might say: "if it rains before noon, I'll let her go"; then he could watch the skies, and meet the decision gradually; no; it rained so often in March! If when he got back to the hotel he found her wearing this piece of jewelry or that; if the grimy pigeon, teetering up and down on the granite coping across the street, flew away before he reached the next crossing. . . . On and on his mind went, jibing away, terrified, from each suggestion; then returning to it again. It was dusk when he came back to the hotel. David's mother was sitting with Elizabeth, and they were talking idly of Nannie's new house, or Cherry-pie's bad cold, or anything but the one thing that was always on their minds, when, abruptly, Blair entered. He flung

open the door with a bang,—then stood stock-still on the threshold. He was very pale, but the room was so shadowy that his pallor was not noticed.

"Why are you sitting here in the dark!" he cried out, violently. "Why don't you light the gas? Good God!" he said, almost with a sob. Elizabeth looked at him in astonishment; before she could reply that she and Mrs. Richie liked the dusk and the firelight, he saw that she was not alone, and burst into a loud laugh: "Mrs. Richie here? How appropriate!" He came forward into the circle of flickering light, but he seemed to walk unsteadily and his face was ghastly. The two ladies exchanged a startled look. Blair's gentleness had never failed David's mother before; she thought, with consternation, that he had been drinking. Perhaps her gravity checked his reckless mood, for he said more gently: "I beg your pardon; I didn't see you, Mrs. Richie. I was startled because everything was dark. Outer darkness! Please don't go," he ended; "it's so appropriate for you to be here!" Again his voice was sardonic. Mrs. Richie said, coldly, that she had been just about to return to her own room. As she left them, she said to herself anxiously that she was afraid there was something the matter. She would have been sure of it had she stayed in the twilight with the husband and wife.

"I'll light the gas," Elizabeth said, rising. But he caught her wrist.

"No! No! there's no use lighting up now." As he spoke he pulled her down on his knee. "Elizabeth, is there no hope?" he said; "none? *none?*" She was silent. He leaned his forehead on her shoulder for a moment, and she heard that dreadful sound—a man's weeping. Then suddenly, roughly, he flung his arms about her, and kissed her violently—her face, her eyes, her neck; the next moment he pushed her from his knee. "Why, why did you sit here in the dark to-night? I never knew you sit in the dark!" He left her, standing amazed and offended, her hair ruffled, the lace about her throat in disorder; at the window, his back turned to her, he flung over his shoulder: "Look here—you can go. I won't hold you any longer. I suppose your uncle can

fix it up; some damned legal quibble will get you out of it. I—I'll do my part."

Before she could ask him what he meant he went out. He had accepted his opportunity!

But it was not until the next day that she really understood.

"He told her," Mrs. Richie told Robert Ferguson that night, "that he will take Nannie and go abroad indefinitely; she can call it desertion. Yes; on Nannie's money, of course; how else could he go? Oh, my poor Blair!"

"'Poor Blair'? He deserves all he gets," Elizabeth's uncle said, after his first astonishment. Then, in spite of himself, he was sorry for Blair. "I suppose he's hard hit," he said, grudgingly, "but as for 'poor Blair,' I don't believe it goes very deep with him. You say he was out of temper because she had not lighted up, and told her she could go? Rather a casual way of getting rid of a wife."

"Robert, how can you be so unjust?" she reproached him. "Oh, perhaps he will be a man yet! How proud his mother would be."

"My dear Helena, one swallow doesn't make a summer." Then, a little ashamed of his harshness, he added, "No, he'll never be very much of a person; but he's his mother's son, so he can't be all bad; he'll just wander round Europe, with Nannie tagging on behind, enjoying himself more or less harmlessly."

"Robert," she said, softly, "I'm not sure that Elizabeth will accept his sacrifice."

"What! Not accept it? Nonsense! Of course she'll accept it. I should have doubts of her sanity if she didn't. If Blair had been half as much of a man as his mother, he'd have made the 'sacrifice,' as you call it, long ago. Helena, you're too extreme. Duty is well enough, but don't run it into the ground."

Mrs. Richie was silent.

"Don't you agree with me?"

"No."

"Helena, you *know* she ought to leave him!"

"If every woman left unpleasant conditions—mind, he isn't unkind or wicked—what would become of us, Robert?"

Elizabeth's uncle would not pursue her logic; his face suddenly softened: "Well,

David will come to his own at last! I wonder how soon after the thing is fixed up (*if it can be fixed up*) they can marry?"

The color rose sharply in her face.

"You think they won't?" he exclaimed.

"I hope not. Oh, I hope not!"

"Why not?" he said, affronted.

"Because I don't want them to do what seems to me wrong."

"Wrong! If the law permits it, you can't say 'wrong.'"

"I think it is," she said, timidly; then tried to explain that it seemed to her that no one, just for his own happiness, should do a thing which would injure the ideals by which the rest of us live. "I don't express it very well," she said, flushing; "but, besides that, I think we ought to take the consequences of our sins. I think they ought, all three of them, to just try and make the best of things.—Robert, did it ever strike you, that making the best of things was one way of entering the Kingdom of Heaven?"

"That's high talk; well enough for angels; but no men and mighty few women are angels. I," he interrupted himself, hurriedly, "don't like angel women myself."

She smiled sadly.

"Helena," he said, gently, "do you mind telling me how you finally brought 'em to their senses that night? Don't if you'd rather not."

Her face quivered. "I would rather," she said. "There was only one way; I . . . told them, Robert."

There was a moment of silence, then Robert Ferguson blew his nose. "You are an angel, after all," he said. He twitched his glasses off, and began to polish them; then he lifted a ribbon falling from her waist, and kissed it.

"I want you to know," she said, "that I shall not try to influence either David or Elizabeth. They both know what I think, and I know they will do what they think right; it may not be *my* right—"

"It won't be," he told her, dryly. "Once a man is free to marry his girl, mothers take a back seat."

She smiled wisely.

He gave his snort of a laugh. "Oh, you can smile; but, my dear Helena, the apron-string won't do for a man who is thirty years old. Yes, they'll do as they choose, in spite of either you or me—and I know what it will be!"

"Poor Blair," she said, sighing. "Robert, if she leaves him you will be kind to him, won't you? He's never had a chance—"

But he was not thinking of Blair; he was looking into her face, and suddenly his own face moved with emotion: "Helena, don't be obstinate any longer, dear. We have so little time left! I don't ask you to love me, but just marry me, Helena."

"Oh, my dear Robert—"

"Will you?"

"If I lived here," she said breathlessly, "my boy could not come to see me."

"Is that the reason you say no?"

She was silent.

"Will you?" he said again.

Her voice was so low he could hardly hear her answer: "No."

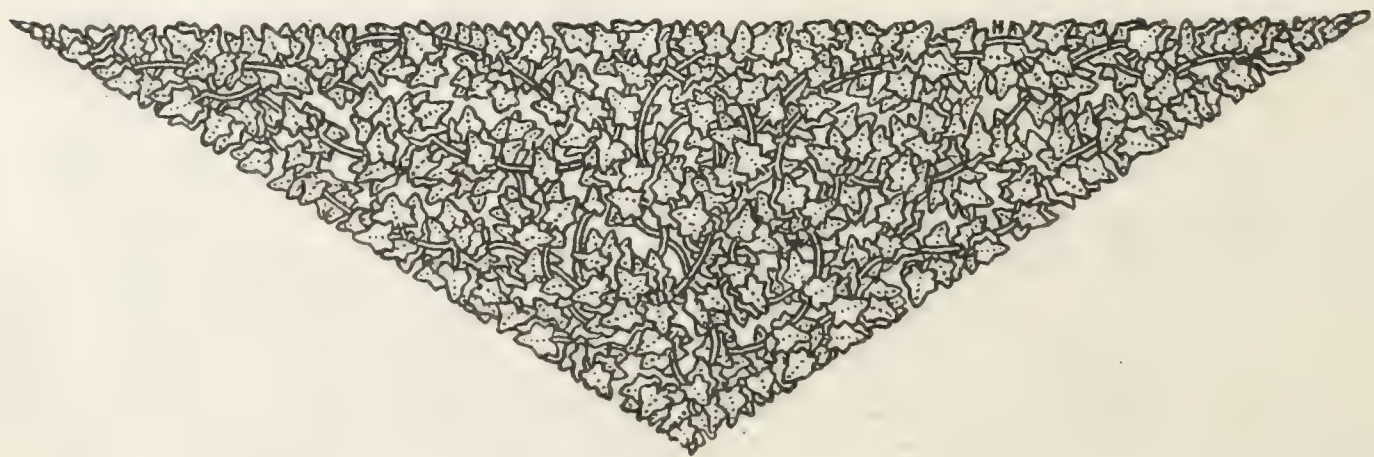
And at that his face glowed with sudden, amazed assurance. "Why," he cried, "*you love me!*"

She looked at him beseechingly. "Robert, please—"

"Life has been good to me, after all," he said, joyously; "I've got what I don't deserve!"

Helena was silent.

[THE END]



The Plain Two-Cent Letter

BY LUCY PRATT

THE June twilight crept softly along the highways and byways in the little, lazy village of Greenbush, and Martelia Flagg sat on her leaf-covered porch and looked off at the "South Meadows." Her handkerchief lay in suggestive readiness on her lap, but, in spite of a perhaps seeming forethought, Martelia had not come out on the porch to cry. Martelia never planned to cry. When she cried it was because the tears were wrung out from her against her will. She had wandered out on the porch because she didn't know what else to do. The supper dishes were done, it wasn't time to light up, and she was lonesome. She wanted her brother William. And with slow persistence his face came back to her as it had looked that afternoon in its stiffly flower-trimmed casket. It had lain there very quietly under her own long, quiet, last look. Was this peaceful physical mask that she looked at symbolic of a real peace somewhere for the real William, the joyous, noisy, living William, whom she had protected with her comfortable, housewifely little ways for so many years? It hardly seemed to her that she could endure it not to know that William was comfortable now. She could go on alone herself, it wasn't that, but not to know—surely—just how it was with him! She pressed her hand to her high, worn forehead, where the gray hair fell softly, and her eyes looked absently at the meadows, full of an unexpressed pain.

And up and down the little village the principal subject of discussion, as Martelia sat there, was what was to become of her. What would she do? William Flagg hadn't left a cent of money behind him. They all knew that. They knew that William hadn't any money to leave. He had always worked hard on the farm; there were lines on his round, twinkling face that suggested risings with the sun

in summer and without the sun in winter; but for all that, they knew that William was "never any hand to save." Martelia knew it only too well. She knew more. "He was never any hand to make—let alone saving."

And back of all her other troubled thoughts was always the question which kept repeating and repeating itself. What was going to become of her now? And with a vision of details always clear in her practical mind, she thought of the pantry, with its fair allowance of food and its flour-barrel still perhaps a quarter full; of the hens that were laying three or four eggs a day, of the piece of meadow-land, green with tender new tobacco and corn that must be sold to pay the doctors' bills, and of the cows that were already sold. William had never known about that. She was glad that he hadn't. It was only when they talked about the operation and another nurse that, with the desperation of necessity upon her, she had gone to work and sold both the cows. Oh, that had been an expensive and cruel illness, and out of it she had come with deeper lines across her forehead, a helpless realization that it was all over, and a clear knowledge that there was nothing left for her to live on.

A breeze fanned across the meadow as she meditated, and blew up to her in gentle gusts, just stirring the gray hair over the troubled forehead. She turned her head at the sound of approaching steps. It was her old neighbor, Eben Moore, and he came along the soft earth walk which ran in front of the house. He hesitated a moment before turning into the little path leading to the steps, but it was only for a moment, and then he came slowly, steadily on again.

"Good - evening, Eben." Martelia's voice was even to colorlessness, but she looked at the new-comer with a serious directness. "Won't you sit down?"

Eben glanced questioningly at the steps below him. He was painfully going over again in his mind the events of the afternoon, Martelia's part in them, Martelia's present pain, Martelia's future perplexities. It was a real grief to Eben, this sorrow which had come to Martelia, and he wanted very much to express something of his feeling to her. His mind groped hesitatingly for a moment, and then he cleared his throat and sat down on one of the lower steps.

"It's some cooler this evening," he declared, with a quite accidental-sounding cheerfulness in his voice.

Martelia's eyes wandered, with a shade of uneasiness in them, from his half-turned face.

"Yes," she agreed, with a perceptible cheerlessness of tone.

A painful longing to make her understand his sympathy—to make her entirely, perfectly understand—clutched at Eben's heart. He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose with careless brevity.

"We may get a shower yet, though," he added, again clearing his throat.

"I hope if it's going to rain it 'll get through before Thursday," observed Martelia, in perfectly safe, middle tones.

Eben glanced at her but momentarily, and his curiosity was well concealed.

"I'm going up to Lynne Thursday for a little visit with Julia."

Eben's surprise seemed to leak out round the edges and corners, as it were, as he looked straight up at Martelia.

"I don't see my way clear to going, but she's so set on my having the change that I had to give in to it."

"Well, I guess it 'll do you good!" came the final agreement. "It ain't been any too easy a stretch for you since last Christmas. I guess your sister's got the brains to see that."

He felt delightfully lubricated, limbered up, so to speak, after this long and positive affirmation, and Martelia glanced at him responsively.

"I suppose the change won't do me any hurt, but it 'll seem strange. I don't know how it 'll feel to go away."

"You've always been a great hand to stay right at home, ain't you?" observed Eben, in half-admiring tones. "Well, I don't know as I blame you; I'm considerable of a stay-at-home myself."

"It's nineteen years this coming August since I've really been off visitin'. That was the summer after Julia married and went to Lynne to live."

"Yes—seem 's if I remembered that," agreed Eben, softly.

"Yes," echoed Martelia, "she was possessed to have me go up and see the new house and all, and I stayed a fortni't. I guess it's changed some since then. And of course her bein' alone 'll make it seem diff'rent. George is off at the poultry show in Westboro, and visitin' his mother at the same time, so we'll be pretty much to ourselves."

Eben meditated. "Lynne's a nice town, they say," he finally ventured, humbly. "Was you planning to stay about a fortni't this time?"

"I ain't really made my plans," replied Martelia, with the suggestion of a quaver in her voice.

Eben looked steadily at the meadow, and Martelia struggled with herself. Should she say it?

"What I'd like would be to get some kind—of a place," she broke out, weakly.

Eben continued to look at the meadow.

"Some kind of easy work—out somewheres?" He tried to make his voice so very easy and unsurprised.

"I don't know so much—about it's being easy. But—something to do. I—I guess I've got to get something to do."

Eben's thoughts fought one another desperately, lamely. For a long time Eben had wanted to marry Martelia. He had wanted to for almost twenty years. And in that time he had always waited for what seemed to him just the right and proper opportunity of saying so to her—without causing her any sudden and embarrassing discomfort, any rude and startling surprise. Had that opportunity come at last in the form of a sorrow which took her out of the realm of even that possibility?

"What kind of—what kind of work was you thinking of?" he asked, with hesitating gentleness.

"I don't know as it's for me to say; I guess I'm ready to do most anything—that's self-supportin'. I didn't ever make any plans for it. I wouldn't ever supposed I'd be left alone like this—without William."

"There wouldn't anybody supposed

so," murmured Eben, out of the chaos of his battling thoughts. . . . "Would you—do you think you'd take to—well, to bein' a housekeeper, or anything like that—if you could find just the right kind of folks?"

"I suppose I could do that better than most anything else; it's about all I've ever done—housekeepin'—and I guess it's about all I know how to do extra well."

"I was thinkin' of Daniel Wright—"

"Daniel Wright," she echoed, passively—"up at Pemberton?"

"Yes; I heard last week Daniel's housekeeper's left him. Would you take to doin' anything like that—would you care anything about housekeepin' for Daniel?" His tone was one admirably adapted to a child confronted by something disagreeable. He watched the sudden shrinking on her worn, delicate face.

"Yes, I'd be willin' to do housekeepin' for Daniel Wright," she answered, slowly.

"I was goin' to drive up there to-morrow to look over some cattle. I'll see Daniel, if you say so."

She looked down at him a moment without answering, and then her words seemed to feel their way along in a brave effort at reasonableness.

"I'd be much obliged to you if you would, Eben. As I told you just now, it ain't a time for me to be tellin' what I'll do or what I won't do; it's—what can I get to do." Her voice floundered and dropped onto a helpless sort of pause. Eben had an overwhelming desire to take her in his arms and tell her not to worry—not to worry, that he would take care of her always—all the rest of his life! Hadn't the time come? How would she take it? She would be glad! No, she wouldn't be glad; yes, she would be glad, no—his thoughts trailed off weakly. Who was he, to startle her with anything like that?

"I'll come over and let you know about it as soon 's I get home to-morrow," he murmured, getting up from the low step and turning into the little path which led to the sidewalk. "Of course, Daniel may have got somebody before now, or he may have got his eye on somebody, but 'twon't do any harm to inquire."

"I'd be much obliged to you, Eben."

He paused a moment, looking back at her, as the breeze from the meadows

fanned her gently and stirred the leaves which hung around her on the porch. "Well, I guess I'll have to be goin' back," he said.

"Yes, I s'pose it's most bedtime, but it's so warm it's pleasant to sit out. Listen to the frogs singin'!"

"That's so; they're makin' consid'able of a rumpus, ain't they; well—"

"Good-night, Eben." She was accustomed to helping him over hard places like that. And she watched him as he moved noiselessly along the soft earth sidewalk till he wavered dimly and then faded under the shadow of the big elm at the turning.

"Eben was always good—like that!" she meditated, her hand reaching out quickly for the handkerchief on her lap. "I wonder how I'd like—bein' housekeeper!"

She wondered about it all night, and the next day it was still going round in her mind, round and round in a circle which had neither beginning nor end. It was not until evening, when she again hung over her little pile of supper dishes in the kitchen, that it seemed to suddenly stop going round, and she looked up in relief. Eben was standing there in the kitchen door, his eyes traveling toward her with vague uneasiness.

"Oh, sit down, Eben," encouraged Martelia. "I was just finishing up the dishes."

He watched her as she picked up a hot teacup draining on a carefully spread towel and wiped it with another towel, stiff with air and soap-suds. "It won't take me but a minute now."

Eben still hovered in the open doorway, his hand resting on the door-jamb just above his head. Outside the birds piped drowsily, and the leaves of a butter-nut-tree waved sleepily in the creeping twilight.

"About Daniel Wright—" began Eben, his voice groping its way softly across the room to her.

"Did you see him?" encouraged Martelia, steadily.

"Why, yes, I saw him. He seemed favorable to you, but there's—there's a party he's waitin' to hear from."

"Some one that's considerin' the place?"

"Well, yes, I judge she's kind o' half considerin' it—but Daniel didn't seem to

put much stock in her, either. She ain't much to get, I guess—an' I don't think he's really lookin' for her to take it." He paused cautiously. "He's goin' to let you know by next week," he added.

Martelia took up a last remaining spoon and held it thoughtfully for a moment in the dampened, sun-dried towel. "An' here I am goin' to Lynne tomorrow! 'Twon't do to keep him waitin' for his letter to go round Robin Hood's barn like that."

"Well, I s'pose I oughter told him about that," apologized Eben, "but he was feelin' kind of irritable over bein' without anybody for so long—and I thought 'twan't best to bother him by confusin' him any." He looked slowly at Martelia. "I don't know as you'd really like, anyway—" he ventured, gently. "David gits more cranky and irritable as he gits on in years."

"I wouldn't be surprised," agreed Martelia, going to the pantry with the little pile of dishes, "but it ain't for me to pick and choose. I suppose he'll want me to write him my answer just as soon 's his letter comes—supposin', of course, the other party don't want the place."

"I s'pose he does. He says—well, he says he wants you to write him your answer the same day for sure. I oughter 'a' told him about your goin' to Lynne," added Eben, humbly.

"Of course I could have his letter sent right up to Lynne special deliv'ry. I s'pose I'd get it the same day that way."

"That's it," declared Eben, admiringly; "that's better'n confusin' him about the address. Tell Ashael if anything comes from Pemberton to have it sent right on special."

"An' I don't know as I want Ashael figurin' over the Pemberton postmark, either. I'd sooner tell him send ev'rything that comes special than have him makin' his guesses that way. I ain't lookin' for anything else, anyway."

"Well, leave it like that, then. Ashael 'll be glad enough to accomodate you. Don't you want me to stop in an' tell him about it?"

"No, I'll stop in on my way to the depot and tell him."

Eben hovered in the doorway, through which the sounds of the piping birds came more and more faintly.

"Are you all packed up for startin'?"

"Yes; I finished packin' my trunk yesterday. Hiram's comin' for it in the mornin' about eight, and I'll ride to the depot with him."

Eben moved several steps into the kitchen and looked silently at Martelia through the darkening light.

"I hope you ain't goin' to feel obliged to take up with David's offer if it comes," he began, with an unhappy realization of helplessness; "it might not be—any too easy a job for you."

"I told you before it ain't for me to pick and choose. As I'm left, there ain't anybody to take care of me—so I guess—I guess I'll take care of myself."

Eben moved a step nearer.

"Would you—you oughter 'a' got married," he whispered, huskily. He could just see her delicate, tired face through the soft shadows which seemed to hang between them. He could see the little, startled response which touched it at his words.

"Mebbe you're better off not to be, though." His voice came with brief naturalness again. "Well—" He moved back to the open door.

"Well, good-night," encouraged Martelia, "and good-by if I don't see you again."

He turned and looked back at her, his hands hanging loosely at his sides.

"Good-by," he echoed, glancing out at the dark trees in an awkward effort at perfect ease. "Well—if you decide on goin' to Pemberton I hope you'll like—" He stumbled a little as he made his way down the low steps in the dim light, and then he moved slowly across the yard, while the last, faint, final pipings died away in the trembling branches, and Martelia watched him, as she had the evening before, while he turned to the sidewalk and then traveled on until he was lost again under the shadow of the big elm at the turning.

Sister Julia felt a certain amount of self-satisfaction and elation at her success in getting Martelia safely settled in Lynne, and it was on Julia's own trig porch that they both rocked comfortably the next evening, while a neatly set house or two looked back at them confidingly from the other side of the street. It was



Drawn by Emil Pollak Ottendorff

EBEN STILL HOVERED IN THE OPEN DOORWAY

a cozy, compact little town, and Martelia swayed restfully, while Julia talked as her rockers creaked.

"Yes, I suppose it's changed some since you were here," she declared for the third time; "and yet, after all, it ain't the kind of a town that would ever change very *much*. There's about the same families here that there was twenty years ago, take 'em all in all. Of course death makes changes, but it's the same kind of folks that's left, too. It must be strange to live in a city where you don't know scarcely anybody," she added, musingly.

"Yes, it must be awful lonesome," agreed Martelia, fresh from the sleeping highways and byways of Greenbush and the South Meadows, where the tender, growing things were still trembling soundlessly up into life.

"It can't be any satisfaction at all, not knowin' folks," reasoned Julia; "why, in Lynne, it ain't only that you *know* folks, but you know what *happens* to 'em. Now, take it this mornin', Mis' Holland lost Spot, the black-an'-tan she's had since he was a puppy. Well, by noon there wa'n't scarcely anybody in town but what knew Spot was lost, and was on the lookout for him."

"Did they find him?" questioned Martelia, interestedly.

"Oh yes, land! they found him. He was visitin' Mis' Porter, and they might 'a' known it at the beginnin'. She's always made consid'able of him, and he feels about the same as at home there, I guess. She laffed when she found out ev'rybody was lookin' for him. Mis' Porter wants us to come down there to supper to-morrow. You know who she is, don't you? She used to live right over there in the brown house before she was married. Lura Burnham she was. Don't you remember Lura Burnham? She wa'n't married when you were here. She used to come over here and visit with you on the porch, I remember. I recollect a white dress she had that summer with green ribbon trimmings. She was real pretty then, but she's faded a good deal since she was married."

"Yes, seem 's if I remember her," mused Martelia; "she had front teeth set extra wide apart, didn't she? Yes, I remember her. Has she got any children?"

"Only one. Martin. He's just passed his twelfth birthday. Well, I guess here comes Martin now, speakin' of angels. No, it ain't, either; it's Goodlet Ashley. Well, it might 's well be one 's another. An' they ain't either of 'em any too much of an angel, I guess."

Goodlet Ashley turned up the path which led to the house, with an air purely of business and the concerns only of business.

"Why, he's got a letter!" murmured Julia, in sudden consternation. "I hope there ain't anything the matter with anybody."

"No," explained Martelia, in a hurried sort of apology, "I guess it's something to do with that Pemberton place I was tellin' you about. No; it couldn't be time to hear from that, either. This must 'a' come about 's soon as I started. Well, what do you suppose—"

But the Ashley boy was wasting no time. "It's for Miss Martelia Flagg," he explained.

"Well, thank you for bringin' it over, Goodlet," returned Julia, briskly; "did you inquire for us? I hope you didn't have to come a-purpose."

"It's special deliv'ry," explained Goodlet, both brief and curt in his dignity. "You have to sign for it."

Julia looked awed. "What in the world are they sendin' you anything like that for, Marty?" she inquired, as Goodlet departed. "I never had such a thing, long 's I've been here. It ain't any more bad news, I hope."

"I guess I've had about all the bad news there is to have," returned Martelia, with a dry resignation; "no, it's on account of that Pemberton fix. I told 'em to send ev'rything special—like this. Well, this wa'n't hardly worth it," she continued, as her eyes traveled down the unfolded sheet; "it's from Zeri Smith about the meadow-land. It ain't any secret; you can see it, but he knows he's got to offer more'n that."

"I guess he's tryin' to do you, ain't he?" meditated Julia, as she scrutinized the sheet.

"I guess he is. He's close. And *mean*? My, but Zeri Smith's mean when it comes to any business dealin's! He talked me most to death about it last week, and now he thinks he'll try writin'. Well, the

meadow-land ain't goin' for any such price as that!"

She repeated her declaration emphatically after she was settled for the night in Julia's stiff, clean guest-chamber. And she repeated it again at the breakfast table the next morning, while the June sun streamed across the room to meet the coffee-scented steam which rose from her cup, and a June rose bowed to her breezily through the open window.

"Well, I guess you're right," encouraged Julia.

They talked about it as they went on with the morning work. And then they talked of the other conditions surrounding Martelia, with their various and possible outcomes.

"If William had only been a little more of a hand to look ahead!" declared Julia, finally, with an inevitable and sort of mournful survey of the whole unfortunate situation.

"Oh, well, it doesn't do any good to talk like that! He wasn't made that way, and that's all. You can't change people, and there's others that never 'd have half the good things about them that William had."

"Oh, I ain't saying anything against William!" Julia paused. "Say, whatever's become of Eben Moore?" she questioned, after brief meditation.

Martelia flushed faintly with surprise.

"There ain't anything become of him," she returned, stiffly; "he's there in Greenbush the same as ever."

"I used to think he'd like to have married you, Marty," went on Julia, frankly.

The flush spread itself all over Martelia's faded, delicate face.

"There never was any cause for you to think anything like that," she replied, in a low voice, with the slightest perceptible tremor waving through it.

"Oh, p'r'aps not, but I just used to think so. Well—what's the matter now?" And she gazed curiously through the open window. "What's Goodlet Ashley after this time? I declare I believe he's got another letter for you, Marty; I believe he has, sure's the world."

The flush was still deep on Martelia's cheeks, and Julia glanced at her briefly as she hurried to the door.

"Well, they seem to be keepin' you in

business, Goodlet," she declared, cheerfully. "What you got now? Another one?"

"Yessum; she's got to sign for it," announced Goodlet, still brief and business-like.

"Well, come here, Marty; you got to sign. How much do they pay you for doin' post-office business for them?" she inquired, interestedly.

"Five cents," replied Goodlet, promptly.

"Well, accordin' to that, you're ten cents better off than you was yesterday at this time, ain't you?"

"Yessum," replied Goodlet. And, without a thought of complicating the conversation further, he immediately departed, while a neighbor from across the street gazed after him in questioning perplexity.

There was a flash in Martelia's eye that went well with her warmly tinted cheek. "It's that old fool of a Zeri Smith!" she mumbled, wrathfully. "Now did you ever hear of anything more ridiculous than him startin' up a special-deliv'ry route like this! For pity's sake let me set down and write to him this minute!" She looked back at Julia as she stood in the open dining-room door. "If we're goin' down to Mis' Porter's to supper," she suggested, "I s'pose we'll have to have dinner in pretty good season, won't we, so 's to get the work out the way in time?"

"Yes, we'll have it prompt twelve," returned Julia, reasonably. "I'll pare the potatoes now, I guess, an' git the turnips ready. I'll bet Lura has cold roast pork and gooseberry jam for supper," she added, in comfortable meditation. "You see if she don't. Nothing against her if she does. But you just notice. It 'll be all right if we leave here about three."

The clock was striking as they went down the steps in their neat black dresses, and at four they sat in Mrs. Porter's best parlor, while the hostess herself, a person of unquestioned versatility, talked cordially, kept an eye always on the window for any chance passing sight, and knitted petticoat edging.

"Well, what's Henry Basset tearin' along like that for!" she volunteered presently. "I hear he's havin' his house



"SHE'S GOT TO SIGN FOR IT," ANNOUNCED GOODLET

an' barn shingled. I guess something's the matter from the looks. Why, he's comin' in here!" She had already risen from her seat by the window, and, with her ball of yarn trailing after her, she met the messenger at the door.

"Is Miss Martelia Flagg here?" he panted, breathlessly; "there's a special-deliv'ry letter here for her. It put me back some goin' up to her sister's with it first, but I got down here quick 's I could!" Mr. Basset emitted all the remaining breath he had in a fearful gust, and Martelia approached him expressionlessly with an outstretched hand.

"Yes, you just sign there, will you, Miss Flagg?" panted Mr. Basset. "I hope I ain't brought you any bad news."

"No, I guess not," murmured Martelia. Her hostess's eyes were on her with an eager light of anticipation, as the messenger blew out another gust and departed, looking both relaxed and relieved. Martelia hovered uneasily in the doorway.

"Well—I hope it ain't any bad news?" encouraged Mrs. Porter.

"No." Martelia's eyes were on her open letter. "It's just a note from the sewin' society," she explained, carelessly.

"From the sewin' society?" persisted Mrs. Porter.

"They're goin' to sew for the Perkinses at the meetin' next Wednesday—the Perkinses that were burnt out last week.

They want a good full meeting," declared Martelia, weakly.

"Sew for the Perkinses!" Mrs. Porter's mouth sagged open in unconcealed astonishment. "Well, I don't see any call for scarin' you half to death if they are! They ain't tryin' to start you *home* to sew for the Perkinses, are they?"

"I guess they sent 'em to ev'rybody in the society," explained Martelia; but Mrs. Porter still gazed in amazement and disgust at the official-looking envelope.

"I don't wonder she was surprised at it," observed Julia, as they walked home under the trees together in the evening, "gettin' anything like that special deliv'ry. Why didn't you explain it a little to her?"

"Oh, I don't want folks discussin' my affairs," returned Martelia, a bit irritably, "and don't for pity's sake say a word about Pemberton to anybody! There ain't anything sure about it, anyway, and I certainly don't want them discussin' me."

"No, but I guess they'll be discussin' you more if you keep this special-deliv'ry circus a-goin'. There—didn't I tell you she'd have cold pork and gooseberry jam for supper?" She turned her head at the sound of pursuing steps. "Good land! Say, this is goin' too fur, Marty!" And Goodlet Ashley, back in his own rightful business again, stopped directly beside them on the sidewalk.

Martelia glanced down at him with a kind of shrinking evasion.

"It's a letter for you," he answered, briefly; "you have to sign for it."

"I suppose it come in on the evening mail," declared Julia, good-naturedly. "Well, how happened it you didn't get the one that came this afternoon? You lost your job, didn't you?"

"Yessum," replied Goodlet, and, just glancing at Martelia's hastily written signature, he silently sped away.

"Well, ain't you really carryin' it a little too fur, Marty?" questioned Julia, again in low tones; "look at 'em peekin' out the winder over there at the Liscombs'. It attracts consid'able attention to stop like that and sign for anything on the street. There's Andrew Cam'ell come to a dead standstill down there, he's a-lockin' at you so hard. An' Mis' Sears is stoppin' her baby-carriage.

You'll have the whole town up in arms, Marty, if you don't call a halt on this special deliverin'."

Martelia's hand shook with unmistakable agitation as she put a folded sheet back into the torn envelope.

"I never was one to want to attract attention," she replied, in a quavering voice of dignity.

"Maybe you wasn't, but you're attractin' it all right; an' look at the bill you're runnin' up! You'll be gettin' *that* special deliv'ry, next you know. Well—" She looked down at the envelope with no attempt to conceal her curiosity.

"Well," echoed Martelia, with a faint red spot on each cheek, "it ain't anything worth *talkin'* about; it's—a bill for kindlin'; that's the amount of it."

"Wanter know!" murmured Julia.

"I guess I better write to Ashael, an' tell him not to do this way any longer," she broke out, suddenly, in faint, unhappy concession. "I can't be makin' myself ridikerlous this way."

"Oh, well, I guess likely this 'll end it, won't it?" Julia glanced at her good-naturedly. "Don't you worry. You won't get any more."

But Martelia felt hounded by vague apprehensions. She went to bed with an unhappy cloud hanging over her, and she awoke in the morning conscious that it was still there. But as the day wore on and nothing happened to disturb it she found herself gradually relaxing into the atmosphere of peace and calm which seemed to prevail generally. And finally, from their swaying rockers, she and Julia surveyed each other with comfortable satisfaction.

"I told you I guessed that was the last of your special deliv'ries," began Julia.

"'Sh-sh-sh!" broke out Martelia, faintly. She turned her head with an expression of hunted helplessness. "Don't say a word! Here comes—Goodlet Ashley!"

Goodlet advanced with his familiar, business-like tread, quite conscious that he had attracted both attention and curiosity all along his way.

"It's another special deliv'ry," he announced.

It was an unfortunate word which he had added to his previous set form of



Drawn by Emil Pollak Ottendorff

SEEM'S IF I COULDN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO GREENBUSH''

speech, and Martelia looked at him belligerently.

"You have to sign for it," said Goodlet.

"Well, don't you s'pose I know that by this time?" returned Martelia, with a flash of heat; "you needn't tell me that *ev'ry* time you come!"

But Goodlet remained unperturbed.

"Wait a minute!" she commanded, as he made ready to leave once more; "if they give you any more special-deliv'ry letters, tell 'em I don't want 'em; an' 'twas a ridikerlous piece o' business your bringin' this one. Tell 'em it's an advertisement of spring-beds, if they ask. Tell 'em I don't *want* any more!" she repeated. "Do you understand?"

"Yessum," returned Goodlet, as he promptly and silently left them.

Martelia watched him for a moment, and then turned a dreary, cheerless gaze on Julia, who rocked softly without speaking.

"Well, I'll go down there and tell them myself, then, and I'll go just as I am, too!" She went down the steps and glanced briefly back at Julia.

"You look all right, if that's what you mean," said Julia.

"You needn't wait supper or anything else for me," she added, "though I sha'n't likely be gone long. I'll at least be back as soon as I can get here." And Martelia walked down to the sidewalk, and then turned and walked straight on to the post-office.

Half an hour later Julia still sat on the porch and watched her as she came slowly up the street in the fading light.

"She don't seem to be in anything of a hurry," meditated Julia. "What's the matter now, I wonder?"

Slowly Martelia came on, on to the little path which led to the porch, and then straight up the steps. She carried a sealed envelope in her hand, and Julia's eye fastened on it apprehensively.

"No, no—" From Martelia's voice she might have been parrying a blow. "It ain't one of that—one of that kind! It's just a plain two-cent letter!"

Her voice broke weakly, and Julia looked at her, not just able to understand.

"Who's it from?" she inquired.

"It's from—I ain't opened it yet," she hesitated. "I guess I'll go in and open it."

Julia darted a keen, curious look at her sister as she hovered there before her, the plain two-cent letter in her hand, and suddenly a vivid and unexpected light flashed across the groping questions of Julia's mind.

"No, I'm goin' in to get supper," she said; "you set down right here and read it." She murmured something to herself as she went in, and Martelia sat down as her sister's footsteps came back to her more faintly from the house.

The birds were piping with thin sweetness, as they had piped another evening in Greenbush—and a dim, shadowy light dropped round her protectingly. As she tore the envelope across and slowly drew out the letter between her thumb and forefinger, her eyes dwelt once again on the plain, two-cent stamp.

"It seem 's if he must 'a' known how plagued I'd been," she murmured, "an' took the pains to tell 'em not to send it special. Eben was always like that—about savin' anybody."

Slowly her eyes gathered up the first words of the little trembling sheet before her.

"DEAR MARTELIA, — Greenbush dont hardly seem like Greenbush with you away, and we will all be glad to see you back again. But there is something I would like to ask you before you return; it is something I would like to have asked for a considrable number of years, but there has not ever seemed to be just the right opportunity for it. When I could say it without most likely givin you considrable of a surprise or shock."

A faint flush spread itself all over Martelia's face, as she leaned forward in the retreating light, her eyes steadily gathering up the words of the letter.

"It didnt seem like doing the fair thing by you to take you unawares with anything so unexpected and suddin. It would most likely be unhingin to you, and it didnt seem scarcely like a decent way for a man to do. But now as you are visitin in Lynne I can write it and that way save you being any confused by it, as you will most likely be alone, with nobody pryin at you when you get it. This is it, and it is nothing to scaire you. It is only that I would like

more than anything else to marry you. Of course I don't know how you would feel about it, or whether you would ever feel as if you would like to marry me. But you are there where you can have time to think it over by yourself, and tell me by and by, by a letter if you would rather do it that way. And you needn't be afraid; I will always think just the same way about you, whichever way you decide to answer me.

"As I began the letter, Greenbush don't hardly seem like Greenbush with you away. Was you planning to stay about a week longer?"

"Your true friend,
"EBEN MOORE."

She was all alone, the shadows drew up round her, covering her, hiding her away with soft, fluttering movements; the birds closed their eyes; the leaves above just stirred, to whisper to her of a still, still solitude; and Eben's letter lay waiting on her lap.

"It was just like him to—to think—to save anybody!" she whispered, brokenly. A tear trickled down her cheek and her hand trembled up to it. "It was just like him."

She still sat there all alone, but she was looking up at a little twinkling star in the sky. Was it looking at her?

She stood up, with a smile quivering back at it out of her damp eyes.

"You can look," she whispered, "you can look now; anybody can look now!"

One by one the stars came twinkling out, shining, smiling down at her, and a breeze waved through the leaves above her till they sang a gay refrain.

"Oh, ain't it beautiful!" she broke out, weakly.

There was a step behind her, and Julia stood there looking up at Martelia's dampened and star-lighted face.

"Ain't it!" she echoed, gently. Julia seemed to understand.

"It must be—it must be beautiful in Greenbush to-night!" quavered Martelia.

"That's so," agreed Julia; "but I guess you better come in an' get your supper now." She turned and went softly back herself. And again Martelia looked up at the stars.

"It must be just beautiful," she repeated, in an awed breath. "Oh, seem's if I couldn't wait to get back to Greenbush!"

Like a Belated Bird

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

LOVE comes to men like a belated bird:
He through the sunlit hours forgets to sing,
And folds in darkling woods his timid wing,
Nor knows himself a prophet of the word.

From moon-ribbed turrets of earth's steepest trees,
When loud-voiced Day hath slumbered into Night,
Viewing anew his plaintive old delight,
He thrills to such as chance his ecstasies.

And those who hear his glad full-throated song
Must share his passion to the end of days;
And those who see his shadow, these always
Must search for one to whom it doth belong.

But they who see Love's self and not his shade,
May ever hear him singing in the glade.

The Phillipses—Father and Son

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

MEN made the great war. Thoughtful, prayerful men, of mighty intellect and soul-deep conviction, they strove together and drew a scratch upon the ground from east to west, a line to divide South from North. Together they kindled a fire, and into a vast and devastating flame they together fanned it. The war was made by men.

But the children, too, were drawn by the draught of this terrible fire. Some, that by it the line might be fused into an imperishable barrier; some, that the line might forever be consumed. More than six hundred thousand of the Federal enlistments were by lads not yet twenty-one. There were thousands of children in the ranks of the North from thirteen to fifteen years of age.

But of all this blood-stained army there is none of whom there is record who served as did Charles H. Phillips—aged fourteen—who for four years was a Federal spy in the city of Richmond.

Some time early in the winter of '61 John Y. Phillips was sent to Richmond by his employers, R. M. Hoe & Co., of New York City, to set up and put in operation one of their newspaper presses for the Richmond *Despatch*. Four and a half years later he returned, and there gathered about him old friends and former neighbors.

"What did you do, John, in Richmond all through the war?" said they. And John Phillips would draw himself up and with dignity and pride would slowly say, "I furnished the government with a lot of important secret information."

"What!" the old friends would chorus. "What, John! Secret service! How?"

"That," John Phillips would answer, "is a very long story to tell." But he never told the story. Perhaps he but faithfully kept some pledge of silence; perhaps in Richmond and the South comrades of those perilous days were living to as ripe an age as he. He had his reasons—and he never told.

No high resolve to aid his country in the coming war kept John Phillips in Richmond when the work which took him there was done. He stayed because he was offered a better position, greater earnings in his peaceful trade. He was to work as pressman for the *Despatch*, but his real work was to repair the press of any newspaper in Richmond when it should break down. As for the war—what war? This was but the cry of "Wolf, wolf!"—there would be no war!

And so in March he brought his family down. His wife, and Charlie (whose story is to be told), aged fourteen; Jim, aged eleven; and the two little girls. They took a house on Shockhoe Hill, on the very outskirts of the city, and there Charlie became for the first time a country lad; hunted and fished and "just rammed 'round," learning, boy-like, every foot of the country for miles; also such lore as telling time by the sun, and north by the moss on trees. One thing more he learned—to "talk 'Dixie'" like the other boys, black and white, with whom he played. He little dreamed what he should do with the knowledge later on.

Then down in South Carolina a cannon was fired. The war was begun. The Phillipses could have gone North at first, but Mr. Llewellyn, of the *Despatch*, urged John Phillips to stay, and promised to "see them through." After a while it became too late to go. For the most part those schools taught by men teachers closed, and sweet holidays came to little Charlie Phillips and cloyed his appetite before he had gulped down a month of them. Then he volunteered to tend fly (the rack where the printed sheets come off the press), and night after night he stood amid the clanking presses of the *Despatch* office delightedly sniffing the acrid smell of damp paper and fresh ink, of spring midnights, and, in the late telegrams, the pungent smell of war.

And there, one night, his father quietly

called him from his work. He was to carry a note he was told. He remembers to-day how his father looked at him with grave, piercing eyes, and—

“‘Don’t ask questions,’ father said. ‘Don’t be gabby. Keep your mouth shut and your eyes open—now—and always.’”

He was to go down by the Old Market until he met a man (described, but not named) to whom he was not to speak unless the man asked if father had sent him. That, then, would be the right man, and he was to give him the note and go home to bed. Without direct words he was made to understand that this was no ordinary note, and the thought sent him out into the deserted streets thrilled and proud.

From the shadow of the Old Market itself a man stepped out.

“Did y’ pa send y’ down here to me?” he drawled.

The boy fished out the scrap of paper which he had concealed about his clothes.

“Where was y’ pa when y’ left him?” the man innocently questioned.

The boy hesitated. “I don’t know,” he said, desperately.

“I reckon you’ll do,” chuckled the man.

It was the first lesson in the new school, a lesson repeated until the test was many times complete: To do what he was told to do—no less, but of a greater certainty—no more!

They, his teachers (those men whom he found by their descriptions, but never from their names), hammered in the lesson by mental assaults full of feints and twists and trips and all manner of unfair advantages—simulated anger, jocose friendliness, flattery, surprise—but he always kept his wits, and to no questions that they asked (once he had delivered the message that he had been told to give) did he ever know an answer.

“Don’t be a fool, boy,” they would say. “You know you can trust us—we are all right!”

“Sure!” he would answer. “But how can I tell you if I don’t know?”

And thus the lesson went on, a lesson with a twofold purpose: they were teaching him that he was only a sharp little

tool, dangerous to himself and to them unless under their control, and they were preparing him—for his sake and theirs—against the day when he should be caught.

The despatches or messages were written usually on narrow strips of thin paper and rolled into little wads, which Charlie carried in an inner seam of his trousers. Where the messages came from, where they went, who wrote them, who read them ultimately, he will never



CHARLES PHILLIPS

From a portrait made a few years before the war

know. Sometimes the man to whom he had carried a message read it, unrolled it, and bade him take it to another of the spies. As for what the messages said, how should he know? . . . “Open them? What! *Open* them! You never knew my father. Father would ‘a’ killed me—I do believe he would ‘a’ killed me! Some way he would have known—but it never entered my head to open one of those little wads. My father was a great big man. He had a brown beard and no mustache, so that you saw his straight, thin-lipped mouth. To me my father was a god that I worshiped, like I was a little heathen and him the sun. My father knew everything, and was never wrong, always dignified, an’ kind o’ cold; but he had the warmest heart and the heaviest hand of any man I ever knew.” So that was it—idolatry! That queer, rare blending of love and fear that makes for perfect, blind obedience: we shall understand little Charlie Phillips better now.

There came time for the learning of a

second lesson in a sterner school. When his father asked the simple question, "Would you like to sell newspapers, Charlie?" the boy answered: "Yes, sir. Sure!" He knew he would not have been asked to sell papers if selling papers were all. And so he was given a stock in trade and told that he "had better go sell 'em down at the Rocketts' at the early boat." To the Rocketts' (the boat-landing) he went and joined the small army of newsboys who gathered to sell first editions to the many passengers leaving at the early hour of four in the morning. He was small and slight and fair-haired, and of a singular whiteness of skin, so that he looked delicate and younger than his actual age. For this reason he was imposed upon and bullied and thrown aside; and then—just as his father had known

that he would—he turned and fought his way. He delights to-day to tell of some of those fights in the gray half-light of dawn: berserker fights of boyhood they were; fierce, bare-fist, rough-and-tumble battles with half-grown negroes, who made up nine-tenths of the "newsies" of Richmond. It was a Spartan school which at last turned him out hard and sharp ("fly," he calls it), agile and vigilant, self-reliant, confident—a finished product.

He was not told what he was to do later on, but, if he did not guess, he soon learned that his bundle of newspapers was a badge more potent than is the Red Cross of the non-combatant of to-day, a passport by which he entered prisons and crossed picket-lines, a commodity which made him welcome in camp and arsenal, in rifle-pit and department office. John Phillips had builded perhaps better than he knew.

There was that first trip out of Richmond—a simple affair, merely the delivery of a message. It was so easily done that he has forgotten all except that it was to Petersburg that he made his first trip "outside." "Was told to do something and did it!" He made the forty-five miles in less than one day. It was this

statement that drew from Charles Phillips another story—that of how he had learned to ride. The cavalry stables were out along the old Baconquarter branch road, and scores of horses—raw young levies—in charge of a few cavalymen passed the Phillipses' house each day. "Us boys" would dash out and vault onto the bare backs of the wildest of the plunging horses and, clinging by their manes, ride in triumph to the stables amid the

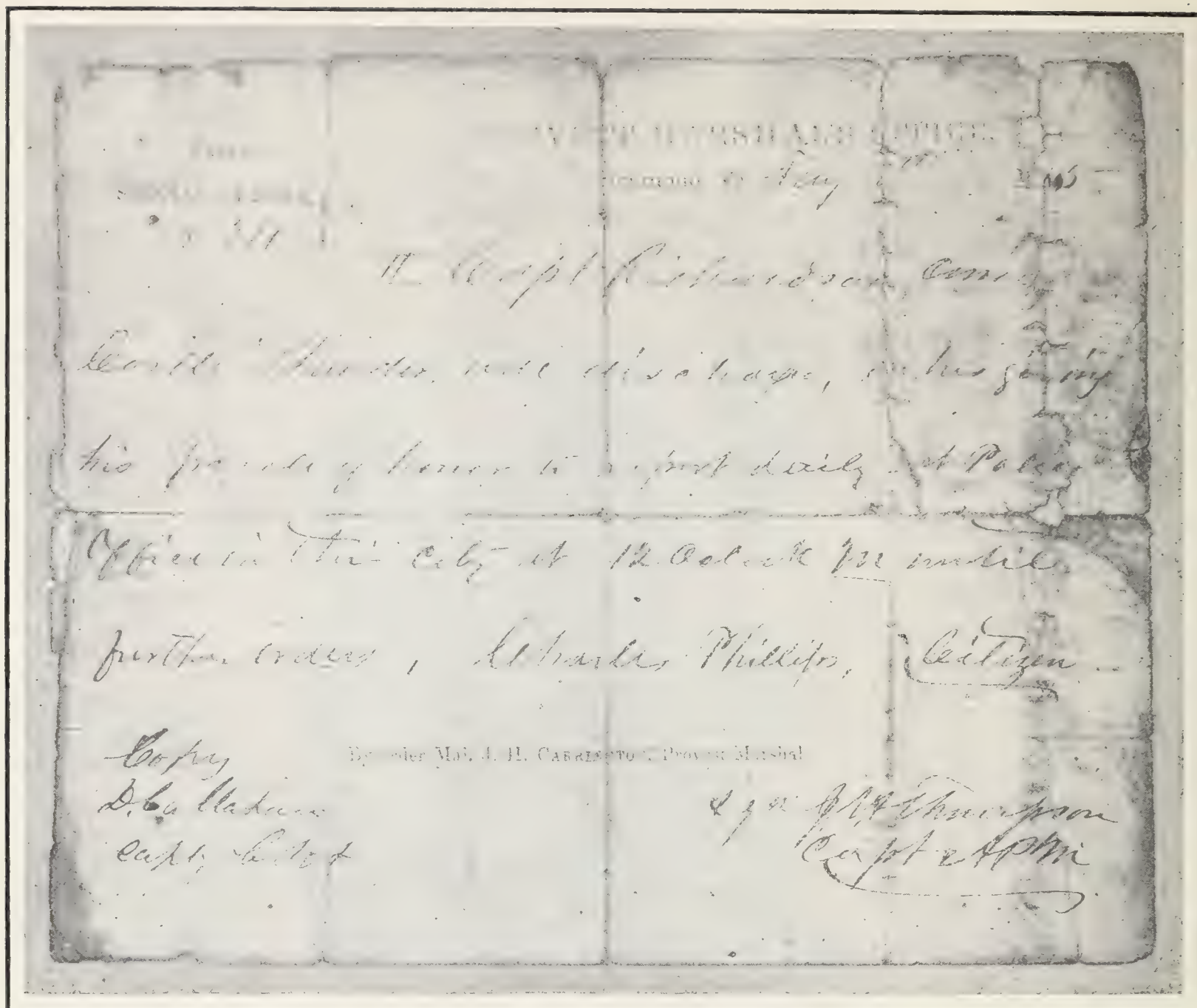
cheers—or jeers (for there were hard falls some days) of the delighted cavalymen. In time he learned to ride "anything."

Then came the Lynchburg trip, when for the first time he acted as a spy. But it is not the spy part which looms large in his own story; it is the never-to-be-forgotten glamour of that first long trip alone, the tang of traveling on a first-class ticket on a first-class packet of the James River Canal. His "uncle" met him at the wharf and took him home and told him (for the first time) what he was to do. Few points in the story of this child strike so sharply home as the blind obedience which sent him to do he knew not what. Next day he was on the Lynchburg streets selling Richmond papers, and presently—a spy—he was in the arsenal selling his papers there.

"'Newsies' can get in almost anywhere—you know that," he explains.



JOHN Y. PHILLIPS
From a war-time portrait



FACSIMILE OF CHARLES PHILLIPS' PAROLE

"And once in, it wasn't so hard as you might think. Every one was thinking of nothing but the war, so, 'Gee!' I'd say, 'ain't y' got a lot o' cannons here!' An' workmen would say something like 'Ain't them the guns, though! Won't they just blow the Yanks to hell! Forty o' those six-inchers!' And that would be something worth remembering right there."

In a few days he found out "more than a lot," though the man—his "uncle"—never told him what was done with the information that he gave. But let it be remembered that information regarding the extent of military stores was of prime importance those days, and that Lynchburg was one of the chief storehouses.

He was sent home afoot to Richmond, making most of the journey at night, and this was not because it was safer then, but in order to save his complexion! That pallid skin and the appearance of being extremely young and innocent were the only disguises which he ever needed

or ever wore. And when he had reached home again, and the curiosity of playmates must be stilled, the satisfying explanation was, "Oh, been sick!" And the white face and an assumed languor did the rest. He spent four very "sickly" years.

The autumn passed into winter; the war was fairly begun. Now and then, as dusk fell, a guest would ostentatiously ring at the Phillipses' front door to cover the arrival of stealthy shadows who stole in at the back from the open fields. The boy never was present at those secret meetings. His father's quiet "I want you to leave the room" would send him impassively to bed. He never questioned, never sought to know; but he tells now that in his heart he ceaselessly wondered at it all. Father and mother set an example which taught that the very walls had ears, and in the Phillipses' household the war was never mentioned at all. But his mother knew, for now and then she

would stroke his hair and softly say, "Be careful, Charlie, be very careful!"—just that—to show him that she knew.

Mid-afternoon of a winter's day he rode out of Richmond in one of the procession of market carts and wagons that was returning to the outlying farms. Dusk fell and still they drove on westward, he and the grim, silent man on the jolting seat beside him. That night they spent with a negro family in a wretched one-room cabin. In the morning before the sun had risen they were on the road again. The wagon had been left behind; they rode the two horses and carried with them only their blankets. All that day they rode westward, always westward; and the next and the next day, and so on and on till the boy lost all count of time. The road at last ended on the bank of the Cumberland River at the little village of Dover. They did not enter the town together, and after that when they passed in the village street the two were to each other as utter strangers.

It was a straggling, dull little village, but on the hill to the north, looking sullenly down on town and river, were the raw clay ramparts of heavy fortifications, above which, a dark speck against the leaden sky, fluttered the Confederate flag of Fort Donelson. By instruction the boy rode to a described house and, slipping wearily from his horse, knocked at the door. It opened suddenly, and a man hurried out. He gave the boy no chance to speak.

"Well, if here isn't brother John's boy at last!" He turned genially to the gaping villagers. "Him as I was telling you about." Then to the boy: "I'm your uncle Peter. But come in! Come in!" Few actors could have done it as well. But when the door had closed on them, how they must have looked each other up and down!

At first there was the old newsboy game of selling papers in the fort, but the boy quickly felt that that was not to be all, that something else was hanging over him. After a while they told him what it was: he was to make friends with a certain young woman in the town. He was "what you would call a pretty boy." Women always tried to pet him—which he, boy-like, had hated. But he was near-

ly fifteen now, and here was a girl but four or five years his senior, just such a "first girl" as boys of his age adore. Here was the woman who might pet him all she pleased. It was no time before she was calling him her little beau and flaunting him at a red-faced captain from Donelson.

Presently she sent a note by the boy. He was to be careful and give it to the captain himself. He promised, and kept his word—but not until he had turned aside into a thicket and given the note first to the man by whom he had been brought to Dover. The man read the note, which he hastily copied, resealed, and gave back to the boy. There were other notes (despatches?) in the next few days, and they all were read and copied, but it was Charlie Phillips himself who spoiled the smoothly working plan.

There had been too much petting of this too large boy to please a jealous captain. Some one had been taunting or tale-bearing, and the captain in a rage met the boy one day in the road before he had reached the fort. "I'd like to shoot off your blank young head!" said the captain. He drew a revolver, and the boy snatched up a stone. As the captain stood there blustering and threatening ("It wasn't that I was scared that he would shoot such a kid," Charlie Phillips explains, "but I just never liked him!") the boy suddenly threw the stone with all his might. It struck the man on the temple, and he crumpled down on the road. The boy stared for an instant, then turned and ran. That night he impudently told the girl of it. "Served him right," she said. "I can get another captain easy."

When the fort fell, Charlie Phillips saw the captain marched from the hospital a prisoner. But he saw many things before that time. He saw Dover village wake up and find itself invested by Grant's army. From behind the Federal lines he saw the three days' fighting when the earth shook with the thunder of cannon from hill and fort and river. He saw Grant. He was taken to headquarters by the man who had brought him to Dover, and there General Grant and the man talked together just beyond his earshot. They looked over at him often, and the general several times

thoughtfully nodded at what the man said. And next day, when the fort and the town had been taken, the boy saw (though she did not see him) "his girl" arrested by a file of soldiers and marched away: his handiwork.

Twelve years after the war, when Charles H. Phillips, a policeman in New York City, was patrolling his beat, he met and recognized "his girl" again. She had been taken North—to prison in Illinois—but had soon been released, so she told him. After that the war was never mentioned. Next evening the young policeman called at her home to be presented to her husband and the children—which all goes to prove that the story must be truth. Romance would indubitably have had him marry her.

Spring had come before Charlie saw Richmond again. His was a home-coming that he has never forgotten. For once his father's reserve gave way, and he caught both his boy's hands and wrung them, and his voice trembled as he said, "I had begun to believe that my son would never again come home!" Perhaps he feared, too, that even should his son return the boy might find his father gone, for two Federal spies from the army of the Potomac, Lewis and Scully, had been taken in Richmond and were condemned to hang. Those were anxious days for the Unionists. Detection of any of their number was like a plague broken out in their midst. Where all had been exposed to the contagion, no man might say who would be stricken next. But when the blow fell it was upon one man, Timothy Webster, and only he was hanged. Charlie Phillips saw the execution. From the branches of the trees outside the fence of the old Fair Grounds, he and scores of other boys watched it, then went home to dinner, excitedly discussing each detail among themselves. Charlie Phillips had already done that which might within the fortnight send both him and his father out upon the very road he had idly watched another take.

But the despatch-bearing and the paper-selling were kept up unflinchingly until there came the order once again to leave Richmond. There had come the battle of Gaines's Mill, the second of the Seven Days. Lee had saved Richmond. From Gaines's Mill on the north to Har-

rison's Landing on the south the whole countryside was covered with freshly made graves and still unburied dead, with abandoned munitions of war also, and for weeks the agents of the Confederacy gathered in the spoils. It was into this hell-swept country that Charlie Phillips was sent to meet a man who would "use" him.

He took fishing-tackle, "borrowed" a boat, and quietly paddled about, fishing here and there, drifting with the current down the river. Four or five miles below Richmond he rowed ashore and struck inland cross country, heading for the line of the Federal retreat. At the designated place he met his man, who seemed unprepared yet to "use" him, but instead asked if he would be afraid to sleep alone that night in the woods. "No," the boy answered, simply. When the man had left him he moved farther in among the trees, groping about in the darkness to find a sleeping-place. Few recollections of the war equal in sharpness his remembrance of the birds that night: every manner of carrion bird perched, gluttoned, upon every branch, it seemed, of every tree in the forest. Wherever he went he disturbed them, heard the beating and flapping of unseen wings above him. All that night he was fretted by their noises, sickened by the very thought of them.

Dawn came, and with it the man. "Come on!" he said, brusquely. For hours they trudged along the line of the Quaker Road down which the sullen army of the Potomac in retreat had marched and fought and had flung away or destroyed at every pause all they could no longer transport or carry. The man and the boy wandered among the wreckage, all for the purpose, the boy gathered, of forming an estimate of what munitions would fall into the hands of the Confederates. At last toward midday the man wrote out a message and curtly told the boy to take it and start home to Richmond.

That night he spent in a negro cabin. At sunrise he pushed on again. He still followed the general line of the chain of battles, but far to the side, to give wide berth to parties of wreckers or of straggling soldiers; yet even here were waifs of the battle, dead men out of bounds for the burying parties.

And then, in a clump of bushes, the

boy came upon a soldier. The man was kneeling beside a uniformed figure rifling the pockets. He looked up startled, but, seeing it was only a boy, bent again over the body. Charlie Phillips, telling of it, speaks in awed wonder of the madness that fell upon him, rage such as he never since has seen or known. He snatched up a rusty musket, and the man, reading in his eyes a purpose of which the boy himself was hardly conscious, sprang to his feet with an oath and caught up a broken saber, then struck as a snarling animal strikes. The blow, ill parried, glanced down the musket-barrel and gashed open the thumb that held it; but the boy swung the musket under the man's guard and felled him, then in blind fury made many times sure that he had killed him.

Back in Richmond his father asked, "What happened to the thumb, Charlie?"

"Oh," he said, "I cut it." The scar is there to-day, a souvenir of the man who gave it.

Winter came again, the winter of '62-63, when conscription began to grow more rigorous. John Phillips concocted, in what purported to be the Family Bible, a new register of ages for himself and his sons. He beat the conscription laws, but there was still the home guard, which at last he refused to join; then the soldiers came and marched him away. Charlie remembers the terror he and his mother were in lest it be on a graver charge. But the newspapers (which they have kept to this day) brought reassurance that, after all, it was but the simple accusation: "John Y. Phillips, Castle Godwin; committed March 20th; charge, disloyalty." For sixty-four days John Phillips lay in Castle Godwin, that had been McDonald's negro jail before the war. It was while his father was in prison that the boy accomplished a bit of service unequalled for sheer impudence and audacity—in short, stole a Confederate despatch out of the office of Provost-Marshal General Winder.

There came to him one day as he was selling papers one of those men whom he recognized as having authority over him, for it was as though he had been presented body and soul to the secret service. He was a communistic tool for the use of any member. He was told to go to

the neighborhood of Winder's office and watch for a certain (described) man, one of General Winder's force. He was to follow this man into the office and "get" the paper which he would lay on the table; and that was exactly what he did. He followed the man into the busy, crowded office, saw him lay a folded paper on the table, and immediately he went over and laid his newspapers down on top of it. When he picked them up again the despatch was with them, and he went out of the office with it pressed close to his side. Perhaps there was a high-and-low hunt and a hue and cry when the despatch was missed—he never knew; nor does he know whether the man who brought the despatch to the office was a Federal spy who had worked himself in there or whether he was one who had sold himself for secret-service money. The Unionist who had sent him for the paper passed soon after. The boy deftly slipped the despatch to him, and after that he did not care even if he were searched, and he loitered in front of the office long enough to set at rest any suspicions.

There is the story of how at last Charlie was conscripted—"got the collar." Not much of a story, he says; then swiftly sketches it in until a picture has been made complete—the soldiers at the door when he unsuspectingly opened it to their knock. The sight, as he looked back, of his mother standing framed in the doorway bravely waving to him, the crying children clinging to her skirts. It wouldn't have seemed so bad if there had just been a little sun, but that had been such a dispiriting day—slush and mud, the slowly falling snow, and the lowering, unbroken clouds. The soldiers had turned him into a big, gloomy room, stiflingly overheated and crowded with sullen men and boys. He had wandered about for a time, then, with suddenly formed purpose, made his way to the door. "Say, I'm sick t' my stomach. Le' me go to the wash-room," he begged. The sentries hesitated. There were other guards at the outer doors, and this was such a young, white-faced kid; they nodded. "No tricks, mind!" one said. Once around the turn of the corridor, he assumed a jaunty air. At the front door he motioned the guards to one side. "Ta, ta, boys—the jedge said I was to go home

an' grow some." They laughed good-naturedly and let him by. For days after that he was afraid to go home, but for some inexplicable reason they never came for him again.

There came a night when, on his way to the office for his newspapers, he suddenly met his father and another man. His father made a sign to him to stop, and he stepped back into the shadows and waited. He overheard the man say, "But it has got to be done!" And after a moment's hesitation his father's seemingly reluctant answer, "All right—here's the boy." John Phillips motioned to his son, and then they moved away, Charlie following at a little distance. At the river's edge close to Mayo Bridge they stopped, and he joined them. The night was cloudy; heavy rains had fallen, and the river was swollen and noisy. It was here that they told the boy for the first time what he was to do. He was given the despatch, and the man untied a flat-bottomed, square-ended boat into which Charlie Phillips climbed and lay down. The two men covered the boat over with brush and debris until the gunwale was brought down within a few inches of the water, and the whole looked like some tangled mass of wreckage; then Charlie's father carefully pushed it out until it was caught by the swift current.

Of that ride details like these stick in his memory: the sound of the water against the boat-sides and the smell of the wet, rotten wood above him; the penetrating chill as his clothes soaked up the seeping water, and the twinges of pain from his cramped position; the loudness of the river foaming round some rock or snag, dizzy spinings in whirlpools, or the rocking and bobbing in eddies where portions of the driftwood blind tore loose with loud raspings and crackles. There was the ever-present thought that the boat might sink and he be entangled and held down by the heap of driftwood; but worse than any sense of danger was the feeling of utter loneliness. He trailed an old broom to steer with, and, when the flying wrack of clouds blew away and it grew lighter, he wobbled the broom to make the too straightly drifting boat better simulate a pile of wreckage borne by the current. There were obstructions—old ships and the gunboat *Jamestown*—

that had been sunk to block the channel, and the river was studded with torpedoes; but he had been warned and instructed, so hugged the left-hand shore and thus avoided them. A shot brought his heart into his throat as he drifted past Fort Darling on Drewry's Bluff, but it was followed by no others. At last he went ashore on the north bank, and there, by comparison with what had gone before, the adventure seemed ended. He slept in the woods all next day. At dusk he swam across and "delivered the message."

The second time he saw Grant is very different from that of the first meeting in front of Donelson. He had been given a message to deliver; he had his passport—the bundle of Richmond papers—and he had his disguise—his fair skin and the face of a child, hardened and sharpened, keener than that of the boy of three years ago; and he had his unbounded self-assurance, and so (not the only newsboy, you must remember) he passed through the Confederate army to the outermost picket-line. There was no fighting just then; the armies lay within half-musket-shot, watching each other, cat-and-mouse fashion, with their picket eyes.

"Mister," he said, with his broadest Southern drawl, "let me go and sell my papers to the Yanks over yonder?"

"Bring us back some Yankee papers and y' kin go," they bargained.

But within the Union lines something for once went wrong. He was arrested and locked up until they could overhaul his story. He "played baby"—whined and begged—but they would not let him go; then, as a last resort, "Corporal of the guard!" he bawled, "take me to General Grant. He won't let you keep me in the guard-house." At last an officer was called, and he must have reported to the general. Grant sent for him. The officer led the way to the tent, saluting. "Here is that boy, General." Charlie Phillips, barefooted, coatless, his torn trousers held up by one suspender, stood unabashed before the general-in-chief of the Union armies. In the tent were half a dozen officers.

"I'd like to see you alone for a couple of minutes, General," the boy boldly said.

Grant turned to his officers: "Retire,



Painting by Stanley M. Arthurs

HE BEGAN TO RIDE FOR HIS LIFE

please, gentlemen." When they had gone the boy fumbled at one of the many rips in his trousers and drew out a small wad of paper which he handed without a word to Grant, who read it, then stood looking thoughtfully at the messenger.

"Where did you get this?" he asked, impassively. To the boy's answer his rejoinder was another question: "How did you come through the lines?" Then: "How are you going back?" That was all; no comments, only questions; for commendation, only a quick, pleased nod that thrilled the boy as no outpouring of words could have done.

General Grant went to the tent door and beckoned to the waiting officer. "This boy is doing no harm," he said, mildly. "Let him sell his papers in the camp."

As he walked exultantly away the boy glanced back for one more look at the tent where he and Grant had talked together. The general was still standing in the tent door, still smoking and biting on the short, thick cigar, still thoughtfully watching him. Did Grant remember their other meeting? Charlie Phillips says that he has wondered about that from then till now. "Maybe yes, maybe no, but I've always thought he did."

"The next thing that I mind—after Grant and I had our little visit together," says Charlie Phillips, "was the time I stole old Dill's horse, and killed it, an' blame near got killed m'self." On this occasion another despatch was to be delivered, not to General Grant in person this time, but just to the Union army. There were no instructions except to get it there. For some reason he did not use the way of openly passing the pickets by the newsboy dodge. Instead, he headed for the Federal army and tramped out of Richmond by the shortest road. In a field by the roadside a pastured horse put its head over the fence and whinnied to him; he recognized it as "old Dill's—the government hardtack baker's horse—one of the best horses left in Richmond." Perhaps some devil of recklessness seized him, perhaps a too strong desire to be mounted on that glossy back and to feel beneath him the bird-like glide of a thoroughbred. He whistled softly, and the horse neighed an answer. He says it seemed to say to him, "Steal me, Charlie,

steal me!" Tempted and slowly yielding, he climbed the fence. The moment he was mounted the horse stole him; they were over the fence and going like mad down the road before he had made up his mind or realized what had happened.

He rode at an easy gallop cross country until he reached the point where he believed that he had passed, by blind luck, between the guards and patrols and pickets, out of the Confederate lines, and into the no-man's land between the two armies. Then came a sudden shout from a little patch of woodland which he had just skirted, and without looking back he began to ride for his life. By the time the vedettes had mounted he had gained the start which saved him. His only fear, he says, was that in some way his father would learn of his folly. He was riding the better horse, and his slight weight was as nothing compared with that borne by the cavalry horses. He began to draw away from them rapidly. One after another of his pursuers fired at him, and their shots told that they had almost given up hope of taking him. He was looking back over his shoulder when the end came, and never saw the gully at all. He had an instant's sensation of flying, of a terrible jar, then of being whirled end over end. He had staggered to his feet and had instinctively commenced to run before he comprehended that his horse had fallen short in its leap and had struck with its forelegs, breaking both of them against the gully's edge. He heard the yells of the cavalymen and a sputter of pistol-shots, but that from which he tried to flee was the sound of his wounded horse's screams. It was a long run to the strip of woods toward which he had intuitively headed, but he was almost there before the Confederates could cross the gully and resume the chase. By the time they reached the wood he was in a tree-top safely hidden. Twilight was nearly done. He could hear the clanking of the cavalrymen's sabers as they stamped about beating the undergrowth for him. When it was quite dark they went away, and he climbed stiffly down and pushed on for the Union lines, still grieving for his horse.

The war wrought horrors upon the bodies of children who fought in it, but

there was not one who escaped unscathed of body that was not the greater maimed by the callousing of heart and mind. Charlie Phillips before he was seventeen had killed two men, not in battle as a soldier kills impersonally and at long range, but face to face, almost within arm's reach; and he gave to their deaths no heed. One, the ghoul, he killed in a frenzy that lifted him out of himself; the other he killed coldly, deliberately, because the man living menaced him, but, dead, was safely out of his way. Justifiable both, and to his war-scarred mind instantly and forever justified.

There is one story that is mere fragments. It would take a cement of the forbidden fiction to join them together. These are the fragments: A despatch was to be delivered to the Federals north of the Rappahannock, several days' journey from Richmond. Charlie remembers stopping for food and shelter at a house in Caroline County, and being taken in and fed and given a chance to dry his clothes, for it was sleeting. Not many months later another traveler, a fugitive, John Wilkes Booth, was to seek at this same Garrett farm a vain shelter. After the boy got warm and dry he pushed on. He crossed the Rappahannock, for he remembers sculling a boat through the floating ice; and that night or the next—he does not remember—he came to the end of his journey, but not to his destination.

"Lord, Lord," he says, "what a night!—as bright as day it was, and cold, *cold*! There was a crust on the snow, and the fields made better traveling than the roads, and so I was going cross country when two men jumped out from behind a tree. They said, 'Hands up!'—like robbers—not 'Halt!'—like soldiers would—and I hands upped." But he was able to get the little wad of despatch into his mouth, and he swallowed it. So all that they got was money. He had in his pocket a good big roll of Confederate bank-notes—mighty little good those days!—and, sewed in the lining of his vest, a roll of Federal secret-service money, greenbacks. They found this, too, and were about to rip it out, but he pretended he was afraid that they would cut him, and he was such a little chap and so terrified that, with unwise

kindness, they let him wield the knife himself, and he managed to slash the greenbacks into bits. They were going to hang him for that, but instead they marched him to a farm and locked him into an outbuilding. There are only two more fragments of the story left in his memory: one that he escaped, and another that he made his way back (for, since his despatch was gone, there was no use to go farther) to the house of a "sympathizer," a Unionist, where he had stopped by instruction on the way out. There they told him that he must have been captured by Mosby's men, and was lucky to be able to tell of it.

And then at last (at the very last, for it was in January, '65) the Confederates got him, but not red-handed in a hanging matter. Many people in Richmond had tired of starving; also the spring campaign was coming, and conscription would be harder to escape than ever. Every man who left Richmond, especially if he were a skilled workman, weakened the Confederacy, already hard pressed to fill such places. It became the duty of the secret-service agents to make up and pilot parties of malcontents into the nearest Federal army. It was in this work that Charlie Phillips was taken. A party of nineteen mechanics had been formed, and the boy and two others of the service were to lead them. The story is hardly worth the telling: there was no resistance, only a tumult of cries and a wild scramble when they found themselves surrounded by detectives and soldiers. One man broke away and escaped—probably the stool-pigeon who had baited the trap for them. Then it was just Castle Thunder, days of fretting and of waiting, days of being a prisoner, with all that that meant during the rebellion.

The boy made desperate plans for escape, plans which might have succeeded had it not been for the dog Nero, the bloodhound of Castle Thunder. With that dog there—and he was always there—no escapes were even attempted. Months afterward, back in New York City, the boy renewed his acquaintance with Nero, now fallen—or risen?—to be star exhibit in P. T. Barnum's old museum on Ann Street.

But, after all, there was but a month of prison for Charlie Phillips, and then

came a parole and freedom, a freer freedom than the laws of parole ever sanctioned. For a time he was compelled to report each day at noon. It was too hampering. He petitioned to be allowed to report but once a week. His business—his business!—was being ruined by this daily restriction. Once a week would do, they told him. When one is a spy the violation of a parole is a small matter—one can be hanged only once, anyway, so Charlie Phillips each day “cut a notch” in a meaningless piece of paper. Before he had redeemed it Richmond had fallen.

With the Federal occupation there was at once government employment for the Phillipses in the post quartermaster’s department, work which to Charlie was a sharp and sudden contrast to the days of secret service—work that gave abundant promise of fast becoming routine, and that, too, while there still was fighting, desperate fighting, to the west of Richmond. He had “gone everywhere on God’s footstool for others,” now just this once let him go somewhere for himself! He “borrowed a horse from ‘Uncle Samuel,’” and rode off to his holiday. For the last time he would see a battle!

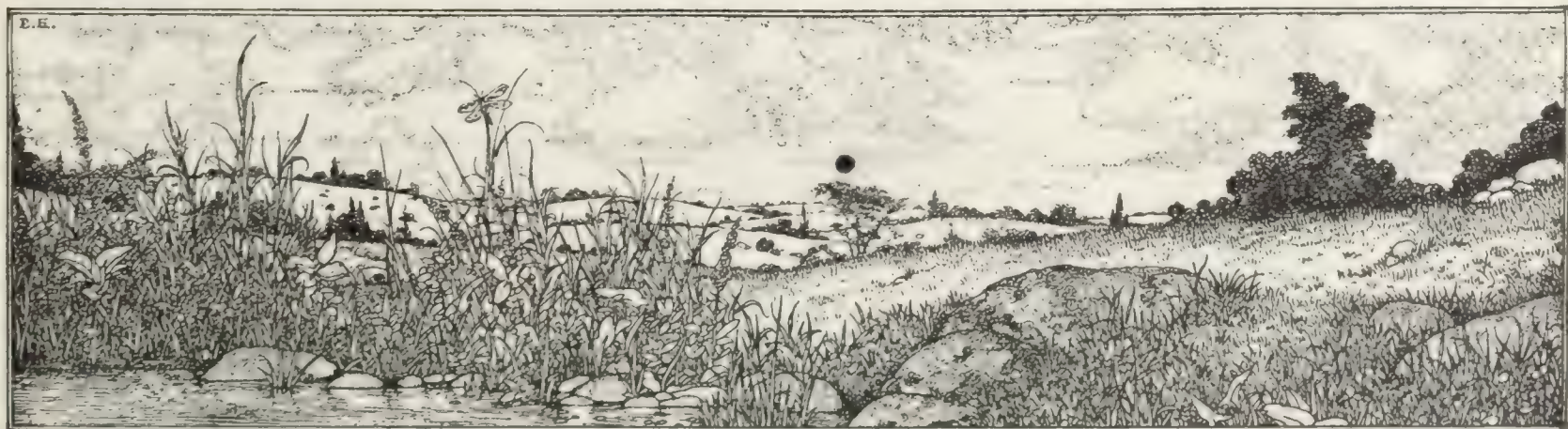
He was hunting for it when he slowly rode into the little town of Appomattox; he had come too late for battles. He saw General Grant and a large party of officers ride up to one of the houses and enter. Scarce knowing why, he lingered. The front yard and the roadway were filled with horses held by orderlies. “Gen’ral Lee’s in there!” they told

him. Some of the citizens of the town had come over to see what was going on. One or two of the bolder, perhaps friends of Wilmer McLean, the house-owner, went up on the porch, and then, the front door standing invitingly open, entered the hall and peeped into the room which that day became historic. Charlie Phillips followed. He saw a small room crowded with officers; he saw General Grant seated at one table, at another General Lee. An officer to whom he had once carried a message recognized him and nodded. In his excitement the boy scarcely saw him. It is one of his most poignant regrets that he could never remember which officer spoke to him. He dared take but one hurried look about the room, then tiptoed out into the yard again and waited. After a long time General Lee and another gray-clad officer came out, followed by the Federals. The boy watched them ride away. It was over! He turned his own horse toward Richmond and rode, now sober, now exultant.

It was late the next day when he reached the post quartermaster’s office. He scarcely knew his father, who stood with a young Federal lieutenant, talking and laughing like a man suddenly grown years younger. His father’s greeting was as though to a comrade.

“Where you been, Charlie?” and then, without waiting for an answer, “Did you know about Lee’s surrender?” The boy’s rejoinder is the epitome of his service:

“Sure!” he said. “I was there. I saw it.”



Thomas Conover

BY CLARE BENEDICT

"**W**AS it tiresome, dear, at the office?"

"Not tiresome—it was beastly."

They were seated in a small suburban parlor; it was Saturday, and therefore a half-holiday; the old French clock had just announced the hour of two.

"Ah, my dear!" expostulated the old lady.

Mrs. Bainbridge was not exactly old; her hair was white, her face was delicately wrinkled, but her eyes were young.

"I am sorry, grandmother, but there is no other word for it."

"I thought you liked the work—the independence? You have always said so."

"I do like the work; it's the workers that make the trouble."

"But Mr. Vaughan has been so kind, you could not have a better master—chief, I mean?"

The speaker paused, but Rhoda did not answer.

"If not for him, you would not have been accepted at the office; they do not want girls, it must make complications; nor does it seem to me desirable that young ladies should enter business with the men." Mrs. Bainbridge sighed. It had been a heavy trial to let Rhoda enter business. "However that may be," she went on, "we should at least be thankful that you are under Mr. Vaughan."

Again there was a pause; then Mrs. Bainbridge made a second venture.

"And as for Thomas Conover—"

Rhoda frowned.

"He has always seemed to me an ideal comrade," her grandmother continued, "so fine and strong and true."

The girl's expression lightened. "He was all that," she murmured.

"Was, dear? Do you mean that he has changed? A man of his kind would not be apt to; there is such a difference in the kind of man."

Rhoda shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"I know so little about 'kinds of men.'"

In this there was an undertone of irony, which Mrs. Bainbridge felt without understanding.

"But I know, dear, from your descriptions; they have been extremely vivid; I think I have a perfect picture of the man. Thomas Conover is good-looking; his complexion is dark, almost swarthy; his figure tall and well-proportioned; his voice strong, sometimes even strident; his gestures frequent; his walk extremely rapid. When he smiles, he looks like an Italian; when he frowns, he becomes at once an Anglo-Saxon. He dresses well, though rather carelessly. There, dear, isn't that your picture?"

Rhoda's head drooped. "You have been a splendid listener."

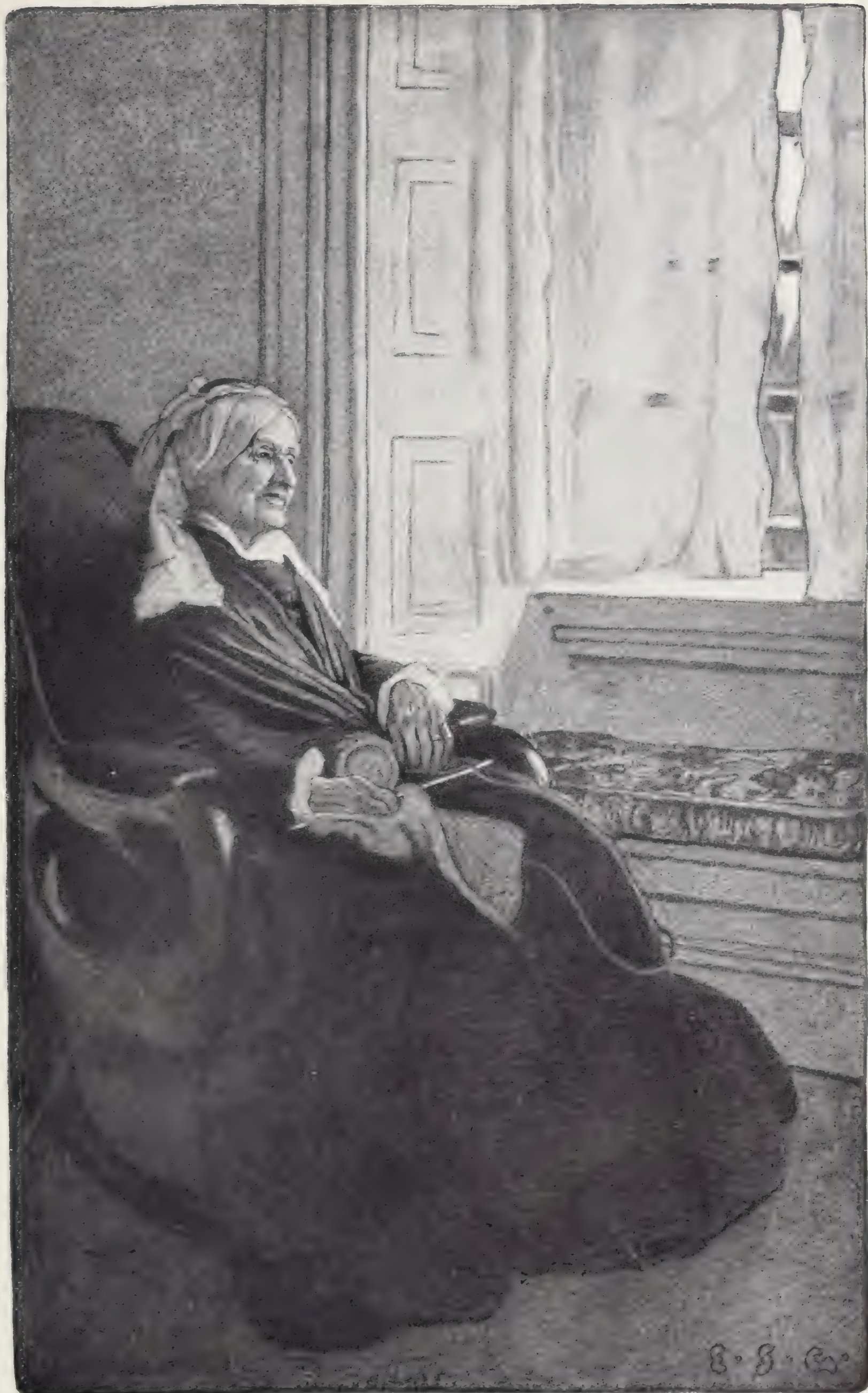
The girl spoke with evident effort. Her grandmother was not satisfied.

"I may be wrong, dear, but I have sometimes fancied that your friend Mr. Conover was a little like your grandfather. I mean in character," she went on, dreamily. "Thomas Conover always helps the downtrodden; so did your grandfather, nor would he ever hunt down a wrong-doer. He said that God would do that, if He felt it to be necessary. It was wonderful, my dear, to hear Jack talk. He used to say that each star had a special virtue; one stood for love, another for wisdom, a third for patience. His own was patience; he always turned to it; and now I turn, too. You can get considerable comfort from the stars." She paused; her eyes were full of tears now.

"But you had it," Rhoda murmured, "you had it all—that is the great thing."

The old lady's face quivered. "Yes, dear. But there is something else I wanted to say—don't you think it would be courteous if we—if I—should ask your friend to call?"

The girl raised her head. "What friend?"



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HER FACE WAS DELICATELY WRINKLED, BUT HER EYES WERE YOUNG

"Thomas Conover."

Rhoda flushed. "Why should we? Do we need him? Aren't we perfectly happy as we are?"

Startled by this vehemence, Mrs. Bainbridge considered her next speech carefully. "Yes, dear, we are happy, but is he? Won't he think it strange, won't he be a little puzzled? Is it quite right to him, after all that he has done?"

"Do you know what he has done?" Rhoda asked, slowly.

"Yes, dear, you have told me; he has made the office life endurable by his sympathy; he has been a kind protector, a faithful comrade. All young men are not like that—at least you have told me so; in my day a lack of chivalry was unknown. But nowadays you say the men are not knights-errant?"

"No, they are not knights, although they are said to be extremely errant."

Mrs. Bainbridge looked distressed. "That does not sound like you, Rhoda; nor is it fair for you to make such speeches, when the only men you know have treated you so kindly."

"Yes, they have been kind to me, but—oh, you don't understand—you couldn't possibly! Every man has always worshiped you."

Mrs. Bainbridge did not attempt to answer this. Rhoda rose and walked aimlessly to the window. Her grandmother waited, hoping for some disclosure; it came, at last, abruptly.

"I may as well tell you, grandmother, that Thomas Conover has gone."

"Gone, dear?"

"Yes, gone for good; but, if you don't mind, I would rather not discuss it." Rhoda's tone was very decided.

Mrs. Bainbridge raised startled eyes. The girl had gained the door.

"I am going to walk," she announced. "I sha'n't be back till six o'clock. I shall walk to Cherryville and take the five-forty train home."

Mrs. Bainbridge looked still more perturbed; the mood must be a black one to need such an overdose of melting snow and wind.

Left alone, she pondered until her head was weary. Rhoda's attitude had been unnatural, almost tragic; what if Thomas Conover had failed? It was so hard to judge. If only Jack were here, he would

find the right solution. She caught herself up; she must not drift back into the old beloved channel, she must strike out bravely into deeper waters, the great dark waters of Rhoda's future. The thought of leaving the girl alone to battle against the world's rough usage was appalling to her—had always been appalling; she had so hoped for some way out of it, she had prayed for it so earnestly—that Rhoda might be loved, protected, cherished; surely it was not so much to ask.

And then at last there had been a kind of answer, and she had drawn a long breath and thanked God softly. And yet, after all, it had not been an answer, and things were worse than they had ever been, for now the child herself was miserable; before, she had been merely unawakened.

She thought it over again. Had there been a quarrel, or had Conover been discharged by Mr. Vaughan? In the latter case might not an attempt be made to interest him in the lovers—for they were lovers; everything suggested it, Rhoda's studied reticence more than all.

The idea grew upon her. She would go to Mr. Vaughan and consult him confidentially, and then, if nothing came of it, Rhoda need never know.

She looked about her briskly. It was not three o'clock yet; she could catch the three-nineteen to town. The Vaughan house was near the station; she could stay an hour, and still be back before her grandchild. She braced herself. James Vaughan's father had been her husband's friend. To be sure, she had not seen the son since his early childhood; still, the only time that she had made a sign he had responded to it instantly by giving Rhoda a place in his important office. Yes, she was surely justified in trusting him.

On reaching the Vaughan house, after a tremulous uneventful journey, Mrs. Bainbridge was shown into the drawing-room. She glanced about her timidly, it was all so very gorgeous. A man pulled aside the curtain and entered the room abruptly.

Mrs. Bainbridge started. "Is this Mr. Vaughan?" she stammered.

"It is, and you are Mrs. Bainbridge. What a pleasure it is to see you!"

The voice was harsh, but a smile lit up the rather gloomy face.

Mrs. Bainbridge tried in vain to recover herself; her delicate hands were fumbling at her watch-chain; it had been her husband's.

"I—I—have come to consult you about something. I—I hope you won't

"Quite, thank you."

"I sha'n't think anything but pleasant things of you," he said, gently. Mrs. Bainbridge brightened. Men had always been so kind to her. "Tell me what I can do for you," he went on, more insistently; "it will be a pleasure. Are you quite comfortable in that big chair?"

"Quite, thank you."

He saw that she was abashed at his directness; what a dear, shy old lady, and what lovely silver hair! She wore it, too, in such a charming fashion; he remembered that his mother had worn hers so.

"Can I get you anything?" he asked, "a glass of cordial, or would you care for home-made cider?"

"Nothing, thank you," Mrs. Bainbridge replied, politely. She would have liked a cup of tea, it was her usual hour; tea was such a comfort when one was worried. James Vaughan, however, did not think of offering tea.

"I am sorry my sister is out of town," he said, by way of keeping up the conversation, for his strange old visitor did not seem inclined to talk.

At his last words, however, she stiffened perceptibly. "It is a matter of business," she murmured, "of confidential business."

"Oh, of course, I quite understand that, but I thought that afterward we might have a cozy chat? It actually makes me young again to see you! I don't really remember you, for I was a small boy, and frightfully absent-minded—I sometimes wonder what I have been thinking of all these years, considering how many things I have forgotten."

His smile was very pleasant. Mrs. Bainbridge hesitated. She did so long to trust him, to tell him her perplexities; he would surely see more clearly; she had implicit confidence in the masculine grasp of things.

Meanwhile James Vaughan was surveying his guest with growing interest.

How sweet she was, how stately, how distinguished!

"Is it some investment?" he suggested.

"No, it is something more important."

James Vaughan stared; to him investments had always been the great importance.

"It must be about Miss Rhoda, then? I hope she is not discontented? I should be glad to give her quick promotion, but she must take her turn like all the others."

Mrs. Bainbridge felt the chill, and drooped under it. "It is about Rhoda," she said. "We are so utterly alone."

James Vaughan looked uncomfortable.

"I have come to consult you," she went on, clutching her chain in both her hands now; "there is no one left to guide me." She raised troubled eyes to his. "Your father knew my husband; in the old days they loved each other."

"I should be delighted," he murmured, touched by the note of pleading.

She threw him a grateful look. "You are very good to me," she murmured. "I am such a stranger."

"You are not a stranger," he cried. "I have known you always, and you have known me, too—that is settled now between us! Suppose we return for a moment to our business; we may as well get over that first."

She smiled at him; all at once she felt quite safe and happy.

"It is about Thomas Conover," she said.

She watched his face hopefully, but it remained entirely without expression.

"Thomas Conover," he repeated; "who is he?"

"He is Mr. Thomas Redfield Conover. I understood—I thought—that he had lately left your office?"

Vaughan considered a moment. "There are so many men," he said. "I don't seem to remember. Perhaps you could describe him?"

"He is tall and dark, with a harsh voice and many gestures. His smile is pleasant; it transforms his face completely. He might be an Italian when he smiles." She broke off abruptly, with a little frightened movement.

Vaughan laughed good-humoredly.

"It might almost be a flattered portrait of myself! But I will have them telephone to the office. My head man there will know. Conover, did you say—Thomas Conover?"

Mrs. Bainbridge rose. Her eyes were full of fear now. "Don't trouble," she said. "I may have been mistaken in the name. I—I—probably misunderstood my granddaughter's story," she went on, hurriedly. "I thought she had met him at the office; it must have been elsewhere." In her agitation she scarcely knew what she was saying.

The broker looked extremely puzzled.

"Please don't think of it again," she urged.

She was so pale that her companion grew uneasy. He wished that charming old ladies would not wander about alone.

"Must you really go?" he asked. "But wait a moment; you must at least drive to the station in my carriage. It will be here in a moment; I ordered it for five."

"Five!" she cried; "is it five o'clock already? I must go at once, or Rhoda will be worried."

"The carriage will take you faster than you can walk."

Mrs. Bainbridge buttoned her wrap with trembling fingers. He longed to do it for her.

"I—I need not say," she faltered, "that this is confidential?"

James Vaughan smiled. "You have told me absolutely nothing. I am afraid, after all, you don't trust me?"

Mrs. Bainbridge made a nervous gesture. "I believe that you are good in spite of everything."

He laughed outright. "That doesn't speak well for us poor business men!" he cried.

Mrs. Bainbridge crossed the room uncertainly. "That is a sweet picture," she remarked, with an effort.

"Oh, that is a sketch of my sister, done a year ago by Lantin."

"It is a dear face," she said, "and—" she hesitated.

"And?"

"That is all," she answered, faintly. She had meant by a bold diversion to turn his mind from the one alarming topic; but it was hard to act, above all when he smiled at her.

"How your sister must love your smiles!" she murmured, as she looked at him.

Vaughan stared, and then he colored. "I am afraid she doesn't care much."

Mrs. Bainbridge met his eyes gravely for one long instant. "Oh yes, she does—we all do—it's that that makes the difference."

With this she gained the door. Vaughan hurried after her, helping her down the steps and putting her carefully into the carriage.

On re-entering the deserted drawing-room, Vaughan seated himself in Mrs. Bainbridge's chair. What a charming, shy old lady! He was convinced that she had come to ask some favor, and then her courage had failed. He must go to call next week and try to find some way of serving her; he wished he had not waited to be reminded; he should have hunted her up a year ago. He sighed involuntarily. She had made him feel somehow like such a wooden figure; and yet she had made him feel so strangely good and tender.

Two days subsequently, in the late afternoon, Vaughan was startled by receiving Rhoda Milton's card.

Descending to the drawing-room in some haste, he greeted his visitor with guarded politeness.

"Can you give me a few minutes, Mr. Vaughan?"

He motioned toward a chair. The girl's anxiety was apparent.

"I have come about grandmother," Rhoda began, the next instant; her office training had taught her the value of despatch.

"What is wrong with her?" Vaughan demanded.

"I don't know; but she is utterly unlike herself." Then recollecting that he was unacquainted with that self, "She is worrying about something."

"When did it begin?" he questioned, sharply.

"It began Saturday," she answered, immediately; it was a habit not to keep Vaughan waiting. "When I came home from a long walk, I found her in a state of collapse. She wouldn't admit that anything was wrong. The next day she didn't improve. She couldn't eat—I am

sure she didn't sleep. It was mental; I saw that at once. Something must have happened—" She fixed keen eyes on her companion.

"Have you any idea what it was?"

"Yes; that's why I am here. Didn't grandmother communicate with you in some way?"

Vaughan hesitated.

"Oh, please tell me," Rhoda urged, divining his scruple; "never mind whether you have promised her or not—it is absolutely necessary!" Her voice shook, to her great annoyance. Coolness was essential at this juncture.

"She came to see me on Saturday," Vaughan avowed.

Rhoda started, turning a dazed face toward him. "She came to see you?" she repeated, incredulously. "Alone? Why, she never goes anywhere." Then, with a sudden change of expression, "She came to find out about Conover!" she cried, triumphantly. "Oh, what *did* you say? Did you commit yourself definitely?"

She was searching his features with eager anxiety. All sense of constraint had left her; their relative positions seemed to have changed in an instant; she was the questioner, he the questioned, no longer the master.

"I said I didn't remember him," Vaughan replied. He too was vaguely conscious of some subtle change.

"Thank Heaven!" the girl exclaimed, fervently.

"Why?" Vaughan asked. "Who is this Conover, anyway?"

She made an expressive gesture. "He isn't any one."

He stared at her, frowning. She met his frown steadily. She was all courage now. "I told her Saturday that he had left the office," she explained. "He was supposed to be in your employ. On top of that, she went to you. Oh, I see it all!"

"I must say I do not," Vaughan put in.

Rhoda lowered her eyes. "I haven't time to go into that," she said, nervously; "what is really important is grandmother's condition. She is seventy-eight, and very fragile at best—if she goes on worrying—"

"She mustn't go on," he interposed.

"Then you will help me?" she cried.

"I will do anything in my power. But first I must really have a few facts." The old cautiousness was not so easily shaken off.

Rhoda threw him a hostile glance. "There aren't any facts," she retorted; "there is nothing but fiction."

"Give me the fiction, then, please." There was obstinacy in his tone; there was also authority.

His employee chafed at both. Could a man never rise above artificial distinctions! The difference between them lay in the fact of his money. That was his power; he could dismiss her to-morrow. She straightened herself angrily.

"Since you insist, I must do as you say."

Vaughan flushed. "I merely thought I could help you more intelligently if I understood?"

"You will never understand—no man could," she added, gloomily; "however—It all came about because grandmother was so romantic. In her day every one was, I suppose. Anyway, she was—and with good cause. All the men adored her—I've heard this from many sources. Well, the consequence is that she thinks all girls are the same—that they have romances, and all that sort of thing. Her attitude toward men, too, is most peculiar; she thinks that every man is a knight and a hero. She doesn't realize that chivalry has gone out of fashion. I've tried to tell her, but it distresses her terribly, so I've given it up. You can see now what an awkward position I was in; it was worse than that, it was tragic. Grandmother was perturbed about me; she asked questions, very cautiously at first, but as time went on she grew more and more dejected. Then one day I had an inspiration—I made up Thomas Conover. If you could have seen the relief in her face! After that all went beautifully until Saturday, when I was mad enough to spoil the thing. Now is it clear?"

Her narrative had been so resolutely impersonal that at its close Vaughan found himself still somewhat bewildered.

"Not entirely," he said. "I am not quick enough to follow you. Who, precisely, was this Conover supposed to be?"

She met his look defiantly, the question seemed to her extremely inconsiderate.

"My friend—my comrade—what you please — grandmother would say, my chivalrous champion in the business world."

Vaughan withdrew his gaze. "I see," he murmured. There was a short pause.

Rhoda made a nervous movement; his impassiveness was hard to endure. "It didn't hurt any one," she argued, passionately, "and it comforted her tremendously. I suppose some people would think it was wrong."

"It was admirable," Vaughan interrupted, with sudden warmth.

She gave him one quick look. "Then you will help me? I can't do it without you."

"What do you propose to do?" he questioned, curiously.

"To resurrect Thomas Conover—that is the one thing that will cure grandmother. The difficulty is that I have said he was gone." She hesitated.

He took her up quickly. "But I can say I have made him come back."

Her face relaxed; she bent toward him eagerly. "Then you don't object? You would only have to state the one fact in your note; I would manage all the rest." She waited in anxious suspense; there was never any certainty about men.

Meantime Vaughan was scrutinizing her with growing interest. Girls were amazingly plucky—this girl especially. After all, inheritance *did* count for something.

"Will you write to grandmother to-night?" she asked, point-blank.

Instead of answering, he put a question to her. "What kind of man did you make out Conover to be?"

"Oh, grandmother's kind: generous—brave—good to women—not mercenary."

"Yet you think that those qualities are obsolete?"

"Yes, I do," she admitted, impatiently; he was wasting precious time. "But grandmother wouldn't have been satisfied with anything else. Oh, I made a fine man while I was about it—not a woman's man, either—grandmother loves manliness." She broke off, and then continued in a lower voice: "I gave him your exterior, Mr. Vaughan. It was easier to describe some one I knew—I didn't dream that grandmother would ever see you."

There was an accusation in her words,

at which Vaughan winced inwardly. Outwardly, however, he remained quite imperturbable.

"I think I understand now," he said. "But," he added, as a sudden thought occurred to him, "what shall we do if she should wish to see Conover?"

"Oh, grandmother never presses things—she has too much tact."

"I am sure she has," Vaughan agreed, enthusiastically; "she is the sweetest old lady I have ever seen. She doesn't seem old, either—just the right age."

Rhoda smiled involuntarily. One interview, and he had succumbed like the rest! "If you could see her now," she murmured, "she is so changed in two days—it is ghastly."

"It sha'n't go on a day longer," Vaughan exclaimed, with decision. "I will write to Mrs. Bainbridge to-night."

Rhoda rose. "I can't thank you enough." The words were constrained.

Vaughan shook hands with her warmly. "Don't thank me. If you thank any one, it should be Thomas Redfield Conover."

Rhoda blushed unexpectedly. "So you know his middle name, too?" she stammered, as she made her way hastily to the door.

Vaughan opened it for her. His eyes were quizzical. "I feel that I know a great deal about him," he assured her, seriously.

The following afternoon, at four o'clock precisely, two ladies mounted Vaughan's front steps. The elder of the two clutched a note tightly; she had received it that morning; she knew it by heart.

"Dear Mrs. Bainbridge," it ran: "Although my sister is unfortunately out of town, will you and Miss Rhoda give me the pleasure of your company at tea to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock? I am anxious to take up old links without delay. I haven't forgotten that my father and Mr. Bainbridge were lifelong friends. I need not say that it is not a party—only ourselves and Thomas Conover. I hope you won't mind meeting him? Miss Rhoda will tell you who he is. And please tell her from me that Conover is still with us; he has been persuaded to remain. Hoping to see you

both to-morrow, and with the pleasantest anticipations for myself,

"Always faithfully yours,

"JAMES VAUGHAN.

"If I don't hear from you, I shall expect you at four. Ask Miss Rhoda not to come to the office to-morrow."

Rhoda rang the door-bell in silence; she had not talked much since the arrival of Vaughan's note. Mrs. Bainbridge had done the talking. That lady's excitement had been intense; she had begun to dress at ten o'clock in the morning. By this time she was therefore a little tired, but her eyes were bright with expectation. The door was opened, the guests entered the hall; after their wraps had been removed, they were ushered at once into the large dining-room at the rear of the house.

The table was elaborately laid; there were flowers and lights and dainty dishes. Rhoda saw that four places had been set. She clenched her fingers. What madness to make the thing more complicated than was necessary! To introduce Conover in the flesh meant to let a third person into the secret. How like a man, though, she reflected, indignantly, to try to improve on the plan, and to risk failure, which would be disastrous as matters stood.

She surveyed her grandmother furtively. Mrs. Bainbridge was looking her very best. All signs of her recent dejection had disappeared; she seemed to be in the brightest spirits. She was wearing a rather shabby black silk dress, but it was redeemed by some really fine old point-lace, which set off her delicate complexion extremely well. At her throat she wore an ancient diamond brooch; her precious chain was always within reach. Her hair was carefully arranged; the arranging of it had taken nearly an hour. She was determined to do honor to the occasion, for she felt the occasion to be an important one. Rhoda felt this too, reversely; she was convinced that a catastrophe was impending, and all owing to Vaughan's obstinate stupidity. It was incredible that he should have embarked on such a venture without at least warning her beforehand. As it was, she would be forced to submit, to follow

his lead blindly. A fierce sense of indignation possessed her; after all, it was not Vaughan's affair—it was hers—hers absolutely. He had interfered in the real masculine manner. He did not see that if the scheme failed, things would be far worse than ever before, since Mrs. Bainbridge would lose confidence in them both, and the Conover myth would be exposed for once and all.

Mrs. Bainbridge meantime was examining the table with keen interest. "How lovely it is!" she exclaimed; "we used to have silver dishes of that pattern. Isn't it kind of Mr. Vaughan to take so much trouble?"

"I don't suppose *he* did anything," Rhoda rejoined, somewhat tartly.

Mrs. Bainbridge looked disappointed. "Still, dear, he must have given the orders. And surely," she continued, hopefully, "it must have been his idea to include Mr. Conover?"

She searched her granddaughter's features cautiously; the Conover mystery had not been elucidated, but it would be presently; the grandmother had such confidence in Vaughan.

"Yes, it was certainly his idea to include Conover," Rhoda agreed, with scarcely veiled sarcasm. But she had not the heart to spoil her grandmother's enthusiasm. "The flowers are lovely," she added, with forced cheerfulness. "Mr. Vaughan has probably been detained."

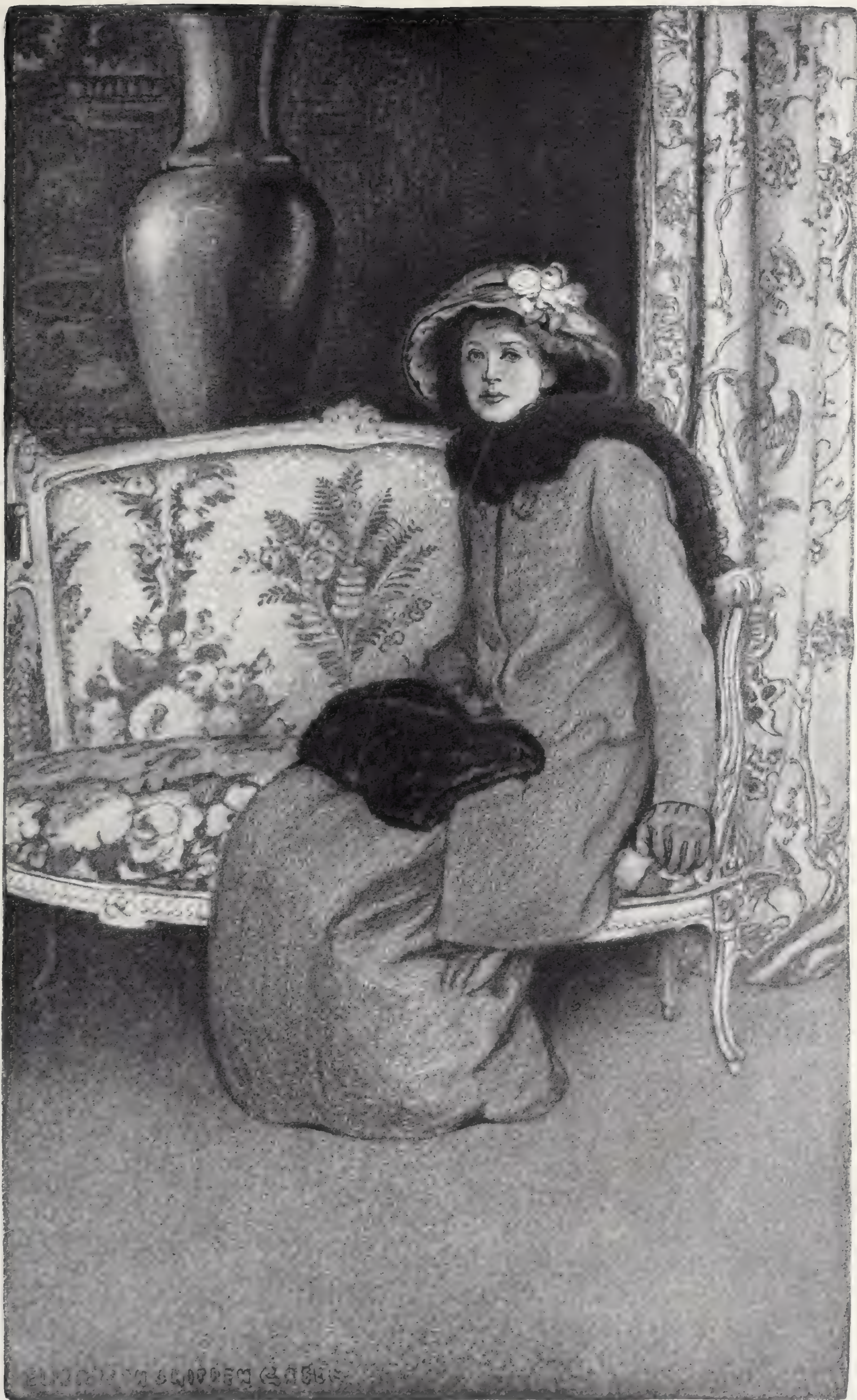
Her one hope was that Conover had failed. She ran over again feverishly in her mind the possible men for such a performance, but even if one of them had agreed to play the part, might he not have given out at the last moment? Might not Vaughan be arguing with him now?

At this moment Vaughan made his appearance. He was smiling, and apparently composed. He greeted Mrs. Bainbridge affectionately. Although he did not refer to their recent meeting, his manner suggested past acquaintance.

Mrs. Bainbridge on her side was radiant. She held his hand, looking up into his face.

"I am so glad to be here!" she ejaculated, fervently.

"And I'm so glad to have you! Forgive me for being late."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE WAITED IN ANXIOUS SUSPENSE

When he turned to his other guest, he was met by a hostile stare. He returned the stare meaningly. Then he addressed himself gaily to Mrs. Bainbridge; to his relief she did not look ill.

"What a joy to have a good talk at last! I haven't forgotten about Evanton and the dear old houses; I was a very small boy at the time; but I remember a lot—even your matchless peach jam."

Mrs. Bainbridge colored with pleasure. "We won't wait for Conover," Vaughan continued, easily; "he will make his bow a little later."

As he spoke, he handed Mrs. Bainbridge to her seat. Rhoda took hers opposite; whereupon the host proceeded to do the honors, loading his elder guest's plate with dainties, and asking her frank opinion of the tea. She pronounced it incomparable. Everything, in fact, seemed incomparable to her—the soft lights, the delicate fare, the friendly talk. All fatigue had left her miraculously; she looked and felt a good twenty years younger. Rhoda observed this, rejoicing at it exceedingly; all would be well now but for Vaughan's unhappy idea. Her eyes watched the door continually, her ears were strained to catch the sound of the bell.

Vaughan on his part took no notice of his accomplice; he was absorbed apparently in the smiling old lady.

At last Mrs. Bainbridge recollected herself; she had caught a sudden view of Rhoda's face. It did not harmonize with the festive scene. An explanation occurred to her. How thoughtless of them! Rhoda was disappointed at the absence of her friend.

"Mr. Conover is late," she observed, tentatively.

Both her companions seemed taken aback.

"Yes," Vaughan agreed, "he is late."

"Perhaps he isn't coming," Rhoda suggested, significantly.

Her grandmother looked perturbed in her turn. "I should be sorry to miss seeing him," she murmured, "though we are very cozy as we are," she added, wistfully.

"Perhaps he isn't coming," Rhoda repeated, fixing Vaughan with her eyes. Even now the catastrophe might be averted. Her grandmother had been cured

without Conover; his presence now would only do harm.

Vaughan returned her gaze. "It would be rude of him," he remarked, impartially.

"Oh, he wouldn't be rude," Mrs. Bainbridge put in, conscious of a tension in the atmosphere. "He is most punctilious—from all that I've heard—most courteous; he never disappoints."

"Don't, please!" Vaughan exclaimed. His manner had altered suddenly. It had grown serious and a little embarrassed. "I don't know how to tell you, dear lady; I really don't! You have a wrong impression of the man."

He hesitated. Rhoda stirred her tea angrily; this was unbearable, this playing with fire.

"You see," he went on, "the case is peculiar—the fact is—I am Thomas Conover!"

His listeners gasped. Rhoda raised her eyes, then she lowered them precipitantly. Mrs. Bainbridge did not speak; her eyes, however, were fastened on Vaughan's face.

"Yes," the latter continued, "we have been playing a little game—at least I played; Miss Rhoda had to fall in. I was her master in the office hours. . . . You don't understand? I will try to explain. You see, we business men get so blunted to everything except business that we long to get out of ourselves. Our minds go on grinding the same old tune unless we force ourselves to think of other things. That is how I came to be Conover; in my leisure moments I wanted to be some one else. And I was—Miss Rhoda, you can testify that Thomas Conover doesn't resemble me in one particular?"

She shook her head without replying. He turned back to Mrs. Bainbridge apologetically.

"I hope you will pardon the deception—my part of it, I mean; Miss Rhoda needs no pardon. But the game was innocent—I can assure you of that. And," he added, "if you don't forbid it, I should like it to continue. When one has once been Conover, one does not relinquish him without a pang."

He had gone on talking in order to give Rhoda time to recover herself; he had seen her rapid breathing.

"I knew it all along," Mrs. Bainbridge said, dreamily; "I knew it in my heart, though my mind couldn't see it."

Vaughan took her hand in his. "Do you forgive me?" he asked.

"There is nothing to forgive. You are worthy of your father, Mr. Vaughan."

He flushed, lifting her fingers to his lips. "That is the very nicest thing you could have said! Then Conover is exonerated?"

He glanced cautiously at Rhoda; she was putting on her gloves.

"I think, grandmother," she said, in a low voice, "that we really ought to be going. You have been on your feet since early morning."

Mrs. Bainbridge yielded reluctantly; she could not bear that this wonderful occasion should be curtailed. "I am not in the least fatigued," she assured them.

"I don't like to have you go," Vaughan murmured, "but we will meet often—whenever Conover is disengaged. It wouldn't do to put you off with Vaughan."

Mrs. Bainbridge rose. "Both gentlemen would always be welcome," she said, shyly.

Vaughan offered her his arm. "My carriage will be here in a moment," he explained.

Rhoda followed them through the long drawing-room; she was grateful for Vaughan's avoidance of her.

At the carriage door, however, she lingered, while Vaughan arranged the rug for Mrs. Bainbridge; then, as he turned to assist her—

"I take back everything I said," she panted. "I never saw anything half so splendid!"

Their eyes met; his were alight, hers were strangely humble.

Vaughan moved forward impulsively. "I will go with you to the station," he insisted; whereupon he entered the carriage, seating himself beside Rhoda, who faced her grandmother.

Mrs. Bainbridge had leaned back in sudden exhaustion, but she smiled at her companions:

Vaughan turned sideways toward his neighbor. "I find myself longing to be Conover!" The words were spoken under his breath. Rhoda flushed. Was he mocking her still?

"What shall I do," he continued, more insistently, "if the real Conover should ever turn up?"

She gave him one quick look. "There isn't any Conover, and you know it; don't humiliate me any further by your—generosity."

Vaughan flushed in his turn. "May I go on being Conover, then?" he demanded. "And will you forget about the office and—all that priggishness—will you let me limber myself out, so to speak? In other words, sha'n't we eliminate the business basis?"

"Do you mean that I am to be discharged, like Conover?" Rhoda asked, with a tremulous laugh. She could not regain her equilibrium, although it was most desirable that she should do so. "In that case," she went on, attempting jocularly, "you will have to look after grandmother—I won't enter another New York office even for her sake!"

"Have you had such a bad time?" he questioned, eagerly. "Tell me of whom or of what you complain?"

"Oh, I can't put it into words—of everything—of nothing—of—"

"Of me?"

"No; you were a just master."

"Were?"

Rhoda made a nervous movement. "I am not sure what you are now," she answered, in a low voice.

"Your employer—as long as you will have me—your friend—and, since yesterday, your very sincere admirer. Can I say more?"

"No," she retorted, a little breathlessly. "But—grandmother can't hear us—" for unconsciously he had bent nearer, "there is one thing that I wish to say to you." She raised her eyes, meeting his gaze bravely. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Vaughan, for my bad opinion of you. I thought that all men were hard and selfish, but you have made me ashamed of ever having thought so."

Before Vaughan could frame a reply, Mrs. Bainbridge had made an inaudible remark.

Rhoda and Vaughan leaned forward solicitously; they were approaching the station and the noise was deafening.

"I said," Mrs. Bainbridge repeated, smilingly, "that I was so glad that Mr. Vaughan was Thomas Conover!"



MANAOS, ON THE RIO NEGRO

The rubber headquarters of Brazil, 1,000 miles from the Atlantic coast

Tracking Up the Rio Negro

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

SANTA ISABEL, six hundred miles beyond Manaus, is the jumping-off place on the Rio Negro River; speaking more formally, it is head of navigation on this section of the flowing road, and likely to remain so for many years. Some folks may not call casual steamers navigation — thus to argue themselves untraveled in South America; but however my choice of word may be disputed, the fact remains that sooner or later the hard-working stern-wheeler boarded at Manaus puts you down at Isabel, the end of its journey. If you are lucky enough to begin your travels in June, when the river is high, your arrival will be “sooner,” but should you happen to set out upon your adventures in February, it will be “later.” For it is one of the surprising phenomena of this amazing, riverful country that in the early stages of the rainy season even three feet of draught ascends the Rio Negro’s broad, shallow course shiftingly and intermittently only through help of the gifted native pilot (*practico*), whose familiarity with the whims of the changeful flood is so impressive as to seem a species of second sight. In the height of the dry season the boat does not even make the attempt.

With its fifty thousand people, Manaus is the most considerable inland port of Brazil, and, contrary to popular misconception regarding Para, the rubber clearing-house of South America; it is, I should add, nine miles above where the black water of the Rio Negro joins the yellowish Amazon, one thousand miles from the gaping mouth of this wonderful waterway. Here, from New York or Liverpool, you may come by the steamer which goes on to Iquitos, its final port in Peru, more than thirteen hundred miles farther up the Amazon.

And what a mighty river is this Amazon, with its source on the other side of South America in the very foothills of the Andes, three thousand miles to the west. Yet not its length or its depth makes it so notable among the world’s great rivers as the volume of water discharged through its one-hundred-and-eighty-mile opening upon the Atlantic—a volume so enormous as to color the ocean nearly two hundred miles off-shore! Reaching forth over an area of two thousand miles east and west by seventeen hundred north and south, its tributaries drain the upper one-third of all South America—a basin two-thirds the size of Europe; which statement may

give, more clearly than maps, some idea of the resources of this mother of rivers, over whose connections you can, with comparatively short portages, make your way from the Caribbean Puerto Cabello, at the top of the continent, to Buenos Aires, at the mouth of the Rio de la Plata in the far south—a flowing road indeed!

With all this supply, the current of the Amazon for half of the year is little more or less than four miles an hour, except at Obidos, five hundred miles up, where only a mile separates the two banks through which the river crowds itself at a depth of one hundred and twenty fathoms—the one point along the first one thousand miles where both banks of the Amazon can be seen at the same time. Elsewhere, though variously reckoned at from six to fifteen miles, its width is difficult to estimate, but always, on either side, is the flanking of a dead-level country, accentuated by the clean-trunked, high-standing, and heavily buttressed ceibas, which lift their great bushy tops on high as though to escape the smother of forest blanket.

You would hardly believe there could

be scarcity of water along such a river system, but I was delayed at Manaus ten days while the anchored *Inca*, drawing three feet, awaited the rise of the Rio Negro; and, when finally we were under way, it required seven days of running from daylight until dark and the utmost skill of the practico to reach Santa Isabel. Nor was there a day of the seven when we were free of strong wind and driving rain and lowering clouds, to churn the shoal water and darken the sky, so adding to the difficulty of keeping the channel. Still, the practico never faltered, nor once did we touch bottom. Just in front of the unhoused wheel on the forward deck, signaling the steersman, sometimes himself seizing the spokes, but never speaking except now and again to the diligent lead-man (with whom twelve feet was the deepest recorded), so stood the pilot. Through the storms and even into the dark of the early night he guided, finding the tortuous channel without mistake; twisting and turning, at times making hardly a half a mile dead ahead; while on every side, reaching to the horizon, the dense forest, unrelieved by the individual lofty



INDIANS BRINGING CRUDE RUBBER TO SANTA ISABEL



SANTA ISABEL
Rubber headquarters of the Rio Negro

trees of the Amazon, rimmed the water like a great hedge trimmed to evenness by some giant hand. Occasionally a strip of bright sandy beach, framed in vivid green, supplied needed contrast and emphasized the darkness of the enveloping woodland.

Of the Amazon's great feeders, each over a thousand miles in length, the Rio Negro, if not first in size, is certainly second, with two large contributing rivers of its own, the Branco on the north—extending six hundred miles up to the mountain barrier guarding southeast Venezuela—and the Uaupes on the west, that comes from the far Amazonian forests lining the base of the Cordilleras.

Just above Manaus the Rio Negro is from six to ten miles wide; beyond, for several hundred miles, it becomes an island-filled, heliotrope sea, with banks ranging from ten to twenty-five miles apart; all the islands heavily wooded, and one as much as thirty miles in length. Approaching Santa Isabel, itself an island, the river narrows to about five

miles, and the first indication of the up-river rock outcroppings is seen in the prevalence of granite beaches.

Whenever the *Inca* came to a high bank, always once and sometimes twice a day, we found a settlement of one-story, crudely built houses, usually to the number of two or three and never more than half a dozen, except at Barcellos, the oldest town on the river, which boasts forty of better structure. At such halts the boat left provisions, for, although they can raise anything, the truth is these people practically raise nothing, and are dependent almost entirely on the infrequent comings and goings of the one small steamboat. From the interior they get a little cacho, as the second-grade rubber is called, just enough to tempt existence in these open spots hewn from the surrounding forest. Such is the condition all along the river above Manaus.

Eight houses, a score of long-legged pigs, and children to the number of men, women, houses, and pigs, comprised

the colony at this head of navigation as I beheld it first. But as I lingered at its boulder-strewn gates the population increased with the opening of the wet season by twenty or more rubber-laden canoes and batelãos—for Santa Isabel is the rubber headquarters of the alto (upper) Rio Negro. Here the Indian caucheros in their dugouts and the Brazilian traders in their cargo boats bring the small amount of rubber gathered along this river and its many branches; and here, by the *Inca* from Manaus, come supplies and the agents who bargain for the season's catch. Those prone to class all South-Americans as indolent should peruse the workaday life-story of the average cauchero, who, with food necessarily scant and unnourishing because of the conditions of travel and climate, penetrates far into the most unhealthful sections where rubber is to be found at its best, and for months at a time searches the tropical hotbed, returning with the raw fruits of his labor once a year for a brief respite at the source of supplies. Of all pioneering, I know of none where life is so drear or the work more exhausting or beset by such discomfort.

As this was the real beginning of my canoe journey to the Orinoco River, I had brought provisions to carry us the five or six hundred miles to San Carlos, frontier post of Venezuela, where, I was assured, I could replenish them; but as experience has taught me how little dependence may usually be placed on the information of the interior offered at frontier towns, I was not surprised to find my gun and fish-line necessary on the road, and no provisions at San Carlos.

I never cease to marvel at the improvidence of these wilderness people whose negligence costs them so dear. In the far North, where dogs and sledges constitute the only means of winter transportation, I found it most difficult to secure an additional train; while on the Rio Negro, where the flowing road is the only road, extra canoes and especially men for hire are as exceptional as sunshine in the rainy season. And none was to be had at Isabel, notwithstanding they told me at Manaus I should be able to engage one or more. Since, however, Santa Isabel is the point of communica-

tion between the outside world and all that vast interior reaching far to the west and north—even to the gateway of fabled El Dorado—I could not believe in the scarcity until I had spent several fruitless days of urgent searching. At the last I was fortunate in meeting and interesting in my behalf a young Brazilian, Netto, whose English was about on a par with my Portuguese; but even with his kindly help it was impossible to secure a canoe, though I finally did engage passage on a trading freight-batelão, which undertook to carry me to San Gabriel, at the great rapids, sometimes called the Falls of the Rio Negro. Pending its start, I went two days up-river with Netto, to a commanding and beautifully situated point, where with his wife—an alluring young native whose beauty was rather enhanced by informal skirt and stockingless feet—and her mother, he lived in a long, low adobe, which the dogs and the goats and the ducks shared on easy terms with the family. Netto's people were representative of the better country class, simple in their habits of living perhaps, but kind to their dependents and courteous beyond need to the voyaging stranger. My few days at their house were happily and instructively occupied, and, though impatient to be off, it was with a genuine regret I bade them adieu when the canoe from my batelão signaled at sundown on the third day of my visit.

Throughout the length of the flowing road canoes are of few types but of many names. The batelão, varying from twenty-five to forty feet in length, with crews from four to a dozen, is the long-journey cargo boat, corresponding in some of its phases to the lancha of Venezuela. In both countries it has a deep cockpit, covered, sometimes for half its length, sometimes wholly, with a thatched, barrel-shaped house, locally known as a tolda, and is built of planks around a crude but strong framework, so as to stand that hardest of usage, navigating among the rocks of the rapids.

Except high up on the Guainia, where a species of crude bark craft obtains, the canoe of the Indian is always a dugout, called uba in Brazil and canao or bongo in Venezuela, varying in width from eighteen inches to four feet, and



A "CAMPO" AND CHARACTERISTIC BIT OF FOREST ALONG THE AMAZON

from a dozen or fifteen feet to as much as thirty or forty feet in length. One I measured at Santa Isabel was fifty-two feet long, fashioned out of a single tree. Far inland the *uba*, fitted with *tolda*, is also the long-journey boat, but on the lower reaches of the Rio Negro and the Amazon and the Orinoco, one, two, or three board ribs are added to the gunwale, and it becomes *montareia* with the Portuguese, and *falca* among the Spaniards. Paddles are much of a piece, with short, heart-shaped to roundish heads, and handles varying in length according to size of dugout, except on the lower Orinoco and Rio de la Plata, where the rough water requires always a longer handle as well as a larger blade. The *batelão* is propelled by oars from atop the *tolda*, or from the deck, and by tracking and poling, according to the character of the river and whether you are going up or down stream.

It was twenty-four days after I became the supercargo of the *batelão* (March 9th) that we reached San Gabriel; and the journey was full of interesting adventures. At first the very slow pace was, I confess, maddening, despite the novel method of propulsion; but later, when an acquired small *uba* provided means for exploring the many canos made by the rising river and the trib-

utaries coming in from the north, to which bank we clung, I found the days none too long. Nothing, however, shortened the nights. The rain, which we did not so much mind in the day, because it clouded the otherwise blistering sun, even if it failed to cool the atmosphere, made sleeping a luxurious series of catnaps, with alternate bailing and wringing. Rain or shine, however, we were off always at daylight, and, though we kept going until an hour or so after dark, according to conditions, we never at our fastest made over twenty miles a day, and I doubt if our average exceeded fifteen.

My crew of nine Indians were all from above San Gabriel, but of several types; one negroid, another Semitic, and others of the broad-faced and the lank which seem to predominate in this section.

Alleo, the patron or captain of the crew, was a wizened little man about sixty years of age, scarcely five feet five inches in height or one hundred and twenty-five pounds in weight, with the top section of his left ear missing, and two or three tufts of hair decorating his upper lip. He sported a felt hat jammed over a straw one, and a rather frisky shirt cut off midway to the loin-cloth he wore when it rained, but replaced at other times by the cotton jumper-shirts and trousers with which



WORKING THE OARS FROM THE TOP OF THE TOLDA

the men clothed themselves fully in clear weather. Clothes, I may add, were valued chiefly as protection against the sun, for whenever it rained they were carefully tucked away under the tolda.

Alleo's post was at the rudder, and he was a steersman of parts; usually he stood, one foot on top of the tolda supporting his weight, the other guiding the tiller, while he emphasized his short directions with one hand and searched his anatomy for insects with the other; when he squatted I never saw body of man hang so straight from the knees and not touch ground. I always wished to understand what Alleo said to his men, but they chattered a patois among themselves of which I could catch no meaning. He never relaxed a stern countenance at these moments; never by any chance was drawn into arguments. The orders were curt and decisive, and, from the contemptuous tone and general expression of body and hands, I concluded he favored the sarcastic. He was always an alert and rakish figure outlined atop the tolda, and far and away the best man in the boat—one of the most competent steersmen I met, in fact. The fisherman of the party was Yeggo, and long after the others had turned in at night I could hear the swish of his line, which he baited by preference with a large "walking-stick" grasshopper kind of creature I caught for him, that turned

a round head on a long neck to fix me rather eerily with prominent eyes as I stalked it. When I failed to secure such a bait he used farinha, and appeared quite as successfully to hook a one or two pound gray-and-black trout-shaped fish, with dark, protruding eyes. But Yeggo did not shine as a worker. He was forever cutting capers, often indeed to our loss of a point gained after hardest struggling. At such times a sharp reprimand came swiftly from Alleo.

Nor did Yeggo rate high as to looks, with a bridgeless nose, close-set eyes, and file-pointed teeth showing through a cavernous mouth; and, in common with so many others, his legs and hands were spotted with the white souvenirs of the prevalent skin disease. His dearest possession was a dirty straw hat several sizes too small, which he was constantly losing; in truth, when we were hardest pressed, Yeggo at such trying moments invariably lost that ill-fated hat, and to recover it, of course, let go the pulling-rope. One day I took him with me on an inland trip and lost the hat—that's a story for another time.

The best-looking Indian type on the boat was Ramon, who, among a broad-footed people, had the broadest feet I ever beheld, and used them on the ropes almost as readily as his hands. Save this man, none of the crew stood more than five feet six inches in height, or

weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds; but they all had round, full stomachs, due no doubt to frequent and heavy mandioca feeding, and at least looked well nourished; neither this lot of men, however, nor any others I had on the flowing road, were impressive as to physique or work. It is a fallacy that wilderness people are necessarily robust merely because they lead a simple life. The truth is they are not robust, so far as my experience goes along the waterways of South America from the Rio de la Plata of the Argentine to the Portuguesa of Venezuela, though they are patient and enduring. Alternate stuffing and fasting, and exposure, are not conducive to vigorous health. Fish, dried meat in the sections within reach of supplies, and mandioca, or farinha as the Brazilians call it, may be said to be the staple food of the Indian from Venezuela to the Argentine. There are seasons and regions when and where water-fowl, the widely distributed curassow family, and the agouti and other members of the extensive rat tribe contribute to their food supplies. There are also places and times where and when they must resort to eating snakes, lizards, and vermin, but for the most part they feed on fish and mandioca—the bran-

like meal which is made from the root of the yucca. The tourist is apt to indulge himself in ill-natured and unfair and uncomprehending comment on these unhappily situated people for their lack of the finer qualities and generous impulses: how can such attributes be expected of a man whose entire life is occupied in ceaseless struggle to merely keep alive?

They work fitfully, and their casual methods would inflame one unaccustomed to travel in the tropics. For instance, on my batelão, in the midst of hauling through rapids, one of the crew was just as apt as not to let go the rope to make a cigarette or hunt for vermin or inspect a cut toe. Of fourteen men I used on one occasion in the rapids, four were engaged taking in on two ropes, four in putting the cable aboard the uba, leaving six who were doing the actual pulling. And though a man might soldier patently and constantly, yet none of the others objected. The stern-port oar on the small batelão in which we journeyed from Santa Isabel to the home of my new-found Brazilian friend was constantly stopping to study his toes or to dig an insect from under his skin—but no one protested, though the going was very hard and the crew small. Not



TOWING WITH THE UBA

In crossing the swift water at the mouth of a river, the uba crew throw out a towing rope to the batelão to augment the oars of the cargo boat



MY BATELÃO AND SOME OF THE CREW

even Netto called him to order; the other Indians laughed; Netto ate raisins. Such is rapid transit in Brazil.

My batelão was large and heavily laden, and, as I have said, we progressed by a species of tracking, and by pulling and pushing along the forest-lined bank—a method of poling peculiar to the flowing road. Seven of the crew remained on the boat, Alleo, of course, at the tiller, and two—changed daily, for it was much the easiest task—scouted ahead in the uba for rocks or points where the hauling-cable could be attached. Thus six men were always on the poles, divided equally as pullers and pushers. The puller used a thirty-foot pliable pole having a natural hook at the far end, and it was his business to fasten onto some limb ahead, and, by walking down the length of the batelão, so help drag us forward. The pusher used a twenty-foot stiffer pole terminating in a short, stout fork, which by preference he fixed against the river bottom when he could reach it, or seated it against a limb of the passing trees. Sometimes as a pusher set his weight on the pole he went overboard amid the united shouts of the crew; and often there was a voluntary scramble into the water to secure a marsupial, rat animal, somewhat larger than a big prairie-dog

and fair eating, which had been hooked out of a tree; but more frequently there was a general plunge overboard to escape the attack of a vicious black-and-yellow-striped wasp about the size of our honey-bee, which assailed with the speed of lightning and the ferocity of a tiger and was not to be evaded. You could only protect your eyes with your hands, and, for the rest, take what was coming, rejoicing that its habit is not to linger, but to sting in passing—a sting, I may add, like the touch of a glowing-hot point.

Not all my crew were skilful, yet one was a master. Standing at the bow, he would handle his pole like a six-ounce trout-rod, never failing to land upon an overhanging limb at just the moment to draw the bow shoreward as it turned out-stream because of sloppy work of a pusher walking astern. Here is the real skill in this kind of locomotion—to keep the boat going comparatively straight ahead, instead of swinging in and out in response to the individual efforts of the pole-men. I have seen this particular man hook on to roots under water not visible to my eye, or on to a log floating just under the surface, as does so much of the heavy tropic driftwood. To decide at once, to hook instantly, to move as an endless chain

down the shore side and up the stream side makes a good tracking crew and keeps the boat moving. And not the least necessity to fair batelão progress is honest work by the scouts in the uba, who have unexcelled opportunities for loafing, and can easily make a difference one way or the other of several miles in the day's score. The uba carries about one hundred yards of stout three-inch cable, made, as all rope is in this country, of the peis-sava fiber, which the scouts fasten to an advantageous point where the water is swift, or to the far bank of a bend, paddling back with the other end as fast as they can to the approaching batelão, where the men simply walk it in. This is a much swifter method than poling—raising the pace to two miles the hour. Occasionally on stretches where neither pole nor cable could be used we were obliged to resort to the oars, and then our rate of travel fell to the lowest, or not over a mile an hour; except when in the rapids the heavily forested banks enabled us to employ the combined poling and hauling, by which we averaged about one and a half miles.

And whatever the method of progression, these Rio Negro Indians were usually cheerful, the best-natured people I was ever among. They were always ready with a laugh, often singing at their work—if the rain was not too severe; like children, as, indeed, most wilderness people are. If one of the crew missed an overhanging limb and fell into the river, if the uba was caught under the cable and upset, the others indulged in raillery. If the boat swung around at a rapid or broke away, requiring extra effort to repair the damages, every one laughed as he set to the task. Had they, however, promptly jumped into the breach and laughed afterward, we would have made better time on the long journey at less expense of bodily effort. They had good nature and patience in plenty, but more alertness and instant application of energy would have given less need of patience. Their way was to laugh while they viewed the barrel roll down-hill, and then set to work to roll it up again, rather than to jump in to check its flight at the top of the hill. Such is their way, and you must accept it when among them.

In a broad sense, these Indians are of

the Tupi family, though so crossed with other Indians, Portuguese, Brazilians, and negroes as to have lost nearly all tribal traditions and customs. As a rule, they bring no highly developed skill to their handiwork—the possibilities of the poling are only half realized, save in exceptional cases. They seem to take no pride in expertness with the implement by which they travel or secure food that corresponds to the American Indians' esteem of skill with the paddle or with the Canadian Indians' regard for speed on snow-shoes or dexterous handling of dogs. On the river they are not to be mentioned in the same breath with those consummate watermen of Malaya and Siam. A little effort and a heavy dependence on luck—that's about their gait. Often we ran on rocks which should have been easily avoided by men whose life's work is the handling of boats; and in rounding points of rock in rapid water, almost daily the bow was permitted to swing out on a carelessly slack and unattended rope, sometimes to the escape of the boat and subsequent disaster among the rocks; while in getting out of difficulties there was surprising lack of intelligently applied skill.

Big as the batelão was, it had no room for a supercargo. The days for the most part I spent exploring the inland; the nights aboard, among the loud-smelling pirarucu—how I loathed the odor of that fish as the journey lengthened! Days on the boat, as few as possible you may be sure, were chiefly occupied in dodging either the poles or the tree branches which raked us fore and aft as we clung to the bank throughout all the bends of a much-turning river, or the wasps and the ants that often swept upon us in swarms. The forest continued the same dense hedge. Sometimes where the bank was exposed slender pendants screened the view in running loops or hung straight to the ground from the tree-limbs to take root and send forth their own little shoots—for tropical nature is opposed to the unit. I found it all very interesting. My favorite lookout was on top the forward end of the tolda, where, flat on my stomach, with hands and feet braced against the framework, I managed to keep from being torn off by the branches about half the

time—Alleo quite approving my position, as much of the insect life was thus deposited on me before reaching him. When not engaged in holding on for dear life, here I perched, watching, if the sun shone, for birds and butterflies, and studying the small, stingless, yellow bees—called *angelitos* (little angels) by the Venezuelans—that settled in hundreds on the *peissava* coiled over the tolda. And always when the sun shone, and for all the time it shone, there sounded the loudest and shrillest cicada I ever heard.

The really interesting birds, however, were inland, those on the river being largely the parrots, striking in color combinations—one had a blue back and wings and yellow breast—but noisy to distraction; the brilliant macaws in their reds and greens and blues and yellows, always in pairs and flying fast; and an occasional toucan, with its ungainly great yellow bill and black and green body. But the butterflies!—the air was full of them, and they were lovely beyond description. From a tiny yellow to a superb purple as large as my hand, they fluttered hither and yon, in all sizes and of every color—noticeably in shades of blues and yellows and reds—very yellow yellows, burning scarlets, lustrous blues, and velvet purples. On the river and inland, always in the air when clear, they gave me great pleasure, even though their presence meant a scorching sun.

The temperature, by-the-way, ranged from 88° to 96° in the coolest spot I could place my thermometer on the bateláo of bright days, and 110° to 120° in the sun. Under clouded skies the mercury stood at 90° in the day, and, at night, about 80°; it is noteworthy, too, that at this registry a penetrating chill in the air before dawn made a very light blanket comfortable, in addition to gossamer flannel pajamas. Inland the mercury rarely fell below 85° during the night, and frequently remained at 88° or even at 90°; on such nights the insects held high carnival—and every member of the South American insect world bites.

Although nothing like so plentiful on the black, vegetable-stained rivers as on the yellowish or white, the insects that frequent the Rio Negro appear to be a

choice stinging lot, though indifferent workmen in comparison with those of the upper Orinoco and the Cassiquiare. The busiest on the Negro is a small fly thing of several sizes called *pium*. Unlike the wasp of swift attack, the *pium* comes aboard without warning for a stay, so your earliest notice also announces the close of its campaign; and, though you kill it, your trouble is brewing none the less in the tiny blood dot marking the scene of its feast. Of insect visitations, however, the ants were perhaps the most troublesome; with wings and without, harmless and vicious, ashore and afloat—they came upon us in active myriads. On occasion the bateláo and the tolda, inside and out, would be so literally covered that we had to tie up and all hands clear—and clean—ship.

Thus from bush to tree, from rock to root, pulling, hauling, poling, most of the time in the rain, we worked our way from point to point, from island to island. Usually we tied up for the night along the bank, where the insects love to dwell and the anvil chorus of the frogs swells its loudest; but when we could we camped on a point of rocks or sand, where there was some relief from the pests. Often we encountered stretches of rocks and rapids extending entirely across the river, where our only way of advancing was by hauling from boulder to boulder, sometimes thus crossing to the other bank and back again in the same arduous, time-consuming manner. It was slow work, and it was hard work, and once we nearly ended our journey then and there.

We had been all day toiling through such going, under continuous rain, and had come finally, long after dark, to a forty or fifty foot squarish rock-and-sand island in the middle of the river where it made a sharp bend and sped away for a mile or more over a boulder-filled bed. Here, on the down-stream side, we dragged the uba onto a diminutive sand beach and tied the bateláo alongside, probably not over five miles from where we had started at daylight. It was a picturesque camp; the stars shone brilliantly after a day of storm and clouds, and all around loomed the dark, unbroken line of forest. The crew, seated ashore around

a feeble fire of driftwood making coffee, jabbered and smoked and laughed, while a cloud of insects, revealed intermittently by the flickering flame, played round them as a halo. The chatter subsided early, for the men were worn by the day's work, and soon I could hear their sonorous breathing as I lay on the odoriferous *pirarucu* aboard the bateláo watching the Southern Cross slowly right itself, and the shooting-stars, of which I saw many night by night drop into the far horizon. On either side of us the water swirled and chirruped and danced past in the vigorous gladness of a rapids-filled river.

Alternately straining on its painter and bumping against the rock to which it was fastened, the bateláo was scarcely a slumber cradle, so I needed no awakening when a furious bang brought me up standing; and the next instant I was trying to check the loosed bow which was swinging down-stream. But the only pole on board was a push-pole, of no service for hooking and holding, and by the time I rushed astern I could not touch bottom, though I could easily have jumped ashore. Meanwhile the boat was going out and swinging rapidly to the current, which, luckily indeed, was so swift and strong that it had turned the bow quite around when I reached the tiller and set up a hurricane yelling to arouse the Indians, who were sleeping comfortably, unaware of my hurried, not to say disturbing, departure from our island camp.

To my first startled look down-stream it appeared a river of rocks, and as we sped lurchingly toward them, I was almost overwhelmed for a moment by the momentous task confronting me. Was wreck, I anxiously speculated, to end my carefully planned trip?—for a swamped boat in that torrent meant lost provisions, and lost provisions meant a retreat to Manaus, and abandonment of the project for that year at all events. The bare suggestion of that possibility was certain to paralyze by its misfortune or to steady with nerves of steel; fortunately it steadied. My first impulse was to work shoreward, but after I felt the

strength of the river, which hurled the boat onward like a chip, I prayed only that I might steer safely and keep thought of the dire consequences of failure from putting me in a blue funk.

Meanwhile the bateláo was tearing along, swaying from side to side as I jammed the tiller to overcome a tendency to slide off the course. Twice we narrowly escaped being flung on big boulders where the water swirled at their base, and several times the scraping of the bottom raised my hair—and all the while we careened and plunged in the half-light which conjured shapes fantastic and awesome and confusing to my straining, dreading eyes. At last I could hear the beat of paddles, and a great joy wave swept over me as I realized the Indians were overtaking us, and that my course was nearly and successfully run. On the moment of the thought came the harsh warning of a scraping bow—which I heeded by putting the tiller hard over—followed instantly by a sudden stop and a swerve which sent me over the side into the water, to be swept away before I could grasp what had happened.

I could not breast that current, but before it carried me down I was thankful to note the bateláo held fast, and that the uba and the Indians were near-by. Sweeping me along without ceremony, the river demanded my best efforts to prevent it from battering me against the rocks, and no small struggle ensued before I finally pulled myself out on a slippery boulder in mid-stream, quite a mile below the boat, which itself was two miles from camp. Here the Indians found me at daylight.

By noon we floated the bateláo, which providentially had run upon a flat, sloping rock, and by the close of day had recovered the lost ground and were again tied up, this time on the other side of the rock-island whence I had begun my exciting flight the night before.

Why had we broken loose? Oh, Yeggo had fastened the boat with a peissava tie-rope having two of its four strands severed! Thereafter I never turned in without giving the moorings personal inspection.

Screened

BY RALPH COBINO

MISS HENDRY drew the curtain across the window and peeped through it. Her eyes looked hungry; she bent forward, straining them, so that she might see into the road despite the waving pattern on the curtain. This pattern was annoying. She moved her head impatiently until she found the least-tortured piece of net. Then she fell to gazing, her body rigid, her whole appearance voicing concentration.

Outside in the road three children played. They mimicked a highway robbery. Five-year-old sat in a wooden box pulled by eight-year-old. To them came nine-year-old with loud-sounding threats. Five-year-old in the box smiled adorably. He waved fat arms in token of awed submission. Eight-year-old kicked feebly in his capacity of steed. Nine-year-old, receiving a bulky package, allowed the wooden box to move along its way.

"The *darlings!*" whispered Miss Hendry.

Her eyes ached; little spots danced before them, elaborating the pattern of the curtain. She gave a quick gesture of impatience.

"I wish I had a finer net," she thought. "But I dare not risk it. I wish my eyes didn't ache so."

The third rendering of highwaymanship ended in shouts of approving laughter. There was a stampede into the house next door.

"It's their tea-time," Miss Hendry said.

Her hands fell from the curtain. She straightened her body, throwing her head back with a graceful gesture. All this woman's movements were suggested harmonies. She lifted her arms above her head, stretching them. Her hands, held so in the air, were shapely, the fingers tapering. On one finger a mourning-ring made a sharp contrast to surrounding whiteness.

She began to move hurriedly about her room. She arranged a white cloth on the table and put a cup and saucer and some cake on it. The kettle boiled on the stove, and she made her tea; the steam came like fragrant incense into the room. Miss Hendry set the tea-pot on the table. Then she moved over to the wall which separated this room from her neighbors. She pressed her ear against the wall, listening. Presently she closed her eyes. In the other room a chorus of children's voices rose, saying grace. It was a babel. To Miss Hendry it was as the singing of angels. She bent her head and said her own grace, keeping time with the shrill sounds in the other room. When silence came she turned to the table and began her meal.

"They are such darlings!" she said to herself.

This room of hers suggested harmony. Its simplicity was the simplicity of restraint, not the forced barrenness of poverty. It was a room of soft tones, of successful blendings. Books abounded. And flowers—daffodils massed in jars of dull green. Miss Hendry, finishing her tea, stared at her surroundings.

"It's such a pretty nest," she said. Her hands went to her face, covering it; "I wish I matched it."

A knock came to the door, the sound obtruding itself upon the stillness of the room. Miss Hendry got up from the table quickly. As she moved she caught a lace scarf from a chair and wound it about her head, drawing it across her face. Then she opened the door and found her neighbor on the step.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Levens," she said. "Do come in."

Mrs. Levens came into the room with a kind of rush. All her movements were impetuous, hinting at restlessness. She was the mother of the children who had played at highwayman.

"Do sit down," Miss Hendry said.

She drew forward an arm-chair for her visitor and another for herself.

"How lovely your flowers are!" said Mrs. Levens.

"Yes, aren't they? Daffodils—'a host of golden daffodils.' You know Wordsworth's poem?"

Mrs. Levens stirred in her chair. "I have very little time for reading," she replied. She sounded vague.

Miss Hendry watched her with curious intentness. The lace scarf was still drawn across her face, but her eyes were uncovered.

"You are so clever," Mrs. Levens said. "That's why I came to you this evening. The children were enchanted with that last fairy-tale I told them."

"You were able to remember it—all of it?"

"I think so. They were quite excited. When the Prince came to the tower but couldn't go in because the dodder-grass grew about his feet and held him, they *shouted*. You must have heard them?"

Miss Hendry leaned forward. She seemed suddenly a figure of embodied joy; her face was hidden, but her eyes were radiant. Her hands strained one against the other on her knee. She laughed; the sound of her laughter rippled about the room.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said.

The lace slipped a little, revealing her face.

Mrs. Levens looked down at her hands, twisting the wedding-ring about her finger. She was a pretty woman. As she looked downward, Miss Hendry noticed how long her eyelashes were. Five-year-old was exactly like his mother. Five-year-old was a darling. Miss Hendry's breath caught in her throat when she thought of him.

"I wondered," Mrs. Levens said, "if you had thought of another fairy-tale."

"Oh *yes*," cried Miss Hendry.

She laughed again; set the air throbbing to the tune of her delight. Her voice matched this room of hers; its harmonies were perfect. She bent still farther forward in her chair. Her eyes dwelt very intently upon those drooping eyelids. For one delicious moment she deceived herself, deliberately dragged fancy to her side. She imaged herself alone in a room with five-year-old. She

hugged to herself the thought that he listened to her fairy-tale. Her voice ran on, tremulous and eager, perfect in its modulations. This fantastic fairy-tale of hers almost found credence in the listener's ears. She clothed it in vivid sentences; imagery leaped to do her bidding; incidents rushed headlong from her lips. In its way this tale of hers was a triumph.

Mrs. Levens still looked downward, but her fingers ceased to move. She listened intently. She wanted to learn, parrot-like. She closed her eyes, shutting herself in with sound.

Miss Hendry's story ended with the eternal happiness of the Prince. She laughed softly. The lace had slipped still farther from her face.

"Shall I tell it again?" she asked.

Mrs. Levens lifted her eyes, and for a single heart-beat she looked upon Miss Hendry's face. Her lids felt suddenly weighted, and she fell to twisting her wedding-ring again, playing with it.

"I always like to hear them twice," she answered. "I am glad I have a good memory."

Miss Hendry moved in her chair.

"Does five-year-old remember easily?"

"He's different. He remembers, of course, fairly well. But he imagines, lives in his fancies—a regular dream-child."

Miss Hendry jerked the lace over her face again. The movement was crude, unlike herself. Usually her gestures were harmonious. Now her manner of covering her face suggested discord. It was as though a hand struck roughly upon a delicate instrument.

"Please tell it to me again," Mrs. Levens said.

Miss Hendry obeyed. And this time, although the words were the same, it was a different story. Before, her voice had hinted at joy. Now it hinted at desolation; it suggested the suffering of a soul that was lonely. She held the lace over her face, shrouding it so completely that her eyes were hidden. Her sentences crept from behind this heavy screen. Incidents came again tumultuously from her lips, but this time they were charged with subtle meaning. Mrs. Levens was not subtle. She learned parrot-like. She did not envy this wom-

an with the fertile brain, but she availed herself of the fertility. Armed with these fantastic treasures, she was indifferent to wet days. There were times when five-year-old and his brothers longed for rain. Rainy days were doors which opened into a region of romance.

When she reached once more the eternal happiness of the Prince, Miss Hendry paused. Then she said:

"When it rains, and I know that you are telling them my stories, I put my ear against the wall. I imagine, like five-year-old; I dream that I am telling them *myself*."

This last word was pregnant. Because of it Mrs. Levens sighed quickly. She felt that she should speak and could not. Impotency overwhelmed her in the presence of great things. Silence at this moment was like an enveloping cloak which she could not shake off.

Miss Hendry watched her, her eyes straining through the veiling lace. A little shiver ran through her body. Her hands, white and shapely, plucked at the screen as though they longed to tear it, to treat it ruthlessly.

The mother-spirit stirred in Mrs. Levens. Sympathy was swept away in a flood of anxious wondering.

"You will not—" The words halted. They stung her lips. "Five-year-old is easily—" She felt choked.

"Please don't worry," Miss Hendry said. "I will not—frighten him."

Mrs. Levens hunted for the right thing to say. She could not find it. She felt that it must be lost forever. She fidgeted in her chair.

There was a little pause.

"You are sure you can remember the story?" Miss Hendry asked.

"Quite sure. Thank you so very much. It is sweet of you." Mrs. Levens got up from her chair. "You can't think how grateful I am. We quite look forward to the story hour."

"Five-year-old too?"

"Five-year-old most of all."

She moved toward the door.

"His bedtime now. I must go and hear his prayers, and bathe him."

Miss Hendry stood still in the middle of the room. She stared at the door which had closed behind Mrs. Levens. It had hidden from her gaze a happy wom-

an. The mother of five-year-old surely knew happiness, dwelt in the midst of it. It must be like living always in the very heart of ecstasy. To be his mother! Some mortals knew Paradise before they died. And some knew—she jerked at this thought, hating it.

The lace slipped from her face. She lifted it from her shoulders and dropped it into a chair. Then she went up-stairs to her bedroom. Like the room down-stairs, it was a place of soft tones, showing perfect taste. Here, too, daffodils looked at her from dark-green jars. And books—familiar friends, those which met her thoughts most intimately. The furniture was dull oak, the walls washed in dull green. Against this coloring the daffodils showed luminous; they were like a definite sound from the midst of silence. There was no looking-glass in the room. On the dressing-table, where one should have been, stood a cross.

Miss Hendry leaned against the wall. On the other side of it five-year-old was saying his prayers. Miss Hendry's head bowed; presently she dropped upon her knees. Her hands moved toward her face, but she jerked them from it. She threw her head back, facing heaven. She must remind God that her face was marred. Her senses were attuned to beauty. She had banished mirrors; she shrank from their revelation, pitiless, shrieking horror at her. But God must see this face of hers. He knew. She flung herself at the feet of Omnipotence. She said: "Don't let me frighten five-year-old, or any child. I love them so. They are such darlings." Surely—surely Heaven understood.

She went down-stairs again, treading softly. The dividing-walls were thin, and five-year-old was in bed. Miss Hendry crept about her house. It was sweet to think that near her five-year-old was sleeping. She hugged the thought of nearness. She imaged dividing-walls as nothing, less than nothing. She banished them.

She drew a chair to the fire and sat down; she bent forward, staring at the flames. A little smile crept about this face of hers. She was busy with another fairy-tale. Her brain worked quickly. This one must be the very best, the cream of her imaginings. Laughter ran riot

through this tale of hers. And tears—not many of them—little clouds to show by contrast the brightness of the sun. Flowers and birds; incense from flowers, love-songs from birds; water—rippling, dancing; a mirror for the beauty of the stars; all this and more breathed in her tale. Wonderful surprises lurked for the unwary listener. The Prince was invincible, frowning at defeat.

Miss Hendry lost herself in the Land of Make-believe. She cheated herself. She held her arms against her breast, pressed them there until they hurt. If five-year-old lay so, his head within the circle of her arms! She bent her head, pressed her cheek against her hand. If so, her cheek might touch—and thrill with touching—the cheek of any child! She rocked. Her voice crooned. She breathed a lullaby. Her heart knew the bliss of such sweet fooling.

She turned the lamp out. The shadows in the room were threaded with firelight. She drew her chair back. She liked her face to dwell amidst the shadows. Sympathy crept to her from the darkness. The firelight played about her hands. That pleased her. This woman's senses were attuned to beauty and her hands were beautiful; they tried to express the sweetness of her soul. The beauty that was within her struggled, balked of its true vehicle of expression.

Her senses, swooning in the midst of dreams, refused at first to hear sounds that were antagonistic to these dreamings. Then hearing them, they wove them into the fabric of her dream. At last she started to her feet. Reality claimed her. She threw the lace about her head and moved over to the door where some one knocked. She found Mrs. Levens on the doorstep.

"Do come in," Miss Hendry said.

Agitation entered with Mrs. Levens. Her words tumbled one upon the other, lacking coherence.

"Five-year-old . . . lost . . . you are always so quiet . . . have you heard anything . . . his little steps . . . in your silence . . ."

Miss Hendry lighted her lamp. Her hand shook.

"I heard nothing," she said. How should she have heard, when her ears were filled with the clamor of her dreams?

Mrs. Levens moved again with one of her impetuous rushes to the door.

"I must go! I came to you lest by any chance you had heard his footsteps. I know you like to hear the sound of children's feet."

Mrs. Levens paused, her hand on the door.

"My little darling—wandering somewhere. Oh, you must sympathize!" She turned, facing Miss Hendry. "I went up-stairs to watch him sleeping. He looks like an angel when he sleeps. And his bed was empty!" She gave a little cry and hurried out.

Miss Hendry stood quite still in the middle of the room. She pushed dreams from her. Five-year-old was wandering somewhere in the night. Surely the stars stood still to watch his movings! The night would enfold him, glorying in him. He was a dream-child, living in sweet fancies. He must have gone upon some fairy quest. She bent her head, frowning at her thought. Had her tales of fantastic imagery led this child to search for imagined wonders? She glowed beneath the thought that a spark of fantasy had passed from her mind into his.

She tried to push herself into the mind of a child. She followed the imagined wanderings of the Prince. She dived into her memories. She felt that she knew the things which would appeal to five-year-old. She stood quite still, staring at the floor. She was hunting, seeking for the key to this nocturnal moving. Her mind groped after the child's. The fabric of her thoughts was bound with understanding, was held together by strong cords of sympathy.

Presently she knew—certainty rushed at her. And with this certainty came exultation. This divination had come to her; not to his mother. This knowledge was food for the hunger in her heart.

Suddenly she felt crafty. Her eyes held a look of cunning. She pressed her hands against her mouth to hide a little sound of laughter. In the night was five-year-old. Darkness hid him. She loved darkness.

She went very quickly from the house, hushing the sound of steps. The night met her, and she loved the night, this night above all others. She drew a deep

breath. It was sweet to think his fancies had blossomed from her seed.

She moved swiftly. She never stumbled in the dark; custom lent surety to her feet. In the glaring light of day sometimes she stumbled; light was pitiless and the sun made a coward of her. At night she walked erect.

When she heard his feet she could have laughed. She had been so sure. He had come to find the magic slipper which the Prince had lost. She paused. Softly she began to sing—the song of the lost slipper. Always in the story this song came lilting, trilling. Now it crept upon the air, a little throbbing thing of music.

She moved nearer; in the dark she might be near. Her hands went groping. She touched him. He was not afraid; she fitted in with the story he was acting.

"The slipper is not here," she whispered. "I will find it for you."

He was tired. He crept into her arms.

Surely heaven was not very far; this must be the portal. So had she imaged Paradise. This moment held within itself the essence of eternity. It caught and held all of beauty she had known; scents of flowers; songs of birds; the color of the sky at sunset. It thrust ugly things far from it, sent them headlong into oblivion. Joy such as this must kill the knowledge that her face was marred.

She wrapped her shawl about him. To her finger-tips she thrilled. She held him, his head upon her breast. Always in her prayers she would thank God for darkness.

She knelt upon the ground, her arms encircling this dear presence. She breathed into his ear the most wonderful of all her fairy-tales. Five-year-old drowsed to enchanting sounds. His ears were attuned to melody; the soul of him met beauty, knowing it.

Presently he slept; slept—in her arms. She moved slowly, weighted with his delicious body. Night held them, enfolding them. They were in a sanctuary, a sacred place of darkness. Sound matched darkness and fell into the meaning of this hour. Watching eyes were nowhere.

She wished to hush the noise of footsteps as she moved. Through the clamor

of her thoughts ran a little streak of cunning. She planned, lent herself to strategy. She reached her home by tortuous turnings from the path. She avoided craftily the other seekers. They were looking for that which slept against her breast. The night blinded them; she loved the night. Light had flouted her; now she felt she flouted light. This was her hour; she realized triumph.

Craftily she reached her house, laid her burden on the sofa. The fire was dead. Even this room of hers aided her, shrouding her in thick, impenetrable darkness.

She knelt beside the sofa. All of her was prayer. She was thanking Heaven for night.

She was not heartless. The mother-spirit in her cried out to the mother who was seeking. Craft and cunning slipped from her, leaving her pure woman. She went very softly to the door, opened it, and passed out into the night. She heard little moaning sounds of anguish and she hurried toward them.

"I have found him," she said.

The sound of her voice surprised her. It was changed; she did not know it; it was a shout of happiness thrown into the night. She put her arms round Mrs. Levens.

"Hush! don't speak yet," she said. "I want to tell you something. I found him quite a long time ago. I ought to have come to you at once. Instead—in— Oh, can you understand, can you feel the torture of my life? This is my hour. Don't take it from me."

She held Mrs. Levens's hand in both her own. "You have so many hours. All your life will hold him. Give me to-night." Her voice fell, playing upon minor chords. "Before the light comes . . . at the first streak of dawning . . . I will bring him to you." She kissed the hands she held.

"Hush! don't shiver so. This is my hour. All your life afterward you will be glad because you gave it me."

She bent her head, listening, drew a long breath of ecstasy.

"I don't know how to thank you," she said. "Perhaps God will show me how."

She turned and hurried toward her house. Her eyes besought the darkness not to lift, her hands stretched eastward

as though they would beat back the rising of the sun. She cried to Heaven to hang chains upon the wings of morning.

Her soul went always screened, and her distorted face disguised a lovely thing. To-night, with five-year-old, this soul of hers went naked. The screen was down, and she stared at Joy unveiled.

Her ears held the music of his breathing. She wondered what his dreams were made of; she imaged them as fragrant rose-tipped things. And winged—surely his dreams were winged and flew to heaven. She laid her face upon the cushion near to his. She felt his breath caress her cheek, moving tenderly about its ravaged surface. She moved still closer. If Death would take her now!

Her hands moved stealthily and rested on his arms. The feel of him set her on fire, and she blazed into a rebellious mood. She was robbed of things which were her right, beggared, and flung aside. She had been given a soul that fed on beauty, while she herself was an affront to all her dreams. It was as though she had been given a thong and set to lashing her own tender flesh.

She was ashamed. Tears came and quenched the fire of her anger. She had flung defiance into this night which had given her so much. She pleaded with herself that she had borne her cross with patience until now. Tears and the child's breath healed her. She was all humility. It was the sudden contact with the sweetness of his body that had stirred the fierceness in her. She loved

to feel his breath about her cheeks. Surely her face would be transformed, renewed?

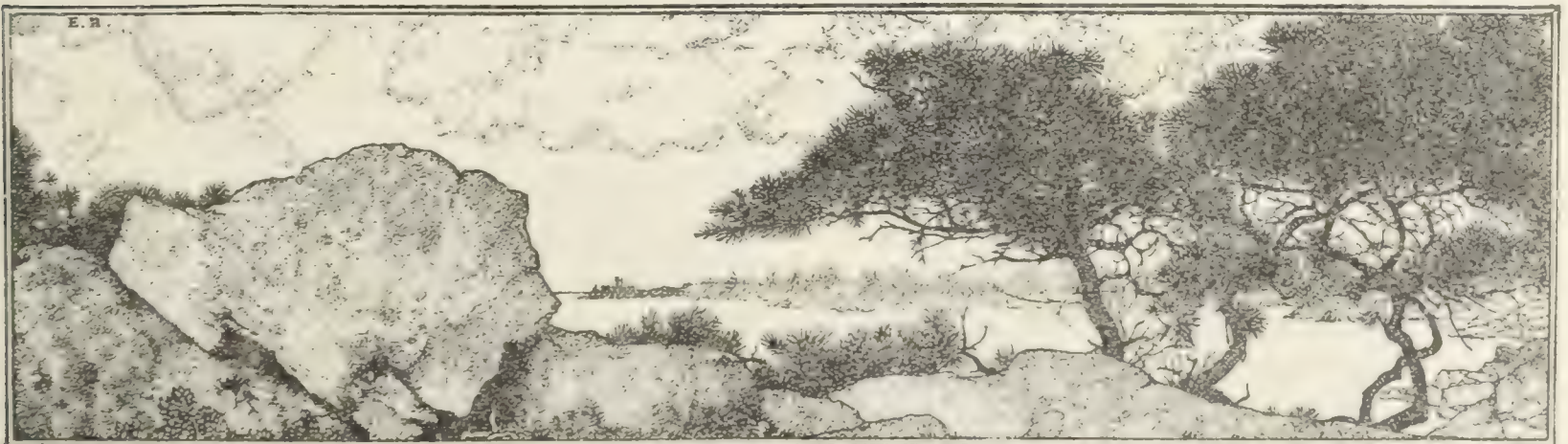
This room would be a sacred place, a shrine holding her memory. To keep it clean would be the action of a devotee. She would become a priestess dwelling in a holy temple.

She turned her head upon her shoulder questioning the darkness. Her lips moved in an entreaty that night would loiter, would crawl toward morning. This night was weighted with so much joy that she felt it must go halting to its journey's end. She felt like a child clinging to some hand for dread of loneliness.

She dared not kiss his face lest he should waken. Instead, she kissed his feet, adoring them. She fell to watching, fearful for the dawn. Its nearness awed her. She watched to see the darkness threaded with streaks of light. She listened. Birds would sing the requiem of this night.

She gathered him into her arms, this sleeping child. It was the last, the very best of all her ecstatic moments. There was just one little streak of light. It fell upon the floor and crept remorselessly toward her. She went quickly to the door. This room which was a temple must not witness a broken tryst.

Very truly the room was sacred. She had looked for agony to meet her when she came back to it with empty arms. Instead, Peace met her. She went upon her knees and prayed, winged to heaven her messages of thankfulness for night.



On the Education of Daughters

BY HELEN HAY WILSON

IN things educational, as in most things temporal, there is a tide which, taken at the flood, does not invariably lead on to fortune. The educational flood has in fact an awkward trick of washing us, at times, beyond the normal tide-mark and then receding to leave us stranded a good deal higher up than we counted on. And in addition to this it not infrequently unsettles us still further with a vicious backwash in receding.

The last thirty years of the nineteenth century witnessed such a flood. The problem which has vexed responsible persons for many hundreds of years—what shall we do with our daughters?—came back again and swept us up like a spring-tide to unusual liberalities of education. At the present minute some of our authorities are uncomfortably reversed in what looks rather like a backwash—and the old question seems to have taken the new and perplexing form of “What are our daughters going to do with us?”

In the most ancient of our English universities a certain official building which represents the heart and core of feminine education cherishes some cartoons caricaturing early attempts at the higher education of women. Professor Sidgwick is represented lecturing to a collection of ladies, and the subject is “Aristotle on the Ox.” The lecture is reinforced by a diagram dividing the noble animal into sections—“ribs,” “sirloin,” “shin,” the vaguer portions of his anatomy being indicated, comprehensively, as “suet.” The professor and the ox have an equally *dégagé* air, the foreground is blocked with the wide skirts fashionable at the period, and most of the ladies are engaged in examining one another’s bonnets. Since the cartoons were hung up in that office a good many first-class certificates and degree equivalents have been given to women students. The flood of education ran very high during the last quarter of the nineteenth century,

and later on professors found it necessary to go beyond suet when they lectured on Aristotle to the women students at the universities. At present a kind of reaction is setting in. The cult of the simple life and the cry of “Back to the land!” are reinforced by a further cry of “Back to the home!” The domestic heroine has reappeared in fiction, the domestic type has reappeared—if indeed she ever disappeared—in real life. In the meantime the spinster population of these islands has not only developed to an alarming extent, but has also developed rather alarming energies, and the problem with which captious persons are trying to pose us now is—All this latter-day education has unfitted woman for domestic life, and what are you going to do with her now? Let us adopt the Socratic method and ask questions too.

In the first place, “Has it really unfitted her?” Judging from results, it does not seem to be the highly educated woman who is incompetent or incapable when it comes to action, public or domestic. The cleverer a woman is, the better she can adapt herself to circumstances and the more quickly she recognizes that no occupation can be dull which involves using her head, as household management involves using it. In the second place, “Are things so different from what they have been before?” We are apt to forget that English ladies learned Greek and Latin in the sixteenth century, and that the domestic talents were not lacking then. The education of daughters caused a great deal of anxiety and experiment in earlier days, before Erasmus declared that girls should receive as liberal an education as their brothers. The education of women has always been a sign of the temper of an age. When any strong moral impulse comes to stimulate the conscience of a nation, there comes at once a corresponding rise in the standard of female education.

The barbarian races of Europe gave their women a better position than did the more civilized nations; and this, though chiefly owing to characteristics of race, was in part because the pagan woman of the north had neither Eve nor Pandora to shadow her path. The Christian daughters of Eve were continually reproached with the indiscretion of their ancestress "when she bit upon the apple." That apple was a weapon always at hand to keep her down, though it does not always appear to have done so. Many women saints there were indeed, but their ways were hard; saints like Katherine and Elizabeth were commendable, and so were "the stout and painful housewives" who followed these so far as possible in daily life, but the natural woman was a snare, a curse, and a blemish in creation. Aspirants for heaven fled to the wilderness to avoid her, for "where is any place but that women be therein save in desert?" Eve was locked out of Paradise—poor Eve!

In many respects the legal standing of women had been better in late pagan times. Roman law, with two exceptions, had treated her better than canon law did. And feudalism made things rather worse, since, in spite of its refinements, the chivalric ideal did possess a taint of corruption which made the position of women essentially a false one. Now about twenty-five years after Crecy, when the age of chivalry was beginning to decline, a French gentleman, the Knight of La Tour Landry, being oppressed with the care of three daughters, bethought himself of writing a book for their instruction in the conduct of life; and his book, which was translated by Caxton and much read, gives us great insight into the social conditions of that romantic age.

The fourteenth century was a period of chivalry and romance, but it is an interesting question how far chivalry goes in a really excellent man. Certainly the Knight of the Tower had a poor opinion of the manners of his age. He wrote his book, he tells us, remembering the crafts and vanities of idle youths in his own young days, "and there be such fellows now or worse," said the good knight, wherefore he took pains to warn his daughters against their wiles. And when he goes on to quote his wife's opinions on

social intercourse, the point of view becomes singularly unflattering; for the Lady of the Tower tempered respect for her own lord with an exceedingly mean opinion of his sex, which she had no hesitation in expressing. But at all events he gave his daughters sound advice.

The virtues most popular in the Middle Ages were the Scriptural virtues, which have been recommended before and since—love, joy, peace, and the whole string down to temperance. But first of all comes silence, and it is instructive to notice how this ideal of woman as a "gracious silence" has remained popular through Shakespeare's time to the present day—it is the listener who lures, not the chatterbox. The knight begins his book by telling his daughters a story of how his own father had wished him to marry a certain lady, whose appearance and manners had pleased him well, until at the end of their first interview she begged him to come oft, whereat the knight was greatly shocked, seeing her so pert. "It caused me," said he, "to be discouraged from her, for the which I have thanked God since many times." He then instances ladies who through hot and hasty language "lost their marriage"—and no more dreadful thing, apparently, could happen to a lady in the Middle Ages! Women, he says, are always too ready to talk, whereas they should refer people who ask them questions to their lords. Eve should have said, "Ask my husband that question, not me"—and all would have been well. The primary virtues appear to have been, after silence, meekness and submission to your husband, when you were lucky enough to get one—a point much insisted on by medieval writers, whose judgment was possibly biased by the fact that for the most part they belonged to the sex which produces husbands.

Submission to your lord, even if he is intolerable, is much insisted on, and a dreadful story follows of a lady who quarreled with another of whom she was jealous. After they had torn each other's caps and hair, the accused broke the nose of her accuser, "which is the fairest member that man or woman hath and sitteth in the middle of the visage, . . . whereby her husband never found in his heart to love her heartily as he did be-

fore" says the knight. And a still more awful story warns ladies against argument with their spouses, for a hasty husband once broke his wife's nose for chiding him in public. "Wherefore," says the knight, "before folk she must ever let him have the mastery, and remember a woman may chastise her husband and make him do well with fairness rather than with rudeness."

Against vanities of dress the knight is especially eloquent, and it is amusing to notice how the universal masculine distrust of fashion's latest freaks besets husbands and fathers in the Middle Ages too. No wise woman, the knight declared more than once, should be too hasty to adopt the newest fashions, because they are often of dubious origin. He tells how a holy bishop, who was a noble and great clerk, preached "to great foison" of ladies and gentlemen about their inordinate vanities of apparel. Men, it may be noted, came in for strictures quite as severe as those on women. But the good bishop's wrath was chiefly directed toward the extremely high-horned caps then worn by ladies, and he reminded them that Noah's flood destroyed the world because of the pride and "disguising" there was among women. "Women be so horned," said he, "as snails, harts, and unicorns, I doubt the devil sit not between those horns." The knight then tells of a lady who took a quarter of a day to array her, and of another who kept mass waiting while she dressed, and what became of her! Against such pride he warns his girls with many other moral examples. "Such dressing," he says, "is the sin of pride for which the angels fell into hell. And so it may hap they shall that use it."

In these days of immoderate experiments in so-called beauty culture, and advertisements in ladies' papers entitled "Beauty by Post," it is instructive to note that the fashion prevailed in medieval England and France as it had in imperial Rome. The knight had a dreadful tale of the ultimate fate of a lady who had, when living, enameled her face and plucked out her hair, in order to obtain the height of forehead so admired in the fourteenth century. Where she had pulled out hairs to effect the fashionable degree of baldness, imps pricked her with

diabolical instruments and fearful travesties of her washes and lotions, and this because she had "so plucked and popped and painted and farded her visage for to please the sight of the world." Women, moralized the knight, should be satisfied to be as God made them and be humbly grateful that He made them in His image instead of making them "not women but dumb beasts and serpents." The knight then encourages his daughters by the example of "good ladies" of Scripture—Ruth, Martha, and others—but warns them against the pride of Vashti and of Jezebel, "who hated hermits, men of Holy Church, and all them that taught the Christian faith," and who "died felonously." He quotes with approval the learning of St. Katherine; and it is interesting to notice that in all the saints' lives the learning and accomplishments of this saint are dwelt upon with fervor, but we do not find that such prodigies of learning were expected from secular women. But the Knight of the Tower recommends the example of a certain "good lady," Deborah, who went to school "to learn virtuous things and Scripture," and who learned to rule well an evil husband. The knight then goes on to condemn gluttony and winebibbing, and describes its deplorable effect on the complexion. Charity to the poor is highly recommended, and he tells of the vision of a holy man who saw his kinswoman's soul weighed in a balance against her gay coats and furs, which "with her evil deeds, jewels, and false language of slander" all outweighed her good deeds and caused her to be thus accused by the Enemy: "St. Michael, thou knowest this woman had ten divers gowns and as many coats, and thou wottest well less might have sufficed her after the law of God, and with the value of one she might have clothed fifty poor men and kept them from cold in gowns of white or russet."

Pitifulness and courtesy are indispensable virtues in the gently born. The higher her lineage the more gentle and courteous must a lady be, and must "ever give that she hath in great plenty, that is, weeping tears and a piteous heart." And courtesy, as we learn from the Books of Courtesy that existed in all languages in the Middle Ages, included

morality as well, and should be the chief study of life.

Now it was in vain for the medieval moralist to preach about the falseness of women in his *Epics* and his *Troy books*, and his endless stories of Helen and Cressida. All the authorities on real life, that is, the poets and historians, were against him; Froissart and Chaucer told the same tale—"Ever a hundred good against one bad"; and though Chaucer did write the *Envoy to Bukton* "touching marriage" in an irreverent and satirical vein, authorities tell us it was like the *Envoy to the story of Griselda*, purely a tribute to conventions of the day and not to be taken literally. It took the medieval moralist all his time to point out to woman her errors and shortcomings, and after all she does not appear to have minded him much.

There was, in fact, no repressing her in any age, as John Knox found when, horrified by the spectacle of four female sovereigns in power and a fifth imminent, he blew the "First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regimen of Women." "Man," said he, "in many cases blind, doth in this respect see very clearly. . . . It is more than a monster in nature that a woman shall reign and have empire above man—" and he goes on to quote at length the opinions of the fathers and of Aristotle on this subject. These certainly did express extremely damaging views. "Nature paints them (women) weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish, and experience hath declared them inconstant, variable, cruel, and lacking the spirit of counsel and regimen." "Aristotle," went on the "Blast," "doth plainly affirm that wheresoever women bear dominion, there must needs the people be disordered, living and abounding in all intemperancy, given to pride, excess, and vanity, and finally in the end that they must needs come to confusion and ruin."

Was it the result of training, or was it the impervious quality of the feminine conscience, that women of earlier ages do not appear to have been cast down as much as they might by these strictures? After all, their lot was little worse than that of men. They must have been dull, so must their husbands. Men had wars, but their wives had pickles and pre-

serves. There is much food for reflection in pickles. Supervising the host of servants, seneschals, stewards, pages, etc., in the enormous households of the Middle Ages must have been a serious business. The etiquette and service of the age were very elaborate, the books of courtesy, of carving, and the numerous works on manners that fill the period seem to contain directions to occupy a lifetime. And though the state of society and manners was crude in many ways and the standard of household comfort and cleanliness very low (as witness the household books of Henry VIII.), still the conditions of life do not seem to have been actually much harder on women than on men. The education of women was in proportion as good as that of men, and carried on in much the same way. And as men improved, women improved with them. When the moral force came, the standard of women's education was raised at once. The Princess Elizabeth was well skilled in Greek and Latin, and Lady Jane Grey a devoted student of Plato. This is Harrison's description of Elizabeth's Court; and Harrison, let us remember, was a contemporary of Knox. "There are very few," he says, "of our courtiers (of both sexes) who have not the use and skill of sundry speeches, besides an excellent vein of writing beforetime not regarded. . . . Truly it is a rare thing with us now to hear of a courtier which hath but his own language. . . . Many gentlewomen and ladies there are that besides sound knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues are thereto no less skilful in the Spanish, Italian, and French. I am persuaded that as the noblemen and gentlemen do surmount in this behalf, so these come very little or nothing behind them for their parts: which industry," adds the worthy parson, "God continue, and accomplish that which otherwise is wanting."

Now if we continue with Harrison's description of Elizabeth's England, there is a seamy side. Foreign manners had exercised a corrupting influence on Englishmen. "Many grievous offences," said Harrison, the stanch Puritan, "do reign exceedingly in most noble and gentlemen's houses whereof they see no pattern within Her Grace's gates." For "the stranger that entereth into the

Court of England upon the sudden shall rather imagine himself to come into some public school of the universities . . . than into a prince's palace." Certainly it must have been better for ladies to read histories and write Latin (however badly) than to occupy themselves with all the frivolities of the court of the Stuarts. Let us look again at contemporary portraits of the ladies of Elizabethan England. For more than one hundred years after Shakespeare's death there are no such charming heroines as those that fill the plays and poems of his period. Could Imogen have been conceived in a degraded age, or could the Elizabeth of Spenser's sonnets have been "weak, frail, impatient, feeble, and foolish"? Some of the ladies who talked euphuism and read the *Arcadia* were very possibly dull, and perhaps rather tiresome, but an educational ideal must have the defects of its qualities, and nobody can help the Phoenix turning up once in a while. She turned up to some purpose in Germany, early in the next century, in the person of Anna Maria von Schurman, born at Cologne in 1607, who was a prodigy of learning and a model of all the virtues. Accounts of this remarkable lady are left us by various masculine contemporaries whom her accomplishments appear to have stupefied completely. One of them says: "No one paints better, no one works better in brass, wax, or wood. In needlework she excels all women past or present. . . . Not content with European languages, she understands Hebrew, Arabic, and Syriac, and writes Latin so well that no one who has devoted his whole life to it can do it better."

Englishwomen appear to have been less immoderate in matters of learning. But the moral impulses that braced the nation during the age of Elizabeth bore fruit in the advances made then in women's education. With the constitutional changes that succeeded that reign came a lowering of the standard. The moral force had left the court, though it remained with the people. Mrs. Hutchinson and the Duchess of Newcastle have left us memorials of the force that remained. But on the whole the intellectual standard of women remained lower until it sank beneath the debasing influences of the Restoration, when moral corrup-

tion, and factiousness, social, religious, and political, had lowered the national standard. In spite of the fact that Queen Anne's reign was one of the greatest periods in English literature, with the exception of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu few women were well educated. Swift declared ". . . that not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue." Addison deplored the low standard of female intelligence: "the toilet is their great scene of business and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives." He allowed that there did exist "multitudes . . . who join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress," but in describing a literary lady's library he suggests with gentle malice that the more serious works are little used, and notes several of the French romances popular at the period, notably *Clelia*, "which opened of itself at a passage which describes two lovers in a bower." The change came, however, after the middle of the century. The moral force had reasserted itself and produced realities, so that instead of French romances and Deistic philosophy came Fielding's novels and the religious revival. The national conscience was moved, and with that came an elevation in educational standards. The second half of the eighteenth century is filled with a mob of ladies who wrote with ease, who read, and who talked, who were interested in all sorts of questions, social, political, and religious; ladies whose serious compositions were, it must be owned, in a few cases extraordinarily dull, but who talked well and who wrote delightful letters, two minor arts sadly neglected by our own age. We owe them a large debt of gratitude, these Georgian ladies—poets, novelists, letter-writers—Miss Burney, Mrs. Barbauld, Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Inchbald, Mrs. Radcliffe, Miss Porter, Miss Edgeworth, Miss Ferrier, Hannah More, and—crown and flower of all—Jane Austen. Were they all as agreeable as their less learned sisters? Well, perhaps some of them were rather priggish—there may be two opinions. Hazlitt was an immense admirer of Mrs. Montagu, but "Daddy" Crisp rudely called her a humbug.

It is noteworthy to-day that the

learned lady has ceased to be a legitimate type of caricature. She has taken her place and justified it in spite of the fathers and John Knox and the Eye of the Law. Women have always got education when they wanted it enough, and it is also remarkable that when women do get education, of whatever kind, their invariable tendency is to apply it practically. Women are essentially practical creatures, they like the concrete, their minds are only remotely preoccupied with abstractions, and that, as a rule, when they can get nothing better. It is remarkable in women who are engaged in practical or public work that they generally love statistics and always want facts. The feminine instinct is to reduce all principles to the test of action, and it may be that in the greater issues of life some principles are not susceptible of this test. But the natural woman's instinct is to apply her principles immediately to somebody or something—a person for preference. Langland knew that when he recommended the “lovely ladies with their long fingers” to deck churches and tend the sick and poor. The Knight of the Tower had said the same to his daughters, “Give that ye have in great plenty, weeping tears and a piteous heart,” and with the wider field of to-day the efforts widen. The educated ladies of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries were prominent in organizing all sorts of philanthropic and social work. That always comes with so-called “higher education.” Frederika Bremer, the Swedish pioneer of education, began by organizing hospital visiting and charitable work among ladies. It goes on to-day in England with increased force, since the “piteous heart” is reinforced with a deeper store of learning and has a wider sphere of action.

Now the moral of the foregoing summary appears to be this. It is little use ordaining what the nation is to do with woman, since the course of events seems to argue that she is likely to go on doing as she pleases. And the field of woman's work is become to-day very wide, and though Latin and Greek and such serious studies may not be indispensable to the development of all the feminine qualities (indeed, sad experience has taught many of us that these have sometimes a de-

plorable effect on the feminine physique), still a serious training is indispensable to the woman who is going to undertake a serious occupation, whether it be novel-writing or factory inspecting, or the possibly more onerous task of marrying a genius. The women who have done most have usually managed to get such a training, whatever the opinion of their age in respect to it. And in the interests of the domestic heroine let us remark that among the most capable the practical faculty does not, when it is called upon, come behind the intellectual. Fanny Burney, when she became Madame d'Arblay, was kept so busy making her clothes that she had not time to produce a second *Evelina*. And Jane Austen, who had no especially organized education, was an omnivorous reader. Her favorite books were the *Spectator*, Richardson, Johnson, Crabbe, Cowper, Scott. She was, moreover, an excellent needlewoman, and was “especially great at satin-stitch.” Did not the practice of satin-stitch help to point that other inimitable weapon which she used with such exquisite skill, touching the portraits of her friends and neighbors with the most delicate satire in the world?

Every movement must have its drawbacks. The seventeenth century produced Anna Maria Schurman; the twentieth suffers from a militant spirit amongst a certain section of educated women. The long-standing position of their sex in the eye of the law appears to chafe them with a bitterness aggravated by the fact that, in the words of Mr. Punch, “the strong arm of the law still wears the trousers.” But, after all, it is no new thing that some of our women are born with a doublet and hose in their dispositions. The earlier generations, however, adopted more heroic methods of showing it. In the old church at Chelsea there is an epitaph to the memory of Anne Spragge Chamberlayne, which narrates how, “having long declined marriage and aspiring to great achievements unusual to her age and sex, she, on the 30th June, 1690, on board a fire-ship, in man's clothing, fought valiantly for six hours against the French, under the command of her brother.”

What a pity it is that our Anne Spragges to-day have not such a useful outlet for their energies!

Mrs. Nolly's Real Self

BY FLORIDA PIER

YOUNG Mrs. Nolly spent a great deal of time in thinking. She had only been married three months, and there was practically nothing else for her to do. Her new house was immaculate and still sparely enough furnished by glaringly shiny presents to be incapable of getting out of order. The two maids trained by her mother needed no overseeing. Mrs. Nolly's clothes were bewilderingly abundant and in perfect order. Her friends had entertained her to such a fevered extent that now from exhaustion or kindness they were letting her alone. There were obviously desirable and necessary things that no one ever gives which she would have liked very much to buy, but the thought of asking her husband for the necessary money was embarrassing, while to ask her mother for it was to disclose the fact that she did not like to ask her husband. This closed the avenue of shopping to Mrs. Nolly, and the amount of time on her hands seemed at moments a terrible consequence of her marriage. She idled through the burden of it, thinking of it and of herself.

Marriage had somehow made a vast, though she hoped a temporary, desert of life, brightened by one principal oasis—the picture of herself as a married woman. She riveted her eyes on this picture and found it deeply engrossing. Mrs. Nolly had always been interested in herself, but before her marriage there had been a tendency on the part of the world at large to regard her as just a girl. Though she felt she possessed qualities which heavily outweighed this handicap, she could not but be somewhat influenced by the depreciative attitude of public opinion, so that it was naturally a relief when she found herself a married woman. She was by way of being a personage now.

During the long days while she roamed about the house, watching the reflection of her new clothes in her new mirrors,

she became conscious of a growing wistfulness, and unhesitatingly attributed it to its proper cause—her husband. He was completely charming, she was devoted to him, but there was a lack that the interminable days threw out in high relief. At first she could only define it by calling it, ruefully, his whole general masculinity. He differed so disappointingly from her women friends. He lacked their self-probings, their delicate weighings of one another's moods, and passionate appreciation of the intangible, no matter where discovered. He had such hearty interest in subjects in no way connected with her that she felt continually some degree of awkwardness when talking to him. His conversation went on for long stretches without even distantly touching on herself, until her sensation was of some one present being rudely ignored; and the fact that the same one was herself prevented her from drawing attention to the matter, which completed her chagrin.

Perhaps all men were like this. Her knowledge of men had been limited, and it was in an unadmitted desire to broaden it that she had married. Perhaps all men, when seen close at hand, and no longer communicated with by that stimulating, distant signaling of unmarried days, disclosed themselves as kindly, attractive foreign matter, keeping one tagging at their heels while they go off with a lusty halloo after tiresomely extraneous objects.

And the humiliating, the baffling part of it all was that she now believed Mr. Nolly to hold the opinion that she was as much interested as he in tariffs and reforms and other questions of an equal dryness. She interested in the iniquities of the State Legislature! It was like cold water thrown in her rapt and vacant face, the very thought of which set her outraged ego chattering with the chill. For years she had been recognized, by herself and a few intimates, as an absorbing personality, and in her chats

with her husband—occasions looked forward to as opportunities for airing this personality the more—she was annulled. If she was not to see herself vanish before her very eyes, she must make a determined fight for her own survival.

On the first evening of their settled life in their home she had met Mr. Nolly's conversational openings with an expression of fixed, almost paralyzed interest. She had thought then it was the eminently proper thing to do. Now she attributed much of her unhappiness to this first over-emphasis. Mr. Nolly's every accent implied that his affairs concerned her almost as much as they did him. She was drowning; a rare and vibrant temperament was disintegrating in his very presence, and he in his enthusiastic insensibility was unaware of it. Mrs. Nolly could have wept for her own predicament.

Here she was, a mine of vague, appealing riches into which it would be so worth both their while worshipfully to probe. Why go afield when all any one could possibly want was contained in her own teeming nature? A shade of petulance was added to Mrs. Nolly's bewilderment by an evening in which she contrived to stumble from stupid question to childish observation. Her husband had explained patiently, fully, as though he was going to enjoy tremendously the time when she did understand, but with the laborious simplicity of phrase employed toward an endearingly stupid child. It had not been a pleasant experience for Mrs. Nolly; and she reasoned out with much ease of deduction that if her husband made her appear immature and personal, it was but the reverse side of his ignoring her compelling make-up, and both stupidities revealed appallingly his complete misinterpretation of her character. Here they were living in the same house, seeing almost no one else, and, inconceivable as it seemed, he was blind to her real self.

A desire to rescue this real self flared in Mrs. Nolly. She was fired with the necessity of interpreting the minutest shred of her being to Mr. Nolly. It was a congenial task, but its importance was what thrilled her. Delay seemed a form of suicide, and yet she experienced an uncertainty and indecision as to the best method of presenting herself. This re-

ducing her complexity to some form that could be passed on was most perplexing. She was unusual. She got as far as that almost in the very beginning. She was—and it came to her like an illuminating flash—she was excessively Russian. No, she was more. She was Slav. On the day when Slav occurred to her as an adjective to be applied to her entangled moodiness, she felt that something definite had been accomplished. Slav. It epitomized, it fairly crystalized her. It closed her eyes until they were a cryptic slit, and when Mr. Nolly came home that evening she was smoking a long Russian cigarette, a band of bushy fur encircled her throat, and she stood before the gas logs in a sinuous pose. There was a wan sadness in her voice; she hoped that she looked one-half as meaningful as she felt.

Her husband entered the drawing-room in a disconcerting cloud of oblivion. He had just seen a second-hand touring-car, absurdly cheap, hardly used at all, and he told her excitedly how few parts it had, and dwelt on the advantage of its particular kind of engine. She forgot and echoed his interest, then remembered, and, looking tensely into the fire, puffed Slav-ishly at her cigarette. He stopped sketching parts of the car, and, taking her in for the first time, chuckled chummily, "Who gave you that yard of tobacco?"

She answered, "No one," in a deep voice and between closed teeth.

At dinner he interrupted his hearty flow long enough to say with boyish concern, "Isn't that thing about your throat awfully hot?"

A choking sympathy for all oppressed, misunderstood peoples came over her, and she felt that some ancestor had died for a cause in a country where they do things that are wild and a shade unkempt.

Mr. Nolly had a way of taking it for granted that they were happy. They had married because they wanted to be together, they were together, and consequently all was well. Mrs. Nolly had noticed before his air of cheerful security; to-night she felt it to be almost pathetically premature. She hissed vibrant monosyllables to all his remarks until he turned and with complete humility asked: "What is the matter? What have I done?"

Her half-closed eyes swept slowly in his direction; then with a sad aloofness she drawled, "I wonder sometimes, Curtiss, if you really know me at all."

Honestly perturbed, Curtiss answered, "I thought I did."

"But not my real self, Curtiss; I don't want you to love some one you imagine to be me. I want you to know and love the real, inner me."

"That's the one I want to love." His hearty desire to accommodate irritated her.

"But you don't know it, Curtiss." By her tone she withdrew across continents. "You've never seen it, or guessed at it. You think I smoked that cigarette for the fun of the thing. You don't realize that it expressed as distinct a part of me as your interest in that touring-car does of you. Sometimes I feel like a great, brooding Siberian plain, I am tortured by a minor wildness. I don't say I'm different from other people; you've probably felt it yourself; but at times my blood beats with all the turbulent power of the Hungarian Rhapsody. You see, Curtiss, you've never known these sides of me, and sometimes they are very lonely. Have I surprised you?" She spoke with a gentle disinclination to startle an average mind by disclosures too strange and awful.

"Oh no. It's always much better to work these things off by speaking about them, isn't it? Of course I never have those feelings, and I'm awfully sorry you do. What shall we do about them?" His readiness to be of any assistance, even to an immediate running for a glass of water, was so dispersing in its effect, so unlooked-for and disconcerting, that Mrs. Nolly felt her real self crumbling horribly, and a weakness resulting from an inability to at all adequately express her feeling of frustration made her permit her husband to remove gently the fur from her throat while she sat in meek silence, and he chatted endlessly on every topic under the sun except herself. She reclined like a convalescent until bedtime. He was cheering her up, he was kindly attempting to cure her of her real self. Mrs. Nolly lay and marveled that she lived through it.

The next few days she passed in a haze of dumb attempts at righting her lost

balance. The completeness with which she had keeled over was such as to require delicate nurturing of her vanished poise. Then she straightened with uncomfortable suddenness and found to her dismay that an entirely different real self had superseded her last. There could be no doubt of its authenticity; it had disclosed itself so spontaneously. She was in reality a Cyprienne. She was arch, she was French, she was Sardou. She was filled with a sparkling, expurgated naughtiness that bubbled inside her until she felt all a-tingle. Her voice took on a bird-like shrillness. She fluttered about the house and sang snatches of the only two French songs she could remember. Mrs. Nolly was in a panic for fear her real self would not last until her husband came home. She was obliged to talk to herself in a sprightly manner while dressing to prevent it in any way diminishing. With a coiffure elaborately impertinent, and bands of black velvet ribbon around each wrist, she awaited Mr. Nolly's return.

He came in rather dirty, having visited some steel-works in the afternoon. His descent down the stairs was particularly cheerful, as he had successfully begged off dressing, and it ended by his kissing his wife's shoulder as he passed her—an inspired move on his part—and taking up his favorite position on the hearth-rug, the evening paper spread wide before him. Mrs. Nolly eyed the paper; then she remembered the kiss on her shoulder, and felt happily that the Cyprienne discovery had been a genuine one. But her attention was caught by the legs straddling below the paper, and they chilled her with their faithful domestic air. Even his patent-leather slippers were not in the least intriguing, but looked relaxed and contentedly at home. The big square of the paper continued to hold her gaze, and slowly, sadly, the flutter oozed from Mrs. Nolly. She sank back into her chair flattened by that expanse of newspaper into what amounted to a distaste for all Cyprienne's attributes. A flare of caprice brought a prettily petulant, "I am bored, I wish to be amused, I wish to be made love to," and for answer Mr. Nolly gave an amused grunt, waved his hand over the top of the paper, and murmured, "Wait until I see how the market closed."

At that Mrs. Nolly unfastened the black ribbons from her wrists, threw them listlessly onto the table, and crossed her arms on her breast. She glowered at the fire as it flickered between those abstracted legs, she raised her eyes and glowered at the opaque newspaper. She had, after all, blundered in the second diagnosis, not the first. There was nothing of Cyprienne in her, the frothing pertness was foreign to her nature. The deep, smouldering discontent of her Slavonic soul returned, and she knew it now for her real, her only self. Established, firm in her mystic, menacing mood, her eyes narrowed of their own accord, this she noted with complacency, and she gazed at the newspaper as from an immeasurable distance. She experienced all the resentment of a woman whose vapors have been indulged leniently when she wished them to be received with inconveniencing seriousness. It hardened her madness, and her foot swung angrily with the threatening wave sometimes seen in the tail of an enraged cat.

The glare Mrs. Nolly directed at the offending news-sheet took in suddenly one of the head-lines. She sat forward and read, "Russian Girls Still on Strike." Girls possessed of the same fire she felt, stirred by motives that made them seem her kin, were risking imprisonment and starvation rather than work under unjust conditions. Only last week she had heard of the affair from a school friend engaged in Settlement work. Last week the story had struck her as burdensomely distressing; to-night it was part of a personal injustice from which she suffered. Early to-morrow she would offer



WITH THE EVENING PAPER SPREAD WIDE BEFORE HIM

her help to those brave girls. The ardor in her augmented momentarily, and when Mr. Nolly threw down his paper, exclaiming: "What a jolly French marquise you look! If that's what you are, it's the French marquise in you I love," she rose, barely deigning to enunciate, and breathing, "Don't be crass," led the way in to dinner. The meal was a trying one.

By ten the next morning Mrs. Nolly was at the rooms of the Union, swathed in furs, an expression of blended persecution and exaltation on her face. She was ushered into what had once been a hall bedroom, where her friend sat writing at a roll-top desk. She was a frail woman, pale with overwork, slightly curt, with an official manner which Mrs. Nolly felt to be lacking in explicitness. On Mrs. Nolly's royally offering

her services, the busy woman rapped out: "You might picket, or, if you have any influence you are willing to bring to bear, go to some of the big consumers, explain the situation, ask for co-operation with us and for recognition of the Union. I'll give you a list of the ones we are most anxious to get at. Money, of course, we always want." She had not ceased adding figures while she talked. Now she totaled them and began making notes in shorthand.

Mrs. Nolly murmured vaguely that she thought she would rather picket, and somehow, with a brisk, abstracted smile from her friend, she was shown out before she felt that the interview had really begun. She wished to rush back and demand: "But did you know I was here? You hardly saw me, much less spoke to me." But some one else had already been shown in in her place, and she was left standing in the hall, dashed and undecided. To explain the situation to brusque business men seemed an unfaceable task, particularly as she did not at all understand the situation herself. Picketing sounded much simpler, though she had no clear ideas as to the approved mode of picketing. A wave of irritation swept over her at busy people. They were unbusinesslike, they never explained things, they bewildered one's brain with their petty affectation of hurry.

She was leaving the building when it occurred to her that she had not asked where the picketing-place was. She turned back, became entangled in the narrow corridor crowded with poorly dressed girls speaking unknown tongues, and waited helplessly until some one should pay attention to her. Women swarmed about, and she gazed at them aloofly. They could not be as busy as they pretended to be, or as intent. It was a pose, implying that they cared ardently for something outside themselves, and Mrs. Nolly smiled with superior wisdom. She felt the whole thing too unlikely to be believed in, and was antagonistic without being aware that she had swerved from her first enthusiasm. Finally, driven by a desire to get away and vexed at being ignored, she stopped a dowdy little woman with a sharp face and radiant eyes, as she squirmed her way through the crowd, and asked to be

told where the strike was, adding, "I've said I'll picket, and I don't know where to go."

"53 Blank Street; take the Second Avenue Elevated." The dowdy little woman, leaving her voice stridently ringing in the air, lost herself passionately in the crowd.

Mrs. Nolly was resentful and uncertain. She had never heard of Blank Street, and she knew by hearsay that the Second Avenue Elevated was dirty and unpleasant. She made her way toward it, with a forlorn feeling that she was leaving behind the New York she knew, and entering a different world where she was wofully incapable of taking care of herself. As she passed hordes of dirty children and queer little foreign shops with mustached, aproned men lounging in the doorways, waiting to smile at her, she felt she was dwindling perceptibly. Slatternly women stared boldly, and she hurried up the steps of the Elevated, thankful to be rid of them.

The frowsy man behind the ticket window remarked that it was a fine day, and this proffer of human sympathy was so welcome that it brought from Mrs. Nolly with almost a sob, "Oh, I feel so incompetent!" This surprising speech hardly startled her own ears, and she passed through the turnstile faintly comforted. Blank Street was reached after so many people had answered questions that the questioner felt she had literally lain on the responsible, initiated bosom of the East Side and found it hospitable. But the manner in which she had been cared for only served to reduce Mrs. Nolly the more. A butcher had been the last person to set her on her way, and a distinct desire had come to her to slip her hand into his and let herself be led along like a lost child.

When Mrs. Nolly was left standing at the head of Blank Street it revealed little. A knot of girls stood on the sidewalk, looking up from time to time at the second-story windows of a shabby warehouse. A policeman watched them from half-way down the block. The usual traffic of the street rumbled past. For a few minutes she loitered near the girls; then, going up to one of them who stood a little apart, she said, nervously, "I beg your pardon, but I've come to picket."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg

"WHAT A JOLLY FRENCH MARQUISE YOU LOOK!"

The girl scowled at her, muttered something in an uncouth tongue, and moved off. Mrs. Nolly blushed. She felt that every one must be looking at her, and, after walking away and turning back in the vague hope that people might think she knew perfectly what she was about but had forgotten something, approached the group of girls and said with a haughtiness brought on by her feeling of extreme fright, "I beg your pardon, but I've come to picket."

"Well, picket," snapped the nearest girl.

Mrs. Nolly stood still, rooted by weakness, by a sense of unreality, of having ceased to exist, of extinguishment, that was only painful because it was not yet complete. The group stared at her, and she gazed at them, big-eyed. They were all in black, with frizzed hair, snapping black eyes, and were rendered distinguishable by the varying degrees of stubbornness and distrust in their faces. One with something coolly intelligent in her glance asked, "Ain't you ever picketed before?"

Mrs. Nolly shook her head.

"Well, you just watch for scabs, and don't let the toughs hustle you."

Mrs. Nolly walked away aimlessly. How was she to tell a scab if she saw one, and why should the toughs hustle her, and where were they? She wanted to sit down, and she wanted above everything to stop the frightened beating of her heart, and to overcome her feeling of utter superfluity and incompetency. She walked up and down, glancing from time to time at the warehouse windows, where bowed, tousled heads were just visible. Once a brutal-looking man in his shirt-sleeves appeared for an instant and laughed down at her. Her knees were beginning to tremble with fatigue. The woman who had said to watch for scabs was seated on some steps leading into an areaway, and Mrs. Nolly asked desperately if she might sit beside her.

The woman stopped chewing gum long enough to say "Sure," and, moving over, made room on the dirty step. They sat side by side in a stiff self-consciousness, Mrs. Nolly looking straight ahead, the woman eying her keenly. Abruptly she asked, "Come from the papers?"

Mrs. Nolly hesitated, "I don't know what you mean."

"I thought perhaps you was from one

of the newspapers. Sometimes your kind come down to draw pictures."

Half understanding, Mrs. Nolly said, "Oh no, I'm not that."

There was a short silence, the woman continuing to scrutinize Mrs. Nolly sharply; then she asked, "What do you do?"

"Do?" Mrs. Nolly took in her meaning, and very seriously answered, "I don't do anything; I'm married." In her tone was the weight given by a flawless connection between cause and effect.

The woman knitted her brows quizzically. "How many kids?"

"None."

"Got girls to work for you?"

"Yes."

"And you just sit and let your man hustle?"

Mrs. Nolly half nodded her head, then looked the woman full in the face. She felt no sympathy with this trenchant-tongued creature, no connection with her. But she felt no connection with any one. Her world had receded immeasurably. She had faded until a queer sensation had come to her of having been deserted by herself, and it seemed to loom as an awful possibility that she would shortly be told she had no husband. With a desire to locate the general wrongness in something tangible and understandable she asked, "But you're not really Russian, are you?"

The woman's eyes glowed sullenly, and she answered, shortly, "Yes."

Our poor Mrs. Nolly blinked unhappily. This woman was a Russian and one of the strikers she had come to help, but apparently they did not greatly want or respect her. She felt sobered, miserably alone, and hers was a new self with whom she did not enjoy being alone. The black eyes continued to search her face, and she felt exposed. She might get up and go away, but for the moment it was almost better to have the company of this disturbing woman than to be left alone with the humiliated blankness of her own mind.

The woman sat erect against the wall and seemed to bide her time. She had settled what had been on her mind so conclusively that she could wait before launching it. Mrs. Nolly's teeth gave a click of nervous fatigue.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"YOU'RE USELESS. WE'RE THE ONES WITH THE IDEALS"

"You just don't do anything," repeated the woman, slowly, as though she had some difficulty in fitting her clear thoughts to her limited words. "You just waste. Gee, you're a queer lot! Why, we're so far ahead of you that we can hardly make you out for the distance. Your kind think, 'We're women, and that's all any one can expect of us.' You've done that much for the world, and if any one wants you to do any more, they can whistle." Her voice tanged with her satire. "You don't give anything, and you take all you can get. A fine lot you bring to your partnership with your men. A fine, fat lot. And to think there's millions of women like you. I can't see it at all. You say to some man, 'You can look after me if you like, and for that I'll do nothing, I'll waste.' And the funny thing is neither you nor the men are ashamed. Say, it's queer."

Mrs. Nolly had listened, receiving each

word with a detached resignation, a frightened feeling that the words meant something, something relevant to her. Suddenly she looked at the woman, and, roused by her mean appearance to a burst of class pride, said, hotly: "You don't know what you're talking about. We may not work, but we do much more important things. We set standards, and tend ideals—the men's ideals; you needn't think the ugly things of the world are more important than the lovely things, because they're not. We rear children of a fine type—bringing children into the world isn't doing nothing."

The Russian interrupted her fiercely. "Oh, cut it out! You have as few kids as you can, and you wouldn't be fit to let live if you didn't have those. It isn't any feeling for your country that brings them, either; don't fool yourself. As for rearing the kids—you don't know nothing, so you can't tell them nothing. You just



SHE WINKED, A SCOFFING, COMPREHENSIVE WINK

keep piping things you've heard till they ain't true any longer. All you women really do when you sit at home is to think about yourselves. You think about yourselves until you get nasty. That was the reason you come down here. You'd appreciated yourself so long that at last you thought you'd give yourself as a valuable gift to us girls. Oh, I know your kind. You're useless. We're the ones with the ideals; we're real. You're just kept on like the foolishness religious dolls in the churches at home. You're a care, and senseless, but you used to be respected, and every one puts off throwing you away."

Mrs. Nolly had kept her eyes fastened on those of the woman, even though they came so near that she felt hypnotized,

blinded. It had seemed the one retort she was capable of, and she did it doggedly. Now she burst out in a shrill clatter, "I won't have you speak to me like that; it isn't true; you don't know what you're talking about—"

"Oh yes, I do."

"No, no! You don't!"

Then the woman sprang up and ran across the street, and Mrs. Nolly woke to a consciousness that she had been party to a street quarrel. Two or three people were standing watching her. She eyed them, shook her head as though to throw off a bad dream, and sat with her hands relaxed in her lap, panting slightly.

Girls appeared in the doorway of the warehouse opposite. They descended the steps reluctantly and were at once surrounded by the knot of picketers. Shrill discussion in various languages filled the air; some of the girls went

apart in groups of two and three, with protests and recriminations. Passers-by stopped and the pavement became crowded. The brutal-looking man who had laughed from the second-story window now swaggered down the steps, an old brown hat stuck on the side of his head. Two policemen drew near, the congestion grew, an angry murmur buzzed in the crowd, and after a few minutes a policeman appeared on the edge of it, pushing Mrs. Nolly's Russian before him. She stepped briskly as though arrests were her daily habit, and as though already she had in mind the exact words in which to tell the magistrate what she thought of illegal arrests and private subsidy of the police. As the woman passed Mrs. Nolly she looked at the de-

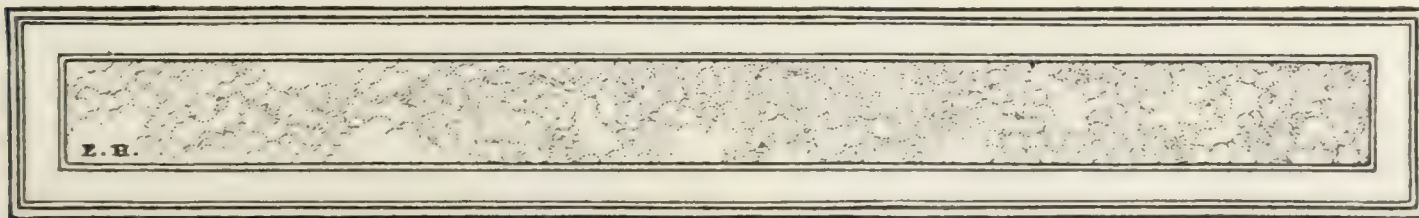
pressed, bewildered figure and laughed. Then—with an expression that said, “I know you hadn’t it in you; it was all bluff and you got called; we know what you’re worth, you and me, but we’ll keep it a secret between us”—she winked, a scoffing, comprehensive, intimate wink, and passed down the street.

Mrs. Nolly knew that what the woman believed of her was true. She had known it at the time the other was speaking, and the knowledge had made her listen. She knew it was not in her to go to any of those girls and talk to them straightforwardly. She denied nothing except the woman’s implication that she would keep what she knew a secret. She was not worth much, but she was up to admitting how little worth while she was. Two tears ran down her cheeks, and she rose quietly, making her way toward the nearest car-line. She felt disheveled and soiled, as though the wind had bespattered her in its sweep. Above all, she felt sobered—so sobered that she might have dropped with great suddenness to rock-bottom and been made a little nauseated by the thud.

During the interminable ride on the surface car she looked dully out of the window, a hush inside her, a sense of depletion. With wearied lowliness she reflected that she had probably never thought; no doubt her mind had always been as vacant as it was then, so that it was unreasonable of her to feel badly, as there had been no change. She thought now—of her home; and its ineptitude made her turn away her head; she dreaded reaching it and being confronted with what struck her as a superfluously painful revelation of herself. A scrap of Schopenhauer that she had read at college came back to her, and she remembered that all women were parasites. She had no twinge for the word, she accepted

it, almost welcomed it, finding a faint comfort in thus putting comfort from her. The future loomed an awful vacuity in which she must wander, futile and denuded. Then she thought that perhaps if a child came to her—but though she granted the achievement its merits, she added no others, and knew it as a frequently grasped excuse for important bustlings and complacent bovinity which served as an excellent screen from the fact that the mind was empty, and that there had been nothing to pass on to the child or to give it now but elemental limitations.

“I’m not worth my keep.” The shifting thoughts in her brain were not conclusions, but relinquishments. She pulled down her veil, averse to being looked at. A subtle suggestion came to her, saying, “But think how noble, how enlightened it is of you to have realized all this; it’s almost enough in itself; you might now go on comfortably in the old ways, because of having so remarkably seen their iniquities.” Mrs. Nolly wanly shook her head. “No, you don’t,” her vacuity sighed. “I’m an impediment, a parasite, and a jellyfish, but I’m not going to be them all dishonestly.” Vanity was used to surge so comfortably in her hollowness, passing itself off for many high-sounding things. Now it had gone, and she was grateful for the quiet it had left behind. If she must be hollow, she liked to think she could manage being it honestly. Leaning on the word “honestly,” feeling there was a rugged something about it that, if she repeated it often enough, might manage to see her home, she reached, with drooping eyes and dragging feet, her own front door. In the vestibule Mrs. Nolly’s lips trembled into a wistful smile, and, as she fitted her latch-key to the lock, the door opened on the new Mrs. Nolly.



Editor's Easy Chair

"I HAVE just had a gratifying illustration of the conscientious perfection of the American people in enacting and enforcing a law when they are agreed that it is really for the common good," the Good Citizen said, coming in with an air of unquestionable welcome, and taking a chair as a matter of course without invitation.

"And what is your illustration?" we asked, and we had almost added, "Julius," in our sense of the End Man which possesses us in some of these colloquies.

"It is my failure to get a prescription containing a little cocaine made up without a renewal of it by the doctor who gave it me. Formerly any druggist would have made it up, but a law has been passed forbidding it without fresh authority from science, and I applied to one apothecary after another without success. My own round-the-corner apothecary, who will sell me almost any 'dram of poison,' refused with the apologies due an old customer; he said he would not dare to give me the unguent without my doctor's reiterated authorization. So I had to recur to the doctor and get it at the expense of his usual house fee."

"That was rather fine," we approved. "It says, what we are always saying, that we are a law-abiding people. Even when we lynch suspected persons, as we do now and then, up and down and across the land, we merely take the law into our own hands."

"Yes," the Good Citizen assented, somewhat absently, but pulling himself together to add, gaily, "I was thinking that if it had been a revolver I wanted, instead of an unguent with a little cocaine in it, I shouldn't have needed a renewal of the prescription. Why, I wouldn't have needed any prescription at all! The first hardware man, dealer in fancy articles, clerk in a department store, or pawnbroker, would have sold me

a revolver and asked no questions. I might have been an obvious madman, a drunkard, a boy, a tramp, a miscreant with criminal stamped on my face, and he would only have had a little jocose hesitation. I could have got a box of the right number of cartridges, and taken my 'gun,' as I should have called it, and gone off and killed myself, or the man or woman I meant it for, and it would have been all right as far as my buying or owning the 'gun' was concerned."

"It is rather peculiar," we said, with a ray of American humor lighting our features. "Still, if it is the law that you cannot have a prescription with cocaine in it made up, and you *can* buy a 'gun' for the familiar purpose of suicide or homicide, the fact goes to confirm our position that we are a law-abiding people."

"Yes; so we are; and with full liberty to buy 'guns' and kill ourselves and others, what do you think of our legislation?"

"We suppose," we mildly intimated, "that the free sale of revolvers is a survival of the citizen's right to bear arms for his defense against an outburst of tyranny or usurpation on the part of the government. Without the right 'to utter,' if not to 'argue freely,' as Milton says, with the self-cocking 'gun,' perhaps our liberties would be in danger. Besides, many of these 'guns' are bought for purposes of self-defense. They are very useful against burglars, whom you have at a great advantage when you spring up in your night-robe, rubbing the sleep out of your eyes, in the full glare of a dark lantern, while the intruder has you covered with his 'gun.' Your habit of rising to a sitting posture in bed, and shooting your wife while she creeps about the room to get her medicine without waking you, is another proof that the sale of revolvers cannot be restricted without imperiling the safety of ev-

ery household. Against highwaymen the 'gun' is one of the simplest necessities of the suburban dweller; it has almost abolished the highwayman in commuting communities. Mad dogs have been well-nigh exterminated by it after they have bitten half the neighborhood and several spectators have been shot in the legs."

The Good Citizen smiled as with relish of another's irony, though we had never been more in earnest, and said: "I have been looking into the shootings of a single fortnight in the larger cities of the Northern States, for I wished to exclude the section where shootings have been the habit of life, though I think now that the 'gun' is as freely used in the North as in the South, and enjoys as great favor on the seaboard as on the frontier, if there is a frontier any longer. In my inquiry I have had the help of a clippings bureau, and I fancy the result will amuse you, if not seriously interest you." He took out of his breast pocket a ragged batch of newspaper scraps, and began again without prompting from us. "I won't read these in detail, though they are all very dramatic, but will give the facts as abstractly as possible. I will begin with the gunnings in New York, and will give them as they come. June 29th, a colored boy, sixteen years old, shoots at another boy who has annoyed him, and hits a baby-carriage. This is in Williamsburg. The day before, in Brooklyn, a boy of seventeen shot at a boy of nineteen, in a quarrel, but missed him. On the same day, in the same place, an Italian was shot dead at a saloon door by some unknown man, apparently in mistake for another. June 5th, on the Staten Island ferry-boat, a broker shot himself dead. July 3d the senior officer of a gunboat at Brooklyn shot himself through the head. On the 6th, in Hell's Kitchen, New York, an Irishman, pressed to drink against his will, 'drew his gun and began shooting' at the saloonful of people; none were hurt, but a woman was almost scared to death. On the 3d three young men came into an 'athletic club' in Grand Street, and fired five shots about the place, and wrecked it. That night an old man in Williamsburg got out of bed and shot himself through the temple. At

a picnic in the Bronx the same day, in a fight with the police, fifty shots were fired and one man mortally wounded. Early on the 4th, in West 110th Street, two burglars fired at a policeman, who fired back and wounded one of them fatally. That night an Italian detective received four shots in his body in a saloon on Twelfth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, from the pistol of a man he was trying to arrest. Still again on the 4th a woman was struck by a stray bullet while she was washing dishes in her kitchen in East Fortieth Street. In Hell's Kitchen, again, a mad-drunk negro killed a policeman the night of June 30th by shooting him through the head. July 4th, a boy shot a hippopotamus with a pistol, and another boy was shot dead in Robbins Avenue by two men who were firing their guns in their yard. Three nights before, a saloonkeeper was shot dead by thieves in Queens Borough. Fourth of July evening, five persons, sitting on their front steps in East Eighty-first Street, were shot by some unknown wretch who fired wantonly into the group. The same joyful evening an Italian janitor in Williamsburg fired on some boys who were teasing him, and killed a 'man, a little boy, and a stranger.' In East Eighty-first Street an old woman, two babies, a young girl, and her father were wounded by stray bullets. Once more on the 4th, an Italian barber was found dead in his shop, shot by himself or by thieves. Yet once more, on the 4th, two burglars fought policemen in 110th Street, and were more or less 'shot up.' The day was not wanting in dramatic interest in Brooklyn, where a boy accidentally shot himself in the neck and a girl was hit in the arm by a wandering bullet. In a subway train, near Twenty-third Street, New York, an Italian drew a revolver, but was arrested before he could use it. This was on the 28th of June; on the 30th an Italian woman, in East Houston Street, shot herself fatally by accident with her husband's revolver. In Central Park, the night of June 30th, one young man shot another in the head, the wounded man did not know why; both were accompanied by ladies. In Poplar Street, Brooklyn, that night, a boy was hurt by a stray shot; about the same time an

Italian was taken from East 107th Street to the hospital with three bullets in his breast. A teamster was badly wounded in Bleecker Street, June 28th, by one of a murderous gang. On the 29th, a man looking for his wife with a revolver was arrested in Central Park. On the 28th, a young girl in Jamaica fired two shots at her father, but missed."

The Good Citizen looked up, as for sensation in us, but we asked: "Don't you think your close is rather ineffective? Now, if you had ended with that Italian janitor, taken to the hospital with three bullets in his breast! But a poor girl who fires two shots at her father and misses—"

"Gracious Powers!" the Good Citizen exclaimed. "Do you think I've been aiming at a dramatic impression?"

"If you have, you have missed it as badly as that poor girl who could not hit her father with two shots. But what *were* you aiming at? The fact that New York is a bad place? Well, we knew that already. It is dangerous, but you cannot deny it's amusing."

"It is no worse than other American places," the Good Citizen returned, rather unexpectedly, and he drew out another batch of newspaper scraps. "There were probably just as many shootings to the population elsewhere in the United States during that fortnight, though I can't say that Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, quite kept up her average. Still, you may like to note that on June 29th a man shot a woman in the back of the head there, and meant to shoot himself, but lost his nerve when he saw her fall. Some boys began keeping the Fourth on June 30th, and one was shot in the jaw with an old revolver. The same day, one boy unintentionally killed another with a rifle. July 2d two men were cleaning their revolvers for use on the Fourth, and one accidentally shot the mother of the other who was looking on at them. On the Fourth proper a glancing bullet hit an Italian boy in South Ninth Street; it does not say whom the shot was fired at. But upon the whole the showing of Philadelphia is comparatively poor; perhaps it is the ancestral Quakerism in the blood there. Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, tries to bring up the State's average with a drunken

negro threatening the colored quarter of the town with a revolver on June 28th, and a discharged employee shooting the landlord of the Dauphin Hotel the same day. Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, supplies only the case of a man mortally wounded on the Fourth by a neighbor shooting at a mark; and Cleveland offers for the whole State of Ohio only the fact of the use of 'guns' in the Garment Workers' strike on the 28th of June. But here the clippings bureau is plainly at fault; in the whole of Ohio there must have been far more shootings in that fortnight. In Detroit, Michigan, alone, on successive days in the last of June, a man shot his wife and killed himself, and a Detroit man shot himself in a Rochester hotel. New Jersey, being nearer the metropolis, the clippings bureau has been more diligent or the gun-play is livelier. At Trenton, June 28th, a boy tried to kill a dog and shot a baby in the head. At Keyport, on the Fourth, a young man was trying a 'gun,' which he thought was not loaded, and instantly killed his betrothed. At Newark, on the 1st, a boy was showing off with a 'gun' in Pine Street, and shot a girl in the leg. At Raritan, the night of June 29th, a burglar was shot in a house which he was trying to rob. Indiana, which is now our literary center, contributes one doubly mortal duel with shotguns at Jasonville; one accidental shooting of a boy by another boy with a 'gun,' at Indianapolis, on the 26th of June; at Spencer, a wife murder and suicide, with a 'gun,' on the 28th; at Evansville, on the 30th, the fatal shooting of a white man by a negro. From Chicago, Illinois, strangely overlooked, there is nothing; from Peoria, Illinois, there is the simple case of one negro shot down by another; at Rock Island, Illinois, two persons were killed and several wounded by a shotgun at the serenade of a bridal couple. At Cedar Rapids, Iowa, an old man, disappointed of an inheritance, killed himself with a 'gun' on the 26th of June; at Utica, New York, four days later, the colored porter of a dining-car shot another negro."

The Good Citizen looked up from his exhausted scrap-heap as for applause, but the editor said, "All this seems a very

poor return for your pains and expense at the clippings bureau."

"I have not included the duplicate items in the hundred, which a bureau will always send you, and I have not given the shootings by the police. But I think you will allow that there are shootings enough, purely secular and unofficial, to give us pause in the indiscriminate sale of the 'gun.' If you have paid due attention to my instances, you must have noticed what a large proportion of them were the shootings of boys by boys, and of moral minors by other moral minors, such as the wild Italians who have learned nothing so aptly here as the exchange of their native stiletto for the adoptive revolver. None of either sort seems to have had the least difficulty in getting a 'gun' with the apposite cartridges. But if any of them had gone to a druggist with a prescription containing the slightest trace of cocaine, he would have had to get it renewed by his doctor, or the druggist would not have made it up for him."

"Still harping on your unguent," we smilingly noted.

"Only for the sake of contrast," the Good Citizen retorted. "The anti-cocaine law is all right. But where is the anti-gun law? Is there none, or isn't it enforced?"

"We are sure we don't know," we said, dreamily, perhaps a little wearily.

"Nobody seems to know, and why? Everybody concerned knows about the anti-cocaine law. Is nobody concerned in the anti-gun law? Any one, without distinction of age, sex, color, or previous condition of servitude, can go to almost any sort of dealer and buy a 'gun.'"

"And what would you do about it?"

"Well, I have not thought with finality yet, but at a go I should say that no 'gun' should be allowed to leave the murder-factory where it was made without being first numbered, and its number recorded by the government. The wholesale dealer should account to the government for every such 'gun' by its number, and the retail dealer should receipt to the

wholesale dealer in turn by number. No 'gun,' upon any pretext whatever, should be sold at second-hand, and any 'gun' traced by number to a second-hand sale should subject the buyer and seller to fine and imprisonment. Fine and imprisonment should also be visited on the dealer who sold any 'gun,' new or old, to a purchaser who did not show a license to carry a 'gun,' duly issued by the government and witnessed by a notary public. No such license should issue to a minor of either sex, and none should issue to any man or woman except upon satisfactory proof to the authorities that there was unquestionable reason for his or her carrying it. Not less than six months' jail should satisfy the law for a first offense in a person found carrying a 'gun' without a license; not less than a year's jail for the second offense. Any person accidentally wounding another with an unlicensed 'gun' should be held to have done the shooting purposely. I think such a law would do to begin with."


"You apparently," we said, with a smile, "wish to break up the use of the 'gun' in a community supposed to be civilized, and duly protected by the police."

"That is my idea," the Good Citizen replied.

"And suppose the community is *not* civilized and *not* protected by the police?"

"Ah, that opens up a large field of inquiry," the Good Citizen said, thoughtfully. "Are you prepared to enter upon it? Are you ready to say that a city in which fifty shootings took place in a fortnight, like New York, was *not* civilized? Will you affirm that 'this fair land of ours,' as the political orators call it, where perhaps two hundred shootings took place in the same time, is a howling wilderness, which has been mistakenly assimilated from the less homicidal savages originally holding it?"

"Well, that would require a little reflection," we said; and we smiled, perhaps cynically.



Editor's Study

THE function of nutrition, considered simply for what it is physiologically, leads out in all directions to much real knowledge of a harmoniously constituted world. First of all, we are brought face to face with Desire, and we see that we do not eat and drink because we have mouths and stomachs, but that these organs themselves are shaped by hunger and thirst, and upon the sure presumption of complementary satisfaction. It is really a very wonderful thing that material substances outside of the body may be seized upon and made a part of that body, and that those which are fit for each living thing may be selected by an infallible instinct. Here is an implication of partnership in the very constitution of things, in creation itself.

Following this clue, we come to have a sense of the oneness of all life. What we call separation is an illusion, maintained only to emphasize kinship. All the matings in nature are possible through the divulsion of things which belong together. Nature conspires for increase through such conjugations, as in the subtle commerce between insect and plant—the bee fertilizing the flower it feeds on.

If we choose to advocate pluralism, which is surely more interesting than monism, we seem to have as good a showing, and may say that oneness is an illusion, maintained only to emphasize partition. In every term she shows us, Nature disguises its opposite. While we are regarding the unicellular organism, it divides—its mode of parturition—and when we say the one has become two, we are contradicted, since the two are still one—the identity is not broken. We bury a kernel of corn in the earth—it rises a multitude; gaining from its nutrition a procreative increment; always nutrition tends to translate itself into the reproductive function—its opposite pole. So, in the general course

of cosmic evolution, descent and diminution seem to be emphasized, when Nature, rejoicing in so tropical a diversion, points to the rising of plant and animal life that must increase with the sun's waning.

Again, this desire of the cell—its hunger and thirst—is seen to become the culture of this whole planet, and finally, in its refinement, becomes the index of a dainty human culture. Taste, as incidental to the selection of food and a good part of its relish, is an incentive to the development of agriculture and commerce and promotes invention. Fire is caught and cherished, and, with the cooking of food and the use of the wine-press, conviviality softens and exalts social intercourse, and a finer regard is bestowed upon shelter and raiment. The gods are tempted into guestship and alliance by the flavors of burnt-offerings and libations of wine. Springtime and the harvest season become occasions of religious festivities in honor of the Great Mother and of the Wine-god, with the accompaniment of dance and song—the vibrant uplift of what seems a purely physiological carnival.

With the artificial refinements incident to the social progress associated with nutrition in its festive aspects we have nothing to do here, but only with the natural outgrowth from the exercise of a function so suggestive to the rudest of men of a grace and bounty lying outside of themselves that participation in these becomes a religious act, nature thus rising into a kind of supernature. Bread and wine have been immemorially the mystical symbols of a human-divine communion.

To the unsophisticated man the distinction between the visible and the invisible, the sensible and the suprasensible, nature and supernature, would not have been sharply drawn. He lived so entirely in his sense and motion that strange and surprising phenomena would some-

how have seemed not any more beyond the range of these than his dreams were. He never attributed anything, even his own thoughts and fancies or his words, to himself as source—everything “came to him”; but he was in the way to them, bound up with them, one with the world he lived in. Outside and inside were for him divinely confounded. His physiological velocities were extreme, as were also the ecstasies, attained through these, accompanied by we know not what illusions and hallucinations, that seemed real and a part of the graciously harmonious world which belonged to him or he belonged to—it did not matter which. That mythical architecture which we call his superstition he built unconsciously, ignorant of the part his own imagination had in it; to him it seemed to spring up along the way he gnawed into the darkness or projected into supernal heights.

This kind of man, along the common paths of life, ate into the world with all his senses and faculties. He had other nutrition than by food and drink, other assimilations as a physiological organism, rising into other transports, emotional and psychical, yet implying a correspondence of a world accordant to his desire like that affinity which determined his selection of elements for the satisfaction of hunger and thirst.

Either sex was the complement of the other, and here to the sense of bounty and grace was added that of beauty and of intimate affection, with their romantic overtones. This correspondence, for the completion of the human individual, for human increase, and for all other distinctively human issues, indicates a partnership closer than that of affinity, originating a specialized kinship, and not only excludes the inorganic world, but marks the delimitation from every other organic species.

Thus romantic love has been the central principle of a harmony exclusively human. Even the gods are not admitted to its festivals, and its transmutations are into the region, not of superstition, but of art; and there they connote only the humanities. It was, indeed, religion before there was any other, when religion was only human, and ancestors were the gods. Nothing on earth is so sufficient

to itself, within its own content, and its utmost altruistic expansion includes but the race, along the lines of purely human kinship. The scope of this love is an inclosed garden; but no human note, accordant or discordant, between the terms of nativity and mortality, is alien to its harmony. For death belongs to it not less than birth, being the cadence of its every strain; and vast as is its exclusion, it includes all the predestinations of heredity, the strifes and jealousies and mysterious tragedies, as well as the pride and care and tenderness that spring from human intimacies. It is the very drift of humanity, though kept immune and separate from all other currents as the Gulf Stream is from the tides of the sea.

What is so radically human has of course amply shared the refinement and uplift which have attended advancing stages in the evolution of human nature. The process of natural selection has been widened and diversified by the expansion of human consciousness and the development of esthetic sensibility.

We may conjecture what we please as to the comparative dominance of mother and father in the earliest tribal society, or in some earlier stage—whether a wife chose her husbands or a husband his wives; but history opens with the father in full possession of unlimited domestic domination, involving the power of life and death. The custom of extra-tribal marriage suggests a rapacity like that of a hunter for his prey, and at the same time something of the zest of sport, the rude germ of romance and adventure in the selection. It was a natural reaction against kinship in the closest of intimacies; it widened the range of choice, reinvigorating the race, and so was a step forward in evolution.

Almost it seems that a kind of sex-feud is established by Nature, though it is but the natural play between attractions and repulsions. Thus the bride flies from kindred to cling to her husband, but swiftly impugns everything, including her husband, for the sake of her children. This ancient maternal ferocity, manifest in all species of animals, has, like other fierce aspects of elemental domesticity, been softened and partially disguised, though the mother

still pampers her boys, fattening them as victims for sacrifice, as it is still too pathetically true of us all, that "whom we love we kill."

This love which makes homes and sets people in families has little direct concern with the business of the world. Industry and commerce, in the production and distribution of commodities and in the multiplication of conveniences, are the indispensable conditions of our livelihood—but this is our living, the matrix of virtue and of all native qualities; and it is this more and more in every successive epoch of human evolution, not only for its greater intrinsic vitality and meaning, but because society, which is its outgrowth, has become less eccentric to its creative source and more intensively regards Mother and Child, even devoting itself to the study of Eugenics. It is in this concentrated regard that human life becomes to our contemplation creative. We see that the things which are born of life and so constitute our living experience are quite separate from things simply open to our observation, subject to our more or less rational comment, and even from the things we do, taking our part in the world's work and progress. They are the issues of life, out of the heart, out of the heart's desire, individually and racially the native offspring of will and sensibility, indefinable in any terms but those of life.

Our present-day humanism holds closely to these living terms, consistently with the clarity and expansion of our consciousness, illuminated by Reason. Physiology has its psychical implications, because it is the soul "that doth the body make," and desire is of the soul, finding its way to the souls of things in the world through complementary accords and correspondences—as to either its source or its consummation, it is not adequately expressed by elemental instincts. Even within strictly physiological limitations man has always sought rhythmic expression in the personal arts of dance and song, giving his creative imagination some degree of transcendence. In his social expansion beyond the limits of close intimacies this rhythmic expression was emphasized in dramatic personation and in the extra-physiological representative arts. His specialized senses

of sight and hearing, unlike the sensibility which was the reflex of his will, led him entirely outside of himself. Through these senses which opened out into a world of light and sound, that of vision embracing even the starry heavens, phenomena seemed only to occur to him, without consulting him or having any correspondence to his volition or appetites or any relation to his imagination. Yet in the course of his esthetic development this external world was brought home to him, and as painter and musician he mastered accords of color and tone. Here was an assimilation transcending any corporeal appetite. And, apart from the tension of art, what satisfaction and refreshment in "the harvest of the quiet eye"!

The human soul, reaching out beyond the close grasp of the world through instinct, had built for itself invisible habitations and responded to distant allurements long before it was conscious of a creative imagination. There are progressive phases of this consciousness, and when that stage is reached, when, as in days of Socrates and Aristophanes, art is discussed as something detached from life, and speculations become themes, then all that a man has built outside of himself—that imaginative architecture, hitherto absolutely stable—wavers, having only such firmness in its varied and fluctuating lines as the heart of man inclines to give it—that alone enduring, either in life or art, which springs from desire, or from fear, which is the shadow of desire.

For any age in which reason and imagination have free play, the will to love and the will to believe determine the scope as well as the quality of living experience, whose circle widens in our twentieth century so as to embrace and quicken larger areas of the human consciousness than ever before. Native desire—its nativity forever renewed—is illuminated, so that it no longer casts that old-time shadow; its clannishness—everything which belonged to its darkness and confinement—is disappearing; and it seems no longer something to be repented of, but something to be confessed to the utmost, something so radiantly transcendent that it is worthy to be the mistress of life.

Editor's Drawer

In a Restaurant

A MONOLOGUE

BY BEATRICE HERFORD

SCENE.—*A Restaurant. Enter two ladies and a young girl looking about for a table.*

THERE is a table over there, those two ladies are just through. No I guess they are just beginning, I never can tell unless they are eating. Is she taking off her gloves or putting them on? . . . That's no good Addy—I know it, but there is only room for two. No Addy we want to sit where we can put our packages down. Look out—your umbrella is sticking right into that lady. How much she looks like Mr. Abner Rice's sister.—The one Addy was poking?—Maybe she wouldn't if she turned around, but there is something about the back of her head—I didn't say it was Mr. Abner Rice's sister Addy was poking, I said how much the one she was poking looked like Mr. Abner Rice's sister. Addy, Addy! Here's a table by the window—well you can keep it on then. You sit there, and I'll sit here, would you rather sit over here?—Well you sit there then, let Auntie sit here. Well I'll sit here and you sit there. It feels good to sit down don't it? I am so glad I got that plaid, you know I had stripes all last winter, I got real tired of them, and now I sha'n't look round any more or I shall see something I like better.—Can you wait on us please?—Push your side combs in, Addy! Now where's my list? I am afraid I have lost it. (Looks in her

bag and pockets.) No that's an old list, no that's the wall-paper sample, no that's the list I had Saturday.—You know I lost the one I made first driving down to the train, and I had to borrow a pencil from a gentleman on the train. I think it was that Mr. Foss that married Mrs. Nathan Macy's step-daughter.—No, they didn't like it—I feel terribly, I didn't return it to him. He went into another car, and that put it out of my head and it slipped down between the seat and the window.—Oh I know it



"NOW WHERE'S MY LIST?"

but I feel badly though because I have never called upon her,—can you wait on us?—Well they live way over there across the tracks, her father has built them a lovely home, I guess Mrs. Macy wasn't any too pleased at that, you've seen it.—Now Addy Auntie passed it the day she went up to Zazie's for lunch, they've got sunflowers carved around the front of the piazza, and there's a bust in one of the front windows, if I am correct it's his father and it always seems strange to me to have him facing out away from the family. Addy I wish you wouldn't drink any more of that ice-water, did you bring your tablets?—Yes, take one. Here's the list, it was way down under the samples.

Would you let me take your bill-of-fare please? We have been waiting quite a while. Want to look at it Fanny? Now what are you going to have, Addy? I don't think Addy ought to eat much of anything—what you going to have, Fanny? I wonder what this lamb stewed in its own gravy is? How would you like to have your mohair made up like that?—I presume one portion will be enough if Addy does not eat any, what do you think you will have, just a little dry toast?—She looks paler to-day than she has any day this week. Now if you would rather go right home after lunch, Addy, instead of waiting for that 5:42? You see Auntie and I have to match that velvet and there are five or six places we haven't been to yet, there is no sense in your dragging around, but if you don't go home you might just as well be looking at suits. She'd look terrible in anything to-day though, push your combs in Addy.—Can you wait on us please?—Oh, there's that nice one that waited on us the other day, can you wait on us?—Maybe you remember you waited on us last week.—I suppose you do see so many people, we had veal cutlets,—yes, we did have different hats, they were a special thing that day, with green peas around them.

Well now we thought we'd try this lamb with—Oh, now that's too bad, we might have gone to your table but we wouldn't have known which it was—Yes, I see, I thought you all waited on any one that was waiting.—Oh, no I didn't mean that, I only meant that if any one was waiting you could wait on them—oh, you have to wait till there is some one waiting where you wait. Well will you tell the young lady who waits on this table—I don't hardly believe that's the girl that waited on us last week, well I guess she would have remembered us and I don't think she had that light hair. Will you wait on us? We thought we'd have some of this lamb stewed in it—is that good?—It is—Well I guess one portion will be enough—No she's not going to eat anything, she's miserable—Then we'll have baked potatoes, you can eat those Addy, or would you rather have fried Fanny?—Baked?—Oh fried!—Baked! Oh yes, my idea was baked on Addy's account. Do you feel like a baked potato

Addy?—Is there anything you would rather have? You'd better have some toast. Of course there is always steak . . . Why Mrs. Casey! How do you do? Why isn't that funny!—Is that so? Well that's always the way—Did you? Well, wasn't that a coincidence!—You did? Well that's just like you. . . . Yes I have, I had a letter last week, and she's coming down next week, she's miserable, she's had trouble with her eyes—No, she's going to leave them up there—Yes with her sister, she has two children and they can all go to school together.—I don't know just what the trouble is, I guess she's neglected them, she always hated to wear eye-glasses.

This is my sister, Mrs. Adams.—Well now I thought you had met, and Addy you know. Doesn't she look terrible? Very different from when you saw her last, she's been so wretched I've taken her out of school.—Yes she ought to graduate this year from the high school, but I concluded her health was more important and the doctors say to have her retire early and keep her out in the open air, so I have her come in shopping with me. She's been so good about giving up school, I tell her she can take art if she likes. I think she has real talent, she's copied ever so many of those magazine pictures, and they're fine, well her papa said he couldn't tell the difference. And now she's crazy to take that—what's that Addy you're crazy to take up? Oh yes, pyrography, but I hate to have her, I'm so afraid she'll injure herself with the utensils.

Oh I mustn't forget to congratulate you, I hear you've been made president of your club. You and Mrs. Adams ought to fraternize, I don't know as you know that she's the president of the Let Well Alone Club.—Yes it is quite a new thing. A good many ladies felt there was need of such an organization so they banded together. Their aim is to find out where assistance is not required, in fact get at what is being done advantageously and leave it undisturbed. Of course Mrs. Adams could tell more about it if she were not the president, her place is merely in the chair to bring forward any business or to introduce speakers, but I presume I'm right, am I not, Fanny, in saying that the main idea is action through inaction?—Oh no you're not keeping us at all, not at all, our lunch hasn't come yet, but I am afraid we are detaining you from yours. Oh have you—are you?—Well, I hope we shall meet again soon.—Thank you, I think you're looking splendidly.

How she has aged, hasn't she? Have you seen him lately?—Well she always looked older than he did I think, she was very affable to-day, wasn't she? . . . You can put it right down here, what's that you've got Fanny, coffee? I'll take a cup of tea, don't you think you could take some cocoa Addy?—That's right, I think that will be nice for you.—Now Fanny I don't hardly think this lamb is going to be enough,—is that so? Now, I feel real



"SHOULD YOU THINK SHE COULD GET INTO A THIRTY-SIX?"

hungry. We'll have some chicken croquettes too, Fanny. You know this is my treat.—Oh yes now don't say anything. And you might bring some apple fritters, I had some the other day, they were real nice. Let me give you a little more of the gravy Fanny, take some more toast Addy, you must eat something.

We might have had some soup, I don't see why I didn't think of it, but I never think of anything when they are standing waiting.—Now Fanny have a croquette, well I thought you'd feel more hungry when you got started.—No the tea is for me—those are yours Fanny.—Is your cocoa good Addy? Maybe it needs some more sugar, and put your combs in.

Now what have we got to do this afternoon, I must look at my list.—That's your roll Fanny—Oh I couldn't eat another.—Yes indeed, that's your roll.

Now there's soap, hat trimming, egg-beater, match velvet, lining, now what lining is that? I didn't have any lining to get. Oh it's the stove lining of course. Shoes, I shall have to put those off till Friday, shirtwaists.—I thought I might get something in a pretty flannel. I wish I had got a silk waist at that sale the other day, but it was impossible to get anywhere near the counter. I saw that tall Harris girl holding up a waist on the end of her umbrella for her mother to choose and I had half a mind to ask her to hold one up for me but I hated to call out the size before her. Should you think she could get into a thirty-six?—You are having all the rolls and butter you want to-day Addy aren't you? She usually eats all her rolls and butter before she gets her meat or anything.—These croquettes are very nice aren't they? What is it those ladies have got over there? It seems to be nothing but roast beef with lettuce and mayonnaise but it looks very good. (To the waitress) What is that

dish those ladies have? Oh! Saratoga omelette à la Newport with mayonnaise, we must remember that name and have it sometime. Addy is always at me to have club sandwiches but I presume they are more of a gentleman's dish, maybe they have ladies' club sandwiches, I'll ask sometime. Will you have some more coffee Fanny? She never brought the fritters, well no matter unless you care for them Fanny. Don't you dare take another cup?—Does it? Well I don't find that it affects me that way, on the contrary the jelly made with the coffee will affect me when the ordinary coffee will not, especially taken previous to retiring.

Well I presume we ought to be going, I wonder if that clock is right.—Yes I think they do as a general rule have them a little slow in restaurants, it gives more of a feeling of leisure and tempts any one to remain longer over their lunch. You are sure you have had enough Fanny?—Yes indeed I have had a great sufficiency, but won't you have some ice-cream or something?—No I never take anything of that sort, but I'm perfectly willing to wait while you have some, you are sure you couldn't eat anything more? All right. (To the waitress) Oh we are all through now, no matter, I thought you understood we wished them with the meat. . . . Why certainly Fanny if you care to have them, I'm delighted, do you want mine Addy? Well I should take it if you felt like it, that's all we have to go by, what we feel. I don't think it will hurt you.—I hope I sha'n't be too late for my fitting.—Oh finish your fritter Fanny, no hurry. This has been an unusually hearty lunch for me, I don't usually take anything more than a cup of tea and some crackers when I am alone.—Will you bring the check please. (Reads from the check) Lamb and peas, sixty cents, why are they



"IT'S NO MATTER, IT'S MY LITTLE SHOPPING LIST"

sixty cents?—Oh I thought I was looking down the forty-cent side. Oh yes, well now we didn't have any fried parsnips, oh no I never eat them fried. You might have had some Fanny, you are very fond of them and you might have had them just as well as not. No that's a mistake, you saw them Addy? (To the waitress) Well my daughter says you took them to that red-haired lady with her mother who just went out.—Well I don't say it was her mother, I only presumed so, but they had the parsnips. . . Well I am very sorry but we can't pay for their parsnips. We

are not acquainted with them and we haven't eaten them. Yes that's right, croquettes, are they always that price? They make them so small too.—Coffee, tea, cocoa, yes.—I don't see why we should pay for the fritters when you brought them so late, but as long as they are down we'll let it go. I sha'n't give her anything.—Well you can if you want to Fanny, you are so soft-hearted.

We might as well be gathering our things together, here Addy I'll take that, Fanny don't you take those. Addy you take them, did you have an umbrella

Fanny? Well I guess that's what I have been kicking all through lunch, you pick it up Addy, and I think my muff is there too and my other glove, there's Aunty's pocket-book too.—Yes I've got my umbrella, you go ahead with Aunty and pay this at the desk I'll carry this, you take that. (Looks around and under the table, and says to the head waiter) It's no matter, it's my little shopping list, I've lost it so many times this morning I presume I shall find it in my bag.—I don't usually lose things—yes, that's my pocket-book,—well it's just as well I looked back.

The Inevitable Trouble

BY CAROLYN WELLS

I CANNOT run the old cars
I ran long years ago;
For they are so old-fashioned now,
And they're so awful slow.
I can't keep up to this year's pace,
They wouldn't stand the strain;
I cannot run the old cars,
Or take them out again.

I cannot run the old cars,
They aren't built just right;
The aspiration pipes get loose,
The carburetor tight.

The steering-gear declines to work,
The jump-spark will not play;
I cannot run the old cars,
They will not do to-day.

I cannot run the old cars,
They haven't any speed;
And all the fun is, nowadays,
The limit to exceed,
And so I have to stay at home,—
It makes me awful blue;
I cannot run the old cars,
And can't afford the new.

Damaged Breakfast Food

THE president of a Western college was spending some time in a large Eastern city. In order to study conditions in the city he occasionally took his meals in the poorer restaurants. One morning the waitress brought him some breakfast food that was wormy. He called her attention to the fact. The waitress said that she would go into the kitchen and see what could be done about it. In a few moments she returned, and said, "Since the breakfast food is wormy, you may have it for five cents."

Willing to Take His Chances

A CHICAGO minister tells of an amusing wedding function that he attended in his early days in a Minnesota town.

The room wherein the feast that follows the ceremony was spread was not large, and was soon crowded to overflowing. The bride and the groom, being left behind in the rush for refreshments, were among the last to enter the door.

Whereupon the groom, casting one comprehensive glance over the room, and seeing but a single empty chair, hastily deposited his bride in it.

"Mary Katharine," said he, "you sit here and eat as fast as you can before everything's gone. I'll take my chances on the second lot. If I don't get anything, it won't make much difference, for I knew just how it would be, and filled up pretty well before I left home."

An Artist

MRS. WHEATPIT: "Do tell, I didn't know Titian was an artist!"

MISS WHEATPIT: "Sh, mama! Of course he was an artist!"

MRS. WHEATPIT: "Well, now! I thought he got up one of those preparations for the hair!"

Not Time Enough

A FAMOUS artist, who was also noted as a humorist, was walking down the street with a friend one day, when they passed a



Father's Sunday-morning Outing

very dirty little boy sitting forlornly on a very dirty doorstep. The artist stopped before the lad and, after regarding him for a few moments, asked, "How old are you, sonny?"

"Six years."

"Oh, you're older than that, aren't you?"

"No, I ain't."

"Sure?"

"I'm only six, I tell you, and I know it."

"You must be older than that," insisted the artist, as he turned to walk on.

There were some moments of silence between the artist and his friend, when the latter inquired, with considerable curiosity, "What makes you think he is older than six?"

"Why, he couldn't get that dirty in six years," replied the other, philosophically.

Fooling His Satanic Majesty

A YOUNG mother in Philadelphia was enabled recently, in quite an accidental way, to be a witness to a curious moral victory achieved by her own little girl, aged ten.

The mother, who was convalescing from an illness of some weeks, was dozing in a big chair in the library, and on a table beside her stood a bowl of fruit. Suddenly the aforementioned child cautiously tiptoed into the room. Thinking her mother quite asleep, the child advanced, took a couple of oranges from the bowl, and silently stole away.

Now, though the mother was greatly grieved by this immoral proceeding on the part of her offspring, she said not a word, nor did she even permit the youngster to see that she was really awake.

About ten minutes later the child reappeared. With the fruit in her hand untouched, she crept into the room just as silently as she had entered before. She replaced the fruit in the bowl, and, as she turned to go, the mother heard her mutter to herself:

"That's the time you got left, Mr. Devil!"



Exaggerated Politeness

"You don't mean to say that is your daughter, Mrs. Smith? I give you my word, I would have taken you for sisters."

Dangerous Position

MR. AND MRS. ASCHENBRENNER were touring Europe, and had just arrived at Pisa. Mrs. Aschenbrenner was all excitement upon reaching the Leaning Tower of Pisa, and eagerly pattered up the spiral stairway, leaving her husband languidly awaiting her return.

As she weighed a shade over the two-hundred mark, her husband always dug up an excuse when it came to accompanying her on any altitudes above easy falling distance.

He was just pondering on the beautiful flow of unintelligible language used by their guide when from the topmost rampart came the "Hi-lee, Hi-lo" trill of his wife, who was leaning far out and waving a scarf.

Mr. Aschenbrenner obligingly looked up and then came to life with an anguished roar: "Gretchen, for your life get back! You're bendin' the building!"

What She Wanted

THEY had been married but two months, and they still loved each other devotedly. He was in the back yard blacking his shoes. "Jack," she called at the top of her voice—"Jack, come here, quick!"

He knew at once that she was in imminent danger. He grasped a stick, and rushed up two flights of stairs to the rescue. He entered the room, breathlessly, and found her looking out of the window.

"Look," said she, "that's the kind of bonnet I want you to get me."

Similar Tastes

JOHNNIE was only three, but his mother was really concerned at his inordinate fondness for what he termed "pemmies." A present of a shining copper cent filled him with delight, a refusal to bestow the same on him invited hysterics, and the pennies, once they were his, were hoarded mercilessly.

It was just on the heels of an active discussion between Johnnie and his mama that big sister Hope noticed a shaggy red dog going in and out of the shrubbery, nose to the ground. Over the lawn, along the fence, and around the house went doggie, sniffing steadily all the while. "Why is he doing that?" asked Hope.

"He is a hunting-dog; he is following a scent," answered mama.

"Dear me," said Hope, "he must love money almost as much as Johnnie does."

Proof Positive

"MOTHER," said Harold, "I've been out to the barn and taken all the shoes off the horse."

"Now, Harold," said his mother, "you are telling me a wrong story, and I shall punish you."

"No, truly, I have," persisted Harold. "I took them off, and then I put them on again. If you don't believe it, you can go and look for yourself."

Unfortunate

TYRE DOUT: "I am unfortunate, mum. I had to quit my profession on account of my health."

LADY: "But you look rugged. What was your profession?"

TYRE DOUT: "Dat's just it, lady. I was too rugged. I was a ventriloquist, an' a good one, lady, an' my voice got so strong I couldn't throw it."

Part of the Game

"WHEN you told me that you were going to play golf," said the young husband, bitterly, "I had no idea that you intended to be absent evenings as well as afternoons."

"You should have remembered," she replied, "that evenings are the only time we have to talk over the game."



FATHER (doing the carving): "By-the-way, my dear, I'm invited to the Board of Trade dinner next week. They expect over two hundred."

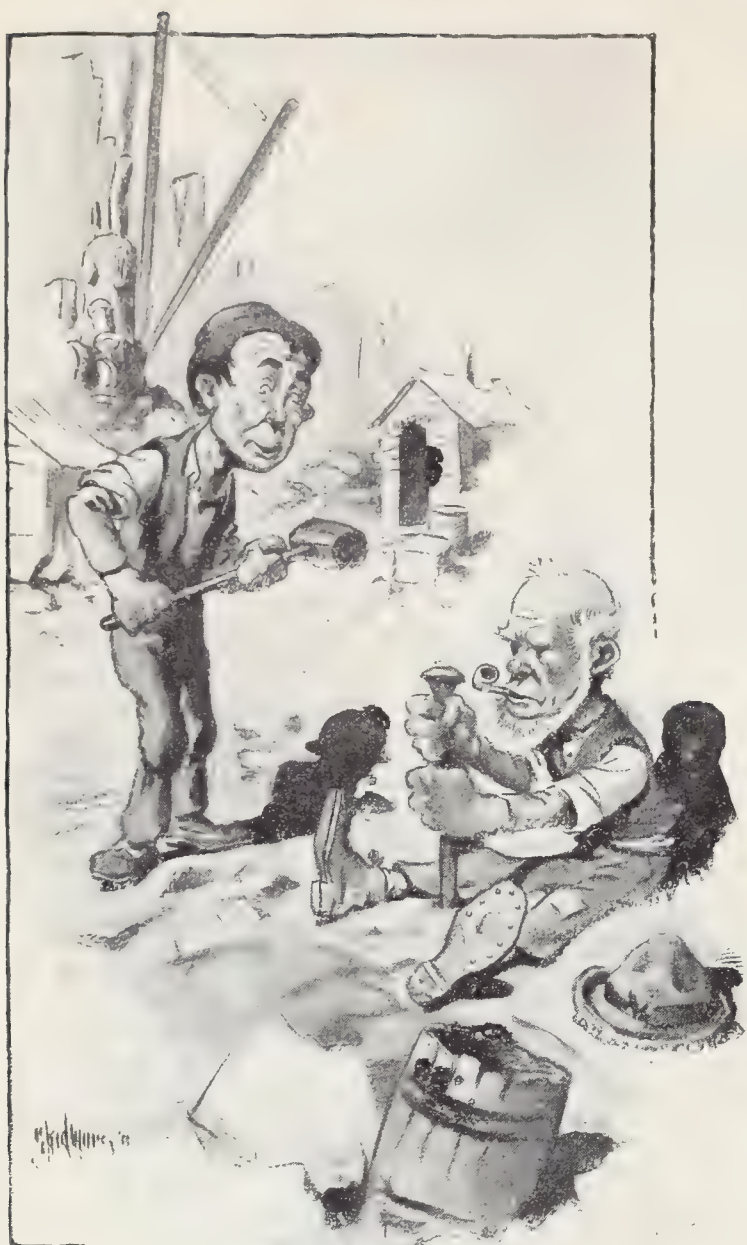
JOHNNY (to himself): "Gee! I'd hate to be the youngest where that many has to be helped."

Gab-gib or Gib-gob

BY FRANK HILL PHILLIPS

DID you ever from an easy-chair, your story well in hand,
Confront a certain reference you didn't understand,
And in idle desperation try to banish from your mind
Your recent resolution of the self-improving kind—
To arise with Spartan virtue, to forsake your peaceful lot,
To consult the 'cyclopædia and to do it on the spot?
And when you scanned its pages with the most persistent care,
Did you find the thing you wanted? Did you ever find it there?

And though your tale's a thriller and there isn't any doubt
Another page will show you how the story's "coming out,"
Yet you shun the path of dalliance, push aside the brimming cup,
As you hear the call of Duty: "Now's the time to 'look it up.'"
And though you may experience a sort of righteous glow
As you leave your seat of comfort to consult the learned row,
After "Gab to Gib" is dusted and you're busy on the job,
It's never "Gab to Gib" you need; it's always "Gib to Gob."



PAT: "Oi see thot they've dug up some Egyptian joolry six thousand years old."

MIKE: "How can ut be? This is only nineteen hundred en 'liven."

Be It Ever so Humble

AWAY with summer traveling
To distant cool retreats,
While tempers are unraveling
In stuffy railroad seats.

When lengthy days are sweltering
And addled tourists roam,
I much prefer the sheltering
Retreat of my own home.

I need no sea's adjacency,
For (tell it not in Gath)
I'm vested in complacency
And seated in my bath.

Nor yet from mountain altitudes
Need I remain aloof,
For oft in lang'rous attitudes
I'm resting on my roof.

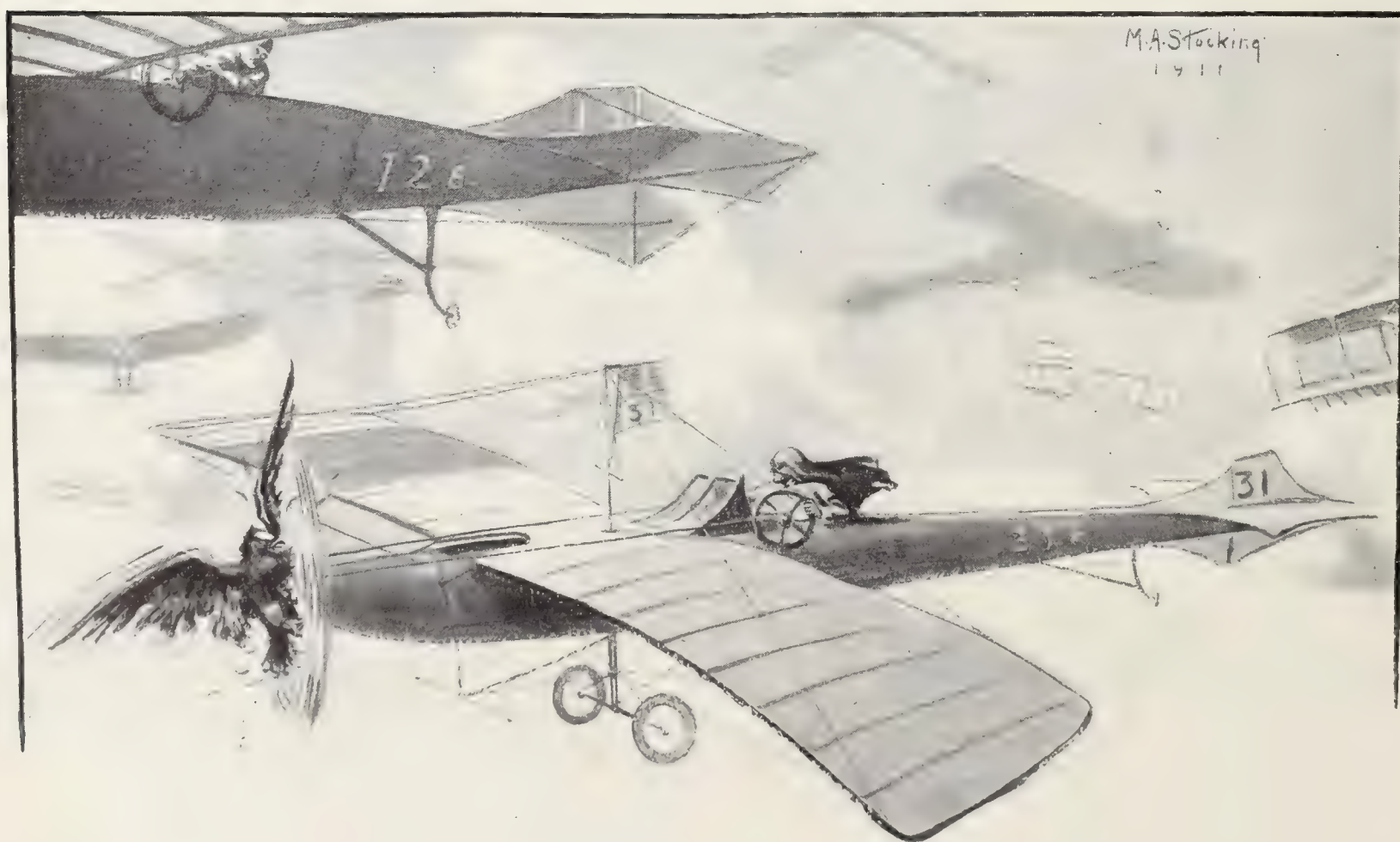
I would not golf perspiringly
While all my features scorch,
For I can romp less tiringly
At sweeping off the porch.

At tennis I've played doubles some,
In pleasant linen lugs,
But postures far less troublesome
Are used when beating rugs.

You boast a breeze in birdie-land,
You vaunt those pipes of Pan's?
I hear a hurdy-gurdy, and
I feel electric fans.

The forest is no Lorelei
To chant a charm to me,
For, though it be immortal, I
Prefer my own roof-tree.

BURGES JOHNSON.



THE EAGLE: "It's a shame that a poor self-respecting bird can't go out for a quiet little fly, without being run into by one of these joy-riders."



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Painted Pitcher"

STEFANO AND SERAFINA AT THE WELL

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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Mark Twain

SOME CHAPTERS FROM AN EXTRAORDINARY LIFE

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

The author of these chapters was chosen by Mr. Clemens himself to be his authorized biographer. During the five years before Mark Twain's death, Mr. Paine lived constantly in touch with him. In his hands were placed the accumulated letters, memoranda, and notes of a lifetime. Few biographers have been offered so rich an opportunity. Mr. Paine has visited practically every spot where the great humorist lived for any length of time. He has gone over recently the scenes of all his travels both in Europe and in America. He has sought out every surviving friend—every one who could throw even the smallest light on any period or episode in Mark Twain's strangely varied career. The result is a biography which is uniquely complete and of rare and romantic interest. The editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE feels that it is a privilege to be able to offer to its readers during the coming months some of these especially notable chapters of this most important American biography.

ON page 492 of the old volume of Suetonius which Mark Twain read until his very last day, there is a reference to one Flavius Clemens, a man of wide repute "for his want of energy," and in a marginal note Mark Twain has written:

"I guess this is where our line starts."

It was like him to write that. It spoke the attitude of humility, the quaint acknowledgment of shortcoming which was his chief characteristic and made him lovable—in his personality, and in his work.

Historically we need not accept this identity of the Clemens ancestry. The name itself has a kindly meaning, and was not an uncommon one in Rome. There was an early pope by that name, and it appears now and again in the Church annals of the Middle Ages.

More lately there was a Gregory Clemens, an English land-owner, who became a Member of Parliament under Cromwell, and signed the death-warrant of Charles I. Afterward he was tried as a regicide, his estates were confiscated, and his head was exposed on a pole on the top of Westminster Hall.

Tradition says that the family of Gregory Clemens did not remain in England, but migrated to Virginia (or New Jersey), and from them, in direct line, descended the Virginia Clemenses, including John Marshall Clemens, the father of Mark Twain. Perhaps the line could be traced and its various steps identified, but, after all, an ancestor more or less need not matter when it's the story of a descendant that is to be written.

Of Mark Twain's immediate forebears,

however, there is something to be said. The paternal grandfather, whose name also was Samuel, was a man of culture and literary taste. In 1797 he married a Virginia girl, Pamela Goggin, and of their five children Mark Twain's father, John Marshall Clemens, born August 11, 1798, was the eldest — becoming male head of the family at the age of seven, when his father was accidentally killed at house-raising. The family was not a poor one, but the boy grew up with a taste for work. As a youth he became a clerk in an iron manufactory at Lynchburg, and doubtless studied at night. At all events, he acquired an education. In time the family removed to Adair County, Kentucky, and in due course John Clemens was sent to Columbia, the county-seat, to study law. When the living heirs became of age he administered his father's estate, receiving as his own share three negro slaves, also a mahogany sideboard, which remains among the Clemens effects to this day.

This was in 1821. It was two years later that he met Jane Lampton, whose mother was a Casey — a Montgomery Casey — whose father was of the Lambtons (Lambtons) of Durham, England, and who on her own account was reputed to be the handsomest girl, and the wittiest, as well as the best dancer, in all Kentucky.

It was a one-sided love-affair — the brief courtship of Mark Twain's parents. All her life Jane Clemens honored her husband, and while he lived served him loyally; but the choice of her heart had been a young physician of Lexington with whom she had quarreled, and her prompt engagement with John Clemens was a matter of temper rather than tenderness. She stipulated that the wedding take place at once, and on May 6, 1823, they were married: she was then twenty; John Clemens twenty-five. More than sixty years later, when John Clemens had long been dead, she took a railway journey to a city where there was an Old Settlers' Convention, because among the names of those attending she had noticed the name of the lover of her youth. She meant to humble herself to him and ask forgiveness after all the years. She arrived too late; the convention was over and he

was gone. Mark Twain once spoke of this, and added:

"It is as pathetic a romance as any that has crossed the field of my personal experience in a long lifetime."

With all his ability and industry, and with the best of intentions, John Clemens would seem to have had an unerring faculty for making business mistakes. It was his optimistic outlook, no doubt — his absolute confidence in the prosperity that lay just ahead — which led him from one unfortunate locality or enterprise to another as long as he lived. About a year after his marriage he settled with his young wife in Gainsborough, Tennessee, a mountain town on the Cumberland River, and here, in 1825, their first child, a boy, was born. They named him Orion — after the constellation, perhaps — though they changed the accent to the first syllable, calling it Orion. Gainsborough was a small place, and law cases few enough, no doubt, but it could hardly have been as small or furnished as few cases as the next one selected, which was Jamestown, Fentress County, still farther toward the eastward mountains. Yet Jamestown had the advantage of being brand-new, and in the eyes of his fancy John Clemens doubtless saw it the future metropolis of East Tennessee, with himself its foremost jurist and citizen. He took an immediate and active interest in the development of the place, established the county-seat there, built the first court-house, and was promptly elected as circuit clerk of the court.

It was then that he decided to lay the foundation of a fortune for himself and children by acquiring Fentress County land. Grants could be obtained in those days at the expense of less than a cent an acre, and John Clemens believed that the years lay not far distant when the land would increase in value ten thousand, twenty, perhaps even a hundred thousand, fold. There was no wrong estimate in that. Land covered with the finest primeval timber and filled with precious minerals could hardly fail to become worth millions, even though his entire purchase of 75,000 acres probably did not cost him more than \$500. The great tract lay about twenty miles to

the southward of Jamestown. Standing in the door of the court-house he had built, looking out over the "knobs" of the Cumberland Mountains toward his vast possessions, he said:

"Whatever befalls me now, my heirs are secure. I may not live to see these acres turn into silver and gold, but my children will."

Such was the creation of that mirage of wealth, the "Tennessee land," which all his days and for long afterward would lie just ahead—a golden vision, its name the single watchword of the family fortunes—the dream fading with years, only materializing at last as a theme in a story of phantom riches—*The Gilded Age*.

Believing the future provided for, Clemens turned his attention to present needs. He built himself a house, unusual in its style and elegance. It had two windows in each room, and its walls were covered with plastering, something which no one in Jamestown had ever seen before. He was regarded as an aristocrat. He wore a swallow-tail coat of fine blue jeans, instead of the coarse, brown, native-made cloth. The blue jeans coat was ornamented with brass buttons, and cost \$1.25 a yard—a high price for that locality and time. His wife wore a calico dress for company, while the neighbor wives wore homespun linsey-woolsey. The new house was referred to as the Crystal Palace.

Jamestown did not become the metropolis that John Clemens had dreamed. It attained almost immediately to a growth of twenty-five houses—mainly log houses—and stopped there. The country, too, was sparsely settled; law practice was slender and unprofitable; the circuit-riding from court to court was bad for one of his physique. Clemens saw his reserve of health and funds dwindling, and decided to embark in merchandise. He built himself a store, and put in a small country stock of goods. These he exchanged for ginseng, chestnuts, lamp-black, turpentine, rosin, and other produce of the country, which he took to Louisville every spring and fall in six-horse wagons. In the mean time he would seem to have sold one or more of his slaves—doubtless to provide capital. There was a second baby now—a

little girl, Pamela—born September, 1827. Three years later, May, 1830, another little girl, Margaret, came. By this time the store and home were in one building—the store occupying one room, the household requiring two; clearly the family fortunes were declining.

About a year after little Margaret was born, John Clemens gave up Jamestown and moved his family and stock of goods to a point nine miles distant, known as the Three Forks of Wolf.

He could not have remained at the Three Forks long, for in 1832 we find him at still another place, on the right bank of Wolf River, where a post-office called Pall Mall was established, with John Clemens as postmaster, usually addressed as "Squire" or "Judge." A store was run in connection with the post-office, of course. At Pall Mall, in June, 1832, another boy, Benjamin Clemens, was born.

The arrival of a letter from Colonel Sellers inviting the Hawkins family to come to Missouri is told in the *Gilded Age*. In reality the letter was from John Quarles, who had married Jane Clemens's sister, and settled in Florida, Monroe County, Missouri. It was a momentous letter in the *Gilded Age*, and no less so in reality, for it shifted the entire scene of the Clemens family fortunes, and it had to do with the birthplace and the shaping of the career of one whose memory is likely to last as long as American literary history.

Florida, Missouri, was a small village in the early thirties—smaller than it is now, perhaps, though in that day it had more promise, even if less celebrity. The West was unassembled then, undigested, comparatively unknown. Two States, Louisiana and Missouri, with less than half a million white persons, were all that lay beyond the great river. St. Louis, with its boasted 10,000 inhabitants and its river trade with the South, was the single metropolis in all that vast, uncharted region. There was no telegraph; there were no railroads, no stage lines of any consequence—scarcely any maps. For all that one could see or guess, one place was as promising as another, especially a settlement like Florida, located

at the forks of a pretty stream, Salt River, which those early settlers believed might one day become navigable and carry the merchandise of that region down to the mighty Mississippi, thence to the world outside.

In a small frame building near the center of the village John and Jane Clemens established their household. It was a humble one-story affair with two main rooms and a lean-to kitchen, though comfortable enough for its size, and comparatively new. It is still standing and occupied when these lines are written, and it should be preserved and guarded as a shrine for the American people; for it was here that the foremost American-born author—the man most characteristically American in every thought and word and action of his life—drew his first fluttering breath, caught blinkingly the light of a world that in the years to come would rise up and of its mighty realm of letters crown him king.

It was on a bleak November day—the 30th—1835, that he entered feebly the domain he was to conquer. Long afterward one of those who knew him best said:

“He always seemed to be like some

great being from another planet—never quite of this race or kind.”

Perhaps, indeed, he was, for a great comet was in the sky that year, and it would return no more until the day would come when he should be borne back into the far spaces of silence and undiscovered suns. But nobody thought of this then. He was a seven-months child, and there was no fanfare of welcome at his coming. Perhaps it was even suggested that, in a house so small and so sufficiently filled, there was no real need of his coming at all. Still, John Clemens must have regarded with favor this first gift of fortune in a new land, for he named the little boy Samuel, after his father, and added the name of an old and dear Virginia friend, Langhorne. The family fortunes would seem to have been improving at this time, and he may have regarded the arrival of another son as a good omen.

With a family of eight now, including Jennie, the slave-girl, more room was badly needed. He began building without delay. The result was not a mansion by any means, being still of the one-story pattern, but it was more commodious than the tiny two-room affair.



SALT RIVER, FLORIDA, MISSOURI



WHERE MARK TWAIN WAS BORN

The rooms were larger, and there was at least one ell or extension for kitchen and dining-room uses. This house, completed in 1836, occupied by the Clemens family during the remainder of the years spent in Florida, was often in later days pointed out as Mark Twain's birthplace. It missed that distinction by a few months, though its honor was sufficient in having sheltered his early childhood.*

It was a curious childhood—full of weird, fantastic impressions and contradictory influences, stimulating alike to the imagination and that embryo philosophy of life which begins almost with infancy. John Clemens seldom devoted any time to the company of his children. He looked after their comfort and mental development as well as he could, and gave advice on occasion. He bought a book now and then—sometimes a picture-book—and subscribed for *Peter Parley's Magazine*—a marvel

* This house is no longer standing. When it was torn down, several years ago, portions of it were carried off and manufactured into souvenirs. These and photographs of it were usually sold as mementoes of Mark Twain's birthplace.

of delight to the older children—but he did not join in their amusements, and he rarely or never laughed. Jane Clemens was busy, too. Her sense of humor did not die, but with added cares and years her temper as well as her features became sharper, and it was just as well to be fairly out of range when she was busy with her employments.

Little Sam's companions were his brothers and sisters, all older than himself: Orion ten years his senior, followed by Pamela and Margaret at intervals of two and three years, then by Benjamin, a kindly little lad, whose gentle life was chiefly devoted to looking after the baby brother, three years his junior. But in addition to these associations there were the still more potent influences of that day and section: the intimate, enveloping institution of slavery, the daily companionship of the slaves.

It was an atmosphere that meant a tropic development for the imagination of a delicate child. All the games and daily talk concerned fanciful semi-African conditions and strange primal possibilities.

But if the negroes were the chief com-

panions and protectors of the children, they were likewise one of their discomforts. The greatest dread the children knew was the fear of meeting runaway slaves. A runaway slave was regarded as worse than a wild beast, and treated worse when caught. Once the children saw one brought into Florida by six men, who took him away to an empty cabin, where they threw him on the floor and bound him with ropes. His groans were loud and frequent. Such things made an impression that was to last a lifetime.

Uncle John Quarles, his home, his farm, his slaves, all were sources of never-ending delight. Doubtless the farm was just an ordinary Missouri farm, and the slaves just average negroes, but to those children these things were never apparent. There was a halo about anything that belonged to Uncle John Quarles, and that halo was the jovial, hilarious kindness of that gentle-hearted, humane man. To visit at his house was for a child to be in a heaven of mirth and pranks continually.

Perhaps John Quarles's jocular, happy-go-lucky nature and general conduct did not altogether harmonize with John Clemens's more taciturn business methods. Notwithstanding the fact that he was a dreamer and visionary, Clemens was neat and methodical, with his papers always in order. He had a hearty dislike for anything resembling frivolity and confusion, which very likely were the chief features of John Quarles's store-keeping. At all events, they dissolved partnership at the end of two or three years, and Clemens opened business for himself across the street. He also practised law whenever there were cases, and was elected justice of the peace, acquiring the permanent title of "Judge." He needed some one to assist in the store, and took in Orion, who was by this time twelve or thirteen years old; but, besides his youth, Orion—all his days a visionary—was a dreamy, pensive lad with no taste for commerce. Then a partnership was formed with a man who developed neither capital nor business ability, and proved a disaster in the end. The modest tide of success which had come with John Clemens's establishment at Florida had

begun to wane. Another boy, Henry, born in July, 1838, added one more responsibility to his burdens.

The death of little Margaret was the final disaster that came to the Clemens family in Florida. Doubtless it hastened their departure.

Matters were now going badly enough with John Clemens. What a less speculative and more logical reasoner would have done in the beginning he did now: he selected a place which, though little more than a village, was on a river already navigable—a steamboat town with at least the beginnings of manufacturing and trade already established—that is to say, Hannibal, Missouri—a point well chosen, as shown by its prosperity to-day.

He disposed of a portion of his goods and shipped the remainder overland; then, with his family and chattels loaded in a wagon, he was ready to set out for the new home.

Hannibal in 1839 was already a corporate community and had an atmosphere of its own. It was a town with a distinct Southern flavor, though rather more astir than the true Southern community of that period—more Western in that it planned, though without excitement, certain new enterprises, and made a show at least of manufacturing. It was somnolent (a slave town could not be less than that), but it was not wholly asleep—that is to say, dead—and it was tranquilly content. Mark Twain remembered it as "the white town drowsing in the sunshine of a summer morning, . . . the great Mississippi, the magnificent Mississippi, rolling its mile-wide tide along, . . . the dense forest away on the other side."

The little city was proud of its scenery, and justly so: circled with bluffs, with Holliday's Hill on the north, Lovers' Leap on the south, the shining river in the foreground, there was little to be desired in the way of setting. Besides, there was a wonderful cave not far down the river.

The river, of course, was the great highway. Rafts drifted by; steamboats passed up and down and gave communication to the outside world; St. Louis,

the metropolis, was only one hundred miles away. Hannibal was inclined to rank itself as of next importance, and took on airs accordingly. It had society, too—all kinds—from the negroes and the town drunkards ("Gen." Gaines and Jimmy Finn—later, Old Ben Blankenship), up through several nondescript grades of mechanics and tradesmen to the professional men of the community, who wore tall hats, ruffled shirt-fronts, and swallow-tail coats, usually of some positive color—blue, snuff-brown, and green. These and their families constituted the true aristocracy of the Southern town. Most of them had pleasant homes—brick or large frame mansions, with colonnaded entrances, after the manner of all Southern architecture of that period, which had an undoubted Greek root—because of certain drawing-books, it is said, accessible to the builders of those days. Most of them also had means—slaves and land which yielded an income in addition to their professional earnings. They lived in such style as was considered fitting to their rank, and had such comforts as were then obtainable.

It was to this grade of society that Judge Clemens and his family belonged, but his means no longer enabled him to provide either the comforts or the ostentation of his class. He settled his family and belongings in a portion of a house on Hill Street—the Pavey Hotel; his merchandise he established modestly on Main Street, with Orion in a new suit of clothes as clerk. Possibly the clothes

gave Orion a renewed ambition for mercantile life, but this waned. Business did not begin actively, and he was presently dreaming and reading away the time. A little later he became a printer's apprentice, in the office of the *Hannibal Journal*, at his father's suggestion.

Printing was a step downward, for it was a trade, and Orion felt it keenly. A gentleman's son and a prospective heir of the Tennessee land, he was entitled to a profession.

Of the other children, Pamela, now twelve, and Benjamin, seven, were put to school. They were pretty, attractive children, and Henry, the baby, was a sturdy toddler, the pride of the household. Little Sam was the least promising of the flock. He remained delicate, and developed little beyond a tendency to pranks. He was a queer, fanciful,

uncommunicative child that detested indoors, and would run away if not watched—always in the direction of the river. He walked in his sleep, too, and often the rest of the household got up in the middle of the night to find him fretting with cold in some dark corner. The doctor was summoned for him oftener than was good for the family purse—or for him, perhaps, if we may credit the story of heavy dosings of those stern allopathic days.

Yet he would appear not to have been satisfied with his heritage of ailments, and was ambitious for more. An epidemic of measles—the black, deadly kind—was ravaging Hannibal, and he wanted



MARY QUARLES

Who, as a little colored girl, looked after Sam Clemens at his uncle's farm

them. He wanted them very much—so much that when he heard of a playmate—one of the Bowen boys—who had them, he ran away, and, slipping into the house, crept into bed with the infection. The success of this venture was complete. Some days later the Clemens family gathered tearfully around little Sam's bed to see him die. According to his own after confession, this gratified him, and he was willing to die for the glory of that touching scene. However, he disappointed them, and was presently up and about in search of new laurels.

At about this time it was decided that little Sam was now ready to go to school. He was about five years old, and a summer on his uncle's farm had left him wiry and lively, even if not very robust. His mother declared that he gave her more trouble than all the other children put together.

"He drives me crazy with his didoes when he is in the house," she used to say, "and when he is out of it I am expecting every minute that some one will bring him home half dead."

He did, in fact, achieve the first of his "nine narrow escapes from drowning" about this time, and was pulled out of the river one afternoon and brought home in a limp and unpromising condition. When with mullen-tea and castor-oil she had restored him to activity, she said:

"I guess there wasn't much danger. People born to be hanged are safe in water."

She declared she was willing to pay somebody to take him off her hands for a part of each day and try to teach him manners. Perhaps it may as well be said here that Jane Clemens was the original of *Tom Sawyer's* Aunt Polly, and her portrait as presented in that book is considered perfect. Kind-hearted; fearless; looking and acting ten years older than her age, as women did in that time; always outspoken and sometimes severe, she was regarded as a "character" by her friends, and beloved by them as a charitable, sympathetic woman whom it was good to know. Her sense of pity was abnormal. She refused to kill even flies, and punished the cat for catching mice. She would drown the young kittens when necessary, but warmed the water for the

purpose. On coming to Hannibal she joined the Presbyterian Church, and her religion was of that clean-cut, strenuous kind which regards as necessary institutions Hell and Satan, though she had been known to express pity for the latter for having been obliged to surround himself with such poor society. Her children she directed with considerable firmness, and all were tractable and growing in grace except little Sam. Even baby Henry at two was lisping the prayers that Sam would let go by default unless carefully guarded. His sister Pamela, who was eight years older and always loved him dearly, usually supervised these spiritual exercises, and, in her gentle care, earned immortality as the Cousin Mary of *Tom Sawyer*. He would say his prayers willingly enough when encouraged by Sister Pamela, but he much preferred to sit up in bed and tell astonishing tales of the day's adventures—tales which made prayer seem a futile corrective, and caused his listeners to wonder why the lightning was restrained so long. They did not know they were glimpsing the first outcroppings of a genius that would one day amaze and entertain the nations. Neighbors hearing of these things (also certain of his narrations) remonstrated with Mrs. Clemens.

"You don't believe anything that child says, I hope."

"Oh yes, I know his average. I discount him ninety per cent. The rest is pure gold."

A certain Miss E. Horr was selected to receive payment for taking charge of little Sam during certain hours each day, directing him mentally and morally in the mean time. Her school was then in a log house on Main Street (later it was removed to Third Street), and was of the primitive, old-fashioned kind, with pupils of all ages, ranging in advancement from the Primer to the Third Reader—from the Tables to Long Division, with a little geography and grammar and a good deal of spelling. Long Division and the Third Reader completed the curriculum in that school. Pupils who decided to take a post-graduate course went to a Mr. Cross, who taught in a frame house on the hill facing what is now the public square.



MARK TWAIN'S LATER HOME IN FLORIDA

Miss Horr received twenty-five cents a week for each pupil, and opened her school with prayer; after which came a chapter of the Bible, with explanations, and the Rules of Conduct. Then the A B C class was called, because their recital was a hand-to-hand struggle, requiring no preparation.

The Rules of Conduct that first day interested little Sam. He calculated how much he would need to trim-in to sail close to the danger-line and still avoid disaster. However, he made a miscalculation during the forenoon and received warning; a second offense would mean punishment. He did not mean to be caught the second time, but he had not learned Miss Horr yet, and was presently startled by being commanded to go out and bring a stick for his own correction.

This was certainly disturbing. It was sudden, and then he did not know much about the selection of sticks. Jane Clemens had usually used her hand. It required a second command to get him headed in the right direction, and he was a trifle dazed when he got outside.

He had the forests of Missouri to select from, but choice was difficult. Everything looked too big and competent. Even the smallest switch had a wiry, discouraging look. Across the way was a cooper-shop with a good many shavings outside. One had blown across and lay just in front of him. It was an inspiration. He picked it up, and, solemnly entering the school-room, meekly handed it to Miss Horr.

Perhaps Miss Horr's sense of humor prompted forgiveness, but discipline must be maintained.

"Samuel Langhorne Clemens," she said (he had never heard it all strung together in that ominous way), "I am ashamed of you! Jimmy Dunlap, go and bring in a switch for Sammy." And Jimmy Dunlap went, and the switch was of a sort to give the little boy an immediate and permanent distaste for school. He informed his mother when he went home at noon that he did not care for school; that he had no desire to be a great man; that he preferred to be a pirate or an Indian and scalp or drown such people as Miss Horr.

Down in her heart his mother was sorry for him, but what she said was that she was glad there was somebody at last who could take him in hand.

He returned to school, but he never learned to like it. Each morning he went with reluctance and remained with loathing—the loathing which he always had for anything resembling bondage and tyranny or even the smallest curtailment of liberty. A school was ruled with a rod in those days—a busy and efficient rod, as the Scripture recommended.

Yet he must have learned somehow, for he could read presently, and was soon regarded as a good speller for his years. His spelling came as a natural gift, as did most of his attainments, then and later.

The Clemens family had made one or two moves since its arrival in Hannibal, but the identity of these temporary residences and the period of occupation of each can no longer be established. Mark Twain once said:

“In 1843 my father caught me in a lie. It is not this fact that gives me the date, but the house we lived in. We were there only a year.”

We may believe it was the active result of that lie that fixed his memory of the place, for his father seldom punished him. When he did, it was a thorough and satisfactory performance.

It was about the period of moving into a newly built house (1844) that the *Tom Sawyer* days—that is to say, the boyhood of Samuel Clemens—may be said to have begun. Up to that time he was just little Sam, a child—wild and mischievous, often exasperating, but still a child—a delicate little lad to be worried over, mothered, or spanked and put to bed. Now, at nine, he had acquired health, with a sturdy ability to look out for himself—as boys will in a community like that, especially where the family is rather larger than the income and there is still a younger child to claim a mother's protecting care. So “Sam,” as they now called him, “grew up” at nine, and was full of knowledge for his years. Not that he was old in spirit or manner—he was never that, even to his death—but he had learned a great number of things, mostly of a kind not acquired at school.

It is true he was a fine speller, but that was a gift. Geography rather interested him, too. Mathematics were his bane. He refused to study, either at school or at home, and such reading as he did was confined to an old book of *Arabian Nights* tales and other stray volumes of a fanciful or weirdly adventurous sort. His real education had been acquired out-of-doors, on the farm, among the hills around Hannibal, along the river, and in the street. Hannibal was an elemental place in those slave times of the early forties; its streets alone could furnish a liberal education, of a kind.

But it was the river that meant more to him than all the rest. Its charm was permanent. It was the path of adventure—the gateway to the world. The river with its islands, its great, slow-moving rafts, its marvelous steamboats that were like fairy-land, its stately current swinging to the sea. He would sit by it for hours and dream. He would venture out on it in a surreptitiously borrowed boat when he was barely strong enough to lift an oar out of the water. He learned to know all its moods and phases. He felt its kinship. In some occult way he may have known it as his prototype—that resistless tide of life with its ever-changing sweep, its shifting shores, its depths, its shadows, its gorgeous sunset hues, its solemn and tranquil entrance to the sea.

His hunger for the life aboard the steamers became a passion. To be even the humblest employee of one of those floating enchantments would be enough; to be an officer would be to enter heaven; to be a pilot was to be a god.

“You can hardly imagine what it meant,” he reflected once, “to a boy in those days, shut in as we were, to see those steamboats pass up and down, and never to take a trip on them.”

He had reached the mature age of eight when he could endure this no longer. One day when the big packet came down and stopped at Hannibal he slipped aboard and crept under one of the boats on the upper deck. Presently the signal-bells rang, the steamboat backed away and swung into mid-stream; he was really going at last. He crept from beneath the boat and sat looking out

over the water and enjoying the scenery. Then it began to rain—a terrific down-pour. He crept back under the boat, but his legs were outside, and one of the crew saw him. So he was taken down into the cabin, and at the next stop set ashore. It was the town of Louisiana, and there were Lampton relatives there who took him home. Jane Clemens declared that his father had got to take him in hand; which he did, doubtless impressing the adventure on him in the usual way.

These were all educational things; then there was always the farm, where entertainment was no longer a matter of girl-plays and swings, with a colored nurse following about, but of manlier sports with his older boy cousins, who had a gun and went hunting with the men, for squirrels and partridges by day, for coons and possums by night. Sometimes the little boy followed the hunters all night long and returned with them through the sparkling and fragrant morning—fresh, hungry, and triumphant—just in time for breakfast.

So it is no wonder that at nine he was no longer “Little Sam,” but Sam Clemens, quite mature and self-dependent, with a wide knowledge of men and things and a variety of accomplishments.

He was not a particularly attractive lad. He was not tall for his years, and his head was somewhat too large for his body. He had a “great ruck” of light, sandy hair, which he plastered down to keep it from curling, blue-gray eyes, and rather large features. Still, he had a fair, delicate complexion, when it was not blackened by grime or tan; a gentle, winning manner, and a smile that, with his slow, measured way of speaking, made him a favorite with his companions. He did not speak much, and his mental attainments were not highly regarded; but for some reason, whenever he did speak, every playmate in hearing stopped whatever he was doing and listened. Perhaps it would be a plan for a new game—or lark; perhaps it was something droll; perhaps it was just a commonplace remark that his peculiar drawl made amusing. Whatever it was, they considered it worth while. His mother always referred to his slow fashion of speaking as “Sammy’s long talk.” Her own

speech was still more deliberate, but she seemed not to notice it. Henry—much handsomer and regarded as far more promising—did not have it. He was a lovable, obedient little fellow, whom the mischievous Sam took delight in teasing. For this and other reasons the latter’s punishments were frequent enough, perhaps not always deserved. Sometimes he charged his mother with partiality. He would say:

“Yes, no matter what it is, I am always the one to get punished”; and his mother would answer:

“Well, Sam, if you didn’t deserve it for that, you did for something else.”

Henry Clemens became the Sid of *Tom Sawyer*, though Henry was in every way a much finer character than Sid. His brother Sam always loved him, and fought for him oftener than *with* him.

The home incidents in *Tom Sawyer*, most of them, really happened. Sam Clemens did clod Henry for getting him into trouble about the colored thread with which he sewed his shirt when he came home from swimming; he did inveigle a lot of boys into whitewashing a fence for him; he did give Pain-killer to Peter, the cat. There was a cholera scare that year, and Pain-killer was regarded as a preventive. Sam had been ordered to take it liberally, and perhaps thought Peter, too, should be safeguarded. As for escaping punishment for his misdeeds in the manner described in that book, this was a daily matter, and the methods adapted themselves to the conditions.

In the Introduction to *Tom Sawyer*, Mark Twain confesses to the general truth of the history, and to the reality of its characters. “Huck Finn was drawn from life,” he tells us. “Tom Sawyer also, but not from an individual—he is a combination of the characteristics of three boys whom I knew.”

The three boys were—himself chiefly, and in a lesser degree John Briggs and Will Bowen. John Briggs was also the original of Joe Harper. As for Huck Finn, his original was Tom Blankenship, neither elaborated nor qualified.

There were several of the Blankenships: there was old Ben, the father, who had succeeded “Gen.” Gaines as the Town Drunkard; young Ben, the eldest son—a hard case with certain

good traits; and Huck—that is to say, Tom—who was just as he is described in *Tom Sawyer*: a ruin of rags, a river-rat, an irresponsible bit of human drift, kind of heart and possessing that priceless boon, absolute unaccountability of conduct to any living soul. He could come and go as he chose; he never had to work or go to school; he could do all the delightful things that the other boys longed to do and were forbidden. He represented to them the very embodiment of liberty, and his general knowledge of important matters, such as fishing, hunting, trapping, and all manner of signs and spells and hoodoos and incantations made him immensely valuable as a companion. The fact that his society was prohibited gave it a vastly added charm.

The Blankenships picked up a precarious living fishing and hunting, and lived at first in a miserable house of bark, under a tree, but later moved into a pretentious building back of the new Clemens home on Hill Street. It was really an old barn of a place—poor and ramshackle even then; but now, more than sixty years later, a part of it is still standing. The siding of the part that stands is of black walnut, which must have been very plentiful in that long-ago time. Old drunken Ben Blankenship never dreamed that pieces of his house would be carried off as relics because of the literary fame of his son Tom—a fame founded on irresponsibility and inconsequence.

The boys ranged from Holliday's Hill on the north to the cave on the south, and over the fields and through all the woods about. They navigated the river from Turtle Island to Glasscock's Island (now Pearl, or Tom Sawyer's, Island) and far below; they penetrated the wilderness of the Illinois shore. They could run like wild turkeys and swim like ducks; they could handle a boat as if born in one. No orchard or melon-patch was entirely safe from them; no dog or slave-patrol so vigilant that they did not sooner or later elude them. They borrowed boats when their owners were not present. Once when they found this too much trouble they decided to own a boat, and one Sunday gave a certain borrowed craft a coat of red paint (formerly it had been

green), and secluded it for a season up Bear Creek. They borrowed the paint also, and the brush, though they carefully returned these the same evening about nightfall, so the painter could have them Monday morning. Tom Blankenship rigged up a sail for the new craft, and Sam Clemens named it *Cecelia*, after which they didn't need to borrow boats any more, though the owner of it did, and he sometimes used to observe as he saw it pass that if it had been any other color but red he would have sworn it was his.

Some of their expeditions were innocent enough. They often cruised up to Turtle Island, about two miles above Hannibal, and spent the day feasting. You could have loaded a car with turtles and their eggs up there, and there were quantities of mussels and plenty of fish. Fishing and swimming were their chief pastimes, with general marauding for adventure. Where the railroad bridge now ends, on the Missouri side, was their favorite swimming-hole—that and along Bear Creek, a secluded, limpid water with special interests of its own. Sometimes at evening they swam across to Glasscock's Island—the rendezvous of *Tom Sawyer's* "Black Avengers" and the hiding-place of Huck and Nigger Jim. Once—though this was considerably later, when he was sixteen—Sam Clemens swam across to the Illinois side, and then turned and swam back again without landing—a distance of at least two miles, as he had to go. He was seized with a cramp on the return trip. His legs became useless, and he was obliged to make the remaining distance with his arms. It was a hardy life they led, and it is not recorded that they ever did any serious damage, though they narrowly missed it sometimes.

One of their Sunday pastimes was to climb Holliday's Hill and roll down big stones, to frighten the people who were driving to church. Holliday's Hill above the road was steep; a stone, once started, would go plunging and leaping down and bound across the road with the deadly swiftness of a twelve-inch shell. The boys would get a stone poised, then wait until they saw a team approaching, and, calculating the distance, would give it a start. Dropping down behind the

bushes, they would watch the dramatic effect upon the church-goers as the great missile shot across the road a few yards before them. This was Homeric sport, but they carried it too far. Stones that had a habit of getting loose so numerous-ly on Sundays and so rarely on other days invited suspicion, and the "Patterollers" (River Patrol—a kind of police of those days) were put on the watch. So the boys found other diversions until the Patterollers did not watch any more; then they planned a grand *coup* that would eclipse anything before attempted in the stone-rolling line.

A rock about the size of an omnibus was lying up there, in a good position to go down-hill, once started. They decided it would be a glorious thing to see that great boulder go smashing down, a hundred yards or so in front of some unsuspecting and peaceful-minded church-goer. Quarrymen were getting out rock not far away, and left their picks and shovels over Sundays. The boys borrowed these and went to work to undermine the big stone. It was a heavier job than they had counted on, but they worked faithfully Sunday after Sunday. If their parents had wanted them to work like that they would have thought they were being killed.

Finally one Sunday while they were digging, it suddenly got loose and started down. They were not quite ready for it. Nobody was coming but an old colored man in a cart, so it was going to be wasted. It was not quite wasted, however. They had planned for a thrilling result, and there was thrill enough while it lasted. In the first place, the stone nearly caught Will Bowen when it started. John Briggs had just that moment quit digging and handed Will the pick. Will was about to step into the excavation when Sam Clemens, who was already there, leaped out with a yell;

"Look out, boys; she's coming!"

She came. The huge stone kept to the ground at first, then gathering a wild momentum it went bounding into the air. About half-way down the hill it struck a tree several inches through and cut it clean off. This turned its course a little, and the negro in the cart, who heard the noise, saw it come crashing in his direction and made a wild effort to

whip up his horse. It was also headed toward a cooper-shop across the road. The boys watched it with growing interest. It made longer leaps with every bound, and whenever it struck the fragments and dust would fly. They were certain it would demolish the negro and destroy the cooper-shop. The shop was empty, it being Sunday, but the rest of the catastrophe would invite close investigation and results. They wanted to fly, but they could not move until they saw that rock land. It was making mighty leaps now, and the terrified negro had managed to get directly in its path. They stood holding their breath, their mouths open. Then suddenly they could hardly believe their eyes; the boulder struck a projection a distance above the road, and, with a mighty bound, sailed clear over the negro and his mule and landed in the soft dirt beyond—only a fragment striking the shop, damaging but not wrecking it. Half buried in the ground, that boulder lay there for nearly forty years; then it was blasted for milling purposes. It was the last rock the boys ever rolled down. They began to suspect that the sport was not altogether safe.

Perhaps it is not adding to Mark Twain's reputation to say that the boy Sam Clemens—a pretty small boy, a good deal less than twelve at this time—was the leader of this unhallowed band; yet any other record would be less than historic. If the band had a leader, it was he. They were always ready to listen to him—they would even stop fishing to do that—and to follow his projects. They looked to him for ideas and organization, whether the undertaking was to be real or make-believe. When they played "Bandit" or "Pirate" or "Indian," Sam Clemens was always chief; when they became real raiders it is recorded that he was no less distinguished. Like Tom Sawyer, he loved the glare and trappings of leadership.

Limelight and the center of the stage was a passion of Sam Clemens's boyhood, a love of the spectacular that never wholly died. It seems almost a pity that in those old far-off, barefoot days he could not have looked down the years to a time when, with the world at his feet, venerable Oxford should clothe him in a scarlet gown.

He could not by any chance have dreamed of that stately honor. His ambitions did not lie in the direction of mental achievement. It is true that now and then, on Friday at school, he read compositions, one of which—a personal burlesque on certain older boys—came near resulting in bodily damage. But any literary ambition he may have had in those days was a fleeting thing. His permanent dream was to be a pirate, or a pilot, or a bandit, or a trapper-scout—something gorgeous and active, where his word—his nod, even—constituted sufficient law. The river kept the pilot ambition always fresh, and the cave supplied a background for those other things.

The cave was an enduring and substantial joy. It was a real cave, not merely a hole, but a subterranean marvel of deep passages and vaulted chambers that led away into bluffs and far down into the earth's black silences, even below the river, some said. For Sam Clemens the cave had a fascination that never faded. Other localities and diversions might pall, but any mention of the cave found him always eager and ready for the three-mile walk or pull that brought them to its mystic door. With its long corridors, its royal chambers hung with stalactites, its remote hiding-places, its possibilities as the home of a gallant outlaw band, it contained everything that a romantic boy could love or long for. In *Tom Sawyer*, Indian Joe dies in the cave. He did not die there in real life, but was lost there once, and was living on bats when they found him. He was a dissolute reprobate, and when, one night, he did die, there came up a thunder-storm so terrific that Sam Clemens, at home in bed, was certain that Satan had come in person for the half-breed's wicked soul. He covered his head and said his prayers industriously in the fear that the Evil One might conclude to save another trip by taking him along too.

It was at this time that an incident occurred which provided Mark Twain with that immortal episode in the story of Huck Finn—the sheltering of Nigger Jim.

This is the real story: A slave ran off from Monroe County, Missouri, and got across the river into Illinois. Ben

Blankenship used to fish and hunt over there in the swamps, and one day found him. It was considered a most worthy act in those days to return a runaway slave—in fact, it was a crime not to do it. Besides, there was for this one a reward of fifty dollars—a fortune to ragged, outcast Ben Blankenship. That money and the honor he could acquire must have been tempting to the waif, but it did not outweigh his human sympathy. Instead of giving him up and claiming the reward, Ben kept the runaway over there in the marshes all summer. The negro would fish, and Ben would carry him scraps of other food. Then by and by it leaked out. Some wood-choppers went on a hunt for the fugitive, and chased him to what was called “Bird Slough.” There, trying to cross a drift, he was drowned.

There was a gruesome sequel to this incident. Some days following the drowning of the runaway, Sam Clemens, John Briggs, and the Bowen boys went to the spot and were pushing the drift about, when suddenly the negro rose before them, straight and terrible, about half his length out of the water. He had gone down feet foremost, and the loosened drift had released him. The boys did not stop to investigate. They thought he was after them, and flew in wild terror, never stopping until they reached human habitation.

How many gruesome experiences there appear to have been in those early days! In the *Innocents Abroad* Mark Twain tells of the murdered man he saw one night in his father's office. The man's name was McFarlane. He had been stabbed that day in the old Hudson-McFarlane feud and carried in there to die. Sam Clemens with John Briggs had run away from school and had been skylarking all that day, and knew nothing of the affair. It was decided that his father's office was safer for him than to face his mother, who was probably sitting up, waiting. He tells how he lay on the lounge, and how a shape on the floor gradually resolved itself into the outlines of a man; how a square of moonlight from the window approached it and gradually revealed the dead face and the ghastly stabbed breast.

“I went out of there,” he says. “I



MARK TWAIN'S BOYHOOD HOME, HANNIBAL, MISSOURI

This house (on the right) has recently been presented to the city by Mr. George A. Mahan, to be preserved as a Mark Twain memorial

do not say that I went away in any sort of a hurry, but I simply went; that is sufficient. I went out of the window and I carried the sash along with me. I did not need the sash, but it was handier to take it than to leave it, and so I took it. I was not scared, but I was considerably agitated."

He was not yet twelve, for his father was no longer alive when the boy reached that age. Certainly these were disturbing, haunting things. Then there was the case of the drunken tramp in the calaboose to whom the boys kind-heartedly enough carried food and tobacco. Sam Clemens spent some of his precious money to buy the tramp a box of lucifer matches. The tramp set himself afire with the matches and burned down the calaboose, himself in it. For weeks the boy was tortured, awake and in his dreams, by the thought that if he had not carried the man the matches the tragedy could not have happened. Remorse was Samuel Clemens's surest punishment. To his last days on earth he never escaped its pangs.

What a number of things crowded themselves into a few brief years! It is not easy to curtail these boyhood adventures of Sam Clemens and his scapegrace friends, but one might go on indefinitely with their mad doings. They were an unpromising lot. Ministers and other sober-minded citizens freely prophesied sudden and violent ends for them, and considered them hardly worth praying for. They must have proven a disappointing lot to those prophets. The Bowen boys became fine river pilots; Will Pitts was in due time a leading merchant and bank director; John Briggs grew into a well-to-do and highly respected farmer; even Huck Finn—that is to say, Tom Blankenship—is reputed to have ranked as an honored citizen and justice of the peace in a Western town. But in those days they were a riotous, fun-loving band, with little respect for order. Jane Clemens used to say:

"Sam isn't really bad. He's only mischievous." But when, some forty years later, they were chaffing each other, as they were always doing when they met,

and he playfully claimed to have been the model boy, she said:

"Well, if you were a model boy, I'd like to know what the rest were."

His associations were not all of that lawless breed. At his school (he had sampled several places of learning, and was now at Mr. Cross's on the Square) were a number of less adventurous, even if not intrinsically better playmates.

Furthermore, there were a good many girls. Tom Sawyer had an impressionable heart, and Sam Clemens no less so. There was Laura Hawkins and Artemisia Briggs and Jennie Brady; also Mary Miller, who was nearly twice his age and gave him his first broken heart.

"I believe I was as miserable as a grown man could be," he said once, remembering.

Tom Sawyer had heart-sorrows, too, and we may imagine that his emotions at such times were the emotions of Sam Clemens, say, at the age of ten.

But we are wandering away from his school-days. They were brief enough and came rapidly to an end. They will not hold us long. Undoubtedly Tom Sawyer's reluctance for school and his excuses for staying at home—usually some pretended illness—have ample foundation in the boyhood of Sam Clemens. His mother punished him and pleaded with him alternately. He detested school as he detested nothing else on earth, even going to church. "Church ain't worth shucks," said Tom Sawyer, but it was better than school.

As already noted, the school of Mr. Cross stood in or near what is now the Square in Hannibal. The Square was only a grove then, grown up with plum, hazel, and vine—a rare place for children. At recess and the noon hour the children climbed trees, gathered flowers, and swung in grape-vine swings. There was a spelling-bee every Friday afternoon, for Sam the only endurable event of the school exercises. He could hold the floor at spelling—longer than Buck Brown. This was spectacular and showy; it invited compliments even from Mr. Cross, whose name must have been handed down by angels, it fitted him so well. One day Sam Clemens wrote on his slate:

"Cross by name and cross by nature—
Cross jumped over an Irish potato."

He showed this to John Briggs, who considered it a stroke of genius. He urged the author of it to write it on the board at noon, but the poet's ambition did not go so far.

"Oh, pshaw!" said John. "I wouldn't be afraid to do it."

"I *dare* you to do it," said Sam.

John Briggs never took a dare, and at noon when Mr. Cross was at home at dinner he wrote flamingly the descriptive couplet. When the teacher returned and "books" were called he looked steadily at John Briggs. He recognized the penmanship.

"Did you do that?" he asked, ominously.

It was a time for truth.

"Yes, sir," said John.

"Come here!" and John came, and paid for his exploitation of genius heavily. Sam Clemens expected that the next call would be for the "author," but for some reason the investigation ended there. It was unusual for him to escape. His back generally kept fairly warm from one "frailing" to the next.

His rewards were not all of a punitive nature. There were two medals in the school, one for spelling, the other for amiability. They were awarded once a week, and the holders wore them about the neck conspicuously, and were envied accordingly. John Robards wore almost continuously the medal for amiability, while Sam Clemens had a mortgage on the medal for spelling. Sometimes they traded, to see how it would seem, but the master discouraged this practice by taking the medals away from them for the remainder of the week. Once Sam Clemens lost the medal by leaving the first "r" out of February. He could have spelled it backward if necessary, but Laura Hawkins was the only one on the floor against him, and he was a gallant boy.

The picture of that school as presented in the book written thirty years later is faithful, we may believe, and the central figure is a tender-hearted, romantic, devil-may-care lad, loathing application and longing only for freedom. It was a boon which would come to him sooner even than he had dreamed.



he Painted Pitcher.

Written & Illustrated
by
Howard Pyle

MONTOFACINI was the magician of Florence. This is a story of how he enchanted a pitcher. It may amuse you.

In times long past there was in the village of Refridi a very beautiful girl named Serafina Piccolomini. She was not only beautiful, but modest, and kind to every one to whom she spoke.

She lived alone with her mother in a pleasant little cottage on the outskirts of the village. Signora Piccolomini, her mother, was a cheerful, busy, chirping, gossiping woman, with a face somewhat like Serafina's, but of a round and buxom figure. She was as shallow as a saucer and as gay as a blackbird.

The Piccolominis wove and bleached linen cloth, and they were said to do the best bleaching in that part of the country.

It was a very pretty sight on a spring day, when the sun shone strong and bright, when the sky was deep and blue, when the white clouds moved across the heavens like lambkins in a wide field—it was a very pretty sight to see the yards of linen cloth stretched across the green meadows under the blossoming fruit-trees, resembling the whiteness of snow in the warm, yellow light. And it was a very pretty sight to see Serafina moving about among these brilliant squares, her sleeves tucked up over her dimpled arms (which were as brown as a filbert), a gay handkerchief over her head, her bodice tightly laced, showing well her trim figure, and her petticoat of brightly figured woolen cloth tucked up to show her round ankles, and making a gay spot against the white background.

Serafina had many lovers, and could have had many more if she had snapped her fingers for them. But she did not seek any lover at all, for she was very modest.

Besides, she had aplenty without going out of the way for more.

There were two men of the village of whom you must know. One was Nicolo Bianci, who was the tallow-chandler; the other was Stefano Collachi, a well-to-do peasant farmer.

Nicolo Bianci made tallow candles mixed with beeswax for the chapels, and he got a good price for them, so that he was as well off in the world as a tallow-chandler could be.

He was a widower (for God had taken his first wife, who had had no children), and he was old enough to be Serafina's father. He had many gray hairs upon his head, and, though his beard was jet black, yet the white hairs at the top of his head ran down from his temples and mixed with the darker hairs below, so that his head resembled the mountains in the late autumn, when the snow creeps down from the tops of the hills into the lowlands. When he wore his hat, he looked like a young man for his years; when he took off his hat, you saw that he was old enough to be Serafina's father. His body, though pot-bellied, was thin,--and his legs were still thinner; for though he wore very loose, baggy breeches, yet his shanks peeped out from below them, and even the thick, purple woolen stockings which he wore could not make them appear otherwise than as the legs of the Pantaloon in the play.

Stefano Collachi was of a very different sort from this. He lived near-by the village, on the side of the hill where the vines and the olive-trees were scattered all over it until they stood at the top against the sky. He also was in good circumstances, for he hired two men to work for him; he owned the house in which he lived, besides several cows, three horses, and two mules. He was a large, robust young man of about twenty-five years old. He had a springing walk, and a face as fresh as a ripe apple. His hair was black as jet, and curled all over his head, and he had a thin, curly beard, black in color but of light texture, and a mustache to match it. When he laughed or talked his teeth shone white like pearls, for he had fine, even teeth.

Nicolo Bianci loved Serafina as well as he could. For if God had taken his first wife away from him in times past, now he wanted another. Serafina was

kind to him, as she was to every one, but she did not welcome his attentions. But still Nicolo Bianci haunted her footsteps, for a widower is like a hungry dog; he knows what he wants, and he will seek it no matter what words may be said to him.

You would have thought Nicolo's heart was dry, but if it was, it became as juicy as an orange when he looked into Serafina's eyes and considered the smoothness of her beautiful face and the sharp crease where her soft throat joined her round neck. For that crease of her throat and neck was a place for love to lie in, and love did lie there.

How different Stefano Collachi was from Nicolo! For if Nicolo was gracious and polite, Stefano was disagreeable and ill-natured. He was the only young man in the village who did not smile when Serafina looked toward him. When their eyes met, his face would grow brooding as with thoughts. Serafina felt that he hated her, and her gentle heart was sorry for him, and still more sorry for herself.

Whenever he would see Serafina and Nicolo together, he would frown with his black eyes until his face resembled a storm-cloud with thunder and lightning in it. Or when he and Serafina were at a village

dance, he would not ask her to dance with him, but would leave her for some other girl with whom he would step it. Or when at church on Sunday (for he was a good Catholic and went to church every Sunday), he would not glance at her, but would gaze straight at the priest. And after church it was not she with whom he would walk home, but perhaps some other girl to whom he would talk, laughing with a bright glancing of his white teeth.

All this made Serafina very angry. She would bite her lips, and her eyes would grow bright. For Stefano's stub-



MONTOFACINI, THE
MAGICIAN

bornness and cruelty were very hard for her to bear, and she hated his ill-humors.

Such were these people, Serafina, Nicolo, and Stefano, with whom this story has to deal.

In those days there was in Florence a very powerful magician, named Montofacini. He was a tall, austere man, with a gloomy face and white hair and beard. He dressed always in black velvet, and on his head he wore a tall, black velvet cap, trimmed with fur. About his middle was a crimson girdle with gold tassels, and he carried in his hand, when he was in the street, a long, black staff of ebony with an ivory handle. Everybody was afraid of him, for they would draw aside from him when they met him, and would bow low to him as they passed.

Montofacini's knowledge was as deep as a well, and as dark, for the matter of that. Sometimes he would use his knowledge of magic to do a kind deed, but then again he would use it to do some sort of mischief. For he would occasionally play with his wisdom and knowledge as a child would play with a brightly colored ball.

There was to be a fair at Refridi, and you shall hear what came of it.

There was in the Via della Vigna Nuova a seller of crockery-ware who was of a mind to do a bit of business at that time; for, as the saying is, "When apples are dropping, one should be in the orchard."

Montofacini was at this man's shop, and he said to him, "Why are you packing your china, and whither do you take it?"

The shopman said, "Signore, I take it to the fair at Refridi."

Montofacini said, "Which is the prettiest piece you have?"

The shopman said, "This," and he showed him a painted pitcher.

The pitcher was painted with red and blue and yellow enamel paint, and it had a gold rim around the top. The picture on the front of the pitcher represented a shepherdess with a crook in her hand. She was leaning against a bank of grass, and a stream flowed at her feet. On the meadow around her, little sheep were feeding very prettily.

Montofacini thought to himself, "Some one who is in love with a country girl will want to buy this pitcher for her. When he gives it to her, his love shall go easily with him. For I will put a charm on the pitcher that as long as it lasts unbroken, that long shall she do whatever he asks of her."

He said to the shopkeeper, "Let me take this pitcher home with me for to-night." The shopkeeper said, "Signore, take it, I pray you." For you must know that Montofacini was a great man in Florence, and that what he said went current with people like a silver penny. For not only was he wise beyond wisdom in his knowledge of magic, but he was in great favor and high in honor with the Grand Duke. So the shopkeeper said, "Take it, I pray you."

So Montofacini took the pitcher home with him, and put it upon a shelf in his study. God knows what he did with it, for I cannot tell you. But this I know: he set the most powerful magic to bind it, so that it was wrapped all about with that magic as though it were a piece of soft cloth. For it was bewitched within and without. You could not break it except in one way, and that way you shall presently hear. And to whomsoever it was given, if it were a woman, she would do whatever the man who gave it to her should ask her to do.

The very next morning Montofacini took the pitcher back to the vender and said to him: "Here is your pitcher. Take it to the fair and sell it for a lira. And see that you sell it to a young man



THE SHOPMAN

and not to a girl. And sell it to a man who will give it to the prettiest girl in Refridi."

"Very well," said the vender of the china, "I will try to do so."

And that is how the painted pitcher came into the story that bears its name.

So came the festa and the fair at Refridi.

You do not see such fairs nowadays as there were in those times. For nowadays the men are clad in black coats and trousers and wear a hard hat with a round top, and the women wear sober skirts and dark waists. Then, however, it was all gay with colors. The men wore bright rings in their ears. They were clad in crimson vests with brass buttons. They wore loose trousers of blue or green or brown or yellow cloth, with fifty buttons at least down the sides; and the buttons twinkled like so many eyes. They wore ribbed stockings of bright colors and brown shoes. Some of the men wore short cloaks of red or blue cloth, and soft hats set gayly upon one side of their heads.

As for the girls, they were gay in proportion. For if the men wore bright-colored clothes and ear-rings, you may depend upon it that women were their match for dress, and that they passed them in gay clothes, bright colors, and twinkling ornaments.

Of course, Serafina was there, dressed in her best, and Nicolo was there in attendance upon her. Stefano was there also, but, as usual, he did not look at her, but was sullen and lowering.

Now there was a bear-ward at the fair with a tame bear, and with the bear-ward was a man who played the bagpipe. The bear-ward carried a club, and when the man would play upon the bagpipe the ward would raise the club and the bear would stand upon its hind-legs and dance. Serafina and Nicolo stood in the circle that was around the bear, and Stefano was there also. Nicolo stood close behind Serafina, and Stefano was not far away. She laughed very merrily at the antics of the bear, and her laugh sounded like the ringing of bright silver pieces of money. Nicolo laughed too, because she laughed.

Stefano was laughing also. But he

heard Serafina laugh. He looked sideways at her, and, when he saw her there with Nicolo, he ceased laughing and frowned. After that he moved away to another place. This was very unkind. It grieved Serafina so that she turned away. She bit her lip, for she was very angry with Stefano.

And now what ailed Serafina? She who was, as a rule, so gentle and kind to every one, was now moody and silent. Her face no longer dimpled with the smiles that used to come upon it. She was cross and petulant. When Nicolo spoke to her she snubbed him over her shoulder and walked on before him, so that the poor, good man hung his head as though he had stolen a calf.

So Serafina went to the crockery booth, and Nicolo trailed along behind her. It was not that she cared for the crockery, but it gave her something to do, and maybe there would be no one to talk to there. But Nicolo was there, and he talked to her even though she gave him very short answers. Was she cross with him? No, she was not. She must be cross, for she was not like herself. No, she was not cross. Was she tired, then? No, she was not tired, either. What was the matter with her? Nothing was the matter.

Serafina took up a pitcher and looked long and earnestly at the shepherdess painted upon it. It seemed to her that it was an exceedingly pretty pitcher, and she longed for it. She asked how much it was. It was one lira. She sighed, with her head to one side. If it was less than that, she might buy it; she could not pay a lira for it.

"Well," said the merchant, "it is not for you, anyhow. It is for a man to buy, and not for a girl. As for one lira, that is the price, no more, no less."

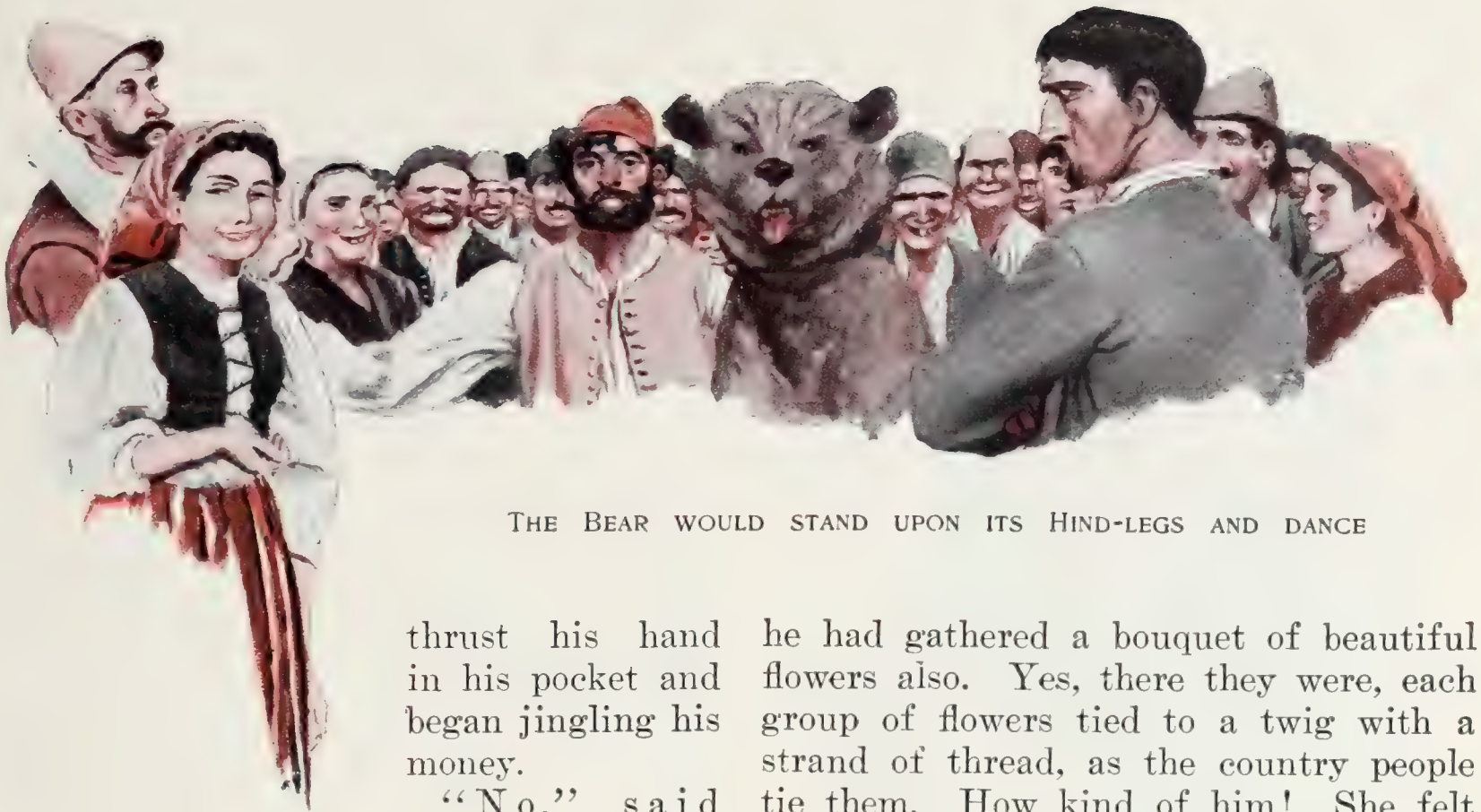
"Do you like the pitcher, Serafina?" said Nicolo.

"Yes," said Serafina, "I like it very much indeed."

"Shall I—shall I buy it for you?" said he, hesitatingly.

"No," said Serafina, "you shall not buy it. I will not have it. It costs too much—it is too much for you to spend for a pitcher to give to me."

"Well," said Nicolo, "it is a great price, to be sure; but if you like this pitcher I will buy it for you." And he



THE BEAR WOULD STAND UPON ITS HIND-LEGS AND DANCE

thrust his hand in his pocket and began jingling his money.

"No," said Serafina, "you shall not buy it. Come away with me." She took him by the arm and led him away. He still kept his hand in his pocket, and he looked back at the booth, but Serafina led him quite away from the place.

"I wish you would let me buy the pitcher," said he.

"I will not," said she.

That was the pitcher upon which Montefacini had set his spell. No one knew that the spell was upon it, or many, doubtless, would have been glad to buy it.

Stefano chanced to be near-by at the time. He laughed. That showed his ill-nature, for he saw that Serafina was disappointed, even though she said that Nicolo should not buy the pitcher.

The next morning when Serafina looked out of the window, there was something there. It was the pitcher that she had seen yesterday at the fair, and in it was a beautiful bouquet of flowers. The sun shone upon the pitcher, so that it winked and twinkled as though it laughed to itself.

Upon the handle of the pitcher was a card, and on the card was written:

For the beautiful Serafina.

Serafina clasped her hands under her soft, warm chin. "Nicolo Bianci must have bought the pitcher for me, after all," she said. "How kind of him!" And

he had gathered a bouquet of beautiful flowers also. Yes, there they were, each group of flowers tied to a twig with a strand of thread, as the country people tie them. How kind of him! She felt more tender to him now than she had ever done in her life. For the moment she forgot his gray hairs, his thin face with its large ears and its pointed nose, red at the tip. She thought only how kind he was. Dear Nicolo! And so kind and fatherly to her, too. How different he was from that sullen and ill-natured Stefano!

She brought the pitcher into the house. Yes; it was very beautiful. She put fresh water to the flowers and set it on the shelf.

That evening Nicolo came to the cottage. "Nicolo," said Serafina, "you should not have bought the pitcher."

"Pitcher! What pitcher?" said he. For he had now forgotten all about the pitcher at the fair.

"The pitcher we yesterday saw together at the fair," said Serafina. "You bought it for me, after all, and set a bouquet of flowers in it also."

Then Nicolo remembered the pitcher. His brain began to work very briskly, like Babbo Casini's mill, and it ground good grist also. Some one had given the pitcher to Serafina. Why should he not pretend that he had bought the pitcher for her himself? Why not? "Serafina," he said, "you are a good girl, and you are a thrifty girl also, for you would not let me spend my money for the pitcher yesterday when you were with me. Well, now the pitcher is yours. I will give it to you."

"And I take it, Nicolo," said she,



NICOLÒ, THE TALLOW-CHANDLER

"though I had not intended to yesterday. And I shall keep it always, as a memory of your kindness to me."

It was a very powerful spell that Montofacini had put upon the pitcher. For though Nicolò had not bought the pitcher for her, yet he had given it to her. So the magic began to work, and she thought nothing of his gray hairs, his big ears, and his red nose. She only thought of how good and kind he was.

That evening he went to Signora Piccolomini. He said to her: "You know that I do a good business hereabouts, and that I am rich. Do you also know that I love Serafina with my whole heart?"

"Well, Nicolò Bianci," said she, "I thought as much. When you see so much smoke over the ground, you know that there is a fire in the grass. I dare say you do not come here so often for the sake of a walk in the evenings, and I dare say you do not talk over the gate to Serafina for the sake of hearing yourself speak. But remember, Nicolò Bianci,

you are old enough to be the child's father."

"Ah, well, that is true," said Nicolò, "but you know, signora, that the old bull likes the fresh grass, and as a man's teeth grow old he waxes fond of tender chicken."

"Well, that is true," said she, "and an old man gilded is better than a young man with nothing. So much for your being rich. Ask Serafina if she will have you for a husband, and if she says yes, I will not say no. For it is better any day to have money in the purse than fish in the basket. If saying 'Gee' will urge a willing horse, I will not say 'Via' when he has a high hill to climb. Serafina has a will of her own. Take care what you say to her, or she will upset the churn before you have your butter."

"Signora," said the good Nicolò, "I will be careful in speaking to her, for I have no notion to be hasty and so to catch my own nose in a trap. Meanwhile, do you speak me well to her."

"That I will," said Serafina's mother, "and if soft words will dress the egg, yours shall have plenty of butter to it."

So that evening Signora Piccolomini spoke to Serafina about Nicolò Bianci. "Serafina," she said, "tell me truly, what do you think of Nicolò Bianci?"

"I think," said Serafina, "that for one who is so very old he is a good, kind gentleman. Do not I see that he treats me with his best and kindest regards as though I were his own daughter? Sometimes I almost love him for it."

"Stuff and nonsense, Serafina!" said Signora Piccolomini; "'daughter' is a very good word, but do not you mistake a mouse for a mole. You do not go into a blackberry patch for red herrings. Nicolò Bianci is hunting for a wife, and not for a daughter. If he were hunting for a daughter, he would maybe talk to me over the garden gate instead of you."

Serafina pouted with her red lips.

Now here was a pretty mess. Some one else had bought the pitcher for Serafina, but Nicolò Bianci had given it to her. To whom should the magic of the pitcher belong?

Two evenings after this, Nicolò Bianci asked Serafina to be his wife. She did not say no to him; but as he was not the

one who had bought the pitcher she did not say yes, either. Instead, she said to Nicolo: "I do not want to say now. Let me have two weeks to think it over, and then I will give you my answer."

"Two weeks is a long while," said Nicolo.

"I think it is a short time," said Serafina. That night she cried after she had gone to her bed.

It was a pity that Nicolo had not bought the pitcher for her; she might not then have put him off for two weeks.

But who can tell that? Montofacini's magic was a wonderful thing, but a girl's heart is still more wonderful. So from the very day that the pitcher came into the house, trouble came also along with it.

The life of any one is, as it were, made of a cloth that is woven of white threads and black threads. The black threads are trouble, and the white threads are happiness. If you pick out the black threads, the white threads will fall apart. They must both stay, for they are woven together.

So it was that when Montofacini overlaid the pitcher with his charms, he could not separate the black threads from the white threads; there remained just as many of the one as of the other in the woof. For if happiness came into the house with the pitcher, so did misfortune come there also.

Listen to this.

It was the day after Nicolo had given the pitcher to Serafina. She had taken it to the well that morning and had filled it with water; now it was standing upon the window-ledge, where the sunlight shone upon it and made it twinkle like a star. Cassacinci, the linen merchant, was there, with his lean horse and his dog. The horse had a backbone like a rough mountain, and his knees were bent like a crooked olive-tree. He was white, of course, and his eyes looked blind, but were not.

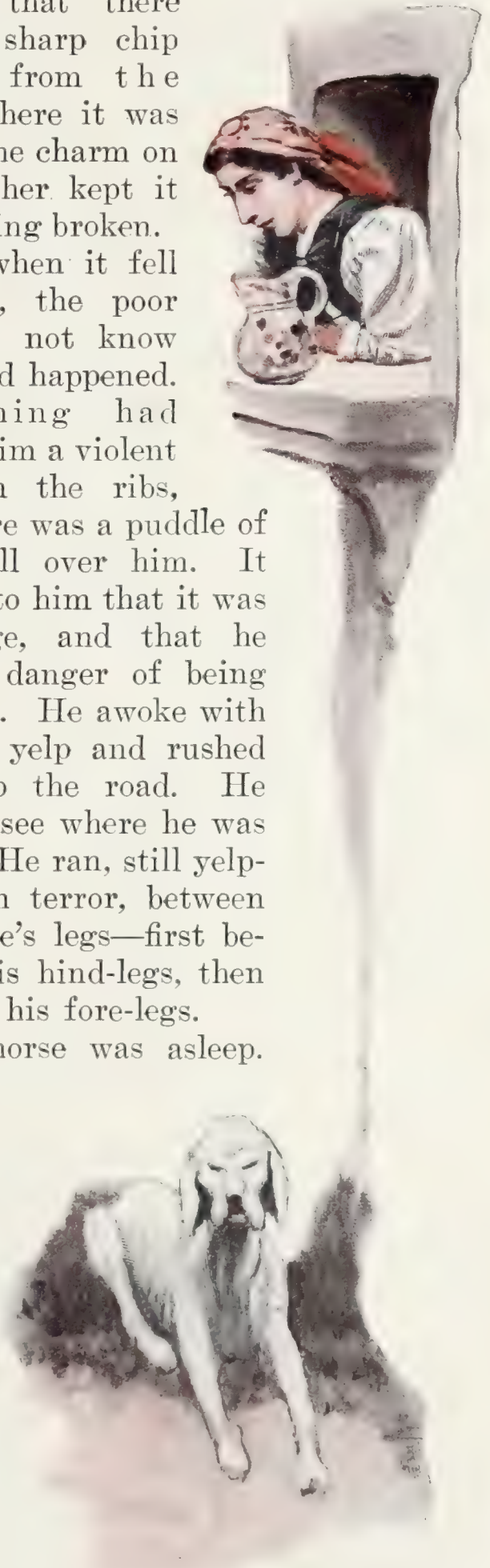
Cassacinci was purchasing a great bundle of linen, and it was now tied up into a bundle and strapped upon the horse's back. He also was sitting upon the horse, with his purse in his hand, and was talking to the Widow Piccolomini about this or that of gossip. His dog was asleep below the window-ledge, for he had no interest in gossip. Serafina

was leaning from the window listening to what was being said. Her elbow jogged the pitcher. It rocked violently. She stretched out her hand to catch it. It was too late. She gave a shriek. It fell from the window. "My pitcher!" she cried, "my pitcher! It is broken!"

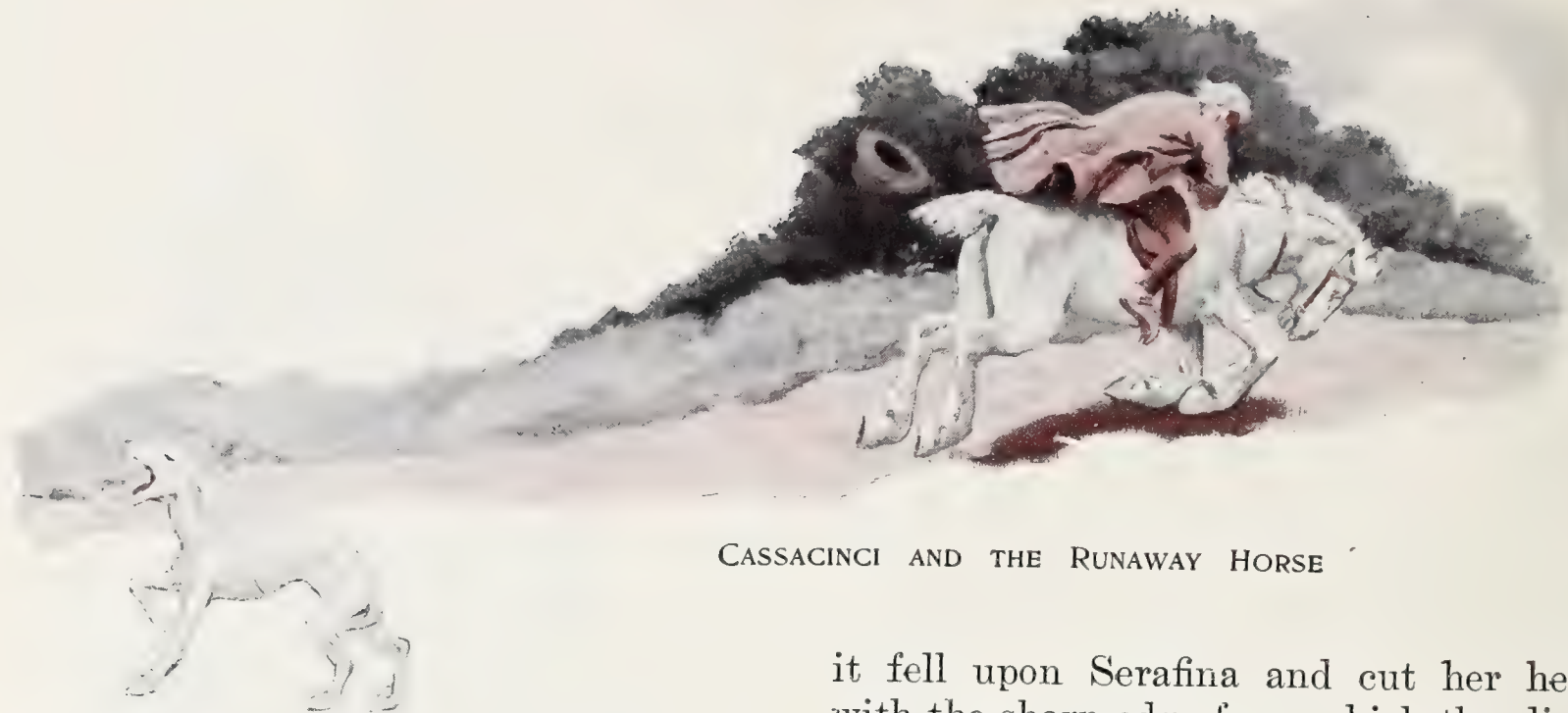
But it was not broken. Montofacini had seen to that. It fell upon the dog, and the water in it was spilled over him; but the pitcher was not cracked or harmed in any way, saving that there was a sharp chip broken from the brim, where it was gilt. The charm on the pitcher kept it from being broken.

But when it fell on him, the poor dog did not know what had happened. Something had struck him a violent blow on the ribs, and there was a puddle of water all over him. It seemed to him that it was a deluge, and that he was in danger of being drowned. He awoke with a shrill yelp and rushed out into the road. He did not see where he was going. He ran, still yelping with terror, between the horse's legs—first between his hind-legs, then between his fore-legs.

The horse was asleep.



SERAFINA WAS LEANING FROM THE WINDOW



CASSACINCI AND THE RUNAWAY HORSE

He was awakened by the thump of the pitcher as it fell on the dog; then he heard the yelping of the dog, and something rushed out between his legs and from beneath his body. He did not know what it was. He was very frightened. He leaped sideways with all four feet at once, and Cassacinci was taken unawares. He dropped his purse and grasped the horse with both hands by the mane. This frightened the horse still more, and immediately he ran away, with the linen merchant clinging to him. Cassacinci held his place for a little while, but not for long. At the turn of the road he fell off into the dirt, and lay there, groaning dolorously. The horse ran a little farther and then he swerved again. He missed his footing and fell into the ditch, with the bundle of linen into the mud. The mud held him fast, so that the horse's four legs kicked in the air, as though he were running a race in the sky, for he could not get up because of the bundle and the mud.

This is what the pitcher began by doing, and it was a great misfortune, for the linen was spoiled by the mud, so that Signora Piccolomini got nothing for it; the merchant was bruised by the fall; the horse was lamed, and the dog was so terrified that the white patches on his back were increased in size, it was said, from that day forward.

This was the first of the ill-lucks that the pitcher brought with it, but there were others to follow after it. Three days after it had made the horse and the dog of Cassacinci run away in that manner,

it fell upon Serafina and cut her head with the sharp edge from which the sliver was broken, so that the blood ran in streams. This was how it was: Serafina had put it upon an upper shelf of the cupboard. She forgot it was there, and she went to get a basket of wool from the same place. A strand of wool had been wrapped around the pitcher, so that when Serafina dragged the basket she dragged the pitcher also. Down it fell from the shelf, and upon Serafina's head. Was the pitcher broken? No, but her head was. For the edge of the pitcher cut a great gash beneath her hair, so that the blood ran down her face in streams. It ran over her chemise, and that was spoiled, for they could not wash the blood stain out of the garment, and could never bleach it white again.

Then again the worst thing of all happened. Serafina had left the pitcher standing near the top step of the stairway. The Widow Piccolomini was bringing down a great roll of linen. She knew the stairs, but the bundle of linen hid other things from her sight. The pitcher was there. She tripped over it, and down she went, klitter-klatter, from the top of the stairs to the bottom. She broke her arm in the fall, so that the physician had to come and set it and bind it with splints.

"It is all the pitcher's fault," said Serafina, weeping. "Had Nicolo not given it to me I would smash it on the pavement. But no; how could a poor, dumb pitcher do such damage as this? I will not smash it!" So she kept the pitcher, and continued to carry it every morning to the well for water.

Now a strange thing befell. One day (and it happened soon after this) there was a bouquet of flowers left on the stone coping of the well. The flowers were very fresh. They were tied to long twigs, and were twisted about the twig and bound with pack-thread, just as the flowers that came in the pitcher were tied. On each bouquet was a paper, and on the paper was written the words, "For the beautiful Serafina." Now the writing was the same as that upon the pitcher, so that Serafina supposed that this bouquet was from Nicolo.

Serafina took up the bouquet and smelt of it. It was very sweet. Yes, Nicolo had sent it, for no one else loved her as he did. Her heart grew very soft and tender toward him, and she smelt of the bouquet again.

After that, every morning that she came to the well for water, there was a bouquet ready and waiting for her—always fresh, always beautiful, always fragrant.

She set herself to watch Nicolo bring her such beautiful flowers, but never could she catch him at it.

One evening when Nicolo was leaning on the garden gate, she said to him, archly, "Do you like flowers?"

"I love them," said he, with unction. If Serafina had asked him if he liked onions or green gooseberries, he would have said yes in just the same unctuous manner.

She laughed. "Do you like them in a bouquet," she said, "or do you like them growing in the fields?"

Nicolo did not know exactly how to answer this question, for he did not know any more than the calf in the meadow what Serafina was talking about. "I like them in the fields," said he. "I like to see them toss their pretty heads when they bow to the wind."

Serafina put her hand on his sleeve, and the thrills ran up and down his lean old arm and all over his body, as though trickling water were being poured upon him. "But do you never make them into a bouquet?"

"Yes," said he—"yes, I often do."

"I was sure of it," said she. "You are very kind to me," she added.

Nicolo did not know what she meant, but he sighed deeply and from the bottom of his soul. "Serafina," said he,

"will you not say yes to me now, instead of waiting until next week?"

"Oh," she said, hastily, "I cannot say yes to you just yet. Let me wait until I am sure of myself." Then he sighed again.

On his way home that evening he thought of what she had said about the flowers. Somebody had given flowers to her. Maybe it was the man who had bought the pitcher for her. He determined that he would spy this out for himself.

Now it came one morning that when Serafina went to the well earlier than she was wont to do (it was the mowing season), she saw a man who was asleep at that place. He was seated upon the soft, warm grass, and was leaning against the well. Who could it be?"

She came close to him on tiptoe. She looked at him and saw his face. It was Stefano. "That dreadful man," said she; "what does he do here?"

Then she saw that there was a bouquet of flowers in his hand. It was *her* bouquet! She recognized the bunch as one similar to those that had been left upon the well-coping of late. "He has my bouquet!" she cried. "The wretch!" And she stamped her little foot upon the ground.

Stefano heard the sound of the stamp. He opened his eyes lazily and looked at her. For a moment it was as though he did not know her; then he did know her, and sprang to his feet. She was almost very angry with him, but his hat lay upon the grass, and the sun shone down upon his black, curling hair and his brown face. He was very beautiful. So she felt sorry for him and not angry, even though he had taken her bunch of flowers.

Now neither Serafina nor Stefano knew that Nicolo was hiding behind the bushes close to the well, and was spying upon them. But Nicolo was there, for he wanted to see who gave the bouquets to Serafina.

"Why were you asleep here?" said Serafina.

"Yesterday," said Stefano, "I was mowing. I was tired and was sleepy, so when I rested here I went to sleep." Where were now his angry looks and his sullen face? He was strangely altered;

they were gone. He did not dare to look up; he looked down at the bouquet which he held, and which he turned over and over in his hand. She set down the pitcher upon the high well-curb and set her arms akimbo. "Stefano Collachi," said she, "what are you doing with my bouquet?"

He raised his eyes and looked strangely at her. "How did you know it was yours?" said he.

"Because I have had such a bunch as that every day for a great many days," said she. "Nicolo Bianci leaves them here for me."

"Nicolo Bianci!" said Stefano, still more strangely.

"Yes, Nicolo Bianci," said she, stamping her foot again. "He gave me that pitcher yonder, and now he brings me bouquets, because he is fond of me."

Stefano looked very much surprised. Then his face changed and he frowned. He could control himself no longer. His ugly and rebellious temper blazed out as it had done so often before. His brown eyes grew black and his face cherry-red. "Who told you that he gave you the pitcher?" said he.

"He told me so himself," said she. "And I believe whatever he tells me."

"Then he lied," said Stefano, "because I gave you the pitcher, and I have given you the flowers which you have found here. But," said he, "since he claims that he gave the pitcher to you, he may take them all with my curse!"

So saying, he threw the bouquet of flowers at the pitcher with all his might. The bouquet struck the pitcher. It rocked where it stood. Serafina gave a cry and stretched out her hand as though to save it. But she was too late! It fell over the coping and down upon a sharp stone that lay below. It broke into three pieces as cleanly as though a knife had cut it.

This was the way in which Montofacini had said it would break—when a flower was thrown at it.

Serafina looked with dismay upon what had happened. "Oh, my pitcher! my pitcher!" she cried. "It is broken, it is broken!" She wrung her hands together and burst into tears.

Now all this time Nicolo Bianci was lying in his hiding-place watching. He

saw Stefano throw the flowers at the pitcher, and he saw it fall and break. Then he saw Serafina cry for her broken pitcher. "Now," he thought, "she will be angry with Stefano and send him about his business."

But Stefano stood there with his head hanging. He was ashamed of his anger and what it had led him to do. She wept and wept, and he stood there watching her.

By and by he came to her and tried to comfort her. "Serafina," he said, "I am ashamed of what I did. Do not cry any more, for I will never injure you again. I love you, Serafina, and I have always loved you and you alone. You must have known it—you must have seen it."

"No, I did not know it," said she. "I thought you hated me."

"Hate you!" he cried. "How could I hate one so good and so beautiful as you? It used to tear my heart to see Nicolo Bianci at your apron-strings, but you I loved always with all my heart."

Serafina was still crying, but not now from sorrow. They stood upon either side of the pitcher, which lay between them. "I did not know that you loved me," she said, more gently, but without taking her hands from her face.

"I did! I did, and I do!" said Stefano. "Do not cry, Serafina," said he; "dry your tears! You break my heart!" He took his handkerchief from his neck and dried her tears for her. She had forgotten all about Nicolo now, for the pitcher was broken and its charm was gone. What power he had from it was gone when it was broken. He was now no more than a queer old man.

After Stefano had dried Serafina's tears with his handkerchief he kissed her upon the lips, and her head rested upon his shoulder. "I am glad the pitcher is gone," she said; "it brought great misery to me."

Nicolo Bianci stood as though transfixed by a knife when he saw Stefano kiss her. He crept slowly out of his hiding-place and away home without being seen. For Stefano and Serafina were too busy with each other then.

By and by they went back home together hand in hand. When Serafina's mother saw them coming, she said:

"Praise God and bless my soul! What will Nicolo do now?"

What would he do? He would get him an older wife than Serafina, for he was not to have her.

Well, this is the end of the story of the painted pitcher. It was broken, and

its magic was gone. Montofacini's magic was of no avail, for even the magic of a great magician is not so strong as love.

But the story would have been much simpler if Nicolo had not confused the magic by giving the pitcher to Serafina, even though he had not bought it for her.



The Hermit-Thrush

BY ARVIA MACKAYE*

WHILE walking through a lonely wood
 I heard a lovely voice:
 A voice so fresh and true and good
 It made my heart rejoice.

It sounded like a Sunday bell
 Rung softly in a town,
 Or like a stream, that in a dell
 Forever trickles down.

It seemed to be a voice of love
 That always had loved me,
 So softly it rang out above—
 So wild and wanderingly.

O Voice, were you a golden dove,
 Or just a plain gray bird?
 O Voice, you are my wandering love,
 Lost, yet forever heard.

* The nine-year-old daughter of the poet Percy MacKaye.

Speeding the Pilgrims to Mecca

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS

IF the old man had not wept in such utter abandonment of fear and hysteria, and the young man had not thrown open his cloak to show me the fresh wounds on his broad chest, this article probably would not have been written; for a score of men had entreated me within the hour to save them from missing the pilgrimage to Mecca, and I had turned them all aside. The old man with his tears and the young man with his eloquent open wounds were somehow more than I could stand; and besides, they were Chinese, and so seemed like old friends, met in this ancient city of Damascus. Thus it came about that I found myself with a peculiar and personal interest in the great Mecca pilgrimage, which had been lapping against me with its wide-spreading waves in various parts of the Near East for more than a month past.

The yearly pilgrimage to Mecca, the great Moslem shrine, is on the increase, perhaps because modern science has laid a highway for what is doubtless the oldest surviving religious practice on earth. The Kaaba, the black cube to which all the devout among two hundred and twenty-five million Moslems in the world turn five times daily in prayer, was a famous idol shrine in the fastnesses of Arabia centuries before Abraham left the idolatries of Ur of the Chaldees. Mohammed, to whom nobody can deny a full share of worldly wisdom, simply adapted the old practices to his new creed, making the change of faith as easy as possible to his friends—especially as his tribe of Koreish were the hereditary keepers of the Kaaba. It was a rare good turn that the Prophet did for his tribe when he prescribed the yearly pilgrimage for all the faithful who are physically and financially able to bear it. The Kaaba, by his teaching, has been metamorphosed into the center of the earth,

exactly under the throne of God, to be taken up into heaven again at the end of things earthly. According to Moslem belief, it was built by Adam, destroyed at the Flood, and rebuilt by Abraham and Ishmael. Set into the Kaaba is the Black Stone, given to Abraham by the Angel Gabriel, and made black by the tears of Adam! It is pronounced an aerolite by the very few scientific Europeans who have seen it; and it was probably one of the three hundred and sixty idols of the prehistoric Kaaba.

Although one of the most inaccessible cities on earth, Mecca each year has visitors in such number that it must be ranked in this particular with London and New York. Even the world's metropolis on the Thames can boast no such cosmopolitan character as is imparted to this mysterious city in the wilderness of Arabia by the myriads of pilgrims who, at the cost of incredible pains, annually crowd into its confines. This city is the oldest place of resort in existence, yet of all the millions who have visited it not a score of Christians are known to have come out alive. No flag of citizenship would save a man's life were he known to be a Christian within the sacred precincts of the city where the Prophet himself decreed that no unbeliever should set foot.

Of the two hundred and twenty-five million Moslems in the world, only fifteen and a half million live under the Turkish flag, yet most of them acknowledge the Sultan of Turkey as their caliph, the successor of the Prophet. As Mohammed shrewdly foresaw, the Mecca pilgrimage binds together his disciples into a unity which could be effected in no other way. "Mecca," says Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, of Arabia, "has become the religious capital and the center of universal pilgrimage for one-seventh of the human race. Islam in its present extent em-

braces three continents, and counts its believers from Sierra Leone, in Africa, to Canton, in China; and from Tobolsk, Siberia, to Singapore and Java. In Russia, Moslems spread their prayer-carpets southward toward Mecca; at Zanzibar they look northward toward the Holy City; in Kiang-su and Shen-si, millions of Chinese Moslems pray toward the west, and in the wide Sudan they look eastward toward the Beit Allah and the Black Stone—a vast Moslem brotherhood. . . . On the streets of Mecca one may see drawn together by a common faith the Turkish effendi in Parisian costume, with Constantinople etiquette; the half-naked Bedouin of the desert; the fierce Afghan mountaineer; the Russian trader 'from the far North; the almond-eyed Moslem from Yunan; the Indian graduate from the Calcutta universities; Persians, Somalis, Hausas, Javanese, Sudanese, Egyptians, Berbers, Kabyles, and Moors." World politics have to reckon with Mecca. It is the possession of this city, and of the caliphate, that enables the Turkish Empire to hold together, despite its ancient elements of disintegration, and that makes the Sultan a considerable factor among world rulers.

The Orient is the land of paradoxes, and it is not strange that this anachronism, this fountain of fanaticism, Mecca, should have an intimate relationship with international politics. It was Emperor William who suggested to his good friend Abdul Hamid the building of the Hejaz Railway; and in return for his counsel and more substantial tokens

of friendship the German Emperor has had almost a free hand in Turkey, so that the Germanization of Syria and the concession for the epochal Bagdad Railway have been watched by the other European powers with interest. But as a summary offset to this, say some close observers in the East, Britain may one fine day step in and take possession of Arabia, including the sacred cities of Mecca, Medina, Kerbela, Meshed Ali, Samarra, and the ancient home of the caliphs, Bagdad. Coincidentally, the cry would run still more loudly through Arabia that the Turks are not good Moslems, and that, since the Sultan is not of the family of the Prophet, nor of the tribe of Koreish, he is, according to the holy law, no true caliph. It would be easy for Britain to find warrant for intervention in the ill-treatment and murder by the Bedouins of pilgrims who are British subjects. Great Britain is today the greatest Mohammedan power in the world.

The building of the Hejaz Railway has not only made a notable increase in the number of pilgrims; it has created a new set of problems for the Turkish government. For many years it has been the practice of the authorities at Constantinople, and at Cairo as well, to pay enormous sums in blackmail to the Bedouin tribes to secure immunity for the pilgrims. I have before me an American consular report which estimates this sum for one year, from the Turkish government alone, at half a million dollars. These payments, and the escort of troops which have accompanied the principal caravans,



THE SCRAMBLE FOR TICKETS AT THE DAMASCUS RAILROAD STATION

have by no means rendered the pilgrims immune from attacks by the Arabs; much less have they been any protection against the innumerable sharpers in Mecca and on the way thereto, who despoil the devotee of what are usually the savings of a lifetime. Mecca itself has no industry except the exploitation of the "guests of Allah"; at this art it excels. Until three years ago all the pilgrims were obliged to make the entire desert journey by caravan. Like the "neighbors of Allah" at Mecca, the Bedouins between Damascus and the Holy City relied for subsistence almost entirely upon the Haj, or pilgrimage, by supplying camels and provisions and drivers. The railway is in operation only as far as Medina, where it ends.

Consequences have become acute. The impoverished Bedouins have been driven to desperation. A few days after I had passed over the road they made a murderous attack upon the railroad, wrecking a station and a train, and killing the officials and despoiling passengers.

I was frankly told by them that their plan was to join forces with the wilder Bedouins of the interior and make war upon the government. The latter had withheld last year (1910), for the first time, the customary blackmail tribute, the Young Turks trusting to their newly organized army to keep order. As I write, forces are being rushed down the line of the railway—the quick movement of troops was one of the government's purposes in constructing this unique desert highway.

Heedless of Turkey's troubles, the faithful around the world are taking advantage of the added security which the railway gives to throng to Mecca in rapidly augmenting numbers. It is one of the paradoxes of progress in the East that the introduction of a railway should, temporarily at least, promote fanaticism and intolerance. Word has percolated to the remotest confines of the Moslem world that the journey from Damascus to Medina, which used to take thirty days, may now be made in four, and at less cost

and in greater comfort. So last year the pilgrimage flood reached an unprecedented height. Because of the revival, if one may speak in a familiar Western term, which has of late been in progress throughout Islam, causing it to make great inroads into Christendom, not to speak of its greater success in converting pagans, the number of pilgrims has been steadily increasing. Careful estimate in 1880 placed the number for that year at 92,000; the government of the Hejaz gave 200,000 as the number of pilgrims for 1904. In 1907 the official estimates put the number at 281,000—a remarkable increase. The distribution for that year, as officially given, and furnished to me by the kindness of the American Consul-General at Constantinople, Mr. G. Bie Ravndal, who wisely con-



RUSSIAN PILGRIMS



EVERYBODY FOR HIMSELF—MECCA GETS THE FOREMOST

ceives himself to be the eye of the United States upon all phases of the development of this interesting corner of the earth, was as follows:

Turkish subjects	113,000
Natives of India.....	40,000
Moors	17,000
Russians	16,000
Persians	15,000
Sudanese	13,000
Bokhara	12,000
Malay	4,000
Miscellaneous	51,000
Total	281,000

When I talked with the officials of the Hejaz Railway last year, they all said that the pilgrimage was unusually large, but they were not then prepared to be more specific than to say that they had been overwhelmed by the numbers, so that their equipment was entirely unequal to the demand made upon it.

Of this I had visual knowledge. While visiting the Meidan quarter of Damascus, where the electric cars sometimes halt a dozen times in one short trip to let pass caravans of scared and stubborn camels or flocks of bewildered sheep, I learned that there were a great many pilgrims at the Hejaz station; so I went out to see. Already I felt quite well acquainted with the pilgrim type. In the famous bazaars of Damascus I had seen them in-

tently haggling over supplies for the journey. In the streets of Syria's most up-to-date city, Beirut, strange types that had landed from the Caucasus and beyond were staring at the wonderful sights of the modern city. On a steamer out of Constantinople I had held a long conversation upon religious tolerance and America's assimilating powers with an unusually enlightened Madras merchant, black as a Sudanese, who was en route to Mecca. On that and other steamers I had seen the decks full of elaborately armed Turks, bound for the same place; and, though crowding like sheep, taking more care to secure prayer-space than room for their housekeeping arrangements. As an aside, it may be remarked that about the only class of Moslems who seem punctilious to observe the prescribed five daily prayers are the pilgrims, or "hajis," as they are afterward called. Having traveled and associated rather closely with thousands of the followers of the Prophet, I can bear witness that the praying Moslem is the exception rather than the rule. Nor is it extraordinary to find traveled Turks smoking and eating, and even drinking wine, during the great fast of Ramazan. None of these laxities, however, for the pilgrims and the zealously affected: in spite of all

difficulties and inconveniences, they recite the prescribed prayers at the appointed time. Some of these inconveniences are real, as when a man must pray with one eye on his train, which is likely to start, leaving him prostrated in the midst of a petition. Some are rather ludicrous, as in the case of one devout Moslem on a fleet of keleks, or goat-skin rafts, with which I floated down the Tigris River, who tried to keep his face toward Mecca (otherwise the prayers would have no merit) on a kelek that was constantly twisting and turning in the current.

The custodians of religious zeal and orthodoxy though they may be, the pilgrims are not always respected by their coreligionists. Upon my remarking to the Turkish conductor of the train between Beirut and Damascus that he had a great many hajis aboard, he held his nose, made a grimace of disgust, and spat. He and his crew treated the holy men in this spirit. He would not hold the train a minute for any of these third-class passengers to get aboard, and there were amusing as well as pathetic scrambles to regain the train. One old man was left behind at a wayside station, and his effects were thrown out of the window to him by fellow-pilgrims, who may have been animated by kindness, or possibly by desire for the increased room. The old man's prospects on the next day's train would be slim, for all the cars were overcrowded, and those who were already in had no religious scruples against holding the door in the face of new-comers, or else forcibly pushing them out. More than once have I beheld a reverend haji kicked and cuffed by a trainman because he was slow in getting aboard or used the window for an exit.

By all this I was prepared for what I saw that morning of my first contact with the Hejaz Railway in Damascus. There were a great throng of men and a few women crowding about the station door, trying to buy tickets. In number they were at least five hundred. Many of these despaired of making their way to the front row, and so stood or walked dejectedly about. The crowd at the station door fought wickedly for admission. Many had struggled in vain for more than a week to secure the few coveted

bits of pasteboard that were issued only up to the capacity of the train or trains that were to be sent out that day. Soldiers mercilessly clubbed and kicked the most insistent. Meantime the number of waiting pilgrims was steadily increasing, and the limit of time within which the pilgrimage could be performed that year was approaching daily. This knowledge created something like panic among the expectant pilgrims. This journey represented a lifetime's ambition, and, often, a lifetime's savings. They could not afford a wait of a whole year; hence their desperation. As I moved among the crowd, taking pictures, I was entreated again and again to help, for the "man with a hat" has special privileges all over the Orient. But it is a good rule in the East never to interfere with local affairs, and how could I aid one without helping all?

I saw the few pilgrims who had been fortunate enough to obtain tickets trying to crowd into the train of four cars which had at that moment come up. It was a wild scramble. These were not grave and reverend saints, bent on a religious mission, the supreme work of piety of their creed; they were human animals, acting by the primitive law of the jungle. It was every man for himself, for the most heavenly spot on earth might get only the foremost. The narrow doors of the cars were quickly choked by the luggage of the agile first-comers; and it is amazing what athletic feats a heavily cumbered old pilgrim in flowing raiment may perform when Mecca is the goal. Others made for the little windows—and got in. Neighbors who had traveled thousands of miles together would sometimes help one another. Even old women climbed through these wee windows, although I photographed one ungallant pilgrim in the act of pushing back a woman who had won to the window. Space must be kept for bed and board, as well as for one's person. So each man dragged with him his household arrangements and food. The space he secured at the outset, be it on seat or floor, was all the living-room he would have for the next four, five, or six days, as the trains kept no schedule time. Once a Turk forced himself into the space of some pilgrims from Bokhara. The guard



THE PILGRIMS CROWDED ABOUT THE MAN WITH A HAT

was called in defense of their rights; but, alas! these strangers have no rights when a Turk is concerned, and the intruder remained. It is significant that among all the hundreds of waiting pilgrims there were none from Turkey; these were always provided for on the first train out.

Then followed the dreary procession of the disappointed back to the particular spot in the station-grounds where they had been encamped for days. The belated ones had no shelter: they simply spread their rugs or bedding on the bare ground, and there did their little cooking by day and shivered by night. Those who have experienced it alone know how different from the cold in temperate America is the cold of a winter night in Syria. And these pilgrims were mostly old, and prone to rheumatism; one may well understand why the mortality among Mecca pilgrims is so great, and their susceptibility to the plague so notable. Worse than all these physical discomforts, which the immortal patience of the Orient could surmount, was the heart-sickening dread of not getting to Mecca in time to perform the sevenfold journey around the Kaaba,

to kiss the Black Stone, to drink of the water of the holy well of Zem-Zem (which the angel revealed to Hagar), to accomplish the *Sai*, or running seven times from the end of a certain street to another, and, most important of all, to hear the sermon at Arafat, twelve miles east of the city. This is the central event of the pilgrimage, after which one may assume the sacred title of "Haji," which is sometimes given to pilgrims by anticipation. It was at Arafat that Adam and Eve met and recognized each other, after the hundred years of wandering and separation that followed their expulsion from Paradise. Then, next in the Mecca ritual, comes the ceremony of stoning the devil, after which the great sacrifice of animals, which commemorates Abraham's offering up, not of Isaac, but of Ishmael. This is practically the end of the pilgrimage each year. To arrive too late for these ceremonies means a year's delay at Mecca.

Is it any wonder that the faces of the unsuccessful ones at Damascus that morning were a look of dejection and anxiety? On my way through the affecting spectacle I was frequently accosted



NO TIME TO BOTHER WITH DOORWAYS

with entreaties for help in getting tickets; one man from India persisted in following me and in kissing my coat. It was when I halted for a moment to look at a company of Chinese that my day's programme was altered. An old man, his yellow, parchment skin wrinkled and travel-stained, began to tell me his story. Not a word of it was intelligible, but it needed no translation. Then of a sudden the old fellow collapsed, and fell to weeping, like a woman in hysteria. He utterly went to pieces, and cried uncontrollably, like a child, but with a man's deep sobs. While he yet held me, the youngest member of his party came up, a powerful fellow of twenty-five or thirty. He said something which I could not understand, but with an eloquent gesture that would have seemed affectation in anybody but an Oriental he threw open his long coats, and showed me his bare chest, covered with still-bleeding wounds, which he had received in his daily attempts to be among the successful few at the ticket-office.

On the instant my resolution was formed. In my bag I had a letter of introduction from the Sublime Porte to the Vali at Damascus, which I had thought myself too busy to present. Armed with this and a foreigner's pres-

tige, I knew that I could do anything in reason. So Jacob, the dragoman, was bidden to tell the men to bring me the head man, or sheik, of the party, together with the fares of the whole crowd, and I would see that they got tickets. Now Jacob emerged, and proved that there may be a man's qualities even in a dragoman. Up to this time he had been a pest, although a necessary one, such as the traveler must endure who sleeps in an Oriental khan. He knew Damascus sites—that is why he had been hired—but his information was all inexact, and the only place in which he displayed any real interest was the bazaars, for that way lay fat commissions. He had told the usual dragoman's tales about the places he had been and the languages he could speak, but I had not believed him, any more than I had believed his statement that he was a Christian, for I knew him for a Jew. Now a new light came into his shifty eyes, and he began to rise to the occasion. These pilgrims were from Chinese Turkestan, and spoke a language which is a mixture of Chinese, Persian, Turkish, and I know not what else. But Jacob spoke it, though I found no one else in Damascus who did so. He at once took charge of the situation, and vigorously brought together

most of the men of this party of thirty-two, with equal vigor excluding all others. There were eight elderly women in the company, which had made its long and difficult journey from Kashgar, through Bokhara, parts of Russia, across three seas—the Caspian, the Black, and the Mediterranean. Two of the women were the wives of the head man, Ibrahim.

When the Kashgar delegation had been sequestered, it was explained to them that the foreigner—just to rub it in, Jacob pointed out that the foreigner was not a Moslem, but a Christian, who, by their creed, must inevitably go to hell—would get them tickets if they would all turn over the necessary money to their head man. Followed an untying of girdles that revealed the best method in the world of carrying money, and the oldest. The treasure is folded two or three times in the center of the wide, long girdle, and then the latter is wrapped several times around the body. All this was congenial to Jacob, into whose hands the gold was carefully counted. These men would trust the foreigner, but not one another, and as I insisted that neither Jacob nor I should carry the hoard, but their own representative, there was a babel of warnings and reminders. When we started off to the Serai, to see the Vali, all the

men tried to pile into my carriage, in addition to the sheik and his son, who were the official representatives of the party. Driven off, they tried to run after the vehicle, calling all the while to their chief, "Remember, you have my money," and, "I gave you three pounds." When the driver whipped up his horses to get rid of them, they piled into two additional carriages, bound to keep that money in sight. Strange spectacles are no novelty in picturesque old Damascus, but I doubt if the city ever saw a queerer procession than this one of the excited pilgrims in barouches, trailing the man with a hat, who was holding converse with a venerable and bearded Mongolian.

I had been surprised at the inability of various pilgrims to read or write; but I was more astonished at their complete distrust of one another. In the reckoning it was found that four members of the party which had traveled this long distance together were absent; nobody else would advance their fare; "let them stay behind." When I left my escort to get into the proper toggery for an official call, the rabble stood guard over the father and son with the money. The latter might readily have paid the whole bill and settled with his friends afterward, for he showed me where he kept his



PILGRIMS AROUND A SAMOVAR AT A HALT

passport and bills of exchange sewed up in his long coat. He told me very ingenuously that he was the leading merchant of his village, and that the reason he made the pilgrimage was that it gave one great honor thereafter among his neighbors, and, besides, he did a profitable business in wares taken home from Mecca!

Nobody can be more courteous than a Turkish gentleman, and the Vali of Damascus is an enlightened representative of the reform government. The necessary orders were given as soon as my plea for the Chinese pilgrims was stated. That was the needed power for the moving of the right wheels, but in the East these require lubrication. It is unnecessary to state who of the subordinates got bakshish, but the Vali's orderly had the effrontery to return his to Jacob, with a vigorous claim for more, as befitting his dignity! The Vali's promise had been that the Kashgar party should go out on the next train, and in a car to themselves. When I went to the Hejaz Railway station again, in the afternoon, to see that all was going well, I found a soldier shepherding the Kashgar flock, but no tickets were in sight. The first train would leave the next day, and then the orders would be carried out. All the whys and wherefores were unknown to the pilgrims; they had the word of a Frank, based on the order of the Vali, that tickets would be in their hands that day. It is needless to rehearse the fracas that followed with the ticket agent; by what I conceived to be a judicious blending of bluster and diplomacy, the tickets were placed in the hands of my friends—several hundred other pilgrims outside threatening to riot in the mean time. In the final settlement there was a dollar short, but neither member of the committee would advance it, and the beggars let me pay it, promising piously to pray for me at Mecca. If petitions at the Kaaba have half the efficacy that the faithful ascribe to them, my future welfare should be assured. Despite their prayers, I and all other Christians are doomed for the next world, according to the Moslem theology: "Since Allah made both heaven and hell, both must be filled." In common reasoning they say, naïvely, that fire must have sticks,

and Jehennum must have fuel; wherefore the existence of Christians.

It was half-past three o'clock the next morning when I drove through the silent streets of Damascus to take a train for Galilee from the Hejaz station: Turkish time begins at sunset, and Turkish trains start twelve hours later, at twelve o'clock, no matter how long before daylight this may be in winter-time. Here I found the pilgrims encamped, many of the groups huddled about a little fire that threw a flickering light on their strong Mongolian faces. Soon the call to prayer sounded, that eery, musical summons as from another world, and I saw a sight which has no equal in Christendom, and which never ceases to be impressive, though one may have seen it, as I have, scores of times in a dozen different places—groups of Moslems in concerted prayer. In the darkness of this cold Syrian morning the ranks of pilgrims, all dressed in white turbans for prayer, lifted their hands to their ears, folded them in front, and prostrated themselves in unison. It seemed impious to interrupt the Kashgar delegation to make sure that they had their tickets: they had, and there was much stroking of long beards in gratitude; but, in particular, could I get another for a friend of theirs who had turned up? In the knowledge that the American consular agent would be on hand to see them safely embarked (his telegram so reporting came to me while I was at luncheon the next day with a party of Church of England dignitaries), I was glad to turn my face toward the desert and an opalescent dawn, leaving behind for the moment the sordidness, misery, and oppression of which I had formed a part.

Again, a few days later, I was destined to travel with pilgrims, and to see more of the inadequacy of the government's care for these men, who, however negligible they may be individually, are yet one of the great assets of the empire. After a foreigner had called his attention to the plight of the pilgrims, the Vali of Damascus provided shelter for the belated ones, and did all in his power to increase the supply of cars. The pilgrims are not particular as to the style of car. Aside from a few officials and nabobs who go down to Medina first class,

taking their harems with them, all the hajis travel third. There are a great many third-class cars in the road's equipment, and some of these are armored, for fear of the Arabs; but freight and cattle cars are freely used, and packed as full as they will hold. A goodly number of passengers, all of whom are used to sitting on the floor, can be crowded into the two stories of a cattle-car.

One crowd of Persians had succeeded in curtaining off the end of a box-car, so that they could keep their women *pardah*. Usually, on the pilgrim trains, the restrictions concerning the women are of necessity relaxed; although some of the more scrupulous manage to keep veiled. Practically all are so old that they do not distract the men's thoughts from religion. One man, doubtless by means of bakshish, had secured the little cubbyhole which belongs to the guard, and here he kept his wife secluded, and maintained all his household arrangements, like a railroad president in a private car. For be it remembered that pilgrim trains carry no dining-cars, nor are there any dining-stations en route. The trains do stop for prayers—imagine an American train stopping long enough to permit the passengers to pray, with the proper genuflections!—and into these waits the pilgrims crowd their tea or coffee making. There is no water aboard the cars; indeed, water must be transported in tanks for the use of certain stations; so whenever there is a supply available there is a wild rush to fill up tea-pots, water-jars, goat-skins, pails, and ewers. The first water is used for ceremonial purposes, in connection with prayers, and what is left is made into tea or coffee. Each makes a fire in his own way: Persians swing a little brass censer, with charcoal in it; men from up Russia way produce elaborate and unwieldy samovars, and a few of the more progressive use the familiar kerosene vapor-stove, dear to the heart of the missionary and the camper. Some form of charcoal brazier is commonest.

These wayside halts give opportunity for many things; there are the undesirable fellow-passengers to be disposed of, and the sight reminds one that it is told in praise of the Prophet's humility and self-helpfulness that he was accus-

tomed to pick the vermin from his own coat rather than let one of his numerous and devoted wives do it. The crowding of these cars is fairly beyond belief. The passengers must squat over their bundles, having filled the racks and having hung a curious assortment of articles from the ceiling. Of course there are no gripsacks, but many saddle-bags, some of the latter made of rich Persian rugs that tempt a Westerner into barter. At night every foot of space on seats or floor is occupied, including the passageway; it is then literally impossible to go through the car, except, as the trainmen do, by trampling ruthlessly on some persons and kicking others out of the way. When I saw a big Persian roundly knocked about by a conductor because he was returning to his seat by way of the window, I thought it well for the little Turk that the Prophet enjoined all upon pilgrimage to refrain from quarreling.

In contrast with the Turkish way of handling Mecca pilgrims is the Egyptian, which means the British. A ship from Cairo came sailing into the port of Haifa, with green flags flying and the harbor guns firing salutes. The town put out all its flags, and the occasion was made almost a holiday. Yet it was only Egyptian pilgrims, who were traveling via Syria, in order to visit the Prophet's tomb at Medina. They were lodged aboard ship until their special train was ready, and then they all got off comfortably. The Egyptian government practically acts as excursion agent for its pilgrims, allowing them to pay in one lump sum, and protecting them so far as possible from swindlers. The departure of the new carpet that is to cover the Kaaba is an annual holiday in Cairo and Alexandria, as it is also in Damascus, whence a second carpet goes. At Tor, on the Red Sea, the Egyptian government maintains what has been described as the most nearly perfect quarantine station in the world. Despite this, the cholera, which is the most devoted of Mecca pilgrims, manages to make its way through; as is well known, Mecca is the greatest distributing center on earth for the cholera. One year it was taken into Egypt by a zealous pilgrim who piously emptied his jar of holy water from the Zem-Zem well into the village well at home.

The Partner

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

“AND that be hanged for a silly yarn. The boatmen here in Westport have been telling this lie to the summer visitors for years. The sort that gets taken out for a row at a shilling a head—and asks foolish questions—must be told something to pass the time away. D’ye know anything more silly than being pulled in a boat along a beach? . . . It’s like drinking weak lemonade when you aren’t thirsty. I don’t know why they do it! They don’t even get sick.”

A forgotten glass of beer stood at his elbow; the locality was a small respectable smoking-room of a small respectable hotel, and a taste for forming chance acquaintances accounts for my sitting up late with him. His great, flat, furrowed cheeks were shaven; a thick, square wisp of white hairs hung from his chin; its waggling gave additional point to his deep utterance; and his general contempt for mankind with its activities and moralities was expressed in the rakish set of his big soft hat of black felt with a large rim, which he kept always on his head.

His appearance was that of an old adventurer, retired after most unholy experiences in the most distant parts of the earth; but I had every reason to believe that he had never been outside England. From a casual remark somebody dropped I gathered that in his early days he must have been somehow connected with shipping—with ships in docks. Of individuality he had plenty. And it was this which attracted my attention at first, but he was not easy to classify, and before the end of the week I gave him up with the vague definition, “an imposing old ruffian.”

One afternoon, oppressed by infinite boredom, I went into the smoking-room. He was sitting there in absolute immobility which was really fakir-like and impressive. I began to wonder what could be the surroundings of that sort

of man, his “milieu,” his private connections, his views, his morality, his friends, and even his wife—when to my surprise he opened a conversation in his deep, muttering voice.

I must say that since he had learned from somebody that I was a writer of stories he had recognized my existence by means of some vague growls in the morning.

He was essentially a taciturn man. There was an effect of rudeness in the growl of his fragmentary sentences. It was some time before I discovered that what he would be at was the process by which stories—stories for periodicals—were produced.

What could one say to a fellow like that? But I was bored to death; the weather continued impossible; and I resolved to be amiable.

“And so you make these tales up on your own. How do they ever come into your head?” he rumbled.

I explained that one generally got a hint for a tale.

“What sort of hint?”

“Well, for instance,” I said, “I got myself pulled out to the rocks the other day. My boatman told me of what happened on these rocks nearly twenty years ago. That could be used as a hint for a mainly descriptive bit of a story with some such title as ‘In the Channel,’ for instance.”

It was then that he made his sally against the boatmen and the summer visitors who listen to their tales. Without moving a muscle of his face he emitted a powerful, quiet “Rot,” from somewhere out of the depths of his chest, and went on his hoarse, fragmentary mumble. “Stare at the silly rocks—nod their silly heads [the visitors, I presume]. What do they think a man is—blown-out paper bag or what?—go off pop like that when he’s hit—Damn silly yarn—Hint indeed! . . . A lie!”

You must imagine this statuesque ruffian enhaloed in the black rim of his hat, letting all this out as an old dog growls sometimes, with his head up and staring-away eyes.

"Indeed!" I exclaimed. "Well, but even if untrue it is a hint, enabling me to see these rocks, this gale they speak of, the heavy seas, etc., etc., in relation to mankind. The struggle against natural forces and the effect of the issue on at least one, say, exalted—"

He interrupted me by an aggressive:

"Would truth be any good to you?"

"I shouldn't like to say," I answered, cautiously. "It's said that truth is stranger than fiction."

"Who says that?" he mouthed.

"Oh! Nobody in particular."

I turned to the window; for the contemptuous beggar was oppressive to look at, with his immovable arm on the table. I suppose my unceremonious manner provoked him to a comparatively long speech.

"Did you ever see such a silly lot of rocks? Like plums in a slice of cold pudding."

I was looking at them—an acre or more of black dots scattered on the steel-gray shades of the level sea, under the uniform gossamer gray mist with a formless brighter patch in one place—the veiled whiteness of the cliff coming through like a diffused, mysterious radiance. It was a delicate and wonderful picture, something expressive, suggestive and desolate, a symphony in gray and black—a Whistler. But the next thing said by the voice behind me made me turn round. It voiced contempt for all associated notions of roaring seas with concise energy, then went on:

"I—no such foolishness—looking at the rocks out there—more likely call to mind an office—I used to look in sometimes at one time—office in London—one of them back streets behind Cannon Street Station. . . ."

He was very deliberate; not jerky, only fragmentary; at times profane.

"That's a rather remote connection," I observed, approaching him.

"Connection? To Hades with your connections. It was an accident."

"Still," I said, "an accident has its backward and forward connections, which, if they could be set forth—"

Without moving he seemed to lend an attentive ear.

"Aye! Set forth. That's perhaps what you could do. Couldn't you now? Sea life in this connection. But you can put it in out of your head—if you like."

"Yes. I could, if necessary," I said. "Sometimes it pays to put in a lot out of one's head, and sometimes it doesn't. I mean that the story isn't worth it. Everything's in that."

It amused me to talk to him like this. He reflected audibly that he guessed story-writers were out after money like the rest of the world which had to live by its wits: and that it was extraordinary how far people who were out after money would go. . . . Some of them.

Then he made a sally against sea life. Silly sort of life, he called it. No opportunities, no experience, no variety, nothing. Some fine men came out of it—he admitted—but no more chance in the world if put to it than fly. Kids. So Captain Harry Dunbar. Good sailor. Great name as a skipper. Big man; short side-whiskers going gray, fine face, great voice. A good fellow, but no more up to people's tricks than a baby.

"That's the captain of the *Sagamore* you're talking about," I said, confidently.

After a low, scornful "Of course" he seemed now to hold on the wall with his fixed stare the vision of that city office, "at the back of Cannon Street Station," while he growled and mouthed a fragmentary description, jerking his chin up now and then, as if angry.

It was, according to his account, a modest place of business, not shady in any sense, but out of the way, in a small street now rebuilt from end to end. "Seven doors from the Cheshire Cat under the railway bridge. Used to take my lunch there when my business called me to the city. Cloete would come in to have his chop and make the girl laugh. No need to talk much, either, for that. Nothing but the way he would twinkle his spectacles on you and give a twitch of his thick mouth was enough to start you off before he began one of his little tales. Funny fellow, Cloete. C-l-o-e-t-e—Cloete."

"What was he—a Dutchman?" I asked, not seeing in the least what all this had to do with the Westport boatmen and the Westport summer visitors

and this extraordinary old fellow's irritable view of them as liars and fools. "Devil knows," he grunted, his eyes on the wall as if not to miss a single movement of a cinematograph picture. "Spoke nothing but English, anyway. First I saw him—comes off a ship in dock from the States—passenger. Asks me for a small hotel near by. Wanted to be quiet and have a look round for a few days. I took him to a place—friend of mine. . . . Next time—in the City—Hallo! You're very obliging—have a drink. Talks plenty about himself. Been years in the States. All sorts of business all over the place. With some patent-medicine people, too. Travels. Writes advertisements and all that. Tells me funny stories. Tall, loose fellow. Black hair up on end, like a brush; long face, long legs, long arms, twinkle in his specs, jocular way of speaking—in a low voice. . . . See that?"

I nodded, but he was not looking at me.

"Never laughed so much in my life. The beggar—would make you laugh telling you how he skinned his own father. He was up to that, too. A man who's been in the patent-medicine trade will be up to anything from pitch-and-toss to wilful murder. And that's a bit of hard truth for you. Don't mind what they do—think they can carry off anything and talk themselves out of anything—all the world's a fool to them. Business man, too, Cloete. Come over with a few hundred pounds. Looking for something to do—in a quiet way. Nothing like the old country, after all. . . . And so we part—I with more drinks in me than I was used to. After a time, perhaps six months or so, I run up against him again in Mr. George Dunbar's office. Yes, *that* office. It wasn't often that I. . . . However, there was a bit of his cargo in a ship in dock that I wanted to ask Mr. George about. In comes Cloete out of the room at the back with some papers in his hand. Partner. You understand?"

"Aha!" I said. "The few hundred pounds."

"And that tongue of his," he growled. "Don't forget that tongue. Some of his tales must have opened George Dunbar's eyes a bit as to what business means."

"A plausible fellow," I suggested.

"H'm! You must have it in your

own way—of course. Well. Partner. George Dunbar puts his top-hat on and tells me to wait a moment. . . . George always looked as though he were making a few thousands a year—a city swell. . . . Come along, old man! And he and Captain Harry go out together—some business with a solicitor round the corner. Captain Harry, when he was in England, used to turn up in his brother's office regularly about twelve. Sat in a corner like a good boy, reading the paper and smoking his pipe. So they go out. . . . Model brothers, says Cloete—two love-birds—I am looking after the tinned-fruit side of this cozy little show. . . . Gives me that sort of talk. Then by-and-by: What sort of old thing is that *Sagamore*? Finest ship out—eh? I dare say all ships are fine to you. You live by them. I tell you what; I would just as soon put my money into an old stocking. Sooner!"

He drew a breath, and I noticed his hand, lying loosely on the table, close slowly into a fist. In that immovable man it was startling, ominous, like the famed nod of the Commander.

"So, already at that time—note—already," he growled.

"But hold on," I interrupted. "The *Sagamore* belonged to Mundy & Rogers, I've been told."

He snorted contemptuously. "Damn boatmen—know no better. Flew the firm's *house flag*. That's another thing. Favor. It's like this: When old man Dunbar died, Captain Harry was already in command with the firm. George chucked the bank he was clerking in—to go on his own with what there was to share after the old chap. George was a smart man. Started warehousing; then two or three things at a time: wood-pulp, preserved-fruit trade, and so on. And Captain Harry let him have his share to work with. . . . I am provided for in my ship, he says. . . . But by-and-by Mundy & Rogers begin to sell out to foreigners all their ships—go into steam right away. Captain Harry gets very upset—lose command, part with the ship he was fond of—very wretched. Just then, so it happened, the brothers came in for some money—an old woman died or something. Quite a tidy bit. Then young George says: There's enough be-

tween us two to buy the *Sagamore* with. . . . But you'll need more money for your business, cries Captain Harry—and the other laughs at him: My business is going on all right. Why, I can go out and make a handful of sovereigns while you are trying to get your pipe to draw, old man. . . . Mundy & Rogers very friendly about it: Certainly, Captain. And we will manage her for you, if you like, as if she were still our own. . . . Why, with a connection like that it was good investment to buy that ship. Good! Aye, at the time."

The turning of his head slightly toward me at this point was like a sign of strong feeling in any other man.

"You'll mind that this was long before Cloete came into it at all," he muttered, warningly.

"Yes. I will mind," I said. "We generally say: some years passed. That's soon done."

He eyed me for a while silently in an unseeing way, as if engrossed in the thought of the years so easily dealt with; his own years, too, they were, the years before and the years (not so many) after Cloete came upon the scene. When he began to speak again, I discerned his intention to point out to me, in his obscure and graphic manner, the influence on George Dunbar of long association with Cloete's easy moral standards, unscrupulously persuasive gift of humor (funny fellow), and adventurously reckless disposition. He desired me anxiously to elaborate this view, and I assured him it was quite within my powers. He wished me also to understand that George's business had its ups and downs (the other brother was meantime sailing to and fro serenely); that he got into low water at times, which worried him rather, because he had married a young wife with expensive tastes. He was having a pretty anxious time of it generally; and just then Cloete ran up in the city somewhere against a man working a patent medicine (the fellow's old trade) with some success, but which, with capital, capital to the tune of thousands to be spent with both hands on advertising, could be turned into a great thing—ininitely better-paying than a gold-mine. Cloete became excited at the possibilities of that sort of business, in which he was

an expert. I understood that George's partner was all on fire from the contact with this unique opportunity.

"So he goes in every day into George's room about eleven, and sings that tune till George gnashes his teeth with rage. Do shut up. What's the good? No money. Hardly any to go on with, let alone pouring thousands into advertising. Never dare propose to his brother Harry to sell the ship. Couldn't think of it. Worry him to death. It would be like the end of the world coming. And certainly not for a business of that kind! . . . Do you think it would be a swindle? asks Cloete, twitching his mouth. . . . George owns up: No—would be no better than a squeamish ass if he thought that, after all these years in business.

"Cloete looks at him hard— Never thought of *selling* the ship. Expected the blamed old thing wouldn't fetch half her insured value by this time. Then George flies out at him. What's the meaning, then, of these silly jeers at ship-owning for the last three weeks? Had enough of them, anyhow.

"Angry at having his mouth made to water, see. Cloete don't get excited. . . . I am no squeamish ass, either, says he, very slowly. 'Tisn't selling your old *Sagamore* wants. The blamed thing wants tomahawking (seems the name *Sagamore* means an Indian chief or something. The figure-head was a half-naked savage with a feather over one ear and a hatchet in his belt). Tomahawking, says he.

"What do you mean? asks George. . . . It could be managed with perfect safety, goes on Cloete—your brother would put in his share. Needn't tell him exactly what for. He thinks you're the smartest business man that ever lived. Make his fortune, too. . . . George grips the desk with both hands in his rage. . . . You think my brother's a man to cast away his ship on purpose. I wouldn't even dare think of such a thing in the same room with him—the finest fellow that ever lived. . . . Don't make such noise; they'll hear you outside, says Cloete; and he tells him that his brother is the salted pattern of all the virtues, but all that's necessary is to induce him to stay ashore—for a holiday—take a rest—why not? . . . In fact, I have in view somebody up to that sort of game—Cloete whispers.

"George nearly chokes. . . . So you think I am of that sort—you think me a capable— What do you take me for? . . . He almost loses his head, while Cloete keeps cool, only gets white about the gills. . . . I take you for a man who will be most cursedly hard up before long. . . . He goes to the door and sends away the clerks—there were only two—to take their lunch hour. Comes back. . . . What are you indignant about? Do I want you to rob the widow and orphan? Why, man! it's a corporation, it hasn't got a body to starve. There's forty or more of them perhaps who underwrote the lines on that silly ship of yours. Not one human being would go hungry or cold for it. They take every risk into consideration. All I tell you. . . . That sort of talk. H'm! George too upset to speak—only gurgles and waves his arms; so sudden, you see. The other, warming his back at the fire, goes on. Wood-pulp business next door to a failure. Tinned-fruit trade nearly played out. . . . You're frightened, he says; but the law is only meant to frighten fools away. . . . And he shows how safe casting away that ship would be. Premiums paid for so many, many years. No shadow of suspicion could arise. And, dash it all! a ship must meet her end some day. . . .

"I am not frightened. I am indignant, says George Dunbar.

"Cloete boiling with rage inside. Chance of a lifetime—his chance! And he says kindly: Your wife 'll be much more indignant when you ask her to get out of that pretty house of yours and pile in into a two-pair back—with kids perhaps, too. . . .

"George had no children. Married a couple of years; looked forward to a kid or two very much. Feels more upset than ever. Talks about an honest man for father, and so on. Cloete grins. You be quick before they come, and they'll have a rich man for father, and no one the worse for it. That's the beauty of the thing.

"George nearly cries. I believe he did cry at odd times. This went on for weeks. He couldn't quarrel with Cloete. Couldn't pay off his few hundreds; and besides, he was used to have him about. Weak fellow, George. Cloete generous, too. . . . Don't think of my little pile. Of course

it's gone when we have to shut up. But I don't care, he says. . . . And then there was George's new wife. When Cloete dines there, the beggar put on a dress suit; little woman liked it; . . . Mr. Cloete, my husband's partner; such a clever man, man of the world, so amusing! . . . When he dines there and they are alone: Oh, Mr. Cloete, I wish George would do something to improve our prospects. Our position is really so mediocre. . . . And Cloete smiles, but isn't surprised, because he had put all these notions himself into her empty head. . . . What your husband wants is enterprise, a little audacity. You can encourage him best, Mrs. Dunbar. . . . She was a silly, extravagant little fool. Had made George take a house in Norwood. Live up to a lot of people better off than themselves. I saw her once; silk dress, pretty boots, all feathers and scent, pink face. More like the Promenade at the Alhambra than a decent home, it looked to me. But some women do get a devil of a hold on a man."

"Yes, some do," I assented. "Even when the man is the husband."

"My missis," he addressed me unexpectedly, in a solemn, surprisingly hollow tone, "could wind me round her little finger. I didn't find it out till she was gone. Aye. But she was a woman of sense, while that piece of goods ought to have been walking the streets, and that's all I can say. . . . You must make her up out of your head. You will know the sort."

"Leave all that to me," I said.

"H'm!" he grunted, doubtfully, then going back to his scornful tone: "A month or so afterward the *Sagamore* comes home. All very jolly at first. . . . Hallo, George boy! Hallo, Harry, old man! . . . But by-and-by Captain Harry thinks his clever brother is not looking very well. And George begins to look worse. He can't get rid of Cloete's notion. It has stuck in his head. . . . There's nothing wrong—quite well. . . . Captain Harry still anxious. Business going all right, eh? Quite right. Lots of business. Good business. . . . Of course Captain Harry believes that easily. Starts chaffing his brother in his jolly way about rolling in money. George's shirt sticks to his back with perspiration, and he feels

quite angry with the captain. . . . The fool, he says to himself. Rolling in money, indeed! And then he thinks suddenly: Why not? Because Cloete's notion has got hold of his mind.

"But next day he weakens and says to Cloete . . . Perhaps it would be best to sell. Couldn't you talk to my brother? and Cloete explains to him over again for the twentieth time why selling wouldn't do, anyhow. No! The *Sagamore* must be tomahawked—as he would call it; to spare George's feelings, maybe. But every time he says the word, George shudders. . . . I've got a man at hand competent for the job who will do the trick for five hundred, and only too pleased at the chance, says Cloete. . . . George shuts his eyes tight at that sort of talk—but at the same time he thinks: Humbug! There's no such man. And yet if there was such a man it would be safe enough—perhaps.

"And Cloete always funny about it. He couldn't talk about anything without it seeming there was a great joke in it somewhere. . . . Now, says he, I know you are a moral citizen, George. Morality is mostly funk, and I think you're the funkiest man I ever came across in my travels. Why, you are afraid to speak to your brother. Afraid to open your mouth to him with a fortune for us all in sight. . . . George flares up at this: no, he ain't afraid; he will speak; bangs fist on the desk. And Cloete pats him on the back. . . . We'll be made men presently, he says.

"But the first time George attempts to speak to Captain Harry his heart slides down into his boots. Captain Harry only laughs at the notion of staying ashore. He wants no holiday, not he. But Jane thinks of remaining in England this trip. Go about a bit and see some of her people. Jane was the Captain's wife; round-faced, pleasant lady. George gives up that time; but Cloete won't let him rest. So he tries again; and the Captain frowns. He frowns because he's puzzled. He can't make it out. He has no notion of living away from his *Sagamore*. . . ."

"Ah!" I cried. "Now I understand."

"No, you don't," he growled, his black, contemptuous stare turning on me crushingly.

"I beg your pardon," I murmured.

"H'm! Very well, then. Captain Harry looks very stern, and George crumples all up inside. . . . He sees through me, he thinks. . . . Of course it could not be; but George, by that time, was scared at his own shadow. He is shirking it with Cloete, too. Gives his partner to understand that his brother has half a mind to try a spell on shore, and so on. Cloete waits, gnawing his fingers; so anxious. Cloete really had found a man for the job. Believe it or not, he had found him inside the very boarding-house he lodged in—somewhere about Tottenham Court Road. He had noticed down-stairs a fellow—a boarder and not a boarder—hanging about the dark part of the passage mostly; sort of 'man of the house,' a slinking chap. Black eyes. White face. The woman of the house—a widow lady, she called herself—very full of Mr. Stafford; Mr. Stafford this and Mr. Stafford that. . . . Anyhow, Cloete one evening takes him out to have a drink. Cloete mostly passed away his evenings in saloon bars. No drunkard, though, Cloete; for company; liked to talk to all sorts there; just habit; American fashion.

"So Cloete takes that chap out more than once. Not very good company, though. Little to say for himself. Sits quiet and drinks what's given to him, eyes always half closed, speaks sort of demure. . . . I've had misfortunes, he says. The truth was they had kicked him out of a big steamship company for disgraceful conduct; nothing to affect his certificate, you understand; and he had gone down quite easily. Liked it, I expect. Anything's better than work. Lived on the widow lady who kept that boarding-house."

"That's almost incredible," I ventured to interrupt. "A man with a master's certificate, do you mean?"

"I do; I've known them 'bus cads," he growled, contemptuously. "Yes. Swing on the tail-board by the strap and yell, 'tuppence all the way.' Through drink. But this Stafford was of another kind. Hell's full of such Staffords; Cloete would make fun of him, and then there would be a gleam in the fellow's half-shut eye. But Cloete was generally kind to him. Cloete was a fellow that would be kind to a mangy dog. Any-

how, he used to stand drinks to that object, and now and then gave him half a crown—because the widow lady kept Mr. Stafford short of pocket-money. They had rows almost every day down in the basement. . . .

"It was the fellow being a sailor that put into Cloete's mind the first notion of doing away with the *Sagamore*. He studies him a bit, thinks there's enough devil in him yet to be tempted, and one evening he says to him . . . I suppose you wouldn't mind going to sea again, for a spell? . . . The other never raises his eyes; says it's scarcely worth one's while for the miserable salary one gets. . . . Well, but what do you say to captain's wages for a time, and a couple of hundred extra if you are compelled to come home without the ship. Accidents will happen, says Cloete. . . . Oh! sure to, says that Stafford; and goes on taking sips of his drink as if he had no interest in the matter.

"Cloete presses him a bit; but the other observes, impudent and languid like: You see, there's no future in a thing like that—is there? . . . Oh! no, says Cloete. Certainly not. I don't mean this to have any future—as far as you are concerned. It's a 'once for all' transaction. Well, what do you estimate your future at? he asks. . . . The fellow more listless than ever—nearly asleep. I believe the skunk was really too lazy to care. Small cheating at cards, wheedling or bullying his living out of some woman or other, was more his style. Cloete swears at him in whispers something awful. All this in the saloon bar of the Horse Shoe, Tottenham Court Road. Finally they agree, over the second sixpennyworth of Scotch hot, on five hundred pounds as the price of tomahawking the *Sagamore*. And Cloete waits to see what George can do.

"A week or two goes by. The other fellow loafes about the house as if there had been nothing, and Cloete begins to doubt whether he really means ever to tackle that job. But one day he stops Cloete at the door, with his downcast eyes: What about that employment you wished to give me? he asks. . . . You see, he had played some more than usual dirty trick on the woman and expected awful ructions presently; and to be fired out for sure. Cloete very pleased. George

had been prevaricating to him such a lot that he really thought the thing was as well as settled. And he says: Yes. It's time I introduced you to my friend. Just get your hat and we will go now. . . .

"The two come into the office, and George at his desk sits in a sudden panic—staring. Sees a tallish fellow, sort of nasty-handsome face, heavy eyes, half shut; short drab overcoat, shabby bowler hat, very careful-like in his movements. And he thinks to himself, Is that how such a man looks! No, the thing's impossible. . . . Cloete does the introduction, and the fellow turns round to look behind him at the chair before he sits down. . . . A thoroughly competent man, Cloete goes on. The man says nothing, sits perfectly quiet. And George can't speak, throat too dry. Then he makes an effort: H'm! H'm! Oh yes—unfortunately—sorry to disappoint—my brother—made other arrangements—going himself.

"The fellow gets up, never raising his eyes off the ground, like a modest girl, and goes out softly, right out of the office without a sound. Cloete sticks his chin in his hand and bites all his fingers at once. George's heart slows down and he speaks to Cloete. . . . This can't be done. How can it be? Directly the ship is lost Harry would see through it. You know he is a man to go to the underwriters himself with his suspicions. And he would break his heart over me. How can I play that on him? There's only two of us in the world belonging to each other. . . .

"Cloete lets out a horrid cuss-word, jumps up, bolts away into his room, and George hears him there banging things around. After a while he goes to the door and says in a trembling voice: You ask me for an impossibility. . . . Cloete inside ready to fly out like a tiger and rend him, but he opens the door a little way and says softly: Talking of hearts, yours is no bigger than a mouse's, let me tell you. . . . But George doesn't care—load off the heart, anyhow. And just then Captain Harry comes in. . . . Hallo, George boy. I am a little late. What about a chop at the Cheshire, now? Right you are, old man. . . . And off they go to lunch together. Cloete has nothing to eat that day.



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"TALKING OF HEARTS, YOURS IS NO BIGGER THAN A MOUSE'S"

"George feels a new man for a time; but all of a sudden that fellow Stafford begins to hang about the street, in sight of the house door. The first time George sees him he thinks he made a mistake. But no. Next time he has to go out, there is the very fellow skulking on the other side of the road. It makes George nervous; but he must go out on business, and when the fellow cuts across the roadway he dodges him. He dodges him once, twice, three times; but at last he gets nabbed in his very doorway. . . . What do you want? he says, trying to look fierce.

"It seems that ructions had come in the basement of that boarding-house, and the widow lady had turned on him (being jealous mad), to the extent of talking of the police. *That* Mr. Stafford couldn't stand; so he cleared out like a scared stag, and there he was, chucked into the streets, so to speak. Cloete looked so savage as he went to and fro that he hadn't the spunk to tackle him; but George seemed a softer kind to his eye. He would have been glad of half a quid, anything. . . . I've had misfortunes, says he, softly, in his demure way, which frightens George more than a row would have done. . . . Consider the severity of my disappointment, he says. . . .

"George, instead of telling him to go to the devil, loses his head. . . . I don't know you. What do you want? he cries, and bolts up-stairs to Cloete. . . . Look what's come of it, he gasps; now we are at the mercy of that horrible fellow. . . . Cloete tries to show him that the fellow can do nothing; but George thinks that some sort of scandal may be forced on, anyhow. Says that he can't live with that horror haunting him. Cloete would laugh if he weren't too weary of it all. Then a thought strikes him and he changes his tune. . . . Well, perhaps! Anyway, I will go down-stairs and send him away to begin with. . . . He comes back. . . . He's gone. But perhaps you are right. The fellow's hard up, and that's what makes people desperate. The best thing would be to get him out of the country for a time. Look here, the poor devil is really in want of employment. I won't ask you much this time: only to hold your tongue; and I shall try to get your brother to take him as chief

officer. At this George lays his arms and his head on his desk, so that Cloete feels sorry for him. But altogether he feels more cheerful because he has shaken the ghost a bit into that Stafford. That very afternoon he buys him a suit of blue clothes, and tells him that he will have to turn to and work for his living now. Go to sea as mate of the *Sagamore*. The skunk wasn't very willing, but what with having nothing to eat and no place to sleep in, and the woman having frightened him with the talk of some prosecution or other, he had no choice, properly speaking. Cloete takes care of him for a couple of days. . . . Our arrangement still stands, says he. Here's the ship bound for Port Elizabeth; not a safe anchorage at all. Should she by any means break adrift in a northeast gale and get lost on the beach, as many of them do, why, it's five hundred in your pocket—and a quick return home. You are up to the job, ain't you?

"Our Mr. Stafford takes it all in with downcast eyes. . . . I am a competent seaman, he says, with his sly, modest air. A ship's mate has no doubt many opportunities to manipulate the chains and anchors to some purpose. . . . At this Cloete thumps him on the back: You'll do, my noble sailor. Go in and win. . . .

"Next thing George knows, his brother tells him that he had occasion to oblige his partner. And glad of it, too. Likes the partner no end. Took a friend of his as mate. Man had his troubles, been ashore a year nursing a dying wife, it seems. Down on his luck. . . . George protests earnestly that he knows nothing of the person. Saw him once. Not very attractive to look at. . . . And Captain Harry says in his hearty way, That's so, but must give the poor devil a chance. . . .

"So Mr. Stafford joins in dock. And it seems that he did manage to monkey with one of the cables—keeping his mind on Port Elizabeth. The riggers had all the cable ranged on deck to clean lockers. The new mate watches them go ashore—dinner hour—and sends the ship-keeper out of the ship to fetch him a bottle of beer. Then he goes to work whittling away the forelock of the forty-five-fathom shackle-pin, gives it a tap or two with a hammer just to make it loose, and of course that cable wasn't safe any more.

Riggers come back—you know what riggers are: come day, go day, and God send Sunday. Down goes the chain into the locker without their foreman looking at the shackles at all. What does he care? He ain't going in the ship. And two days later the ship goes to sea. . . ."

At this point I was incautious enough to breathe out another "I see," which gave offence again, and brought on me a rude "No, you don't"—as before. But in the pause he remembered the glass of beer at his elbow. He drank half of it, wiped his mustaches, and remarked grimly:

"Don't you think there will be any sea life in this, because there ain't. If you're going to put in any out of your own head, now's your chance. I suppose you know what ten days of bad weather in the Channel are like? I don't. Anyway, ten whole days go by. One Monday Cloete comes to the office a little late—hears a woman's voice in George's room and looks in. Newspapers on the desk, on the floor; Captain Harry's wife sitting with red eyes and a bag on the chair near her. . . . Look at this, says George, in great excitement, showing him a paper. Cloete's heart gives a jump. Ha! Wreck in the Channel. The *Sagamore* gone ashore early hours of Sunday, and so the newspaper men had time to put in some of their work. Columns of it. Life-boat out twice. Captain and crew remain by the ship. Tugs summoned to assist. If the weather improves, this well-known fine ship may yet be saved. . . . You know the way these chaps put it. . . . Mrs. Harry there on her way to catch a train from Cannon Street. Got an hour to wait.

"Cloete takes George aside and whispers: Ship saved yet! Oh, damn! That must never be; you hear? But George looks at him dazed, and Mrs. Harry keeps on sobbing quietly: . . . I ought to have been with him. But I am going to him. . . . We are all going together, cries Cloete, all of a sudden. He rushes out, sends the woman a cup of hot bovril from the shop across the road, buys a rug for her, thinks of everything; and in the train tucks her in and keeps on talking, thirteen to the dozen, all the way to keep her spirits up, as it were; but really because he can't hold his peace for very joy.

Here's the thing done all at once, and nothing to pay. Done. Actually done. His head swims now and again when he thinks of it. What enormous luck! It almost frightens him. He would like to yell and sing. Meantime George Dunbar sits in his corner, looking so deadly miserable that at last poor Mrs. Harry tries to comfort him, and so cheers herself up at the same time by talking about how her Harry is a prudent man; not likely to risk his crew's life or his own unnecessarily—and so on.

"First thing they hear at Westport station is that the life-boat has been out to the ship again, and has brought off the second officer, who had hurt himself, and a few sailors. Captain and the rest of the crew, about fifteen in all, are still on board. Tugs expected to arrive every moment.

"They take Mrs. Harry to the inn, nearly opposite the rocks; she bolts straight up-stairs to look out of the window, and she lets out a great cry when she sees the wreck. She won't rest till she gets on board to her Harry. Cloete soothes her all he can. . . . All right; you try to eat a mouthful, and we will go to make inquiries.

"He draws George out of the room: Look here, she can't go on board, but I shall. I'll see to it that he doesn't stop in the ship too long. Let's go and find the coxswain of the life-boat. . . . George follows him, shivering from time to time. The waves are washing over the old pier; not much wind, a wild, gloomy sky over the bay. In the whole world only one tug away off, heading to the seas, tossed in and out of sight every minute as regular as clockwork.

"They meet the coxswain and he tells them: Yes! He's going out again. No, they ain't in danger on board—not yet. But the ship's chance is very poor. Still, if the wind doesn't pipe up again and the sea goes down something might be tried. After some talk he agrees to take Cloete on board; supposed to be with an urgent message from the owners to the captain.

"Whenever Cloete looks at the sky he feels comforted; it looks so threatening. George Dunbar follows him about with a white face and saying nothing. Cloete takes him to have a drink or two, and by-and-by he begins to pick up. . . . That's

better, says Cloete; dash me if it wasn't like walking about with a dead man before. You ought to be throwing up your cap, man. I feel as if I wanted to stand in the street and cheer. Your brother is safe, the ship is lost, and we are made men.

"Are you certain she's lost? asks George. It would be an awful blow after all the agonies I have gone through in my mind, since you first spoke to me, if she were to be got off—and—and—all this temptation to begin over again. . . . For we had nothing to do with this; had we?

"Of course not, says Cloete. Wasn't your brother himself in charge? It's providential. . . . Oh! cries George, shocked. . . . Well, say it's the devil, says Cloete, cheerfully. I don't mind! You had nothing to do with it any more than a baby unborn, you great softy, you. . . . Cloete has got so that he almost loved George Dunbar. Well. Yes. That was so. I don't mean he respected him. He was just fond of his partner.

"They go back, you may say fairly skipping, to the hotel, and find the wife of the captain at the open window, with her eyes on the ship as if she wanted to fly across the bay over there. . . . Now then, Mrs. Dunbar, cries Cloete, you can't go, but I am going. Any messages? Don't be shy. I'll deliver every word faithfully. And if you would like to give me a kiss for him, I'll deliver that too, dash me if I don't.

"He makes Mrs. Harry laugh with his patter. . . . Oh, dear Mr. Cloete, you are a calm, reasonable man. Make him behave sensibly. He's a bit obstinate, you know, and he's so fond of the ship, too. Tell him I am here—looking on. . . . Trust me, Mrs. Dunbar. Only shut that window, that's a good girl. You will be sure to catch cold if you don't, and the Captain won't be pleased coming off the wreck to find you coughing and sneezing so that you can't tell him how happy you are. And now if you can get me a bit of tape to fasten my glasses on good to my ears, I will be going. . . .

"How he gets on board I don't know. All wet and shaken and excited and out of breath, he does get on board. Ship lying over, smothered in sprays, but not moving very much; just enough to jag one's nerve a bit. He finds them all

crowded on the deck-house forward, in their shiny oilskins, with faces like sick men. Captain Harry can't believe his eyes. What! Mr. Cloete! What are you doing here, in God's name? . . . Your wife's ashore there, looking on, gasps out Cloete; and after they had talked a bit, Captain Harry thinks it's uncommonly plucky and kind of his brother's partner to come off to him like this. Man glad to have somebody to talk to. . . . It's a bad business, Mr. Cloete, he says. And Cloete rejoices to hear that. Captain Harry thinks he had done his best. It was a great trial to lose the ship. Well, he would have to face it. He fetches a deep sigh now and then. Cloete almost sorry he had come on board, because to be on that wreck keeps his chest in a tight band all the time. They crouched out of the wind under the port boat, a little apart from the men. The life-boat had gone away after putting Cloete on board, but was coming back next high water to take off the crew if no attempt of getting the ship afloat could be made. Dusk was falling; winter's day; black sky; wind rising. Captain Harry felt melancholy. God's will be done. If she must be left on the rocks—why, she must. A man should take what God sends him standing up. . . . Suddenly his voice breaks, and he squeezes Cloete's arm: It seems as if I couldn't leave her, he whispers. Cloete looks round at the men like a lot of huddled sheep and thinks to himself: They won't stay. . . . Suddenly the ship lifts a little and sets down with a thump. Tide rising. Everybody beginning to look out for the life-boat. Some of the men made her out far away and also two more tugs. But the gale has come on again, and everybody knows that no tug will ever dare come near the ship.

"That's the end, Captain Harry says, very low. . . . Cloete thinks he never felt so cold in all his life. . . . And I feel as if I didn't care to live on just now, mutters Captain Harry. . . . Your wife's ashore, looking on, says Cloete. . . . Yes. Yes. It must be awful for her to look at the poor old ship lying here done for. Why, that's our home.

"Cloete thinks that as long as the *Sagamore's* done for he doesn't care, and only wishes himself somewhere else. The slightest movement of the ship cuts his

breath like a blow. And he feels excited by the danger, too. The captain takes him aside. . . . The life-boat can't come near us for more than an hour. Look here, Cloete, since you are here, and such a plucky one—do something for me. . . . He tells him then that down in his cabin aft in a certain drawer there is a bundle of important papers and some sixty sovereigns in a small canvas bag. Asks Cloete to go and get these things out. He hasn't been below since the ship struck, and it seems to him that if he were to take his eyes off her she would fall to pieces. And then the men—a scared lot by this time—if he were to leave them by themselves they would attempt to launch one of the ship's boats in a panic at some heavier thump—and then some of them bound to get drowned. . . . There are two or three boxes of matches about my shelves in my cabin if you want a light, says Captain Harry. Only wipe your wet hands before you begin to feel for them. . . .

"Cloete doesn't like the job, but doesn't like to show funk, either—and he goes. Lots of water on the main-deck, and he splashes along; it was getting dark, too. All at once, by the mainmast, somebody catches him by the arm. Stafford. He wasn't thinking of Stafford at all. Captain Harry had said something as to the mate not being quite satisfactory, but it wasn't much. Cloete doesn't recognize him in his oilskins at first. He sees a white face with big eyes peering at him. . . . Are you pleased, Mr. Cloete . . . ?

"Cloete is moved to laugh at the whine, and shakes him off. But the fellow scrambles on after him on the poop and down into the cabin of that wrecked ship. And there they are, the two of them; can hardly see each other. . . . You don't mean to make me believe you have had anything to do with this, says Cloete. . . .

"They both shiver, nearly out of their wits with the excitement of being on board that ship. She thumps and lurches, and they stagger together, feeling sick. Cloete again bursts out laughing at that wretched creature Stafford pretending to have been up to something so desperate. . . . Is that how you think you can treat me now? yells the other man all of a sudden. . . .

"A sea strikes the stern, the ship trem-

bles and groans all round them, there's the noise of the seas about and overhead, confusing Cloete, and he hears the other screaming as if crazy. . . . Ah, you don't believe me! Go and look at the port chain. Parted? Eh? Go and see if it's parted. Go and find the broken link. You can't. There's no broken link. That means a thousand pounds for me. No less. A thousand the day after we get ashore—prompt. I won't wait till she breaks up, Mr. Cloete. To the underwriters I go if I've to walk to London on my bare feet. Port cable! Look at her port cable, I will say to them. I doctored it—for the owners—tempted by a low rascal called Cloete.

"Cloete does not understand what it means exactly. All he sees is that the fellow means to make mischief. He sees trouble ahead. . . . Do you think you can scare me? he asks,—you poor miserable skunk. . . . And Stafford faces him out—both holding onto the cabin table: No, damn you, you are only a dirty vagabond; but I can scare the other, the chap in the black coat. . . .

"Meaning George Dunbar. Cloete's brain reels at the thought. He doesn't imagine the fellow can do any real harm, but he knows what George is; give the show away; upset the whole business he had set his heart on. He says nothing; he hears the other, what with the funk and strain and excitement, panting like a dog—and then a snarl. . . . A thousand down, twenty-four hours after we get ashore; day after to-morrow. That's my last word, Mr. Cloete. . . . A thousand pounds, day after to-morrow, says Cloete. Oh yes. And to-day take this, you dirty cur. . . . He hits straight from the shoulder in sheer rage, nothing else. Stafford goes away spinning along the bulkhead. Seeing this, Cloete steps out and lands him another one somewhere about the jaw. The fellow staggers backward right into the captain's cabin through the open door. Cloete, following him up, hears him fall down heavily and roll to leeward, then slams the door to and turns the key. . . . There! says he to himself, that will stop you from making trouble."

"By Jove!" I murmured.

The old fellow departed from his impressive immobility to turn his rakishly



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"ARE YOU PLEASED, MR. CLOETE?"

hatted head and look at me with his old, black, lack-luster eyes.

"He did leave him there," he uttered, weightily, returning to the contemplation of the wall. "Cloete didn't mean to allow anybody, let alone a thing like Stafford, to stand in the way of his great notion of making George and himself, and Captain Harry, too, for that matter, rich men. And he didn't think much of consequences. These patent-medicine chaps don't care what they say or what they do. They think the world's bound to swallow any story they like to tell. . . . He stands listening for a bit. And it gives him quite a turn to hear a thump at the door and a sort of muffled raving screech inside the captain's room. He thinks he hears his own name, too, through the awful crash as the old *Saga-more* rises and falls to a sea. That noise and that awful shock make him clear out of the cabin. He collects his senses on the poop. But his heart sinks a little at the black wildness of the night. Chances that he will get drowned himself before long. Puts his head down the companion. Through the wind and breaking seas he can hear the noise of Stafford's beating against the door and cursing. He listens and says to himself: No. Can't trust him now. . . .

"When he gets back to the top of the deck-house he says to Captain Harry, who asks him if he got the things, that he is very sorry. There was something wrong with the door. Couldn't open it. And to tell you the truth, says he, I didn't like to stop any longer in that cabin. There are noises there as if the ship were going to pieces. . . . Captain Harry thinks: Nervous; can't be anything wrong with the door. But he says: Thanks—never mind, never mind. . . . All hands looking out now for the life-boat. Everybody thinking of himself rather. Cloete asks himself, will they miss him? But the fact is that Mr. Stafford had made such poor show at sea that after the ship struck nobody ever paid any attention to him. Nobody cared what he did or where he was. Pitch dark, too—no counting of heads. The light of the tug with the life-boat in tow is seen making for the ship, and Captain Harry asks: Are we all there? . . . Somebody answers: All here, sir. . . .

Stand by to leave the ship, then, says Captain Harry; and two of you help the gentleman over first. . . . Aye, aye, sir. . . . Cloete was moved to ask Captain Harry to let him stay till last, but the life-boat drops on a grapnel abreast the fore-rigging, two chaps lay hold of him, watch their chance, and drop him into her, all safe.

"He's nearly exhausted; not used to that sort of thing, you see. He sits in the stern-sheets with his eyes shut. Don't want to look at the white water boiling all around. The men drop into the boat one after another. Then he hears Captain Harry's voice shouting in the wind to the coxswain, to hold on a moment, and some other words he can't catch, and the coxswain yelling back: Don't be long, sir. . . . What is it? Cloete asks, feeling faint. . . . Something about the ship's papers, says the coxswain, very anxious. It's no time to be fooling about alongside, you understand. They haul the boat off a little and wait. The water flies over her in sheets. Cloete's senses almost leave him. He thinks of nothing. He's numb all over, till there's a shout: Here he is! . . . They see a figure in the fore-rigging waiting—they slack away on the grapnel-line and get him in the boat quite easy. There is a little shouting—it's all mixed up with the noise of the sea. Cloete fancies that Stafford's voice is talking away quite close to his ear. There's a lull in the wind, and Stafford's voice seems to be speaking very fast to the coxswain; he tells him that of course he was near his skipper, was all the time near him, till the old man said at the last moment that he must go and get the ship's papers from aft; would insist on going himself; told him, Stafford, to get into the life-boat. . . . He had meant to wait for his skipper, only there came this smooth of the seas, and he thought he would take his chance at once.

"Cloete opens his eyes. Yes. There is Stafford sitting close by him in that crowded life-boat. The coxswain stoops over Cloete and cries: Did you hear what the mate said, sir? . . . Cloete's face feels as if it were set in plaster, lips and all. Yes, I did, he forces himself to answer. The coxswain waits a moment, then says: I don't like it. . . . And he turns to the mate, telling him it was a pity he

did not try to run along the deck and hurry up the Captain when the lull came. Stafford answers at once that he did think of it, only he was afraid of missing him on the deck in the dark. For, he says, the Captain might have got over at once, thinking I was already in the life-boat, and you would have hauled off perhaps, leaving me behind. . . . True enough, says the coxswain. A minute or so passes. This won't do, mutters the coxswain. Suddenly Stafford speaks up in a sort of hollow voice: I was by when he told Mr. Cloete here that he didn't know how he would ever have the courage to leave the old ship; didn't he, now? . . . And Cloete feels his arm being gripped quietly in the dark. . . . Didn't he now? We were standing together just before you went over, Mr. Cloete? . . .

"Just then the coxswain cries out: I'm going on board to see. . . . Cloete tears his arm away: I am going with you. . . .

"When they got aboard, the coxswain tells Cloete to go aft along one side of the ship and he would go along the other so as not to miss the Captain. . . . And feel about with your hands, too, says he; he might have fallen and be lying insensible somewhere on the deck. . . . When Cloete gets at last to the cabin companion on the poop the coxswain is already there, peering down and sniffing. There's a smell of smoke down there, says he. And he yells: Are you there, sir? . . . This is not a case for shouting, says Cloete, feeling his heart go stony, as it were. . . . Down they go. Pitch dark; the inclination so sharp that the coxswain, groping his way into the captain's room, slips and goes tumbling down. Cloete hears him cry out as though he had hurt himself, and asks what's the matter. And the coxswain answers quietly that he fell on the captain, lying there insensible. Cloete without a word begins to grope all over the shelves for a box of matches, finds one, and strikes a light. He sees the coxswain in his cork jacket kneeling over Captain Harry. . . . Blood, says the coxswain, looking up, and the match goes out. . . .

"Wait a bit, says Cloete; I'll make paper spills. . . . He had felt the back of books on the shelves. And so he stands lighting

one spill from another while the coxswain looks poor Captain Harry over. Dead, he says. Shot through the heart. Here's the revolver. . . . He hands it up to Cloete, who looks at it before putting it in his pocket, and sees a plate on the butt with *H. Dunbar* on it. . . . His own, he mutters. . . . Whose else revolver did you expect to find? snaps the coxswain. And look, he took off his long oil-skin in the cabin before he went in. But what's this lot of burnt paper? What would he want to burn the ship's papers for? . . .

"Cloete sees all the little drawers drawn out, and asks the coxswain to look well into them. . . . There's nothing, says the man. Cleaned out. Seems to have pulled out all he could lay his hands on and set fire to the lot. Mad—that's what it is—went mad. And now he's dead. You'll have to break it to his wife. . . .

"I feel as if I were going mad myself, says Cloete, suddenly, and the coxswain begs him for God's sake to pull himself together, and drags him away from the cabin. They had to leave the body, and as it was they were just in time before a furious squall came on. Cloete is dragged into the life-boat and the coxswain tumbles in. Haul away on the grapnel, he shouts; the captain has shot himself. . . .

"Cloete was like a dead man—didn't care for anything. He let that Stafford pinch his arm twice without making a sign. Most of Westport was on the old pier to see the men out of the life-boat, and at first there was a sort of confused cheery uproar when she came alongside; but after the coxswain has shouted something the voices die out, and everybody is very quiet. As soon as Cloete has set foot on something firm he becomes himself again. The coxswain shakes hands with him: Poor woman, poor woman, I'd rather you had the job than I. . . .

"Where's the mate?" asks Cloete. He's the last man who spoke to the master. . . . Somebody ran along—the crew were being taken to the Mission Hall, where there was a fire and shake-downs ready for them—somebody ran along the pier and caught up with Stafford. . . . Here! The owner's agent wants you. . . . Cloete tucks the fellow's arm under his own and walks away with him to the left, where the fishing-harbor is. . . . I suppose I

haven't misunderstood you. You wish me to look after you a bit, says he. The other hangs on him rather limp, but gives a nasty little laugh. You had better, he mumbles; but mind, no tricks; no tricks, Mr. Cloete; we are on land now.

"There's a police office within fifty yards from here, says Cloete. He turns into a little public house, pushes Stafford along the passage. The landlord runs out of the bar. . . . This is the mate of the ship on the rocks, Cloete explains; I wish you would take care of him a bit to-night. . . . What's the matter with him? asks the man. Stafford leans against the wall in the passage, looking ghastly. And Cloete says it's nothing—done up, of course. . . . I will be responsible for the expense; I am the owner's agent. I'll be round in an hour or two to see him.

"And Cloete gets back to the hotel. The news had traveled there already, and the first thing he sees is George outside the door as white as a sheet waiting for him. Cloete just gives him a nod and they go in. Mrs. Harry stands at the head of the stairs, and, when she sees only these two coming up, flings her arms above her head and runs into her room. Nobody had dared tell her, but not seeing her husband was enough. Cloete hears an awful shriek. . . . Go to her, he says to George.

"While he's alone in the private parlor Cloete drinks a glass of brandy and thinks it all out. Then George comes in. . . . The landlady's with her, he says. And he begins to walk up and down the room, flinging his arms about and talking, disconnected like, his face set and hard as Cloete has never seen it before. . . . What must be, must be. Dead—only brother. Well, dead—his troubles over. But we are living, he says to Cloete; and I suppose, says he, glaring at him with hot, dry eyes, that you won't forget to wire in the morning to your friend that we are coming in for certain. . . .

"Meaning the patent-medicine fellow. . . . Death is death and business is business, George goes on; and look—my hands are clean, he says, showing them to Cloete. Cloete thinks: He's going crazy. He catches hold of him by the shoulders and begins to shake him:

Damn you—if you had had the sense to know what to say to your brother, if you had had the spunk to speak to him at all, you moral creature you, he would be alive now, he shouts.

"At this George stares, then bursts out weeping with a great bellow. He throws himself on the couch, buries his face in a cushion, and howls like a kid. . . . That's better, thinks Cloete, and he leaves him, telling the landlord that he must go out, as he has some little business to attend to that night. The landlord's wife, weeping herself, catches him on the stairs: Oh, sir, that poor lady will go out of her mind. . . .

"Cloete goes out, thinking to himself: Oh no! She won't. She will get over it. Nobody will go mad about this affair unless I do. It isn't sorrow that makes people go mad, but worry.

"There Cloete was wrong. What affected Mrs. Harry was that her husband should take his own life, with her, as it were, looking on. She brooded over it so that in less than a year they had to put her into a Home. She was very, very quiet; just gentle melancholy. She lived for quite a long time.

"Well, Cloete splashes along in the wind and rain. Nobody in the streets—all the excitement over. The publican runs out to meet him in the passage and says to him: Not this way. He isn't in his room. We couldn't get him to go to bed nohow. He's in the little parlor there. We lighted him a fire. . . . You have been giving him drinks too, says Cloete; I never said I would be responsible for drinks. How many? . . . Two, says the other. It's all right. I don't mind doing that much for a shipwrecked sailor. . . . Cloete smiles his funny smile. Eh? Come. He paid for them. . . . The publican just blinks. . . . Gave you gold, didn't he? Speak up! . . . What of that! cries the man. What are you after, anyway? He had the right change for his sovereign.

"Just so, says Cloete. He walks into the parlor, and there he sees our Stafford; hair all up on end, landlord's shirt and pants on, bare feet in slippers, sitting by the fire. When he sees Cloete he casts his eyes down.

"You didn't mean us ever to meet again, Mr. Cloete, Stafford says, demure-

ly. . . . That fellow, when he had the drink he wanted—he wasn't a drunkard—would put on this sort of sly, modest air. . . . But since the captain committed suicide, he says, I have been sitting here thinking it out. All sorts of things happen. Conspiracy to lose the ship—attempted murder—and this suicide. For if it was not suicide, Mr. Cloete, then I know of a victim of the most cruel, cold-blooded attempt at murder; somebody who has suffered a thousand deaths. And that makes the thousand pounds of which we spoke once a quite insignificant sum. Look how very convenient this suicide is. . . .

“He looks up at Cloete then, who smiles at him and comes quite close to the table.

“You killed Harry Dunbar, he whispers. . . . The fellow glares at him and shows his teeth: Of course I did! I had been in that cabin for an hour and a half like a rat in a trap. . . . Shut up and left to drown in that wreck. Let flesh and blood judge. Of course I shot him! I thought it was you, you murdering scoundrel, come back to settle me. He opens the door flying and tumbles right down upon me; I had a revolver in my hand, and I shot him. I was crazy. Men have gone crazy for less.

“Cloete looks at him without flinching. Aha! That's your story, is it? . . . And he shakes the table a little in his passion as he speaks. . . . Now listen to mine. What's this conspiracy? Who's going to prove it? You were there to rob. You were rifling his cabin; he came upon you unawares with your hands in the drawer; and you shot him with his own revolver. You killed to steal—to steal! His brother and the clerks in the office know that he took sixty pounds with him to sea. Sixty pounds in gold in a canvas bag. He told me where they were. The coxswain of the life-boat can swear to it that the drawers were all empty. And you are such a fool that before you're half an hour ashore you change a sovereign to pay for a drink. Listen to me. If you don't turn up day after to-morrow at George Dunbar's solicitors to make the proper deposition as to the loss of the ship I shall set the police on your track. Day after to-morrow. . . .

“And then what do you think? That

Stafford begins to tear his hair. Just so Tugs at it with both hands without saying anything. Cloete gives a push to the table which nearly sends the fellow off his chair, tumbling inside the fender; so that he has got to catch hold of it to save himself. . . .

“You know the sort of man I am, Cloete says, fiercely. I've got to a point that I don't care what happens to me. I would shoot you now for tuppence.

“At this the cur dodges under the table. Then Cloete goes out, and as he turns in the street—you know, little fishermen's cottages, all dark; raining in torrents, too—the other opens the window of the parlor and speaks in a sort of crying voice:

“You low Yankee fiend—I'll pay you off some day.

“Cloete passes by with a damn bitter laugh, because he thinks that the fellow in a way has paid him off already, if he only knew it.”

My impressive ruffian drank what remained of his beer, while his black, sunken eyes looked at me over the rim.

“I don't quite understand this,” I said. “In what way?”

He unbent a little and explained without too much scorn that Captain Harry being dead, his half of the insurance money went to his wife, and her trustees of course bought consols with it. Enough to keep her comfortable. George Dunbar's half, as Cloete feared from the first, did not prove sufficient to launch the medicine well; other moneyed men stepped in, and these two had to go out of that business, pretty nearly shorn of everything.

“I am curious,” I said, “to learn what the impelling force of this tragic affair was—I mean the patent medicine. Do you know?”

He named it, and I whistled respectfully. Nothing less than Parker's Lively Lumbago Pills. Enormous property! You know it; all the world knows it. Every second man, at least, on this globe of ours has tried it.

“Why!” I cried, “they missed an immense fortune.”

“Yes,” he mumbled, “by the price of a revolver-shot.”

He told me also that eventually Cloete returned to the States, passenger in a



Drawn by Anton Otto Fischer

"WHAT'S THIS CONSPIRACY? WHO'S GOING TO PROVE IT?"

cargo-boat from Albert Dock. The night before he sailed he met him wandering about the quays, and took him home for a drink. "Funny chap, Cloete. We sat all night drinking grogs, till it was time for him to go on board."

It was then that Cloete, unembittered but weary, must have told him this story, with that utterly unconscious frankness of a patent-medicine man void of all moral standards. He concluded by remarking that he had "had enough of the old country." George Dunbar had turned on him, too, in the end. Cloete was clearly somewhat disillusioned.

As to Stafford, he died, professed loafer, in some East End hospital or other, and on his last day clamored "for a parson," because his conscience worried him for killing an innocent man. "Wanted somebody to tell him it was all right," growled my old ruffian, contemptuously. "He told the parson that I knew this Cloete who had tried to murder him, and so the parson (he worked among the

dock laborers) once spoke to me about it."

The old fellow struck the table with his ponderous fist.

"What makes me sick is to hear these silly boatmen telling people the captain committed suicide. Pah! Captain Harry was a man that could face his Maker any time up there, and here below, too. He wasn't the sort to slink out of life. Not he! He was a good man down to the ground. He gave me my first job as stevedore only three days after I got married."

As the vindication of Captain Harry from the charge of suicide seemed to be his only object, I did not thank him very effusively. This story really should have been transposed to the South Seas to be really acceptable. It's too startling to think that such things happen in our respectable Channel. But it would have been too much trouble. And so here it is as told—but unfortunately robbed of the impressive effect of the narrator.

"Frost To-Night"

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

APPLE-GREEN west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star. . .
And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will,
Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still."

Then, I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied,—
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till to-night!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
And I gathered them all,—the splendid throng,
And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost to-night—so clear and dead-still . . ."
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

Compulsory Composition in Colleges

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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THERE is a peculiar satisfaction in the expression of novel views with which everybody will agree. But little inferior is the satisfaction of expressing views with which nobody will agree. In this latter case exceptional keenness is added to the enjoyment when one recognizes that the sentiments set forth will meet not merely with dissent, but with unqualified condemnation from every right-thinking person: that these views will be fortunate indeed if they succeed in escaping the designation of diabolical. As a consequence, the utterer sinks so low in the estimation of the judicious that it becomes simply impossible for him to sink lower.

It is to a pleasure of this sort that I am about to treat myself by a discussion of that kind of theme-writing which goes with us under the name of college compositions. Along with it comes up for consideration the attitude of the public in regard to the desirability and importance of such compositions. The readiness I shall here exhibit in offering myself as a scapegoat to bear into the wilderness the iniquities of myself and my brethren may be taken as an apology, if it cannot be deemed an excuse, for the occasional record found here of personal experiences and the frequent employment of the pronoun of the first person.

It therefore seems right to say at the outset that there is one serious disadvantage under which I labor in discussing the subject. For about a quarter of a century a distinctly recognizable share of my time was spent in reading and correcting college themes. I have consequently had a good deal of experience in dealing with the questions to be considered. To the unthinking this may seem a help toward their proper treatment. On the contrary, it is a positive hindrance. There is nothing so certain to warp the conclusions of the

pure intellect working on this subject as actual experience. Familiarity, either wearisome or disturbing, with details deprives the critical soul of the power of considering the various problems involved with full detachment from the notions and prejudices which these details beget. Accordingly more confidence is generally felt by the public, and invariably far more by the utterer himself, in the conclusions of him whose happy lot it has been to escape this drudgery. He can take a commanding view of the whole situation, unaffected by the intrusion of doubts which arise from the knowledge of discordant and disturbing fact. He can put forth dicta as to what ought and what ought not to be done, unembarrassed by beliefs born of experience in the class-room as to what can and what cannot be done.

There are those who will recall the fact that some forty years ago a great wave of educational reform swept over the land. Attention was directed to many subjects; but the one that concerns us here is English language and literature. It is to be borne in mind that at the time this agitation began there had never been any real requirement in the study of either, certainly no more than that which exists still in the two great English universities. Work of the sort now implied by it was then a novelty in American institutions of learning. The attention at present paid to English language and literature is not only modern, it is late modern. Knowledge of it as a requirement for entrance is even more modern. It was not until some years after the Civil War that the study of English literature was generally taken up in our higher institutions of learning. If provision chanced to be made for it anywhere previously, it was accidental, depending upon the desire or caprice of the instructor, not upon the policy

adopted for instruction. A student could pass through most if not all of our leading colleges without being asked to read a single English book or to hear from any instructor the name of a single English author.

The first method taken to supply this assumed defect was to require the student not to make himself familiar with English literature itself, but with the contents of some text-book giving an account of it. This was the transition period. No more skilful device to kill interest in the subject was ever concocted. The unfortunate undergraduate was compelled to learn the titles of books which he had never read and never expected to read, written by authors of whose names he had frequently never heard before and in many cases would never hear of again. Long and dreary catalogues of dates and subjects, beggarly abstracts of the lives and writings of men of whom he knew little and for whom he cared less, was the sort of chaff which was served up as the food for the literary banquet provided. If there were latent in any soul a reprehensible desire to know something of literature itself, no more all-sufficient scheme could have been contrived to correct and repress any mischievous tendencies of the sort.

The result of the earlier neglect of the theoretically proper instruction, it may be remarked in passing, was not, after all, so bad as it might be inferred it would have been. In truth, the experience of the English universities, where the same indifference and even greater indifference in regard to this whole subject prevailed and probably still prevails, seems to indicate that there is more in the let-alone policy than most have been disposed to accord to it. Doubtless some persons missed an inspiration they would have received had this been a required study, just as others may have been saved from a corresponding aversion. But whatever reading of authors then took place was natural, because it was voluntary; whatever was taken into the mind was beneficial, because it was thoroughly assimilated. A haphazard system of education which has produced such men of letters as Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Bryant—to mention a few—may have something to

say for itself when contrasted with a system which so far has not been successful in developing any persons to fill their places. But this is an altogether different story, which can wait its time. Our concern here is not with the study of English literature proper, but with an offshoot of it, which was then and even now is considered by large numbers to be the thing itself.

For the conception of the proper study of English literature, which was held by many and perhaps by most, during this period of agitation, was that it consisted mainly, if not entirely, in writing themes upon given subjects. With this the study of some text-book of rhetoric was to be conjoined. Theory and practice would thus happily go hand in hand. As an additional requirement, these themes were to be written frequently. They were also to be corrected with a care and thoroughness previously unknown. Such was the programme of the future. In the discussion of it the whole country engaged. So far as could be gathered from the newspapers, there was practical unanimity of view not merely as to the desirability of carrying it out, but as to the absolute necessity. There had been, we were told, shameful negligence in the past as regards this whole matter; there still continued to be shameful negligence in the present. It should be remedied at once. One thing in particular was imperatively demanded. Students must be taught to use their own language with purity and propriety. Not merely the best but the only way recognized to bring about this result was constant practice in writing by the student and constant criticism by the instructor of what was written.

The leading universities of the country were frequently reproached for their neglect of this all-important matter. They were told that in this particular they were far behind numerous other institutions which did not make their pretensions and possessed not a tithe of their resources. The newspapers poured forth comment and criticism in profusion from the never-exhausted cornucopia of editorial wisdom. Harvard University was for a time singled out for special attack. The decadence of its instruction in this particular was more than once

regretfully or reproachfully pointed out. I remember a religious weekly—for some inexplicable reason they were in those days termed religious—censuring that university for its neglect of this subject. It was shamefully disregarding its duty of developing the budding literary genius of America by failing to require very frequent exercises in composition and to subject everything composed to the strictest examination and correction. In an article in another one of these so-called religious weeklies Harvard was not merely censured for its inaction in this particular, but another institution was held up to gaze as furnishing a standing reproach to it for its scandalous disregard of its duty. This, it may be said in passing, was a very excellent seminary for girls in Brooklyn. In that, we were informed, each composition was carefully read over by the instructor in the presence of the writer. The former, after becoming fully gorged with the literary feast provided and thoroughly digesting it, proceeded to point out the errors committed in the concoction and mixture of the ingredients. "Go thou and do likewise," was the injunction implied and indeed almost directly asserted.

It was certainly consoling to learn from this inspired writer that there was balm in Brooklyn, if no longer in Boston. Provision had been made somewhere for budding native genius and for the training up of a body of great authors who were to illuminate the land. But the cheerfulness of this prospect did not mitigate the censure passed upon the university compared; its culpability was only the more vehemently insisted upon. It was in truth a hard time for professors in our older institutions of learning who were not impressed by this popular clamor, or, as I should prefer to call it, this popular cackle. No achievement in their legitimate field of activity saved them from attack. Professor Child, then the head of the English department in Harvard, had his duty constantly pointed out to him in the newspapers by graduates of the university—at least they termed themselves so. He was steadily called to account in language which implied reproach, when it did not convey censure. "What is the Boylston pro-

fessor of Rhetoric and Oratory doing?" was, he told me, the burden of many a cry which found utterance in communications sent to the press of the neighboring city by men filled with anxiety, not to say anguish, for the literary future of the nation. They not infrequently contrasted him to his disadvantage with his predecessor.

I myself had been reading somewhere at the time an article in which this predecessor was authoritatively said to have raised the literary standard of all America. Such a feat would naturally strike any one as a good deal of an achievement. Just placed in a somewhat similar position in another institution, I was anxious to learn how this result had been brought about. What was the proper course for me to take in order that I too might contribute what little I could toward the maintenance of this same literary standard, even though I could do nothing toward its further elevation? So I asked a number of questions as to the methods which had been followed, especially these two. Had any real effort been put forth to inspire the student with a taste for literature itself? Had he been asked or urged to read a single English classic author? To both these questions the answer was in the negative. Further inquiry showed that nothing had been undertaken outside of the old familiar methods. What had been done was very likely better done; but of itself it furnished no solution of the problem which presented itself to those who saw clearly the fallacy underlying the popular delusion on the subject.

That delusion, however, was then so prevalent and powerful that all our colleges were compelled to bow before the storm. Even the men who recognized clearly the fallaciousness of the views so clamorously proclaimed were forced to comply with the popular demand, if not to save themselves, to save the institution to which they belonged. If they failed to join in the chase started by this educational hue and cry, they were stigmatized as being behind the age—where, it may be added, it is often a very good place to be. Their attitude was declared to be one of culpable indifference to the progress of the race. If, however, they and the institutions with which they

were connected would bend their energies to the performance of the work which their critics were good enough to lay out for them, we were assured that it would be a mere question of time, and indeed of comparatively short time, when every one would write good English, and some write English that was more than merely good. Consequently, unless all signs or rather all promises failed, we should in a quarter of a century behold the appearance of a body of great authors such as the country had never known before. If it be said that I am here setting up a standard which no men of sense ever pretended could be reached—though some pretended it who thought they were men of sense—I will modify the statement and say that we were to have a body of writers, every one of whom would know how to express himself clearly, would never use a word improperly, would never violate a rule of syntax, would never construct a sentence which could not endure the strictest grammatical scrutiny.

Assuredly these and similar glowing anticipations of the speedy coming of a spotless linguistic and literary millenium were then entertained and expressed. Forty years have gone by since the virtues of this panacea for our ills were loudly proclaimed. Ample time has accordingly been furnished to test its efficacy. By their fruits shall ye know them. No one is now likely to pretend that the results actually secured by the workings of this great regenerative experiment, faithfully carried on as it has been in some places even if slighted in others, correspond with the results predicted. Our heavens are not yet strown with literary stars of the first magnitude. If there is any method of producing great writers to order, the method from which so much was anticipated is manifestly not the one. To be sure, there are now many men who write excellently; but there is no increase in the proportional number of this body. Nor do these write better than their predecessors who did not enjoy their boasted advantages. It may be said that this result is no fault of the method adopted; but even were this to be conceded, it cannot be proclaimed as one of its successes.

In truth, to any thoughtful man who

understood the nature of the problem presented, the experiment was foredoomed to failure. It rested throughout upon a series of false assumptions. I am by no means disposed to go so far as the historian of New England, John Gorham Palfrey, who, as I have been told, was wont to express the desire that an act of Congress should be passed forbidding on pain of death anyone under twenty-one years of age to write a sentence. Excess in one direction cannot be remedied by excess in the opposite. Still, none the less am I thoroughly convinced that altogether undue importance is attached to exercises in English composition, especially compulsory exercises; that the benefits to be derived from the general practice in schools is vastly overrated; that the criticism of themes, even when it is fully competent, is in the majority of cases of little value to the recipient; that in a large number of instances the criticism is and must ever be more or less incompetent; and that when the corrections which are made are made inefficiently and unintelligently, as is too often the case, the results reached are distinctly more harmful than helpful.

It is quite needless to say that such views are far from representing the opinion now prevailing. To that, in fact, they are utterly opposed. From hundreds of editorial and educational pulpits the duty of writing themes is constantly preached; furthermore, the duty of writing them frequently. It is not because there is any demand for the course of instruction, so earnestly recommended, on the part of a large proportion of those who are theoretically to be benefited by it. On the contrary, the average student loathes it. Instead of hungering and thirsting for this sort of intellectual nutriment, he has to have it forced down his throat. He is compelled to write whether he cares to write or not. In the majority of cases he does not care. The results follow which might naturally be expected. Not feeling its necessity or value, he not infrequently resorts to various devices to evade its requirements. Compositions are bought where they cannot be safely stolen. Here, as elsewhere in life, wealth enables its possessor to secure what his brains fail to supply. Hence the task of composition,

while compulsory in theory, is to no small extent optional in practice. Even when sense of honor or lack of money or fear of consequences leads the student to reject extraneous aid and to produce something by his own unaided efforts, the work is, after all, done perfunctorily, for in it he has no real interest. The evils inevitably follow that wait upon perfunctory performance. In truth, were the object of these compulsory exercises to bring into being essays marked by slovenliness of diction, inaccuracy of statement, vapidness of thought, no better means could well have been devised to reach the end aimed at.

The belief in this method of developing literary ability rests in truth upon a series of fallacies. The fundamental one, underlying all the others, is that the art of expression is something which can be made a matter of direct instruction, just as arithmetic can be, or history, or chemistry, or any foreign tongue. There are things connected with it, or bearing upon it, of which this is undoubtedly true. There are certain results, largely mechanical in their nature, which can be achieved in the class-room. For the attainment of these the business of instruction can hardly be commenced too early or carried on too thoroughly. The child can be trained to master certain matters which are essential to all correct speaking and writing. He can be made to avoid, at any rate to recognize, certain common improprieties and vulgarities of expression. He can be taught the leading facts of declension and conjugation. He can be shown how to construct simple sentences which are not characterized by a virulent hostility to the ordinary rules of grammar. It is possible to go farther and make clear to the most immature mind how the arrangement of words in the sentence can cause or cure ambiguity of meaning. It is desirable also to impart a knowledge not of what grammar requires, but merely convention, such, for example, as the capitalization of words as practised in English. Again it is well for the pupil to learn some of the various systems of punctuation in vogue, if at the same time care be taken not to give him the conviction that the particular punctuation he is taught to use has been somehow divinely inspired.

All these things, however, are elementary. They can be learned and ought to be learned at a comparatively early age. That they are frequently not learned till late, and sometimes not at all, is unquestionably true. But this is largely so because the time and application which should have been devoted to the mastery of these elementary facts has been diverted to the more ambitious scheme of making the child set out to give expression to ideas before he has any ideas to express. The colleges throw upon the preparatory schools the responsibility for the inevitable failure to reach satisfactory results in these preliminary matters connected with composition, instead of placing it, where it belongs, upon their own preposterous expectations and requirements in another field.

For when we come to the communication of the results of investigation or the expression of thought we are entering upon a distinct field of intellectual activity. We are asking young and undeveloped minds to lay aside what is for them the natural occupation of acquiring knowledge, and to take up, on no matter how limited a scale, the rôle of producer and critic. A few may be fitted for this work; but necessarily at an early period of life such persons are very few. But were it conceded that this method was in itself good for all, two obstacles stand in the way of any success resulting from its universal adoption. One of these has already been indicated. No progress worth speaking of is ever made in any study where the learner himself is not interested in the subject. No one will pretend that under our present compulsory system interest in the writing of themes exists for the majority of students. As they have no desire to be taught, little heed is paid to the instruction given and to the corrections made, even when the work of examination and criticism has been done with peculiar excellence.

But just at this point the second practical difficulty shows itself. So far from the work of examination and criticism being performed with peculiar excellence, it is often performed with no excellence at all. To discharge this duty successfully requires, in addition to cultivated taste, a fullness of familiarity with

our language and literature which it is out of the power of the average teacher to secure, even if he has the desire. Under the compulsory system now prevailing the task of reading and correcting themes is one of deadly dullness. Men who are really fitted to perform the work properly are exceedingly rare; and when found they will not persist in carrying on this most distasteful of occupations, unless compelled by necessity. It is consequently looked upon as merely a stepping-stone to something else.

We are indeed frequently assured by those who have been themselves careful never to try this sort of work that the state of mind just indicated is all wrong; that the reading and correcting of themes is one of the noblest occupations to which the human mind can devote itself. Occasionally men of letters have been found to express themselves as pained and shocked that the land does not swarm with instructors who are burning with eagerness to lead young and growing minds into the paths of pure and lofty expression, which these callow youth are supposed to be anxious to tread. Nothing more delightful could well be conceived than to round up this whole body of sorrowing souls and compel each and every one of them to prepare upon short notice essays upon subjects which they know nothing about and in which they have not the slightest interest; for this is the very thing which our institutions of learning are persistently asking, not of trained writers who are presumably possessed of some ideas of their own, but of raw and immature minds which are supplied with little knowledge and are but slightly addicted to reflection. These literary extollers of our present methods would rise up from the experiment wiser men, and probably a good deal sadder.

As a consequence of the condition of things just indicated, more and more does the business of correcting and criticizing themes tend steadily to fall into the hands of those who are incompetent to do anything much better, and therefore incompetent to do this well. They may be earnest and well-intentioned, but they have themselves little experience in the practice of composition and little knowledge of the best usage of which no one knows too much. Furthermore,

they frequently have but slight familiarity with the literature upon which such usage is based. Even those who are free from this reproach are too rarely in the habit of noting the way in which the very authors express themselves whom they profess to admire and imitate. The practice of these they do not observe and follow. Instead they take as their guide some manual of usage which is peculiar in its class if it does not inculcate as many errors as it corrects.

The teaching of those who do not base their criticism of language upon the usage of the great writers of our literature has necessarily no value as a guide to propriety of expression. Worse than that, it is fairly sure to become to some extent a fountain of error. Though the words of such instructors are of no real authority, yet from the position of vantage they occupy they are enabled to impose upon the immature minds under them their crude and often erroneous conception of what is proper and improper in speech. They condemn what they have not sufficient knowledge of the historical development of the speech to understand. They naturally join in the relentless crusade which is carried on by the half-trained against the time-honored idioms of our tongue. The thoughtless and indifferent student usually is saved from the worst consequences of instruction of this sort by the habit he has formed of paying no heed to any instruction at all. Yet even the most careless is fairly certain to have lodged in his brain some one or two of the errors thus imparted, in spite of his untiring efforts not to learn anything. These in time come to serve him as his particular standard of good usage. They enable him to set up as the oracle of the fireside, on propriety of expression, and sometimes of the hamlet and of the editorial chair. All this diffusion of error is carried on under the guise of preserving the speech in its purity.

To write English with purity and propriety! In the eyes of those who derive their knowledge of good usage mainly from manuals which profess to set it forth, such a thing as expressing one's self with absolute correctness is hardly within the realm of possibility. The country swarms with educated prigs

who are ready to prove to you that all the classic authors of our speech abound in errors, sometimes in gross errors. Not one of these authors, ancient or modern, has been able to produce anything in which some superior person, versed in the lore of the latest text-books on propriety of usage, is not able to point out numerous lapses from the pure and perfect diction which the critic is confident that he displays in his own utterance. Provender of this sort dished out in schools is naturally imparted to the rest of the community by the graduates of those schools as soon as they occupy the teacher's or editor's chair. Idioms and constructions employed unhesitatingly by every great master of our speech are as unhesitatingly condemned. Have we not been told again and again that *none* must never be used as the subject of a plural verb; that *whose* must never be used as a relative to an antecedent without life; that the superlative degree must never be employed in the comparison of two; that an objective case cannot properly follow a verb in the passive voice; that the dreadful neologism of *would better* with the infinitive should be substituted for *had better*? These and similar assaults upon correct and idiomatic diction, involving as they do ignorance of the language as well as of the literature, are regularly perpetrated under the pretense of maintaining the purity of the speech. The hapless victim of such instruction cannot take up a single classic author in our tongue without finding him doing the very things which he himself is told cannot be done with propriety. With these splendid failures before his eyes, what hope can the raw and untrained school-boy entertain of ever being able to write the language correctly?

It is fairly certain, indeed, that under our present system no small share of the instruction given in composition conveys as much error as truth. But let us assume for the sake of the argument that it is absolutely faultless; that the teacher himself is efficient; that the correction of mistakes or supposed mistakes is itself made correctly. Even then the result aimed at can never be reached in this way. The real object of all effort in this direction is or should

be the attainment of positive excellence, whereas the main office of the instruction just described is to correct error. Its results are therefore almost entirely negative. The avoidance of error is unquestionably a good thing. No one is likely to deny its importance. But many will be found to deny its supreme importance. Yet this virtue, largely negative in its nature, is held up before the eyes of the public as the one thing all-essential. It is the misconception of the value to be derived from this sort of training in composition which has led to the beliefs now generally entertained and to the methods now generally pursued. The work which correction of error can do is humble work; but so far as it goes, if well done, it is good work. But it does not go far. It contributes practically nothing to that felicity of expression which it is the aim of the writer to attain, and but very little to his clearness. Furthermore, it is not the only way and hardly the best way to reach the result sought; for freedom from fault is itself fairly sure to come in time if positive excellence has once been secured.

There is an experience very far from being frequent, but still occasionally encountered by him who is intrusted with the duty of instruction in composition. Two themes come up for consideration which though treating of the same subject are marked by a peculiar contrast. One is deformed by errors of various sorts, by the use of locutions which are not permissible in correct speech, by constructions for which the resources of grammar would be tasked in order to find a satisfactory explanation. Yet in spite of these glaring faults the work done is somehow interesting. What is said is said with so much vivacity and occasional felicity that it attracts and holds the attention. Notwithstanding its linguistic lapses, it has fulfilled the first law of writing; it is readable.

The other is correct in the employment of words and in their arrangement. It is everything that it should be from the point of view of grammar and usage. Yet it is somehow so dull that it has upon the reader all the effect of an opiate. Its fairly aggressive tediousness, along with the impossibility of finding particular errors to cavil at, irritates the

critic. Yet what is he to do? If he tells the brutal truth, he must say to the writer: I find no fault with your use of words or with the construction of your sentences or of your paragraphs; but the fact is you have contrived to take every particle of interest out of an interesting subject. Your essay is pervaded by an overpowering dullness which casts a burden upon the spirits beyond the justifiable limits of human endurance.

To this the hapless student may reply: I have given you all the information you asked for. You find no fault with the correctness of the way in which it has been conveyed. What more can I do; what more would you have me do? It is a perfectly just protest against the criticism received. No fair answer can be made to it under the conditions given. For we have reached here an ultimate fact. Nothing more can be said than that one piece with all its blunders is interesting because it is written in an interesting manner; the other, free as it is from grammatical or rhetorical errors, is dull beyond description because something is lacking, the want of which we feel but cannot exactly describe, at least in terms palatable to the writer. The difference between the two pieces is due to the presence in the one and to the absence in the other of a trace of that alchemical power of style which in its perfection can transmute the base matter of common thought and incident into the gold of literary achievement. Manifestly this is something which cannot be imparted by direct instruction. Wherever it comes from, it assuredly does not come from judicious criticism. It gets, indeed, little help from any criticism whether judicious or injudicious.

The question therefore at once presents itself, Upon what depends primarily the creation of that peculiar charm of expression which we call style? As obviously mere freedom from fault cannot impart it, how can it best be acquired, if it can be acquired at all? In seeking an answer to this question the great fundamental fact is, to be kept in mind that ability to write is a growth, and that the rapidity and extent of this growth depend upon several agencies which the individual may not and usually does not employ with that particular end in

view. One of these agencies, indeed, is practice; but at the outset practice is so far from being of highest importance that as compared with other agencies it is of but little. Clearness or effectiveness or felicity of expression can never be created by it, nor can they be developed by it satisfactorily unless the proper foundation has been previously laid. For the growth spoken of depends upon the development of mental power and of literary taste. The rapidity of the growth will naturally vary with the individual; but from the very nature of things it can in no wise be hurried. Accordingly we cannot trace its increase from day to day any more than we can trace the daily increase of a person's height. Only by a comparison of the achievement of the present with that of some period in the past can its progress be detected at all.

The confusion of thought which prevails upon this subject is due to confounding ability to write, which is a creative act, with ability to learn, which is merely an act of acquisition. The one is the result of agencies working directly to a particular end; the other the result of agencies most of which act indirectly. Hence increase in the acquisition of power of expression, depending as it does upon intellectual growth, differs radically from increase in the acquisition of knowledge. A man can assert very truly that on such or such a day he received information about certain facts; or that on such or such a day he mastered the meaning of some difficult passage in a great author, or that he deciphered some puzzling mathematical problem. What he cannot do is to assert that on such and such a day he became a learned man, or a wise man, or acquired a cultivated taste, or, what specially concerns us here, that he gained the ability to express himself clearly or effectively. All such things are the long result of time and of mental development. They can be recognized when they have come; rarely with certainty when they are coming.

So far as the art of expression is concerned, upon what does this intellectual growth depend? To any proper development of it two things may ordinarily be deemed necessary; to its highest develop-

ment two things additional are indispensable. The first is the possession of knowledge. This can hardly be deemed an absolute essential. There are and doubtless will always continue to be cases where men write interestingly and even charmingly about matters of which they know little or nothing. Still there is a prejudice, which in the case of the beginner has to be reckoned with, in favor of a writer's having some degree of familiarity with what he is writing about before he attempts to impart information in regard to it. Men with reputations already established may venture to defy this feeling; but it cannot be slighted safely by him who has his reputation to make. It may be taken, indeed, as a general rule, that no one can write attractively any more than he can intelligently of matters with which he has only a limited acquaintance.

But while knowledge of a subject may produce something worth reading for its matter, it will not of itself make it readable. This fact has often been unhappily illustrated in the history of learning. Scholarship has become, in truth, so associated with dullness in the common mind that any treatise which makes interesting a subject ordinarily uninteresting begets the suspicion that its author must be superficial and inaccurate. There is apt to be doubt of if not actual disbelief in the trustworthiness of the writer's knowledge who does not bore his reader in the communication of it. This feeling has been largely fostered by the frequent inability of men of great learning to state lucidly what they know fully. The consequence is that they exhaust the reader even more than they exhaust the subject. The confusion in the author's mind is due to the knowledge he possesses having been ill-arranged and ill-digested. Naturally this condition finds its fitting counterpart in clumsiness of construction, in involved phrases, in sentences stuffed with parentheses, and paragraphs loaded with extraneous matter. So prevalent has this method of composition been with men of genuine learning that it has come largely to be regarded as a necessary accompaniment of learning itself. With many nothing contributes more to the acceptance of a writer as an authority than the impos-

sibility of reading with pleasure what he says.

The existence of the belief indicated is mainly due to the neglect by men of learning of the second but far more important requisite which goes to constitute a good style. This is clearness of expression. Now upon what does this particular characteristic ultimately depend? Manifestly upon clearness of thinking. Where again does clearness of thinking come from? Almost entirely from the regular exercise and consequent growth of a man's own faculties. It is a result of an intellectual development which is the outcome of the efforts of the individual himself and never of the instruction given him by others. It can therefore never be imparted directly.

Fullness of knowledge and clearness of thinking are consequently the first two requisites which should be possessed by him who sets out to compose a work which has any reason for its existence. On the lower plane of intellectual achievement denoted by these characteristics it is possible for most of us to attain some degree of excellence, provided we are willing to put forth the requisite exertion. But when we come to the two other qualities which go to constitute the ideal style, an entirely different problem is presented. The first is the ability to write with effectiveness, to put forth one's ideas so as not merely to enlighten men, but to impress them, to influence their beliefs and acts. Higher even than that, though not infrequently conjoined with it, is that exquisiteness of diction, that indescribable charm of expression which we feel in the productions of great authors, but find it difficult if not impossible to analyze. Neither of these latter is it in the power of all of us to attain; in truth, it is in the power of but few. It depends upon the existence in the individual of an innate ability which education may develop but cannot itself create.

Knowledge of the subject, clearness of statement, power, and finally beauty of expression are accordingly the four constituent elements which enter into the composition of the perfect style. How can these qualities be best secured, assuming that it is possible for the in-

dividual to secure them? One way by which they cannot be acquired has been already pointed out—the correction of faults. Another allied delusion is that an effective agency to bring about such a result is the study of rhetoric. The denial of this must not be understood as denying the importance of that subject. It has a value of its own; but it has not the kind of value which is often mistakenly claimed for it. For as grammar is nothing but the generalization of the facts of utterance, so rhetoric is nothing but the generalization of the facts of style. In both cases the facts must be known before the generalizations can be appreciated or even understood. The child does not learn his language from his grammar. After he has learned it in other ways, grammar steps in and furnishes him a scientific analysis of what he has been doing. So rhetoric gives the student the names of the different styles and describes the particular characteristics which go to make up the one that is presumably perfect. But the perfect style itself it does not and it cannot impart. Granted that the rules it gives are the best possible rules, it does not furnish the student with the power of applying them—the one thing, above all others, with which he as a writer is concerned. Skill and effectiveness and grace come from an entirely different quarter. Yet in this matter the most mistaken and sometimes the most ludicrous notions come up for notice. I call to mind a young man who before beginning his Commencement oration went carefully through the whole of Whately's treatise on rhetoric as a preparatory exercise, and was much astounded to discover, after finishing it, that he could write no better than he did before.

Let us lay aside another delusive notion. This is that institutions of learning have any monopoly of training in composition. All life, if it is worth living at all, contributes to ability in expression. To develop it in any marked degree, there needs, to be sure, innate capacity in the individual; but if that exist, the education of events is likely of itself to ripen it to its consummate flower of perfection. Why do men who have never had the advantage of any school training in composition so often

express themselves with clearness, directness, and force? The answer is easy. They have had a special effective training of their own. They have been engaged in the conduct of vast business enterprises, or they have shouldered the burden of heavy responsibilities, or they have borne a part in the history of great events. To him who is fitted for it by nature, experiences of such a sort will in time impart to his utterance clearness, dignity, and force, though in early life he may never have set pen to paper, or if he did, may have been distinguished for the ineffectiveness of the work he was called upon to do. It is not probable that General Grant ever had much practice in writing in his youth. What little he did have, it is more than probable he did not profit by. But participation in a mighty struggle, the ceaseless pressure of arduous duties and wearing responsibilities furnished him an intellectual training which it was not in the power of the schools to impart. Hence when he came to write his autobiography, he wrote it with a simplicity and consequent effectiveness which no mere drill in English could have wrought. Or take the more marked case of Lincoln. It is not likely that the direct instruction in composition he ever received took up much of his time, if indeed it took up any of it. But in his profession he found imposed upon him as a condition of success the necessity of clear thinking, with its usual accompaniment of clearness of expression. But the further education which produced the matchless simplicity and majesty of the brief Gettysburg oration was the outcome of the discipline of anxious days and sleepless nights, the never-ceasing pressure of the burden of care which waited upon the long agony of the Civil War. As a matter of fact, indeed, there is nothing like misery to improve the style.

But education of this sort reaches an exceedingly limited number. Such exceptional instances do not come under consideration in the case of the college student. Whatever ability in expression he acquires must be gained mainly through the agency of formal education. At once the question arises, What is the best way for him to procure that intellectual development which lies at the

foundation not alone of the great style, but of that which is merely good? For the student there is one chief way and but one, though there are several subsidiary ones. This all-important one is the discipline of hard study. He who devotes himself to this faithfully and intelligently is taking the most efficacious method of strengthening his mind just as steady exercise strengthens his body. As a result it prepares him to perfect himself in clearness of expression, if not in power. He may not indeed have that end in view any more than the boy who takes proper nourishment and proper exercise does it with the conscious thought of contributing to the physical growth which is the result of it.

Accordingly this mental development, lying at the foundation of all good writing, while it can be gained in many ways, is gained best by the college student through the agency of the intelligent study which develops the muscles of the mind—if the expression be permissible—as physical development is gained by the exercise which develops the muscles of the body. But study, however faithfully and earnestly carried on, will never of itself produce skill in expression. It may furnish the student much knowledge; it may make him a vigorous and even profound thinker; but, unaided, it will do little toward making him a good writer. While it furnishes the best of foundations, the superstructure must owe its existence to another element. This element is the sense of style which is a result of the possession of literary taste. Hence comes up for consideration an even more important question. How can this taste be best imparted where it is not, how can it be best developed where it is, innate? The answer to this presents little difficulty.

The art of writing, like that of painting and sculpture, is an imitative art. Accordingly the culture and perception of beauty necessary to produce success in it are best and soonest acquired, not by the study of grammatical and rhetorical text-books, but by the imitation, conscious or unconscious, of some one or some number of those whom the race regards as its great literary representa-

tives. Different minds, or minds in different grades of development, will exhibit preference for different authors. The choice is not a matter of moment, provided the one chosen is worthy and appeals to the chooser, not because the study of him is a duty, but because it is a delight. To become thoroughly conversant with the work of a great writer, to be influenced by his method of giving utterance to his ideas, to feel profoundly the power and beauty of his style, is worth more for the development of expression than the mastery of all the rhetorical rules that were ever invented. This has been the inspiration and salvation of numberless men who have never seen the inside of an institution of learning. He who of his own accord has sat reverently at the feet of the great masters of English literature need have no fear that their spirit will not inform, so far as in him lies, the spirit of their disciple. Connected with it, too, there is incidentally one further benefit. Constant familiarity with the language of authors of the first rank imparts in time that almost intuitive sense of what is right or wrong in usage which distinguishes the cultivated man of letters from the sciolist who bases his judgment upon what he has found in grammars and manuals.

If this point of view be correct, it follows that in the union of intellectual vigor which comes from hard and intelligent study and of cultivated taste begotten of familiarity with the great masterpieces of our literature lies for the college student his linguistic and literary salvation. But the clearness or power or beauty of expression thus gained is not the work of a day or a month or a year. It is not merely a growth, it is a slow growth. In this slow growth there is nothing which appeals to the men who have come to know by intuition just what can and what ought to be done in this matter. They demand immediate results. They want a short cut to the acquisition of ability in writing. They are the ones who are constantly clamoring for frequent practice in composition and for constant correction. A useful but subsidiary part of instruction has been exalted into one of paramount importance. Attention has been con-

centrated upon it, stress has been laid upon it to the neglect of things far more essential. An army of teachers has been assembled to carry it on, the unintelligent among them swearing by it, the intelligent swearing at it. One result has long been apparent. On no one subject of education has so great an amount of effort been put forth as on the teaching of English composition, with so little satisfactory to show for it. Every one recognizes the waste that has taken place in this expenditure of force; but the only way suggested to remedy the loss incurred is to go on expending still further effort with results for which there will be even less adequate return in the future than there has been in the past.

The belief in the capability of thus manufacturing good if not great writers to order is widely prevalent with the general public. Its attitude has affected the action of our highest institutions of learning. It has, in truth, brought about the following condition. A body of writings must be produced by all the undergraduates. These, many of whom are utterly uninterested in the general work or in the particular subject, must take the contract of filling the order. The faith of the average man in the benefit to be derived from this course of proceeding is of the kind that removes mountains. There is a prevailing belief in the whole country that it is absolutely essential to the intellectual salvation of every growing youth that he should write themes. No sooner does the child enter the primary school than this particular task looms before his eyes. It is, indeed, the one requirement from which he never escapes during the whole of his educational career. It follows him to the high school, it pursues him to the college. His own inclinations or tastes in the matter are not consulted at all. We have been called upon to bewail the woes of the supposedly hapless beings who are compelled to study Greek against their will. There are those who sorrow for him who has to learn Latin. But no voice is lifted up in behalf of the unfortunates who are asked not to master a distasteful subject, but to perform the infinitely harder task of writing, not because they have something to say, but because they have to say something.

For the great American community clings firmly to the faith that anybody and everybody can be taught to use the language with clearness and precision, to say nothing of effectiveness. Any failure to attain the result is imputed to wrong methods of instruction, any distrust of its feasibility to the stupidity or intellectual depravity of the doubter. The slightest display of skepticism encounters at once indignant protest. Our universities, it is said, pretend to send forth educated men. Can we assert that a man is really educated who is unable to express himself clearly, to say nothing of forcibly? Ought not at least so much as the former be demanded of every one bearing a degree? I should hope for the coming of the time when this will be so, just as I hope for the coming of the millennium; and I may venture to add my personal belief that the arrival of the two will be about simultaneous. Still, were we to concede that the result were as feasible as it is desirable, in seeking to reach it we persist in committing the fundamental error of going back-end foremost. For it has to be repeated again and again that clear thinking precedes clear writing and does not follow it. In this matter the result is demanded before the cause which produces it is in existence. It is enough to say that any system of instruction ever devised which succeeds in imparting to all those pursuing it clearness of ideas, will have solved the educational problem of the ages and have begun the intellectual regeneration of the race.

But if clearness of thinking cannot be attained universally, ought we not at least to demand correctness in the use of our speech? Are you in favor, it may be asked, of a system of instruction which will turn out annually a body of so-called educated men who are unable to express themselves with propriety, and as a result of their consciousness of this inability are deterred from presenting their ideas to the public at all? It might be sufficient to reply that it has never yet been settled what is meant by writing one's own language with propriety. On this very point the widest divergence of view prevails. But let it be conceded that here a reasonable degree of unanimity of opinion has been attained. Even in

that case it must be confessed that universities the world over are not merely turning out men now who are incapable of using the language with perfect correctness, but they have been turning them out for centuries past, and are pretty sure to continue turning them out for centuries to come. To a mind not properly constituted, such as is my own, this inability of men to express themselves with propriety, if it contribute to taciturnity, is something to be contemplated with a chastened spirit of resignation. It is a benefit that has been produced and not a harm. There is but one way of keeping certain persons from writing wretchedly, and that is by keeping them from writing at all. Anything which brings about such a result is to be welcomed, not deplored. No fear need be felt that the men who have really anything of value to communicate to the world will not triumph over the difficulties of communicating it when the time comes, no matter how little has been the instruction in composition they received in early life, or how much they neglected such instruction as they received. But if they have nothing to say, why insist upon the desirability of their adding to the mass of new writing perpetually put forth which will never become old? Assuredly no fear need be entertained of any diminution in the supply, whatever schools or colleges do or fail to do. The mighty Mississippi of gabble will steadily continue to pour through the land, even if it be deprived of an inconceivable number of petty affluents which under existing methods are coaxed or compelled to contribute to its ever-swelling stream.

In fact, the notion that every man should seek to become a writer is a notion born of modern conditions. There is no more reason or necessity for it than there is for every man to become a mathematician or a musician or an architect or an engineer or a painter. But in the art of composition we demand of every student what no one expects or desires in the case of any of the other arts, whether liberal or useful. To love and appreciate music, for instance, is something more than a mere accomplishment. It brings to its possessor what is far higher than keen enjoyment. It

tends, too, to exert a distinctly refining and elevating influence upon the nature. Still, we do not insist that he who has no ear for it should devote days and nights to its study, still less should torture his fellow-men by practising it. Mathematics, again, is a good thing. It resembles English composition, too, by being on a slight scale a necessary thing to know. We require enough of it to enable every one to transact the common business of life. Then if we are wise we let him go, if he has no inclination for it, and concentrate the work of instruction upon those to whom the subject is a pleasure. We recognize that men can lead happy, honored, and useful lives to whom sines, cosines, tangents, and hyperbolas remain little more than vague remembrances of a ghastly dream. In these and other like instances we go upon the assumption that if the student achieve any result worth striving for he must have genuine interest in the subject he pursues, to say nothing of genuine capacity for the pursuit. Wisely, therefore, we offer him the opportunity of instruction in it; but we do not insist upon its acceptance.

A university which should set out to make all its students musicians or mathematicians or architects or engineers or painters without taking into consideration their several tastes or capacities would deservedly incur both censure and ridicule. Yet this is exactly what all of them set out to do in the art of composition. Certain persons there are who both before and after graduation have no disposition to write. Why can they not be left undisturbed in this ideally desirable condition of voluntary abstinence? The world is not suffering from a penury of manuscripts or of books. Here, therefore, individuality of choice comes properly into play. The elective system has been at times praised, and at times overpraised. Similarly it has been disapproved and undervalued. But if there be warrant for it on the score of reason, it ought to find its fullest and most satisfactory justification in the matter of English composition. Yet this is the one place where it is not tolerated at all. Even the great champion of the system, who advocated the utmost liberty of choice in about everything else, drew

the line here. He, too, insisted that upon this particular educational altar every student should be immolated as a victim.

The adoption of the elective system is far from implying the abandonment of the practice of composition. It means instead the fullest realization of its utility. The result would be not to have less instruction in it, but to have that instruction more advantageously applied. The excessive expenditure of force now put forth in carrying it on with the least good to the greatest number would then be employed where it would be of special benefit to those most needing it. Consider the actual conditions. In every institution of learning there is a large body of students who have not the slightest desire to write a line. Why should they be tempted or forced to discuss subjects about which they know little and care less? On the other hand, there is always a minority—sometimes a large minority—who do not have to be urged to this particular task, still less compelled. They take to it of their own accord. They would engage in it no matter what obstacles were placed in their path. They are anxious to be shown the best way to express themselves adequately, clearly, forcibly. They heed every correction, they listen to every hint and suggestion. They respond heartily and intelligently to the efforts of the teacher because their hearts are in the work. Are such men, eager to learn, treated with any favor under our present compulsory system? On the contrary, it works them gross injury. Instead of receiving the special attention they have a right to demand, they receive, as a matter of fact, just as much as is given to the heedless or hostile, and no more. Instead of the instruction being concentrated on those who would most profit by it, it is largely wasted in vain efforts to overcome the repugnance of the unwilling or to animate the torpid.

The adoption of the elective system would accordingly prevent the sacrifice in this matter of the interests of the earnest and eager to the supposed interests of the indifferent or the incompetent. But from it another and most important incidental advantage would result. The instruction given would

steadily tend to become adequate. Even when it is so now, the one charged with it dislikes the toil of examination and correction because he knows that his labor will be largely thrown away. He knows that the student, detesting the task of writing, will pay little or no heed to the corrections made, beyond what is necessary to save himself from the consequences of neglect. The inevitable result has already been indicated. Competent teachers tend steadily more and more to drop out. But with the abolition of the compulsory system the character of the instruction would speedily be raised. For as there is no more disagreeable drudgery than to attempt to make men learn who are unfitted or unwilling to learn, so there is no more delightful occupation than to train those who are anxious and eager to learn. With only such as these to deal with, the teaching force would steadily become of a distinctly higher grade. Competent men, instead of being repelled from it as now, would be attracted to it.

So much for the theory that every student should be required to write themes. In so doing we have seen that we reverse the order of nature in attempting to make the expression of ideas precede their acquisition. The other fallacy to be considered is that these themes should be written with great frequency. Here the reversal of the order of nature is even more pronounced. Frequency of production necessarily involves rapidity of composition. In fact, this result has been sometimes held up as a most desirable end to be aimed at, if not the most desirable end. No worse ideal could well be placed before immature minds, no worse practice indulged in. The inevitable consequence of the best work produced under such conditions are essays which are hardly worth writing, still less worth reading, and not worth remembering at all. There is further involved in this proceeding something more than mere waste of time and effort. Far worse are the habits of mind engendered. The student falls into the way of discussing matters he knows little or nothing about. He gives expression to thoughts or so-called thoughts which are no result of reflection, but have either come to him on the spur of the moment

or more usually have been borrowed from quarters to which he can gain easy and unsuspected access. He puts down the first ideas that come into his mind in the first words that come to hand. The evil effects of such intellectual habits are almost certain to characterize his work in later life; in fact, will surely characterize it unless corrected by severe study on other lines.

In this country, however, the public mind has been so long bedeviled by the belief that the one way to hasten the coming of the literary millennium we all desire is the frequent writing of themes and the constant correction of them, that it is just now hopeless to expect that this superstition, which stands in the way of all real progress, can be destroyed till the experiment breaks down from the weight of its successive failures. In the educational world there exists and always has existed the disposition to enforce a strict quarantine against the entrance of new ideas. Any practice, any belief connected with education dies hard. To many in consequence the doctrines here advanced will seem to tend to unsettle the very foundations upon which the whole system of instruction in our own speech is based. Yet novel as the views may be to many and shocking to some, they have been expressed in the past even more strongly. They have been expressed, too, by men whose opinions in matters pertaining to education still retain a good deal of repute, though, as might be expected, they fail to come up to the standard of the advanced thinkers of the present day.

One of these men is Bacon. In the second book of his treatise *On the Advancement of Learning* he spoke of the necessity of the re-examination of usages prevailing in education. One ancient and general error, derived from more obscure times, he found then prevalent in the universities. This was the early teaching of logic and rhetoric. On this point he expressed himself strongly. "Scholars in universities," he wrote, "come too soon and too unripe to logic and rhetoric, arts fitter for graduates than for children and novices. For these two, rightly taken, are the gravest of sciences, being the art of arts; the one for judgment, the other for ornament.

And they be the rules and directions how to set forth and dispose matter; and therefore for minds empty and unfraught with matter, and which have not gathered that which Cicero calleth *sylva* and *supellex*, stuff and variety, . . . to begin with those arts, doth work but this effect, that the wisdom of those arts, which is great and universal, is almost made contemptible, and is degenerate into childish sophistry and ridiculous affectation. And further, the untimely learning of them hath drawn on by consequence the superficial and unprofitable teaching and writing of them as fittest indeed to the capacity of children."

Another one of the men of the past who advocated heretical views of a similar character was Milton. According to the scheme laid down in his tractate on Education the pupil was to go through a regular course of study, culminating in politics, church history, and theology—subjects which at that time engrossed the thoughts of all—and then take up the consideration of "those organic arts which enable men to discourse elegantly and according to the fittest style of lofty, mean, or lowly." This preliminary preparation was to be mastered before the student was himself in readiness to write. The view Milton took in this matter is so extreme that a phrase of it is worth italicizing. "From hence," he continued, "*and not till now*, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things." This, it will be seen, does not differ essentially from the position, previously mentioned, of the historian Palfrey, though it is free from the drastic measure he recommended for maintaining it in its perfection. But Milton in his blindness could not foresee the results of the march of mind which has gone on under modern conditions. The arduous and protracted preparation which he prescribed for acquiring "universal insight into things" is no longer demanded. Art, science, statesmanship itself is now learned in short and easy lessons. Hence out of the mouths of babes and sucklings proceeds with us wisdom on every subject, nowhere more notably than on that of English composition.

Growing Up

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

THE children were all down in the salt-marsh playing at marriage-by-capture. It was a very good play. You ran just as fast after the ugly girls as the pretty ones, and you didn't have to abide by the result. One little girl got so excited that she fell into the river, and it was Andramark who pulled her out, and beat her on the back till she stopped choking. It may be well to remember that she was named Tassel Top, a figure taken from the Indian-corn ear when it is in silk.

Andramark was the name of a boy. He was the seventh son of Squirrel Eyes, and all his six brothers were dead, because they had been born in hard times, or had fallen out of trees, or had been drowned. To grow up in an Indian village, especially when it is traveling, is very difficult. Sometimes a boy's mother has to work so hard that she runs plumb out of milk; and sometimes he gets playing too roughly with the other boys, and gets wounded, and blood poisoning sets in; or he finds a dead fish and cooks it and eats it, and ptomaine poisoning sets in; or he catches too much cold on a full stomach, or too much malaria on an empty one. Or he tries to win glory by stealing a bear cub when its mother isn't looking, or a neighboring tribe drops in between days for an unfriendly visit, and some big, painted devil knocks him over the head and takes his scalp home to his own little boy to play with.

Contrariwise, if he does manage to grow up and reach man's estate he's got something to brag of. Only he doesn't do it; because the first thing that people learn who have to live very intimately together is that bore and boaster are synonymous terms. So he never brags of what he has accomplished in the way of deeds and experiences until he is married. And then only in the privacy of his own lodge, when that big hickory stick which he keeps for the purpose as-

sures him of the beloved one's best ears and most flattering attention.

Andramark's father was worse than dead. He had been tried in the council-lodge by the elders, and had been found guilty of something which need not be gone into here, and driven forth into the wilderness which surrounded the summer village to shift for himself. By the same judgment the culprit's wife, Squirrel Eyes, was pronounced a widow. Most women in her position would have been ambitious to marry again, but Squirrel Eyes' only ambition was to raise her seventh son to be the pride and support of her old age. She had had quite enough of marriage, she would have thanked you.

So, when Andramark was thirteen years old, and very swift and husky for his age, Squirrel Eyes went to the Wisest Medicine-man, and begged him to take her boy in hand and make a man of him.

"Woman," the Wisest Medicine-man had said, "fifteen is the very greenest age at which boys are made men, but seeing that you are a widow, and without support, it may be that something can be done. We will look into the matter."

That was why Owl Eyes, the Wisest Medicine-man, invited two of his cronies to sit with him on the bluff overlooking the salt-marsh and watch the children playing at marriage-by-capture.

Those old men were among the best judges of sports and form living. They could remember three generations of hunters and fighters. They had all the records for jumping, swimming under water, spear-throwing, axe-throwing, and bow-shooting at their tongues' ends. And they knew the pedigree for many, many generations of every child at that moment playing in the meadow, and into just what sort of man or woman that child should grow, with good luck and proper training.

Owl Eyes did not call his two cronies' attention to Andramark. If there was

any precocity in the lad it would show of itself, and nothing would escape their black, jewel-like, inscrutable eyes. When Tassel Top fell into the river the aged pair laughed heartily, and when Andramark, without changing his stride, followed her in and fished her out, one of them said, "That's a quick boy," and the other said, "Why hasn't that girl been taught to swim?" Owl Eyes said, "That's a big boy for only thirteen—that Andramark."

In the next event Andramark from scratch ran through a field—some of the boys were older and taller than himself—and captured yet another wife, who, because she expected and longed to be caught by some other boy, promptly boxed—the air where his ears had been. Andramark, smiling, caught both her hands in one of his, tripped her over a neatly placed foot, threw her, face down, and seated himself quietly on the small of her back and rubbed her nose in the mud.

The other children, laughing and shouting, rushed to the rescue. Simultaneously Andramark, also laughing, was on his feet, running and dodging. Twice he passed through the whole mob of his pursuers without, so it seemed to the aged watchers on the bluff, being touched. Then, having won some ten yards clear of them, he wheeled about and stood with folded arms. A great lad foremost in the pursuit reached for him, was caught instead by the outstretched hand, and jerked forward on his face. Some of the children laughed so hard that they had to stop running. Others redoubled their efforts to close with the once more darting, dodging, and squirming Andramark, who, however, threading through them, for the third and last time, in the most mocking and insulting manner, headed straight for the bluff a little to the right of where his elders and betters were seated with their legs hanging over, leaped at a dangling wild grape-vine, squirmed to the top, turned and prepared to defend his position against any one insolent enough to assail it.

The children, crowded at the base of the little bluff, looked up. Andramark looked down. With one hand and the tip of his nose he made the insulting gesture which is older than antiquity.

Meanwhile, Owl Eyes had left his front-row seat, and not even a waving of the grasses showed that he was crawling upon Andramark from behind.

Owl Eyes' idea was to push the boy over the bluff as a lesson to him never to concentrate himself too much on one thing at a time. But just at the crucial moment Andramark leaped to one side, and it was a completely flabbergasted old gentleman who descended through the air in his stead upon a scattering flock of children. Owl Eyes, still agile at eighty, gathered himself into a ball, jerked violently with his head and arms, and managed to land on his feet. But he was very much shaken, and nobody laughed. He turned and looked up at Andramark, and Andramark looked down.

"I couldn't help it," said Andramark. "I knew you were there all the time."

Owl Eyes' two old cronies grinned behind their hands.

"Come down," said Owl Eyes, sternly. Andramark leaped and landed lightly, and stood with folded arms and looked straight into the eyes of the Wisest Medicine-man. Everybody made sure that there was going to be one heap big beating, and there were not wanting those who would have volunteered to fetch a stick, even from a great distance. But Owl Eyes was not called the Wisest Medicine-man for nothing. His first thought had been, "I will beat the life out of this boy." But then (it was a strict rule that he always followed) he recited to himself the first three stanzas of the Rain-Maker's song, and had a new and wiser thought. This he spoke aloud.

"Boy," he said, "beginning to-morrow I myself will take you in hand and make a man of you. You will be at the medicine-lodge at noon. Meanwhile go to your mother's lodge, and tell her from me to give you a sound beating."

The children marveled, the boys envied, and Andramark, his head very high, his heart thumping, passed among them and went home to his mother and repeated what the Wisest Medicine-man had said.

"And you are to give me a sound beating, mother," said Andramark, "because after to-day they will begin making a man of me, and when I am a man it



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

THE CHILDREN WERE PLAYING AT MARRIAGE-BY-CAPTURE

will be the other way around, and I shall have to beat you."

His back was bare, and he bent forward so that his mother could beat him. And she took down from the lodge-pole a heavy whip of raw buckskin. It was not so heavy as her heart.

Then she raised the whip and said:

"A blow for the carrying," and she struck; "a blow for the bearing," and she struck; "a blow for the milking," and she struck; "a blow for lies spoken," and she did *not* strike; "a blow for food stolen," and she did *not* strike.

And she went through the whole litany of the beating ceremonial and struck such blows as the law demanded, and spared those she honestly could spare, and when in doubt she quibbled—struck, but struck lightly.

When the beating was over they sat down facing each other and talked. And Squirrel Eyes said: "What must be, must. The next few days will soon be over."

And Andramark shuddered (he was alone with his mother), and said, "If I show that they hurt me, they will never let me be a man."

And Squirrel Eyes did her best to comfort him and put courage in his heart, just as modern mothers do for sons who are about to have a tooth pulled or a tonsil taken out.

The next day at noon sharp Andramark stood before the entrance of the medicine-lodge with his arms folded; and all his boy and girl friends watched him from a distance. And all the boys envied him, and all the girls wished that they were boys. Andramark stood very still, almost without swaying, for the better part of an hour. His body was nicely greased, and he resembled a wet terracotta statue. A few mosquitoes were fattening themselves on him, and a bite in the small of his back itched so that he wanted very much to squirm and wriggle. But that would have been almost as bad an offense against ceremonial as complaining of hunger during the fast, or shedding tears under the torture.

Andramark had never seen the inside of the medicine-lodge; but it was well known to be very dark, and to contain skulls and thigh-bones of famous enemies,

and devil-masks, and horns and rattles and other disturbing and ghostly properties. Of what would happen to him when he had passed between the flaps of the lodge and was alone with the medicine-men, he did not know. But he reasoned that if they really wanted to make a man of him they would not really try to kill him or maim him. And he was strong in the determination, no matter what should happen, to show neither surprise, fear, nor pain.

A quiet voice spoke suddenly, just within the flaps of the lodge:

"Who is standing without?"

"The boy Andramark."

"What do you wish of us?"

"To be made a man."

"Then say farewell to your companions of childhood."

Andramark turned toward the boys and girls who were watching him. Their faces swam a little before his eyes, and he felt a big lump coming slowly up in his throat. He raised his right arm to its full length, palm forward, and said:

"Farewell, O children; I shall never play with you any more."

Then the children set up a great howl of lamentation, which was all part of the ceremonial, and Andramark turned and found that the flaps of the lodge had been drawn aside, and that within there was thick darkness and the sound of men breathing.

"Come in, Andramark."

The flaps of the lodge fell together behind him. Fingers touched his shoulder and guided him in the dark, and then a voice told him to sit down. His quick eyes, already accustomed to the darkness, recognized one after another the eleven medicine-men of his tribe. They were seated cross-legged in a semi-circle, and one of them was thumbing tobacco into the bowl of a poppy-red pipe. Some of the medicine-men had rattles handy in their laps, others devil-horns. They were all smiling and looking kindly at the little boy who sat all alone by himself facing them. Then old Owl Eyes, who was the central medicine-man of the eleven, spoke.

"In this lodge," he said, "no harm will befall you. But lest the women and children grow to think lightly of man-

hood there will be from time to time much din and devil-noises."

At that the eleven medicine-men began to rock their bodies and groan like lost souls (they groaned louder and louder, with a kind of awful rhythm), and to shake the devil-rattles, which were dried gourds, brightly painted, and containing teeth of famous enemies, and one of the medicine-men tossed a devil-horn to Andramark, and the boy put it to his lips and blew for all he was worth. It was quite obvious that the medicine-men were just having fun, not with him, but with all the women and children of the village who were outside listening—at a safe distance, of course—and imagining that the medicine-lodge was at that moment a scene of the most awful visitations and terrors. And all that afternoon, at intervals, the ghastly uproar was repeated, until Andramark's lips were chapped with blowing the devil-horn, and his insides felt very shaky. But between times the business of the medicine-men with Andramark was very serious, and they talked to him like so many fathers, and he listened with both ears, and pulled at the poppy-red medicine-pipe whenever it was passed to him.

They lectured him upon anatomy and hygiene; upon tribal laws and inter-tribal laws; and always they explained "why" as well as they could, and if they didn't know "why" they said it must be right because it's always been done that way. Sometimes they said things that made him feel very self-conscious and uncomfortable. And sometimes they became so interesting that it was the other way round.

"The gulf," said Owl Eyes, "between the race of men and the races of women and children is knowledge. For, whereas many squaws and little children possess courage, knowledge is kept from them, even as the first-run shad of the spring. The duty of the child is to acquire strength and skill, of the woman to bear children, to labor in the corn-field, and to keep the lodge. But the duty of man is to hunt, and to fight, and to make medicines, to know, and to keep knowledge to himself. Hence the saying that what man betrays the secrets of the council-lodge to a squaw is a squaw himself. Hitherto, Andramark, you have

been a talkative child, but from henceforth you will watch your tongue as a warrior watches the prisoner that he is bringing to his village for torture. When a man ceases to be a mystery to the women and children, he ceases to be a man. Do not tell them what has passed in the medicine-lodge, but let it appear that you could discourse of ghostly mysteries and devilish visitations and other dread wonders—and if you would; so that even to the mother that bore you you will be henceforward and forever a thing apart, a thing above, a thing beyond."

And the old medicine-man who sat on Owl Eyes' left cleared his throat and said:

"When a man's wife is in torment, it is as well for him to nod his head, and let her believe that she does not know what suffering is."

Another said:

"Should a man's child ask what the moon is made of, let that man answer that it is made of foolish questions, but at the same time let him smile, as much as to say that he could give the truthful answer—if he would."

Another said:

"When you lie to women and children, lie foolishly, so that they may know that you are making sport of them and may be ashamed. In this way a man may keep the whole of his knowledge to himself, like a basket of corn hidden in a place of his own secret choosing."

Still another pulled one flap of the lodge a little so that a ray of light entered. He held his hand in the ray and said:

"The palm of my hand is in darkness, the back is in light. It is the same with all acts and happenings—there is a bright side and a dark side. Never be so foolish as to look on the dark side of things; there may be somewhat there worth discovering, but it is in vain to look because it cannot be seen."

And Owl Eyes said:

"It will be well now to rest ourselves from seriousness with more din and devil-noises. And after that we shall lead the man-boy, Andramark, to the Lodge of Nettles, there to sit alone for a space, and to turn over in his mind all that we have said to him."

"One thing more." This from a very little medicine-man, who had done very little talking. "When you run the gantlet of the women and children, from the Hot Lodge to the river, watch neither their eyes nor their whips; watch only their feet, lest you be tripped and thrown at the very threshold of manhood."

Nettles, thistles, and last year's burdocks and sand-spurs strewed the floor of the lodge to which Andramark was now taken. And he was told that he must not thrust these to one side and make himself comfortable upon the bare ground. He might sit, or stand, or lie down; he might walk about; but he mustn't think of going to sleep, or, indeed, of anything but the knowledge and mysteries which had been revealed to him in the medicine-lodge.

All that night, all the next day, and all the next night he meditated. For the first six hours he meditated on knowledge, mystery, and the whole duty of man, just as he had been told to do. And he only stopped once, to listen to a flute-player who had stolen into the forest back of the lodge, and was trying to tell some young squaw how much he loved her and how lonely he was without her. The flute had only four notes, and one of them was out of order; but Andramark had been brought up on that sort of music, and it sounded very beautiful to him. Still, he only listened with one ear, Indian fashion. The other was busy taking in all the other noises of the night and the village. Somebody passed by the Lodge of Nettles, walking very slowly and softly. "A man," thought Andramark, "would not make any noise at all. A child would be in bed."

The slow, soft steps were nearing the forest back of the lodge, quickening a little. Contrariwise, the flute was being played more and more slowly. Each of its three good notes was a stab at the feelings, and so, for that matter, was the note that had gone wrong. An owl hooted. Andramark smiled. If he had been born enough hundreds of years later he might have said, "You can't fool me!"

The flute-playing stopped abruptly. Andramark forgot all about the nettles and sat down. Then he stood up.

He meditated on war and women, just

as he had been told to do. Then, because he was thirsty, he meditated upon suffering. And he finished the night meditating upon an empty stomach.

Light filtered under the skirts of the lodge. He heard the early women going to their work in the fields. The young leaves were on the oaks, and it was corn-planting time. Even very old corn, however, tastes very good prepared in any number of different ways. Andramark agreed with himself that when he gave himself in marriage it would be to a woman who was a thoroughly good cook. But quite raw food is acceptable at times. It is pleasant to crack quail eggs between the teeth, or to rip the roe out of a fresh-caught shad with your forefinger and just let it melt in your mouth.

The light brightened. It was a fine day. It grew warm in the lodge, hot, intolerably hot. The skins of which it was made exhaled a stuffy, meaty smell. Andramark was tempted to see if he couldn't suck a little nourishment out of them. A shadow lapped the skirts of the lodge and crawled upward. It became cool, cold. The boy, almost naked, began to shiver and shake. He swung his arms as cab-drivers do, and tried very hard to meditate upon the art of being a man.

During the second night one of his former companions crept up to the lodge and spoke to him under its skirts. "Sst! Heh! What does it feel like to be a man?"—chuckled and withdrew.

Andramark said to himself the Indian for "I'll lay for that boy." He was very angry. He had been gratuitously insulted in the midst of his new dignities.

Suddenly the flaps of the lodge were opened and some one leaned in and set something upon the floor. Andramark did not move. His nostrils dilated, and he said to himself, "Venison—broiled to the second."

In the morning he saw that there was not only venison, but a bowl of water, and a soft bear-skin upon which he might stretch himself and sleep. His lips curled with a great scorn. And he remained standing and aloof from the temptations. And meditated upon the privileges of being a man.

About noon he began to have visitors. At first they were vague, dark spots that

hopped and ziddied in the overheated air. But these became, with careful looking, all sorts of devils and evil spirits, and beasts the like of which were not in the experience of any living man. There were creatures made like men, only that they were covered with long, silky hair, and had cry-baby faces and long tails. And there was a vague, yellowish beast, very terrible, something like a huge cat, only that it had curling tusks like a very big wild pig. And there were other things that looked like men, only that they were quite white, as if they had been most awfully frightened. And suddenly Andramark imagined that he was hanging to a tree, but not by his hands or his feet, and the limb to which he was hanging broke, and, after falling for two or three days, he landed on his feet among burs and nettles that were spread over the floor of a lodge.

The child had slept standing up, and had evolved from his subconsciousness, as children will, beasts and conditions that had existed when the whole human race was a frightened cry-baby in its cradle. He had never heard of a monkey or a saber-tooth tiger; but he had managed to see a sort of vision of them both, and had dreamed that he was a monkey hanging by his tail.

He was very faint and sick when the medicine-men came for him. But it did not show in his face, and he walked firmly among them to the great Torture Lodge, his head very high and the ghost of a smile hovering about his mouth.

It was a grim business that waited him in the Torture Lodge. He was strung up by his thumbs to a peg high up the great lodge pole, and drawn taut by thongs from his big toes to another peg in the base of the pole, and then, without any unnecessary delays, for every step in the proceeding was according to a ceremonial that was almost as old as suffering, they gave him, what with blunt flint-knives and lighted slivers of hot pine, a very good working idea of hell. They told him, without words, which are the very tenderest and most nervous places in all the human anatomy, and showed him how simple it is to give a little boy all the sensations of major operations without actually removing his arms and legs. And they

talked to him. They told him that because he came of a somewhat timorous family they were letting him off very easily; that they weren't really hurting him, because it was evident from the look of him that at the first hint of real pain he would scream and cry. And then suddenly, just when the child was passing through the ultimate borderland of endurance, they cut him down, and praised him, and said that he had behaved splendidly, and had taken to torture as a young duck takes to water. And poor little Andramark found that under the circumstances kindness was the very hardest thing of all to bear. One after another great lumps rushed up his throat, and he began to tremble and totter and struggle with the corners of his mouth.

Old Owl Eyes, who had tortured plenty of brave boys in his day, was ready for this phase. He caught up a great bowl of ice-cold spring water and emptied it with all his strength against Andramark's bloody back. The shock of that sudden icy blow brought the boy's runaway nerves back into hand. He shook himself, drew a long breath, and, without a quiver anywhere, smiled.

And the old men were as glad as he was that the very necessary trial by torture was at an end. And, blowing triumphantly upon devil-horns and shaking devil-rattles, they carried him the whole length of the village to the base of the hill where the Hot Lodge was.

This was a little cave, in the mouth of which was a spring, said to be very full of Big Medicine. The entrance to the cave was closed by a heavy arras of bear-skins, three or four thick, and the ground in front was thickly strewn with round and flat stones cracked and blackened by fire. From the cave to the fifteen-foot bluff overhanging a deep pool of the river the ground was level, and worn in a smooth band eight or ten feet wide, as by the trampling of many feet.

Andramark, stark naked and still bleeding in many places, sat cross-legged in the cave, at the very rim of the medicine-spring. His head hung forward on his chest. All his muscles were soft and relaxed. After a while the hangings of the cave entrance were drawn a little to one side, and a stone plumped into the



Drawn by N. C. Wyeth

NOTHING WOULD ESCAPE THEIR BLACK, JEWEL-LIKE, INSCRUTABLE EYES

spring with a savage hiss; another followed—another—and another and another. Steam began to rise from the surface of the spring, little bubbles darted up from the bottom and burst. More hot stones were thrown into the water. Steam, soft and caressing, filled the cave. The temperature rose by leaps and bounds. The roots of Andramark's hair began to tickle—the tickling became unendurable, and ceased suddenly as the sweat burst from every pore of his body. His eyes closed; in his heart it was as if love-music were being played upon a flute. He was no longer conscious of hunger or thirst. He yielded, body and soul, to the sensuous miracle of the stream, and slept.

He was awakened by many shrill voices that laughed and dared him to come out.

"It's only one big beating," he said, rose, stepped over the spring, pushed through the bear-skins, and stood gleaming and steaming in the fading light.

The gantlet that he was to run extended from the cave to the bluff overhanging the river. He looked the length of the double row of grinning women and children—the active agents in what was to come. Back of the women and children were warriors and old men, their faces relaxed into holiday expressions. Toward the river end of the gantlet were stationed the youngest, the most vigorous, the most fun-loving of the women, and the larger boys, with only a negligible sprinkling of really little children. Every woman and child in the two rows was armed with a savage-looking whip of willow, hickory, and even green brier, and the still more savage intention of using these whips to the utmost extent of their speed and accuracy in striking.

Upon a signal Andramark darted forward and was lost in a whistling smother. It was as if an untrimmed hedge had suddenly gone mad. Andramark made the best of a bad business, guarded his face and the top of his head with his arms, ran swiftly, but not too swiftly, and kept his eyes out for feet that were thrust forward to trip him.

A dozen feet ahead he saw a pair of little moccasins that were familiar to

him. As he passed them he looked into their owner's face, and wondered why, of all the little girls in the village, Tassel Top alone did not use her whip on him.

At last, half blinded, lurching as he ran, he came to the edge of the bluff, and dived, almost without a splash, into the deep, fresh water. The cold of it stung his overheated, bleeding body like a swarm of wild bees, and it is possible that when he reached the Canoe Beach the water in his eyes was not all fresh. Here, however, smiling chiefs and warriors surrounded the stoic, and welcomed him to their number with kind words and grunts of approval. And then, because he that had been but a moment before a naked child was now a naked man, and no fit spectacle for women and children, they formed a bright-colored moving screen about him and conducted him to the great council-lodge. There they eased his wounds with pleasant greases, and dressed him in softest buckskin, and gave him just as much food as it was safe for him to eat—a couple of quail eggs and a little dish of corn and fresh-water muscles baked.

And after that they sent him home armed with a big stick. And there was his mother, squatting on the floor of their lodge, with her back bared in readiness for a good beating. But Andramark closed the lodge-flaps, and dropped his big stick, and began to blubber and sob. And his mother leaped up and caught him in her arms; and then—once a mother, always tactful—she began to howl and yell, just as if she were actually receiving the ceremonial beating which was her due. And the neighbors pricked up their ears and chuckled, and said the Indian for "Squirrel Eyes is getting what was coming to her."

Maybe Andramark didn't sleep that night, and maybe he did. And all the dreams that he dreamed were pleasant, and he got the best of everybody in them, and he woke next morning to a pleasant smell of broiling shad, and lay on his back blinking and yawning, and wondering why of all the little girls in the village Tassel Top alone had not used her whip on him.

“Mercedes,” by F. Luis Mora

OF Spanish ancestry, Mr. Mora possesses the mixture of blood which seems to develop the artistic strain in men. From the first he has been continuously on the up grade, and has never known the deprivation and struggle of life in a garret. His easy advancement seems a severe blow to the theory that struggle and deprivation are needed for development, but he has the winning quality of enthusiasm, and, above all, is a tireless worker. At fifteen he was regularly employed as an illustrator on *Harper's Weekly*, while filling in his hours at painting in the Chase Art School. Throughout his career his efforts seemed not so much those struggles required to surmount as those to achieve, and now, though still only thirty-six, one cannot place him among the novitiates. His youth and enthusiasm would place him at the beginning of his career, but his abundant achievement ranks him among the established men of his profession.

To do anything worth while one must be part of the world and feel with it. To portray life one must first absorb it. Mr. Mora is no recluse. On the contrary, he is interested in all human activity around him. Wherever he may be, he becomes absorbed in the local aspect of life, whether it be in the streets of some Spanish city or here at home. He sees life intimately, even tenderly, but with a perspective back of it, so that what he portrays becomes universal. Going to Spain for a year's sojourn, he found in her streets and courts scenes and types which he painted with vigor and enthusiasm. The present work, which came from that sojourn, and which is now in the collection of Frank H. Clark, Esq., of Cleveland, shows the elusive quality of beauty not chargeable to its subject, but which belongs to the painter's art. It reveals the qualities we expect from a painter who essays to interpret life for us—the sureness of vision with introspective penetration and individuality of expression. It is but natural that youth should see the smile of joy on the face of life, but later comes adjustment, the reconciling of sight with feeling, the visible suggesting the invisible.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"MERCEDES," BY LUIS F. MORA

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Cocoon Husking in Provence

BY CATHARINE A. JANVIER

IN Provence the *descoucounage* is a practical frolic, somewhat of the nature of an old-time husking-bee; only, instead of ears of maize, it is the cocoons of silkworms, precious silk cocoons, that are husked. To one of these gay parties I was bidden by my friend Liso of the Mas Véran: a small farmstead lying on the northern slope of the Alpilles, near the ruined Château de Romanin—of *cours d'amour* fame—known throughout the countryside as the “Château d'Amour.”

Where I lived the raising of silkworms—“magnan,” as they are called in Provençal—was a feminine business. All the profit from it accrued to the raisers—and was well earned, because the work is not easy at all. The magnan are crotchety creatures: not to be depended upon, and very arbitrary in their demands for an even temperature. At best the raising of them is a most troublesome task, calling for watchfulness by day and by night; and often, despite all care, ending in heart-breaking failure.

Throughout their metamorphic lives the worms are subject to mysterious maladies, and they seem to have their dudgeons and their whimsies. Extremely nice in their eating, they gorge themselves with enormous quantities of mulberry leaves—if these be sweet and fresh enough to suit their fastidious gluttony. Should the leaves not be to their liking, or the temperature of their quarters not please them, the magnan sulk, refuse to fill their greedy maws, and so strike apprehensive dread into the hearts of their unhappy mistresses—who count on them for their spending-money.

Liso—who told me all this, and more that I have forgotten—was noted for her success in silkworm-raising; and her success, doubtless, was due to the intelligent and even loving care that she took of her magnan. She had a queer affection for them, speaking of their ail-

ments or of their well-being as though they were puppies or kittens.

She bought the pin-head eggs—the “grano,” as they are called—laid by certified Pasteurized mothers. Shutting them up in their flat box, she cherished them under the folds of her ample fichu by day, and by night kept them warm in her bed; and so continued her anxious vigils until the tiny worms were hatched and placed on mulberry leaves in the frames made ready for them. During their prodigious growth—interrupted by trances or moultings—she tended them with a like unceasing care; until at last the rapacious caterpillars hung themselves on twigs and spun their self-made shrouds—the perfect cocoons in which they were done to death.

Liso was waiting for me in the farmhouse—I was the last arrival at the *descoucounage*—and thence led me to the barn. I followed her up a ladder to a sunny loft, where a merry party of women, young and old, chattering gayly in Provençal; were at work over a heap of cocoons still clinging to the twigs to which they had spun themselves. Almost all of the women wore the pretty and convenient working-dress of the country folk of the region. This consists of a large square of cotton stuff—plain white or figured—folded shawl-wise, wrapped about the shoulders and crossed over the bosom, with the ends tucked into the waistband of a short, plain skirt well protected by a big apron. Around the head a white kerchief is bound in complicated folds, ending in front in a knot, so tied that two ends stand straight up.

The younger folk tie the kerchief well back on the head, so showing much of the hair. The older a woman grows the more she covers her head with a white—or, as she ages, with a large black kerchief; while the coquettish perked-up

ends are buried in the swathing folds that come well down over the forehead of an old woman.

As I mounted the last rungs of the steep ladder, the chatter fell into silence. Liso led me to a chair placed ready for me, and then—speaking in French—introduced me to her friends as a lady from far-off America. All greeted me cordially though shyly, and watched with interest as Liso, before seating me, pinned my skirt well up out of dust danger, and then tied about me a big check apron, such as were worn by the rest of the company. I sat down in my chair of honor—the others were seated on stools or boxes. Liso put a basket beside me, and with deft fingers showed me how the cocoons should be detached from the twigs to which they were tight spun; and then how the downy outer covering should be stripped from them. Feeling a little embarrassed myself, because all the others were embarrassed, I set to work.

"These are splendid cocoons," said a woman, in French, holding up a handful she just had stripped. "But have you heard, Liso, how your cousin Mioun has lost the whole of hers?"

"Yes," answered Liso, also speaking in French, "and it is entirely her own fault. She has no one to blame but herself. Perhaps you have not heard that soon after the beginning of the year their old shepherd died in her house? Well, he did—and yet she bought her eggs! One market-day I was in Saint-Remy and had gone to the *pharmacien's* to buy the *grano* for these very cocoons. I had just paid him when Mioun came in, and to my surprise began to bargain for eggs. The *pharmacien* was called away, and I said to my cousin: 'Why, Mioun, what does this mean? Surely you know that you must wait a full year after a death in the house, or your magnan will be good for nothing?' 'Oh yes,' answered she, with a toss of her head and a laugh, 'I know that old story; but I don't believe it, and my man says it is all nonsense!' Think of it! Those were her very words!" and Liso, her hands at rest in her lap, nodded her head impressively as she looked at the listening company.

The pause that followed was broken

by the entrance of Esprit, Liso's youngest son, who, sabots and all, clattered up the outside ladder and bounced into the loft with a resounding bang that made the girls start and scream. He cried out a gay welcome to all; and then, suddenly catching the unexpected sight of me, stopped short, slightly abashed, and apologized for his abrupt entrance. But Esprit and I were very good friends, and soon he was talking away in Provençal, telling me of a curious growth he had found among the almond-trees.

Here was the solvent needed to transmute the hesitant talk into cordial loquacity. "Madame speaks our tongue?" questioned a sweet-faced old woman; and when, in halting words, I answered that I understood it well, restraint vanished, and we were all good gossips together.

Esprit—kicking his sabots off from his slender, shapely bare feet—sat down on an upturned basket and worked busily; his tongue going even faster than his fingers as in a low voice he teased the girls. At last one of them cried: "Be quiet, Esprit! Fence your tongue with your teeth—or, what is better, sing to us. That is," she added, turning to me, "if it please Madamo?"

"Do sing, Esprit," I begged.

"What shall I sing? A Paris song?"

"Never in the world," was my indignant answer. "Sing a Provençal song. Something that the girls like, and that you like yourself."

"Sing one of Charloun's," said his mother.

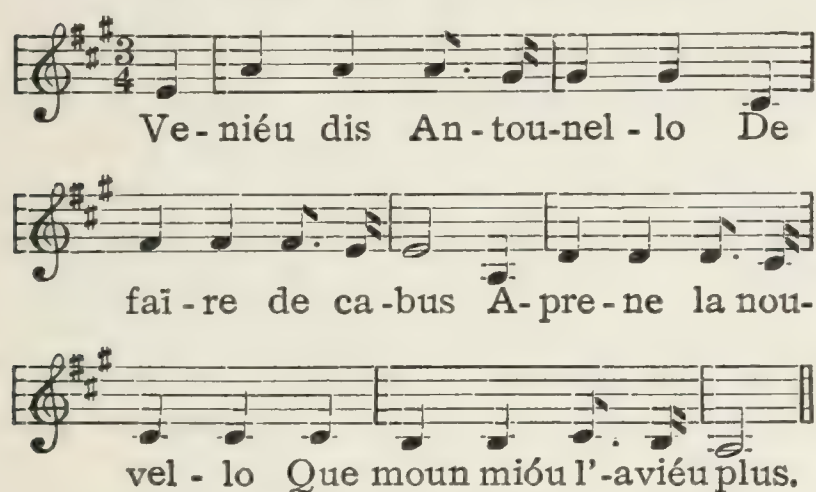
After a moment's thought, Esprit's full rich tenor voice rose in verse after verse of a love-song, unknown to me, that told of *La Chato de Mouriès*—"The Girl of Mouriès"—who, at the village fête, walked apart and alone, disdaining dance and farandole. He sang of her clear pallor, of her soft, dark eyes that dealt mortal wounds; of the majestic port, the grace, the nameless attraction, of this fair maid of Mouriès. She was more winsome, *galanto*, than tongue can tell; one could have sworn, *ma fe de Dieu*, that she had budded some fresh morn, this fairest maid that ever was seen!

I made Esprit repeat the words for me, slowly; and more and more was I struck

by the rare beauty of the language and by the delicacy of feeling in these exquisite verses.

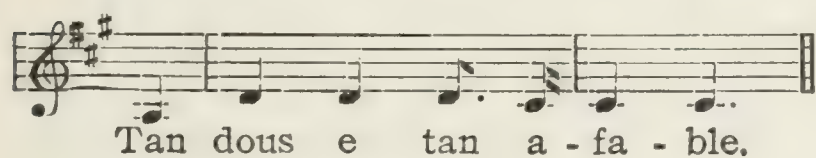
"I think," said one of the young women, "that Charloun must have thought a good deal of that girl!"

Another love-song of Charloun's was demanded. Esprit hummed a plaintive air for a moment, and then with a mischievous glance sang in sad tones:



"I'd come back from Antounello
Where I'd been laying vines,
And then I learned the news—
That no more had I my mule!
A crook-nosed Jew,
They told me,
Had untied him from his manger,
And had seized him for ten crowns!"

The melancholy ditty went on to tell how at the sight of the empty stable, and at the thought of never again seeing that mule, "so gentle and so affable," his master flung away his hoe, not caring did it smash, and even could have thrown himself on the floor in his despair for the loss of Roubin:



"He who in our working-hours
Could divine my every thought.
He whom I'd taken for my aid
In the Clapié's stony fields.
He who held the straightest furrow
While taking sidewise nips at grass.
He who felt if between my jaws
I chewed a sad or gay refrain!"

The song ended with Charloun's lament that never could he find such good company while he made his songs.

"I do not wonder he was sorry to lose so gentle and so affable a mule," gravely observed an elderly woman.

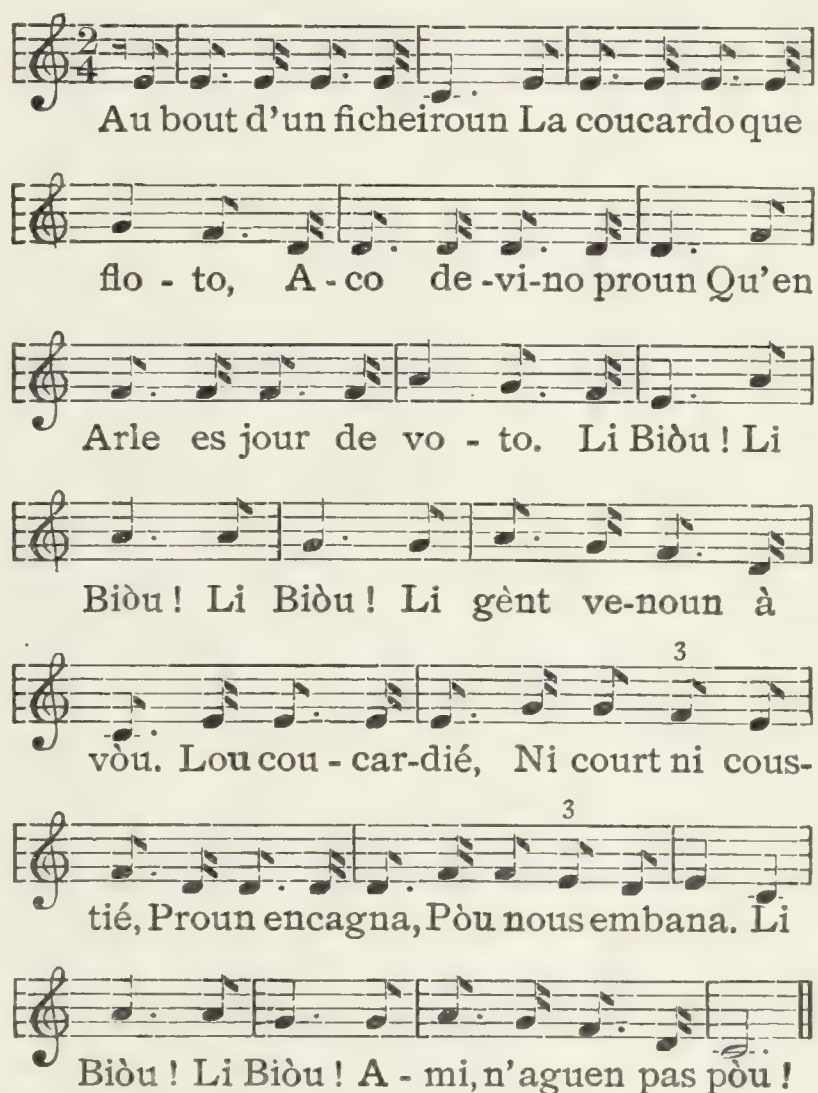
"Oh, oh—not so very gentle!" ex-

claimed Esprit; "in another song you shall hear what he tells of Roubin's tantrums!"

"Come, come, Esprit," said his mother, "that's enough for to-day about mules!"

"Well, then, here is something that seems made for to-day. Now, girls, all of you join in the chorus!"

And off he went with a very pretty song about silkworms, the refrain ending: "Sing, O girls! for the magnan are ripe!" This he followed with a perfect rattle of a song about the bulls at Arles, with a still more rattling chorus, in which all joined with enthusiasm.

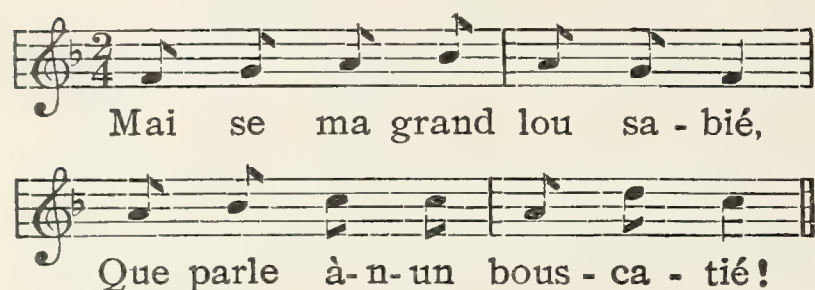


This ended, Esprit—quite out of breath—turned to a fresh, wholesome-looking girl, very winning in her snowy fichu crossed over her bosom, and with the points of her headkerchief—the *auriheto*, "little ears"—sticking up in the most orthodox style. "Now, Agueto," he said, "you must sing Charloun's *L'Amourouso d'un bouscatié*, for that is a girl's song."

After a little coaxing, Agueto, her voice quavering at first, but growing steadier as she went on, sang of the daughter of a well-to-do farmer who tells of her love for a poor wood-cutter.

How when she sees him coming down the mountainside her breath fails her. How he and she have a few timid words as he heaps the fagots on the wood-pile. How her heart thrills as she serves him where he sits at the foot of the long table spread in the farm kitchen—a table where the men are seated in order of rank from the head of the house down to the lowest farm-servant, and are waited on by the women.

At the end of each verse came the trembling, frightened refrain:



"But did grandma know
I'm caring for a wood-cutter!"

After the well-deserved applause had quieted down, I turned to Esprit and asked: "Who is this Charloun? Is he one of your old poets?"

"Oh no, no," cried Esprit, evidently much amused. "Charloun Riéu is alive and well, and he isn't old at all. He makes songs about all kinds of things: flowers and girls, his old mule, olive-gathering, dances—anything that strikes his fancy. He makes Noëls, too, that bring the tears to your eyes. We sing his songs as we sit around the fire in the long winter evenings. He lives in Lou Paradou, over on the other side of the mountains there"—and Esprit nodded toward the rugged summits, rising in golden light and lilac shadow, clear-cut against the pale southern sky.

"And what does this Charloun do? How does he live?" I inquired.

"As we all do," answered Esprit, in a surprised tone. "He digs, he plows his olive-orchard, he gathers his olives and takes them to the press. Lou Paradou is a great place for olives, you know."

Suddenly Esprit jumped up with a little caper, and slipped his feet into his sabots—as he saw his mother lay her hand on my shoulder, and so knew that our work was done. All the cleansed cocoons, lovely in hue, were piled in round, flat baskets, ready for the market;

and were glorified, seemingly, into heaps of golden and silvern eggs by the afternoon sun.

Marshaled by Liso, we all trooped down the ladder and over to the farmhouse, where, in the kitchen, which was also the living-room, a feast was set for us. A table covered with a coarse, very white, sweet-smelling cloth—spun by Liso in her younger days—was spread with good things: crusty bread made from wheat grown on the farm and baked at the village bake-house; a savory cheese for which Liso was famous—put down to ripen in jars with mountain herbs—and a commoner cheese, both made from the milk of the farmer's goats and sheep; preserves of wild berries and of fruits from the garden; almonds from the hill-slopes, and olives from the warmer orchards. For me and for the other married women—the girls drank only water—was a light, sourish, wholesome wine, made from the grapes of the little home vineyard.

Esprit did not share in this woman's feast—doubtless he had a feast of his own—but joined us again, a meek, subdued follower of his father, at the end of it. The father, Jan, an old-fashioned farmer, a dusty man, kept his hat on his head in accordance with the ancient Provençal custom. In common with many of the old men of the region, country-dwellers, his knowledge of French was meager. The cordial welcome that he gave us was spoken in Provençal.

When the stir incident to their arrival had subsided, Liso went to her cupboard and with great pride brought out a big bottle and as many little thick, greenish glasses as were persons present. Although the glasses were spotless, she nevertheless carefully wiped out each one with a lavender-scented towel. Having filled them from the bottle with a dark, fragrant cordial, she presented the first one to her husband, and then served to the rest of us, beginning with me—no doubt following some definite order of precedence.

"Fear nothing," she said, smiling. "This cordial I made myself, as I was taught to make it by my mother. It is brewed from the herbs I gather on our own mountain-slopes, and it has ripened here in my own house." She drew back,

and old Jan—he was much her elder—gave my health in a courtly little speech as he touched his glass to mine.

A general toast-drinking followed, and with the completion of this ceremony the day of cocooning came to an end. With many good-byes and with warm-hearted wishes that soon we might meet again, we separated: the girls and their mothers going off to the near-by farm-houses, and I to the not distant

town—to the outskirts of which Liso insisted upon accompanying me.

The sun was dropping behind the northerly outjut of the Alpilles. Sedately, through the lengthening shadows, we followed the path to the highroad. Drifting across the fields to us came a burst of girl-laughter, and we heard a sweet girl voice singing:

“*Mai se ma grand lou sabié,
Que parle à-n-un bouscatié!*”

“Over the City, Night”

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

I SHUT my door; I stand alone;
My windy gaslight leaps and sings.
—Over the City weaves the Night
Her web of secret things.
Over the City, all the streets
Grow cavernous with dusk, or glare
White with a thousand lamps,—while I
Stand, letting down my hair.

Pale mirrored face, that comes to meet
My face with such unseeing eyes,
Art thou then *I*, who was so wild
And thought myself so wise?

—Over the City, face to face
Stares at itself to-night, to find
Only a curious shell, with eyes
Wide, meaningless, and blind.

I walked once in a graveyard place,
Greeting the Dead Folk from the ground.
But I am lonelier far to-night
Than with gray tombs around.

Life! Life!—the silence and the cry;
The surge of seas without a chart;
More strange than Death.—Who ever chose
His course?—Born blind, to start
Adventuring?—But now, behold,
We must fare on, forever fare.
—Over the City,—Night.—And I
Stand, letting down my hair.

The Man who was Nice and Common

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

SOCRATES and all his philosophic children recognize a certain "suspension" as the proper frame of mind for an inquirer. Of this Millerstown knows nothing. Millerstown's mind is made up long before the facts of a case are apparent.

Jacob Volk and the younger of the two young Fackenthals saw the stranger first from the high seat of their coal-wagon.

"Who is he?" asked Jacob.

"Where does he come from?" demanded Jim.

"What is he doing in the hotel?"

"What does he have in that satchel?"

"He is lame."

"He is thin as a switch."

"He looks dumb."

"I could blow him over with my breath." Jim pretended to strike his fat roans a mighty blow with the end of the lines. "Get up, *ihr faule Dinger* (you lazy beasts)!"

Jacob Volk prepared to climb down from the wagon.

"Let me off! I will see what he is doing in the hotel. I will see where he comes from. I will see—"

Jim Fackenthal laughed and drove on. Jacob Volk was the most inquisitive man in the universe; it was well to punish him. But Jacob, regardless of coal-dust and rheumatism, scrambled over the back of the seat into the body of the wagon and dropped to the road.

In the combination bar-room and office Jacob's low opinion of the stranger was fortified. He was even thinner than a switch, he wore glasses—ridiculous affectation of school-teachers and preachers—he walked with a slight limp, he accepted without protest the charge for room and board to which the hotel-keeper added a dollar above the usual amount. Indeed—*esel* (donkey) that he was—he seemed surprised that it should be so low. He said that he might stay all summer. Jacob flew to tell the news.

"A stranger!"

"He will stay all summer!"

"What does he look like?"

"Do you think it is anything in him?"

"What will he do in Millerstown?"

"Perhaps he will start a new church."

"Perhaps he is a insurance man."

"Perhaps he will keep summer school."

"I won't send my children to summer school; he need not think it!"

The stranger apparently expected nothing from any of them. He kept his own counsel, and divided his time between his shady corner room overlooking the village street and the little mountain back of Millerstown. The hotel-keeper's wife said also that he took medicine.

"Pooh!" commented Millerstown.

Millerstown did its best to learn his business. Sarah Ann Mohr, who lived across the street, knew when he rose, and that was shamefully late, and when he went to bed, and that made Sarah Ann lose many hours of good sleep. The postmaster observed carefully the postmark of every letter he received, the address of every letter which he sent away. Most of them went to a lady by the name of Smith who lived in New York. Inasmuch as the young man's name was Smith, not much could be made out of this discovery.

The boys followed him in his walks on the mountain, but, like a famous king of France, he merely marched up and then marched down.

Ellie Wenner, who washed for him, could contribute only a single item. His clothes were mended, she said, as though he had a mother.

Presently Millerstown had recourse to plain questions. Had he a mother living? Yes, indeed! A father? No. Brothers and sisters? No. How had he heard of Millerstown? He saw the name on a time-table. Did he ever know any one from Millerstown? No. Did he like Millerstown? Very much.

But if the young man refused to divulge his own affairs, he was at least willing to listen to the affairs of others. Ellie Wenner loved to tell about her quarrels with Wenner's first wife's people, who wanted all the first wife's house-keeping things. Elias Bittner liked to tell all his private woes. Pit Gaumer dealt principally with church quarrels. Jacob Volk had a quarrel with the universe. Old man Fackenthal liked to talk about Elias and Pit and Jacob, especially in their own presence. All Millers-town liked to talk all the time.

And the young man liked to listen. When he went for his laundry he sat on the bench outside the kitchen door and heard all Ellie Wenner's woes. He held on his knee the clock which the relatives of the first Mrs. Wenner had tried to steal; he was shown the faded spot on the parlor wall from which they had torn her crayon portrait.

"They came in the window when I was off," declared Ellie. "What do you think of that, say?"

"I think it was shocking." The stranger was always kind, always sympathetic; he was, as Millerstown would have said, "nice and common."

He was also excessively polite. When he fell over Elias Bittner's foot, he said, "Excuse me," and then blushed crimson

when Elias responded only with a loud, rude, and suffering "Ouch!"

By-and-by he began to get on Millers-town's nerves. They were sure there was "something wrong" about him. Perhaps he was a burglar or a swindler or a safe-cracker. Then they were equally sure that he was "a little off," and to this conclusion they clung. They began to laugh at him among themselves; once or twice children yelled at him on the street. They had names for him: "Der Fratz Hans," because his fine clothes and his professed inability to speak Pennsylvania German made him seem proud and self-important; sometimes "Der Ueberg'scheit," because he was overwise; sometimes "Der Simpel," because he believed everything they told him.

Finally, from morning until night Millerstown fooled him to the top of his bent. They did not begin with any concerted conspiracy against him; no one person agreed with any other to deceive him; they simply could not help themselves. The whole joke-loving community was similarly affected.

Ellie Wenner's husband's first wife's relatives no longer crept in the window; they broke down the front door, and one of them carried a gun. Sarah Ann Mohr's pigs no longer weighed four hundred pounds; they weighed five hundred,



JACOB VOLK SAW THE STRANGER FIRST

five hundred and fifty, one even seven hundred. The single wildcat which had haunted the minds of Millerstown children for generations, and which was really an invention to keep them from straying to the mountain, grew to a nest of wildcats, then to a herd. Eventually the herd descended upon the village and carried off a child.

"We could hear them in the night always," declared Jacob Volk, with bulging eyes. "Like lions, they shook themselves and roared."

The stranger was as excited as any story-teller could wish.

"They gaped upon you with their mouths, as a ravening and a roaring lion," he quoted from the Bible.

Jacob swung his feet from the top of the hotel-porch railing to the floor with a crash.

"You have right!" he cried. "That was it, exactly."

But it was not on Ellie Wenner's wash-bench or on the hotel porch that Millerstown did its best; it was in front of old

man Fackenthal's. There were three maple-trees; against each one was propped a chair; in one sat old man Fackenthal, in another Elias Bittner, in the third Pit Gaumer. Jacob Volk sat on the door-step, and in the middle of the long bench sat "The Simple." On the curb and crowded round Jacob on the step were as many Millerstonians as could be accommodated. No one sat on the bench beside the stranger; from that angle the delightful expressions on his gullible face could not have been seen. The neighboring door-steps were crowded also; the rest of the village was almost forsaken. Had it not been that the stranger was pious as well as simple-minded, the Sunday-evening services would have suffered.

There was no order of speech; no one was called upon to open the meeting; no one practised beforehand. They behaved just as they always behaved.

"I remember—" Jacob Volk would begin.

"My pop told me—" Elias Bittner would interrupt.



THE BOYS FOLLOWED HIM IN HIS WALKS ON THE MOUNTAIN

"I wish you would be still," Pit Gaumer would say. "My uncle said—"

"You are all to be still," old man Fackenthal would command. "*I* want to talk."

Everybody talked, everybody invented, everybody boasted. Jacob Volk, who had bragged all his life, excelled himself; others who had never bragged now burst forth with incredible tales. There was no effort to make the stories probable or possible. Elias Bittner, caught beneath his overturned wagon when the horses ran away, had kept pace with them for two miles on his hands and knees, until, the wagon righting itself, he had leaped out, rushed to the horses' heads, and stopped their mad flight. Pit Gaumer, when a young man, had walked to "Phildelphy" and back in two days, and had killed thirty wolves on the way. Jacob Volk with his "good hickory gat" had driven off a whole army of desperadoes who had set upon him on the mountain road.

Then Millerstown grew tired of its madness. They still talked—not till the stranger departed, at the end of the summer, did their play end—but the character of the talk changed. Farce took herself off and Comedy arrived. Millerstown had not dared to laugh before for fear of undeceiving the stranger; now it shouted with glee. Tales of apple-butter matches, battalions, family quarrels, old and delicious feuds—here were stories at which one could shout and roar. The Simple did not always laugh; he sat as though enchanted. But Millerstown did not care whether he laughed or not. Millerstown was enchanted with itself.



ON THE BENCH OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN DOOR HE HEARD ALL ELLIE WENNER'S WOES

"So they fought and they fought and they fought," said old man Fackenthal, "Johnny Wock and Mrs. Johnny Wock.

"'You shall have the half,' yelled Johnny Wock, 'and I will take the half!'

"'And you will take the biggest half!' Mrs. Johnny Wock said back at him. 'You always do.'

"'Now,' said Johnny Wock, 'rage flies into me!'

"He took the ax and the saw and the hatchet, Johnny Wock did, and he cut the things in two, the tables, the chairs, the bag of flour, the sugar-kettle, even the vinegar-barrel he sawed from top to bottom."

"And then what?" asked a dozen voices.

"Oh, they made it up; they always made it up. They patched the table and shoveled up the flour."

"Oh, tell another!" cried The Simple. Mom Fackenthal stood in the doorway.

Even she was affected by this strange madness.

"You might tell them about the—"

Old man Fackenthal looked up at her and chuckled. He knew what she meant; because of her respect for preachers she had never let him tell it before; he told it now, for the first of a hundred times, his tale of "The Snorting Preacher." Afterward there was always some one who had not heard, or who pretended not to have heard, whose mighty mirth it was a joy to witness.

"A couple of years back, when Jimmie was a little boy, we had a candidate in the church, and he stayed by us overnight. He was big and fat and dumb; he was no sort of a preacher. But we had had already eleven candidates, and none suited. This one they were going to take whether or no. Mom and I, we slept in the back room, and he in the front room because there was the strongest bed, and Jimmie, he was in the trundle-bed in the back room. The doors were open into the hall, it was so fearful hot. It wasn't a breath of air, not a breath. But pretty soon there began to be a breath. The preacher snorted something powerful."

"You mean snored, pop," said Mom Fackenthal.

"I mean snorted; it was snorting. Like an elephant or a tiger he snorted. It was like it began at the church and ended a mile out the pike. I tell you, I nearly jumped out of my bed. Mom, she was awake, and the preacher, he had snorted himself awake, and Jimmie was sitting up.

"'Mom,' Jimmie yelled—'mom! The cow is coming up the steps!'

"Then Jimmie laid down and went to sleep, and the preacher went to sleep, but mom and I, we didn't sleep, I can tell you. It was like a corn-sheller, it was like a sawmill, it was like the end of the world. Three snorts he gave. And then he snorted himself awake. And Jimmie sat up in bed.

"'Mom!' he yelled out—'mom! The cow is *dying!*'"

Millerstown ached from holding back its laughter.

"And then that preacher got up, and he said little Jimmie was so and so and so and so, and—"

"Pop!" warned Mom Fackenthal.

"And he slammed the door—I ain't going to say nothing, mom—and that was the end. We didn't know if he sneaked out then, or if he kept himself from snorting and sneaked out in the morning. But he went. We didn't know if it was the snorting or the swearing that shamed him."

"That was like the time when—" began Elias Bittner.

"I guess you young folks never heard—" interrupted Pit Gaumer.

"I'm not done talking," old man Fackenthal would say.

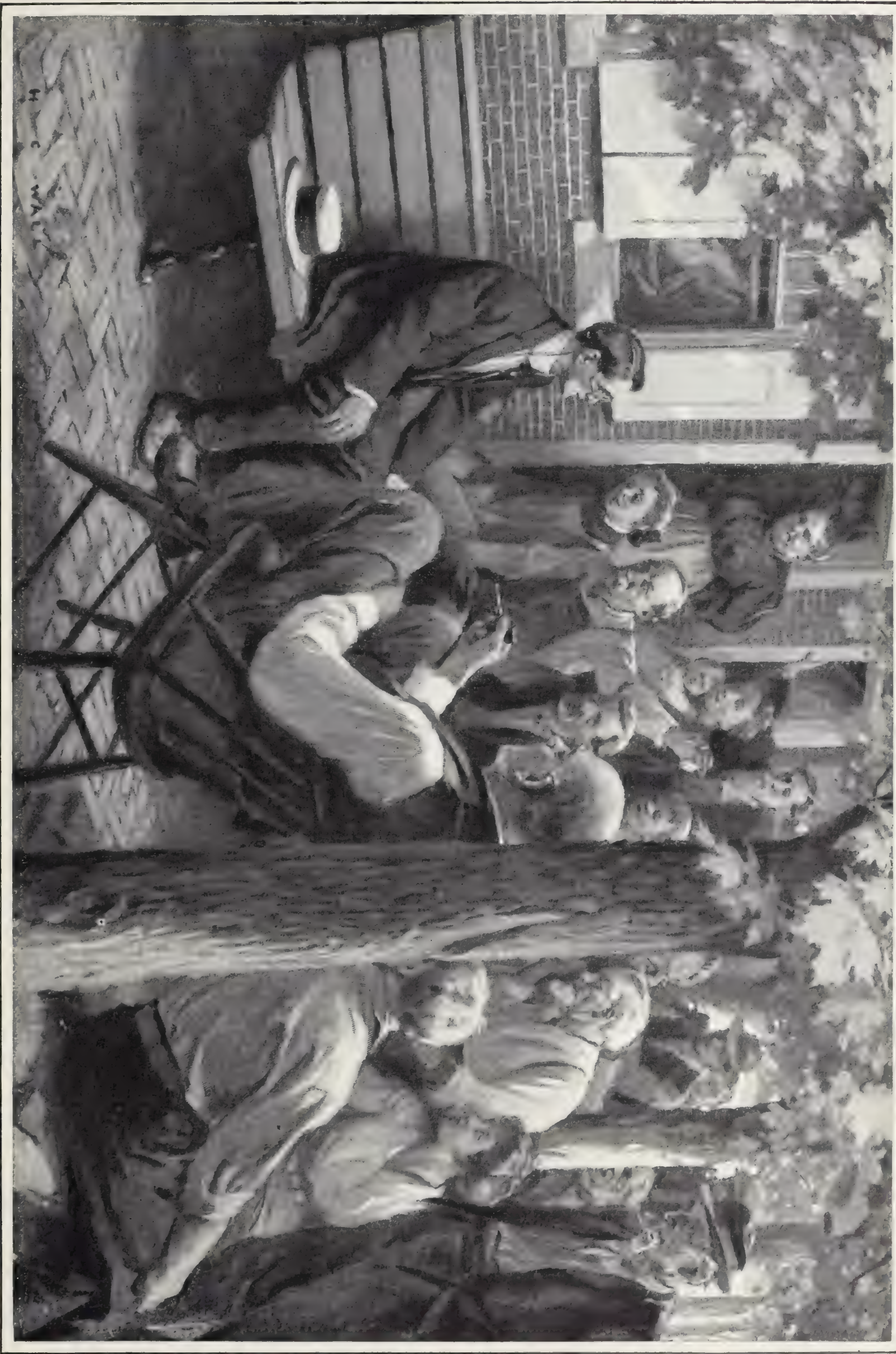
Thus it went on, summer evening after summer evening, until, as the shadows began to fall earlier on the quiet streets, and the boys who had sat on the curb slipped into less cold seats on the bench beside the stranger, the mood of the Millerstonians changed again. They still talked, they still continued to pour out at the feet of this young man a rich burden of plot and sub-plot, a store of history and folk-lore. There were strange uses of prepositions, racy idioms, new words, coined in the slow, careful mint of their isolated, introspective minds.

Now, suddenly, Comedy followed the way of Farce, and Tragedy arrived. Evil stalked about and was punished, for Millerstown, except for a few evil-doers, is good and upright and clean; heroism was properly rewarded; religion, for Millerstown is pious, by turns inspired remorse and brought comfort.

These stories were not all true; they were pruned and polished, and each one ended exactly as it should. They were told with awe and tenderness and horror. Each man became suddenly to his neighbor what he was to himself, a primitive creature, frightened a little by the darkness, peopling the world, especially the dear, safe little mountain back of Millerstown, with evil or uncanny beings, or even with ghosts.

Jacob Volk's wildcats became suddenly real, not only to the children, but to their mothers and fathers.

There were, Jacob Volk said, a man and a woman living on the mountain with their little baby. One night the man could not get home on account of a heavy snow, and the woman and the little baby were there alone. Hitherto the wildcats



Drawn by H. C. Wall

THERE WAS NO EFFORT TO MAKE THE STORIES PROBABLE OR POSSIBLE

had never troubled the little household; now they realized that the master was away. They were mad with hunger, full of expedient. They gathered round the cabin; again they roared and gaped. One howled upon the roof, one burst in the window, another entered at the door. There the mother sat with the baby in her arms. And suddenly she began to pray and sing, and the evil beasts slunk back. All night she sang, all the dear hymns of the fatherland, over and over again, "Nun danket Alle Gott," "Ein Feste Burg," "Oh, Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," "Allein und doch nicht ganz Allein." When, exhausted, she stopped to catch her breath, the beasts came a little nearer, and again she drove them back. Finally the dawn broke, they stole away, and her husband found her unconscious, but living and safe.

A man on the mountain—again the stage was set upon the mountain—robbed and murdered a stranger who had stopped with him, and buried his body near the house. He made the spot smooth; no one suspected him; nobody missed his poor victim; he was perfectly safe. But across that spot he could not walk without stumbling. A branch from a tree fell upon it and tripped him; a very small stone became suddenly an obstacle which no visitor could see until he had fallen over it; the long shoot of a blackberry vine made a snare. And when the man had removed the branch and the stone and the blackberry vine, he could not restrain himself from crying out, "Be careful, be careful, you will fall!"

His visitors laughed at him; they said there was nothing there; he must be crazy. And then *he opened the grave to show them that there was something there.*

"He d-dug it open!" cried Elias Bittner. "God had taken his reason."

Thus, entranced by their own invention, now minstrels casting spells, now kings and courtiers sitting at happy ease, the Millerstonians passed the long summer, until autumn came, and the stranger went away.

The stranger looked much better than when he came. He was a good deal stouter—no one could help being who led such a lazy life, who had eaten so much, and laughed so much. The Millerstown women had made fun of him at night,

but by day they had sent him scores of gifts of pie and raised cake and fruit and doughnuts. He went round to say good-by to them all, at which politeness they were amused. He said that he hoped Ellie Wenner's husband's first wife's relatives would annoy her no more.

Presently doors were closed early in the evening; windows were shut to stay shut till spring; Millerstown ceased its communal life, the summer gatherings were no more. Kitchens were small; the women did not like too many men sitting round; the men met in the post-office or store. They spoke occasionally of the young man, wondering pleasantly who was playing tricks on him now. Spring came, a dull summer passed, and they heard no word of him. They tried sometimes to repeat the happy evenings round old man Fackenthal's door, but their efforts were vain. The spirit had gone out of them.

Then, one January evening, the postmaster handed old man Fackenthal a letter and a package.

"A letter!" cried he, all in a flutter. "From New York? Who should write to me from New York?"

Elias Bittner hazarded a brilliant guess.

"Perhaps it is The Simple." Then he, too, was astounded.

"There is a package for you, too," said the postmaster. "And one for Pit and one for Jacob."

Not one of the old men thought of using his knife to cut the string which bound his package. Helplessly, half-frightened, they picked at the knots.

"Listen once!" cried old man Fackenthal. "What do you think of this, say?"

To an almost petrified audience he read his letter. It was, as Elias had guessed, from the stranger. It was a letter of thanks. They would see, he said, if they looked into his book, why he thanked them. He mentioned by name various Millerstonians, Ellie Wenner, Sarah Ann Mohr; he was very grateful to them all. They had restored him to health, they had given him the material for a series of stories which had been so successful in magazines that they were now being published in book form. He was sending each of his old friends a copy. He hoped some day to come to Millerstown again.



TO AN ALMOST PETRIFIED AUDIENCE HE READ HIS LETTER

With faltering hands they turned the leaves.

"The Snorting Preacher," they read at the top of one page; "When Johnny Wock Divided Up," at the top of another; "Who Putteth Her Trust in Thee," on a third.

"Do you suppose he got *money* for them?" faltered Pit Gaumer.

"It says, 'Price, one-twenty-five,'" answered Elias. "That looks like money."

"Do you suppose—" Jacob Volk began a sentence, but did not complete it. Reading the intention of old man Facken-

thal and Elias and Pit in their eyes, he followed them out.

"Just give me time once!" said Jacob Volk, speaking for them all. "If there is money in it, I can make the money! I can beat those stories. They are nothing.

Afterward they would discuss and argue and deny and refuse to believe and laugh at one another. But now was not the time for speech. Within half an hour, beside four brightly burning lamps, with four new tablets and four new pens and four new bottles of ink, four old men sat motionless, chin on hand, with puckered brows, waiting.



My Experience During the Commune

BY MADAME DE HEGERMANN-LINDENCRONE

PART II.

31st March, 1871.

MR. MOULTON thought it better that I should leave Paris. But to leave Paris one must have a passport from the *préfet de police*. He consulted Mr. Washburn about it, who not only consented to give me a card of introduction to Raoul Rigault (whom he knew personally), but offered to send me to the *préfecture* in his own carriage.

This morning at eleven the carriage was at the door, and with it the promised card of introduction. I noticed that the coachman had no livery, nor did he wear the cockade of the legation; neither was there any servant. I suppose Mr. Washburn thought it safer for us to drive through the streets without creating any unnecessary notice or running the risk of being insulted.

Mlle. W—— accompanied me, and with her the omnipresent bag filled with chocolates, bonbons, etc., for any unforeseen event. On our way she discoursed on the manner in which one ought to treat those people. One should (she said) not annoy them, nor provoke them in any way, but smile kindly at them and *en générale* be very polite.

I don't know how many times I had to pull out my *Billet de Circulation* before we reached the *préfecture*.

At last we arrived, and we were about to descend from the carriage when a ragamuffin of a Communist, shouldering his gun and looking all-important, sprang forward to prevent us; but on my showing my *Billet* he nodded his head, saying, "C'est bien."

The small gate next to the large iron one was opened and we entered the courtyard. This was filled with soldiers. A sentinel stood before the door of the large corridor which led to the prefect's office. Inside this room stood a guard, better dressed and seemingly a person of more importance. On showing Mr. Wash-

burn's card, I said to him that I had come here for the purpose of getting a passport, and would like to speak to Raoul Rigault himself.

We went toward the door, which he opened, but on seeing Mlle. W—— he stopped us and asked: "Who is that lady? Has she a card also?"

We had never thought of this! I was obliged to say that she had not, but she had come to accompany me.

He said rather bluntly, "If she has no card I cannot allow her to enter."

Here was a pretty plight. I told him in the suave manner which Mlle. W—— had recommended to me that Mr. Washburn would have included this lady's name on my card had he foreseen that there would be any difficulty in allowing her to follow me as my companion.

"Madame, I have strict orders; I cannot disobey them."

I did not wish him to disobey them, but nevertheless I whispered to Mlle. W——, "Don't leave me; stay close by me," thinking the man would not at the last moment refuse to allow her to remain with me.

Alas! The door opened. I entered; the door closed behind me. I looked back, and I saw that I was alone. No Mademoiselle in sight! My heart sank.

I was escorted from room to room, each door guarded by an uncouth soldier, and shut promptly as I passed.

I must have gone through at least seven rooms before I reached the sanctuary in which Raoul Rigault held his audience.

This autocrat, whom the republicans (to their eternal shame, be it said) had placed in power after the 4th of September, at this moment had more power than any one else in Paris.

When the guard opened the door he pointed to the table where Raoul Rigault was seated writing (seemingly very ab-

sorbed). He appeared to me to be a man about thirty-five or forty years old, short, thick-set, with a full, round face, a bushy black beard, a sensuous mouth, and a cynical smile. He wore tortoise-shell eye-glasses, but these could not hide the wicked expression of his cunning eyes.

I looked about me and noticed that the room had very little furniture; there was only the table at which the prefect sat and two or three plain chairs. Just such a chamber as Robespierre might have occupied during *his* republic. There were two gendarmes standing behind Rigault's chair waiting for orders, and a man (of whom I did not take particular notice) leaning against the mantelpiece, at the other end of the room.

I approached the table, waiting like a culprit for the all-powerful Rigault to look up and notice me.

But he did not; he continued to be occupied with what he was doing. So I ventured to break the ice by saying, "Monsieur, I have come to procure a passport, and here is Mr. Washburn's card (the American minister) to tell you who I am."

He took the card without condescending to look at it, and went on writing.

Getting impatient at his impertinence, I ventured again to attract his attention, and I said as politely as possible (and as Mademoiselle could have wished), "Will you kindly give me this passport, as I wish to leave Paris as soon as possible."

Thereupon he took up the card, and affecting the "Marat" style, said, "Does the Citoyenne wish to leave Paris? Why?"

I answered that I was obliged to leave Paris for different reasons.

He replied with what he thought a seductive smile:

"I should think Paris would be a very

delightful place for a pretty woman like yourself."

How could I make him understand that I had come for a passport and not for conversation?

At this moment, I confess, I began to feel dreadfully nervous, seeing the powerless situation in which I was placed, and

I saw in imagination visions of prison-cells, handcuffs, and all the horrors which belong to revolutions. I heard the sonorous clock in the tower strike the hour, and realized that only minutes, not hours, had passed since I had been waiting in this dreadful place.

"Monsieur," I began once more, "I am rather in haste and would thank you if you would give me my passport."

Upon which he took Mr. Washburn's so-much-looked-at

card, scrutinized it, and then scrutinized me.

"Are you La Citoyenne Moulton?"

I answered, "Yes."

"American?"

I replied I was—and in *petto* mighty glad I was to be it.

"Does the American Minister know you personally?"

"Yes, very well."

"Why do you wish to deprive us of your presence in Paris?"

I repeated that my affairs required my presence elsewhere.

I saw he was taking no steps toward making out my passport, and I became more agitated and unnerved, and said:

"If it is impossible for you, Monsieur, to give me the passport, I will inform Mr. Washburn of the fact, and he will no doubt come to you himself for it."

This seemed to arouse him, for he opened a drawer and took out a blank to be filled for a passport, with an impatient shrug of his shoulders, as if he was bored to death.



RAOUL RIGAULT

Now followed the most hateful and trying *quart d'heure* I ever passed in my life. I fancy Raoul Rigault had never been in the society of a lady (perhaps he had never even seen one), and his innate coarseness seemed to make him gloat over the present situation; and as a true republican, whose motto is (as you see on my passport) "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," he flattered himself he was on an equality with me, therefore he could take any amount of liberty. He took advantage of the unavoidable questions that belong to the making out of a passport, and showed a diabolical pleasure in tormenting "La Citoyenne" who stood helplessly before him.

When it came to the description and the enumerating of my features, he was more obnoxious than I can express. Peering across the table to see whether my eyes were brown or black, or my hair black or brown, he never lost an opportunity to make a fawning remark before writing it down. You can see that he describes my "*Teint*" as "*Pale*." I felt pale and think I must have looked very pale, for he said: "You are very pale, Madame. Would you like to have something to drink?" Possibly he may have meant to be kind, but I saw *Borgia* written all over him. I refused his offer with effusion.

When he asked me my age he said insinuatingly, "You are very young, Madame, to be going about alone in Paris."

I answered: "I am not alone, Monsieur. My husband is awaiting me in Mr. Washburn's carriage, and he is doubtless wondering at my long absence." (I thought it best to tell this lie.)

I considered this extremely diplomatic.

Turning to the man at the mantelpiece, he said, "Grouzet, do you think we ought to allow the Citoyenne to leave Paris?"

Grouzet (the man he addressed) stepped forward and took Mr. Washburn's card, saying something in an undertone to Rigault which caused him instantly to change his manner toward me (I don't know which was worse, his overbearing or his fawning manner).

"You must forgive me," he said, "if I linger over your visit here; we don't often have such luck, do we, Grouzet?"

I thought I should faint!

Probably the man Grouzet noticed my emotion, for he came to my rescue, and said, politely, "Madame Moulton, I had the honor of meeting you last year at a ball at the Hôtel de Ville."

I looked up with surprise. He was a very handsome fellow, and I remembered quite well having seen him somewhere, but did not remember where. I was happy indeed to find any one who knew me and could vouch for me, and told him so. He smiled. "I venture to present myself to you, Madame; I am Pascal Grouzet. Can I be of any service to you?"

"Indeed you can," I answered, eagerly. "Please tell Monsieur Rigault to give me my passport; it seems to be a colossal undertaking to get it."

Grouzet and Rigault had a little conversation together, and, presto, my longed-for passport lay before me to sign. No Elsa ever welcomed her Lohengrin coming out of the clouds as I did my Lohengrin coming from the mantelpiece.

I signed my name quickly enough, Rigault put the official seal on it, and, rising from his chair, politely handed it to me.

Before taking my leave of the now overpolite prefect I asked him how much there was to pay!

He courteously replied, "Nothing, absolutely nothing," and added he was glad to be of any service to me; if there was anything more he could do I had only to command.

I did not say that I thought he had done enough for one day, but I bowed him good-by and turned to go out.


M. Pascal Grouzet offered me his arm, begging to take me to my carriage. The gendarmes threw open the doors, and we retraced our steps through all the different rooms until we reached the one where I had left Mlle. W——, whom I expected to find, bag, smile, and all, waiting for me in agonizing anxiety.

But what did I see?

Mademoiselle sound asleep on the bench, gazed at and guarded by the dreaded soldiers.

"I am afraid," said M. Pascal Grouzet, "that you have been greatly annoyed this morning. Your interview with the prefect must have been most painful to you."

"I confess," I said, "it has never been

POLICE GÉNÉRALE.		(P. I.)	
PASSE-PORT à l'Intérieur, valable pour un an		<i>Republique</i> EMPIRE FRANÇAISE	
DÉPARTEMENT <i>de la Seine</i>			
Sous-PREFECTURE <i>d'Asnières</i>		<i>Passe-port à l'Intérieur,</i> <i>valable pour un an.</i>	
COMMUNE, <i>d'Asnières</i>			
Registre <i>4</i> <i>791</i>		<i>Nous Délégue l'acte</i>	
SIGNALLEMENT.		<i>Invitons les Autorités civiles et militaires à laisser passer et</i> <i>librement circuler d'Asnières département</i> <i>de la Seine à Paris, département</i> <i>de la Seine-et-Oise.</i>	
Age de <i>25 ans</i>	taille, d'un mètre	<i>La Citoyenne Charles Moulton</i> <i>et son domestique</i> <i>profession de rentier</i> <i>nature de Boston département d'Etat: New</i> <i>demeurant à Paris rue de Courcelles, 23.</i> <i>et à lui donner aide et protection en cas de besoin.</i>	
cheveux <i>bruns</i>	front <i>large</i>	<i>Cher sur Paris, de la Seine-et-Oise</i> <i>de l'ambassade des Etats-Unis</i> <i>Fait à Paris, le 22 Mars mil huit</i> <i>cent soixante et dix.</i>	
yeux <i>bleus</i>	nez <i>droit</i>	<i>De la Citoyenne Charles Moulton</i> <i>et son domestique</i> <i>et son domestique</i>	
bouche <i>petite</i>	barbe <i>pas</i>	<i>et son domestique</i> <i>et son domestique</i>	
menton <i>petit</i>	visage <i>ovale</i>	<i>et son domestique</i> <i>et son domestique</i>	
teint <i>rose</i>		<i>et son domestique</i> <i>et son domestique</i>	
SIGNES PARTICULIERS <i>Meunier</i>		<i>et son domestique</i> <i>et son domestique</i>	
Signature du Porteur. <i>Lélie Moulton</i>		<i>et son domestique</i> <i>et son domestique</i>	

PASSPORT ISSUED TO MADAME MOULTON DURING THE COMMUNE

my fate to have been placed in just such a situation, and I thank you with all my heart for your assistance. You certainly saved my life, for I doubt if I could have lived another moment in that room."

"Perhaps more than your life, Madame—more than you imagine, at any rate."

As he put us into the carriage he looked puzzled at not seeing the husband I had said was waiting for me, but a smile of comprehension swept over his face and met a guilty glance. He apparently understood my reasons.

On reaching home, tired, exhausted, and, oh, so hungry! we found Mr. Washburn. He and Mr. Moulton had been very anxious about me, picturing to themselves all sorts of horrors; and when I told them what really had happened they felt that their anxieties had not been far from being justified. Mr. Washburn laughed at the subterfuges I had used and the lie I had told. They had examined my passport as a great curiosity, and noticed it had "Valable pour un an" (Good for a year).

Mr. Washburn said, "Evidently they intend this sort of thing to go on forever."

3rd April.

My mother-in-law has decided to leave for Dinard, and starts day after tomorrow.

We have been assured that the trains would make connections as far at least as Rennes; beyond that no one could tell whether they went regularly or not.

Mrs. Moulton had procured a red *Billet de Circulation* with a date, a white one without a date, Mr. Washburn's card, and different passes. She was certainly well prepared for any emergency. As there was only one day train, she was obliged to take that (it left at 7 o'clock A.M.).

A desire to see some of her friends before her departure spurred Mrs. Moulton to invite them to dinner. Our friends are now so few and far between that it is not difficult to know whom to choose or where to find them.

The result was a miscellaneous company, as you will see—Mr. Washburn, Auber, Massenet, Beaumont, and Del-sarte; our family consists of Mrs. M——, Mr. M——, M. Henry, Mlle. W——, and myself.

We had an excellent dinner: a *potage printanier* (from cans), canned lobster, corned beef (canned), and some chickens who had known many sad months in the conservatory. An iced concocted from different things, and named on the menu *glace aux fruits*, completed this *Festin de Balthazar*.

Massenet, who had come in from the country for the day to confer with his editor, received our invitation just in time to dress and join us. He played some of the "Poème de Souvenir," which he has dedicated to me. I hope I can do it justice. What a genius he is! Massenet always calls Auber "le maître," and Auber calls him "le cher enfant."

Auber also played some of his melodies with his dear wiry old fingers, and while he was at the piano Massenet put himself at the other (we have two in the ball-room) and improvised an enchanting accompaniment. I wished they could have gone on forever.

21st April.

Auber sent a note early this morning by his coachman to ask me to lunch with

him at ten-thirty o'clock (of course accompanied by Mademoiselle—my aunt, as he calls her). The coachman says that his master is not feeling well and longs to see a friend.

I am proud to be the friend he longs to see, and was only too happy to accept.

Auber talked of Rossini, whose death a few years ago had been a great grief to him. He recalled Alboni and Patti's duet "Quis est Homo" of Rossini's "Stabat Mater," which they sang at Rossini's funeral. I was present myself, and could remember how beautifully they sang it. Auber was one of the pall-bearers. He told me that Rossini had liked my voice very much; I had the quality of voice he liked the best. Rossini had said that my rendering of "Sombre Forêt" of "Guillaume Tell" was perfect. He said that I was "un rossignol double de velours." "This was a great compliment," I remarked. Auber answered: "Rossini never said anything he did not mean. Do you know what he said of Patti?"

No; I did not know.

"He said that he could not recognize his own music when Patti sang it. 'C'était tellement Strakoschonné.' Maurice Strakosch is Patti's brother-in-law and teacher, and makes all her cadenzas for her.

Rossini adored Alboni, but found her "pas assez musicienne."

Auber asked me, "Do you know what Rossini said of me?"

I answered I knew what he *ought* to have said, but asked, "What did he say?"

"Il a dit: Auber est un grand musicien qui fait de la petite musique," Auber replied, with a twinkle in his eye.

I said, "What did *you* say of Rossini?"

He hesitated a moment, and then replied, "J'ai dit que Rossini faisait de la belle musique mais de la mauvaise cuisine."

Rossini used to invent the most awful things to eat.

Auber continued his reminiscences, and pointing to the piano when we re-entered the salon, said, "You recall the night when Jenny Lind dined here?" Indeed I did, and how well! Who could have forgotten it?

We thought Auber seemed very fatigued, and we soon left him.

7th May.

A note came yesterday from Mr. Washburn (I don't know if he is in Paris or not). He writes, "Nothing could be worse than the present state of affairs. I wish you were out of Paris. Hope you are well," etc.

If we could get a message to him we would tell him that we are well enough and have enough to eat, that Mlle. W—— and I tremble all day, but that Mr. Moulton has not enjoyed himself so much since the last revolution.

Slippers all day if he likes. . . .

9th May.

While we were at breakfast this morning the servant came rushing in, pale and trembling, and announced to us that pillage had commenced in the Boulevard Haussmann (just around the corner), and that the mob was coming toward our house. We flew to the window, and, sure enough, there we saw a body of soldiers collected on the other side of the street, in front of the Princess Mathilde's Palace, gesticulating and pointing over at us.

We thought our last day had come; certainly it did look like a crisis of some kind. We gazed blankly at one another. Mademoiselle disappeared to seek refuge, I fancy, between the mattresses of her bed, the smile and the urbane language with which she was prepared to face this emergency (so often predicted by her) disappearing with her.

The mob crossed the street howling and screaming, and on finding the gate locked began to shake it. The frightened

concierge, already barricaded in his lodge, took care not to show himself; this infuriated the riotous crowd to such an extent that they yelled at the top of their lungs to have the gate opened.

Mr. Moulton sent a scared servant to order the still invisible concierge to open not only one gate, but all three.

He obeyed, trembling and quaking with fear. The Communists rushed into the courtyard, and were about to seize the unhappy concierge, when Mr. Moulton, seeing that no one else had the courage to come forward, went himself, like the true American he is, (and I went with him) out on the steps.

His first words (in pure Anglo-Saxon), "Qu'est ce que vous voolly?" made the assembled crowd giggle.

The leader pushed forward, and, presenting a paper with the official seal of the Comité de Transport, demanded in the name of

the Commune ("requisitioner," they call it) everything we had in the way of animals.

Mr. Moulton took the paper, deliberately adjusted his spectacles, and, having read it very leisurely (I wondered how those fiery creatures had the forbearance to stay quiet, but they did—I think they were hypnotized by my father-in-law's coolness), he said, in his weird French, "Vous voolly nos animaux!" which sounded like "nos animose." The crowd grinned with delight—his French saved the situation. I felt that they would not do us any great harm now.

Mr. Moulton fumbled in his pocket, and judging from the time he took and the depths into which he dived, one would have thought he was going to bring out



JENNY LIND

corruption enough to bribe the whole French nation, but he only produced a gold piece, which he flourished in front of the spokesman, and asked if money would be any inducement to leave us "les animose." But the not-to-be-bribed Com-

cow. The official turned to me; "Madame," he said, "you have a cow, and my orders are to take all your animals. Please send for the cow."

"It is true, Monsieur," I answered, with a gentle smile (like the one reposing

under the mattress), "that we have a cow, but we have the permission of your government to keep it."

"Which government?" he asked.

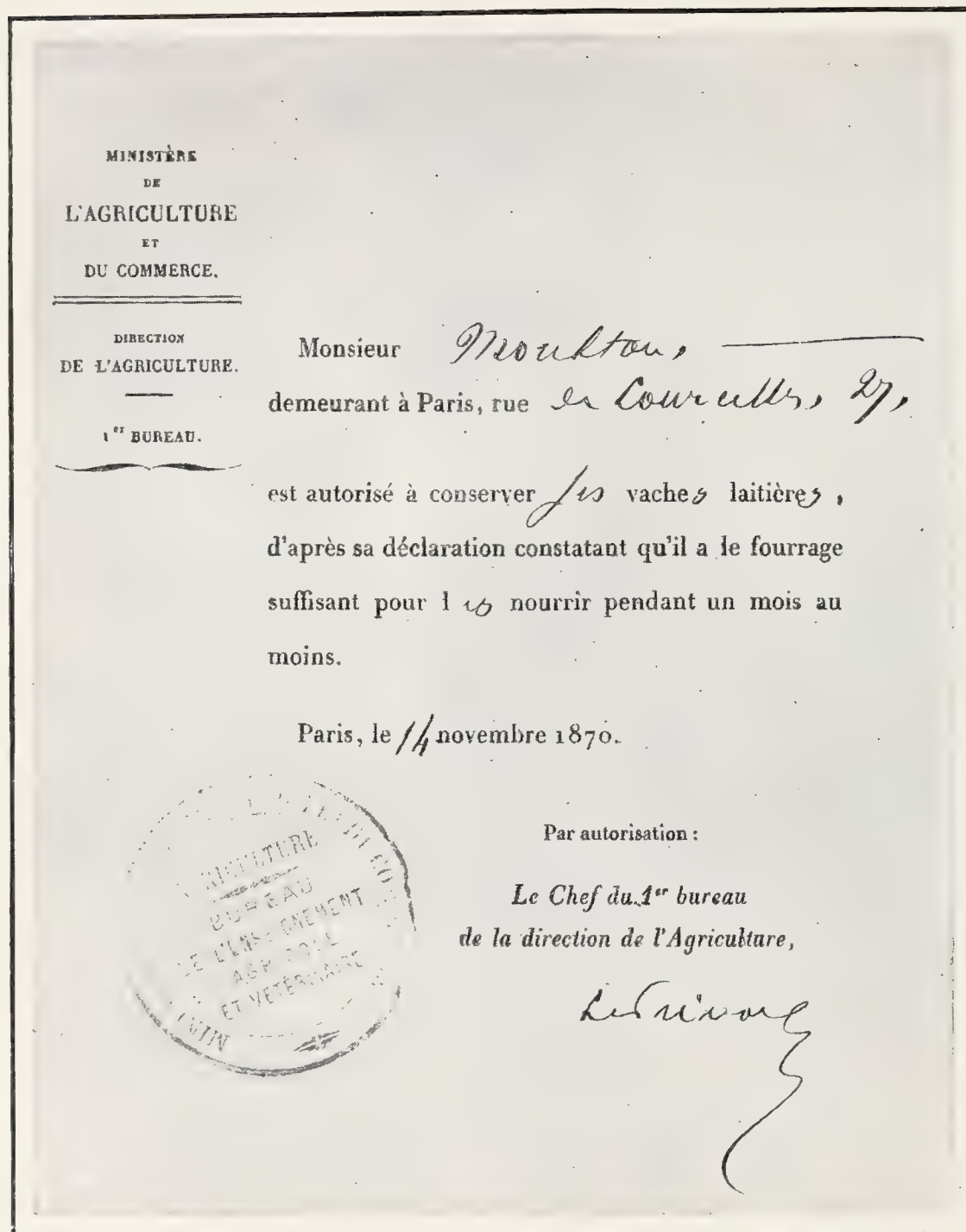
"The French government. Is that not yours?"

The man could not find anything to answer, and turned away mumbling, "As you like," which applied to nothing at all, and addressed Mr. Moulton again: "We have orders, Monsieur—" But Mr. Moulton interrupted him. "I don't care; I refuse the cow."

Some one in the crowd called out, "Gardez le vache!" This was received with a burst of applause. I think that these men, rough as they were, could not but have admired the plucky old gentleman who stood there so calmly looking at them over his spec-

tacles. The servants were all huddled together behind the glass windows in the *antichambre* scared out of their wits, while the terrible Communards were shaking with laughter.

It was heartrending to see poor Louis's grief when he led out the dear gentle horse we loved so fondly; the tears rolled down his cheeks, as they did down mine; and I think a great many of the ruffians around us had a tear of sympathy for our sorrow, for the merriment of the few moments before faded suddenly from their pale and haggard faces.



FACSIMILE OF THE GOVERNMENT PERMIT TO KEEP A COW

munard put his hand on his heart and said, "Sir, we are honorable people"—at which my father-in-law permitted himself to smile (I thought him very brave).

Raising his voice to an unusually high pitch, he cried, "Je ne peux pas vous *refuser* le cheval mais (the pitch became higher) je refuse *le vache*" (I cannot refuse to give you the horse, but I refuse the cow).

The men before us were convulsed with laughter. Then Mr. Moulton gave the order to bring out the horse, but *not* the

When Louis leaned his kind old face against the nose of his companion of the stable he sobbed aloud, and when he gave the bridle over to the man who was to take the horse away, he moaned an adieu, saying, "Be good to him."

I went down the steps (the men politely making way for me) and kissed my poor darling Medjé and passed my hand over her soft neck before she left us for her unknown fate. She seemed to understand our sorrow, for as she was being led out of the courtyard she turned her head toward us with a patient, inquiring look, as if to say, what does it all mean?

I hope she will be returned when "no longer needed," as they promise, and Louis will have the joy of seeing her again.

The now subdued mob left us, filing out quietly through the gates; they had come in like roaring lions, but went out like the meekest of lambs.

The forts—Mont Valerian, Montrouge, Vanves, and Issy—keep up an incessant firing. We would not be surprised if at any moment a bomb reached us, but so far we have escaped this calamity.

The Reds are fighting all around Paris with more or less success; if one could believe what is written in the *Le Journal de la Commune*, one would say they were triumphant all along the line. We have just heard that General Bergeret has been arrested, no one knows why, except that he did not succeed in his last sortie, and has thereby displeased his colleagues generally; it does not take more than that to arrest people in these days.

The good Archbishop of Paris (Darboy), the curé de la Madeleine, Monseigneur Duguerry, also President Bonjean, and the others who were arrested on the fourth of April, have been kept in Mazas Prison ever since. I saw a letter of marvelous forbearance and resignation written by the Archbishop to the Sisters of the St. Augustine Convent, and the beloved curé of the Madeleine beseeches people to pray for order to be restored.

10th May.

While Mr. Moulton was reading this morning's news to us we were startled by a terrible crash. We were paralyzed with

terror, and for a moment speechless, fearing that all we had dreaded was about to be realized. After somewhat recovering our equilibrium, we sent for Louis to find out what dreadful thing had happened.

Louis appeared with the concierge, both trembling from head to foot, and announced that a portion of a bomb which had fallen and exploded near us had come through the roof, shattering many windows, and had caused great havoc. On further examination of the disaster, we were greatly relieved to hear that it was only a question of damaged roof, windows, and masonry. No one was killed or even wounded, but all were so completely frightened that no one dares to sleep on the upper floor.

The days are very monotonous; I never imagined a day could have so many hours.

I, who have always been overbusy and have never found the days long enough to do all I wanted to do, pass the most forlorn days listening and waiting, and wondering what will happen next. I wait all through the sleepless nights; I am so nervous I cannot sleep; I do not even take off my clothes.

We know that there are many tragedies going on about us, and we hear through Louis awful things, but we only believe the half of what he tells us.

15th May.

Thiers's house in the Rue St. Georges was pillaged to-day by the mob, who howled like madmen and hurled all sorts of curses and maledictions on luckless Thiers, who had done nothing wrong, and certainly tried to do good.

Auber, who lives in the same street, must have seen and heard all that was going on. How he must have suffered!

16th May.

The column Vendôme fell to-day; they have been working some days to undermine it near the base. Every one thought it would make a tremendous crash, but it did not; it fell just where they intended it to fall, toward the Rue de la Paix, on some fagots placed to receive it. They were a long time pulling at it, with three or four pulleys and as many ropes, and twenty men tugging with all their might—*et voilà*, the figure which

replaces the Little Corporal, which is safe somewhere in Neuilly, came to earth in a cloud of dust, and the famous column lay broken in three huge pieces.

I inclose a ticket, which Mr. Lemaire obtained somehow, and which, as you see, permitted him to circulate *librement* in the Place Vendôme.

I think it strange that Auber does not let us hear from him. I fear his heart is broken, like the column.

18th May.

It seems that the Communists wish all France to adopt their gentle methods, and they believe and hope that communism will reign supreme over the country.

Rigault, to prove what an admirable government France has now, sent out a decree to arrest a mass of people—no one knows exactly why, except that he wishes to show how great his power is. He wants the Commune to finish in fire and flame as a funeral pile. I hope he will be on top of it, like Sardanapale, and suffer the most, horrible man! . . .

This morning we heard a terrible explosion. Louis said it was l'Ecole Militaire, which was to be blown up to-day. What are we coming to?

Louis and I ventured to go up to the third story, and we put our heads out of the small windows; we saw the bombs flying over our heads like sea-gulls; all the sky was dimmed with black smoke, but we could not see if anything was burning, though we hear that the Tuileries is on fire, and all the public buildings are being set on fire, too.

An organized mob of *pétroleurs* and *pétroleuses* receive two francs a day each for pouring petroleum about and then setting fire to it. How awful!

Louis assures us that they will not come near us, as their only idea is to destroy *public* property. My father-in-law says the fever of destruction may seize them and they might pillage the fine houses and set fire to them. Therefore he is having everything of value, like jewels, silver, and his precious *bric-à-brac*, carried down into the cellar, where there is an iron vault, and has shown us all how to open it in case of a disaster.

22d May.

Rigault gave the order that all the hostages (*otages*) were to be shot.

Rigault wrote the order himself; I inclose it. You notice it does not bear any of the fantastic seals of which they are so fond and of which they have an incredible quantity. It has been written on a paper (*une déclaration d'expédition du chemin de fer d'Orléans*). Probably he was trying to get away. It was the last order he gave and the last fuse to be used to set fire to the funeral pile.

This proclamation, of which I give a reproduction of the original, will give you a little idea of what this horrible brute is capable of:

Floreal an 79 [the way they date things in republics]. Fusillez l'Archevêque et les otages, incendiez les Tuileries et le Palais Royal, et repliez vous sur la rue Germain
Ici tout va bien. . . .

Procureur de la Commune,

RAOUL RIGAULT.

des Près.

In the evening of the twenty-second the victims (forty of them)—the good Darboy, Duguerry, Bonjean, and others—were piled into a transport wagon, with only a board placed across where they could sit, and were taken to the place of execution.

The Archbishop seemed suffering (probably the privations he had endured had weakened him). Bonjean said to him: "Lean on my arm; it is that of a good friend and a Christian," and added, "Religion first, then justice."

As soon as one name was called a door opened and a prisoner passed out; the Archbishop went first; they descended the dark and narrow steps one by one. When they were placed against the wall, Bonjean said, "Let us show them how a priest and a magistrate can die."

Rigault ordered their execution two hours after they were taken, and when some one ventured a remonstrance he curtly replied, "We are not here to make the law, but revolution." Some ruffian in the mob cried out the word "Liberté," which reached Darboy's ears, and he said, "Do not profane the word of liberty; it belongs to us alone, because we die for it and for our faith."

This sainted man was the first to be shot; he died instantly. President Bonjean crossed his arms, and, standing erect, stared full in the faces of his assassins, with his brave eyes fastened on

theirs. This seemed to have troubled them, for of the nineteen balls they fired not one touched his head (they fired too low), but all his bones were broken. The defiant look stayed on his face until *le coup de grâce* (a bullet behind the ear) ended this brave man's life. These details are too dreadful. I will spare you, though I know many more and worse.

Dombrowski had a slight advantage over L'Amiraut the other day, which puffed them all up with hope; but how foolish to think that anything can help now.

23d May.

Now they have all lost their heads and are at their wits' end; there are thirty thousand artillery and more cannon than they know what to do with.

Everything is in a muddle; you can imagine in what a fearful state of anxiety we live. The only thing we ask ourselves now is, When will the volcano begin to pour out its flames?

If the troops should come in by the Arc de Triomphe, and fight their way through Paris by the Champs Elysées and the Boulevard Haussmann, there would not be much hope for us, as we would be just between the two fires.

25th May.

The Arc de Triomphe and the Champs de Mars were captured to-day, and the fighting in the streets has commenced.

They are fighting like mad in the Faubourg St. Honoré. When I open the door of the vestibule I can hear the yelling and screaming of the rushing mob. It is dreadful! The spluttering of the fusillades and the guns overpower all other noises. We hope deliverance is near at hand, but who knows how long before we have peace and quiet again?

28th May.

MacMahon has stormed the barricades and has entered Paris, taking fifty thousand prisoners. Gallifet has ordered thousands to be shot.

We are rescued from more horrors. Thank God, these days of trembling and fear are over!

Pascal Grouzet was killed on the barricades; I am thankful to say that Raoul Rigault has also departed this world; Regnaud (a promising young painter), and how many more shall we know of afterward who have been shot?

30th May.

We hear that Auber became quite crazy and wandered out on the ramparts and was killed with the soldiers. He deserved a better fate, my dear old friend. I am sure his heart was broken, and that day we breakfasted with him was not his first but his last *jour de bonheur*—

Seventy-two days of Communism has cost France 850,000,000 francs.



Problems of a Young Husband

BY E. S. MARTIN

CORDELIA makes calls on many people. It is an occupation for which the extent of this city and the large number of human beings that are subsisting, and trying to reside, in it affords excellent opportunities. It fills me with wonder, and I have inquired into the principles that regulate it. I find the reciprocity idea is involved in it. An inexperienced observer might have thought that Cordelia was calling by wards, and that it looked political, but I couldn't make that match with what had come to my casual knowledge of the habits of metropolitan ladies, nor yet of the divagations of her route. Neither did they suggest assembly districts. So I asked her about it, and she said she was returning the visits of the people who had been asked to our wedding and had called on her afterward. I guess she had made a couple of hundred calls at least. Isn't that strange? She keeps books about it. I had understood that the introduction of machinery had upset all the domestic occupations of women, and that they no longer had stated and regular employments, but this industry of making calls sounds like what I have read in respectable old books like Jane Austen's novels, and it must have been going on for some time. Cordelia buckled down to it when her acquaintances got back to town in the fall as a thing that had to be done. No doubt it had to, but it fits curiously into our problem, which is so intimately concerned with maintenance and the necessities of life, and so remotely with social enlargement and the accessories. However, it seems to be a definite task to be done and done with, and not a perennial occupation that is to renew itself every fall.

In that particular it is like getting married, and shares the advantage of that state. Unless you have advanced ideas you haven't got to keep on doing it. Our ideas are not advanced; we have no wire-

less sifting the air currents for messages from affinities, and so I love the tranquillity of the married state. You aren't always looking out for something vital to happen. It *has* happened.

Really it's an extraordinary condition. It never would work if men weren't men and women women. I am amazed at the talent women have for living with men, as exemplified by Cordelia's gift for living with me. There she is, grown up, intelligent, a product of indulgence, trained to fairly large expectations and to as much liberty of action as her parents could contrive for her; and here I am, used to a still larger allowance of liberty, and with expectations that do not, of course, match hers in all particulars; and yet we make a go of it. Of course, if two people get into a boat to make a voyage, they have both got to go where the boat goes; but the boat has definite plans, whereas the course of marriage is indeterminate and uncharted. Wouldn't you think that out of the abundance of human experience folks would have got up a constitution and by-laws to regulate everything about the married state for persons to sign and swear to when they begin? It isn't so at all. The church makes a little bluff at it that is excellent as far as it goes, though a little out of date, because the expectation that wives are to obey has worn thin and is less dogmatic than it used to be. But practically every mated pair are left to make their own adjustment, with some gospel to help them, but mighty little law. They are the biplane on which life shall mount. It's quite wonderful, and never would work at all, as I said, if men were not men and women women, and mutually tolerant of one another.

Look at me! I have inspected myself a little, and am aware that I am an aggregation of defects coerced into some semblance of deportment by a calculating intelligence. It is an attentive intelligence,

but defective, like the rest of me. I wobble along, feeling my way largely with my feet. I see clearly (for me) one day, and lay a course, and then, like as not, don't get another good observation for days together.

"But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be in hours of gloom fulfilled,"

says Matthew Arnold, so perhaps that's the common lot. I get tired and incapable of spontaneous conversation until refreshed by restoratives—tea that Cordelia gives me if I get home in time, or the more substantial culinary ministrations of Matilda Finn at dinner. I am not always bland before breakfast. It is a pity. Cordelia has remarked it, and avoids unnecessary experiments with my disposition before I have had some coffee. It was some comfort to me to observe, as I did the other day in reading the lessons in church, that it was "on the morrow, when . . . He was hungry," that our Lord went out and cursed the barren fig-tree. So maybe I'm not the first. All the same, it must be rather deplorable to be tied up to a machine that has this tendency to creak while warming up.

What do the girls marry us for, anyhow? No doubt it is because there is nothing better in sight for them to marry. We are indispensable; that's our best claim. And they are indispensable; and possibly that's theirs. Very sound claims, both of them, and arranged for us some years back—300,000,000 years, I read in last week's paper, but that's not important.

I wonder what it is like to be a good match. I am conscious that I never was regarded as a good match for Cordelia. If I could have set my affections more completely on Matilda Finn, that bulwark of our household against hunger and dirt, I might possibly have been regarded as a good match for her (though it wouldn't have been true), but my affections somehow never would cling to any one I was a good match for. And so I am married to a girl at whom I look with dispositions toward contrition for having got the better of her in a trade. But I dare say that's the best way for me to feel, provided *she* doesn't feel so, and it's my affair to see that she doesn't.

I keep forgetting I am emancipated, and get to reaching out for all the flesh-pots and material blessings. That is because of this environment, where all the common comforts of civilization are so costly, and everybody lives shouldered by luxury and pride. I know that in the end I shall get what is desirable, but I wish the intermediate cravings were less importunate. It is nasty to have one's mind so much assailed by considerations of expenditure. And yet I know there is an attitude of mind that can take care of that. If you can always feel that living on sixty dollars a week is an interesting game, with good prizes in it, it *will* be interesting, and ought to be just as interesting as the other games where the weekly stipend is bigger. It is a sustaining thought that it is a warrantable game for Cordelia and me to be playing. Certainly it is! Moreover, it is the most prevalent and popular of all the games that are played. The street-car conductor who tried yesterday to collect my fare a second time, after I had paid it once, is trying, I suppose, to play this game on about two dollars a day. If I had remembered that in time, I believe I would have temporized with him, and maybe tipped him ten cents in admiration of his zeal. As it was, I wouldn't pay again, and spent strength and temper in arguing with him, contributing excitement to the other passengers for which we got nothing. I hate to contribute excitements in the morning like that. It wastes energy. I am always gnawed by remorse afterward, but in due time I get caught unawares and do it again. The truth is, a little fury seems to give one velocities of language which are pleasant to release, but they are apt to be too blind to do any real good. I always repent after I have exploded, and see how much better I could have done if I had had a quick enough control to be good-natured and rational and convincing.

Cordelia and I often discuss the country, which means in our case suburban life. We may come to that. Other people hereabouts have come to it, to the number, I suppose, of several millions. There must be something in it for some people, else there would not be this extensive experimentation. They say you

can get more out-of-door air and indoor light and elbow-room in the suburban districts for your money. Even people in our circumstances, pecuniarily so apologetic, can have a detached house, I suppose, and enough land to hold bulbs that would respond to the chemistries of spring, and seeds that might become flowers if one knew by just what enticements to encourage them. And I suppose there are houses somewhere within easy morning walking distance of stations, in settlements where the atmospheric conditions are fairly salubrious, and the water has no more bad germs in it than it ought to have, and the mosquitoes do not breed in quantities incompatible with human life. There is a good deal that is solicitous to the imagination about such places as one thinks of them in a town flat, but they are apt to fall short of justifying the imagination's efforts when you go out and look at them. When the hermit crab is at home there is an air of domesticity about his habitation that makes it interesting, but when he is out the empty shell is unexciting. So about empty houses in the suburban districts when one goes to inspect them. Besides, when Cordelia and I plan ahead to go and inform ourselves about conditions of life in the suburbs, the day we set is apt to turn out sloppy. Moreover, the contrast between what we could get in the country and what our rich friends have is more startling, somehow, than the analogous contrasts in town. More of the city is *communis omnibus* than of the country. In town you have the streets, the shop-windows, the street-cars, the street-lights, and, in a considerable degree, society. In the country you have the sun, moon, and stars, air, water, mud, and commutation tickets; but I wonder what you do about society!

As I said, I keep forgetting that I am emancipated. That is partly because I have misgivings about the completeness of Cordelia's emancipation. I could pass my nights, Sundays, and holidays well enough anywhere where it is decently healthy and food was procurable if Cordelia was on hand in a reasonably profitable state of mind when I got home. But the rub about the suburbs would be to keep Cordelia in a reasonably profitable state of mind. I should be away all day,

and she would usually be at home. I wonder what she'd do? That would depend a good deal, no doubt, on what kind of a suburb it was, but it would depend considerably more on what kind of woman Cordelia is, and what capacity she has for shaping life for herself and me. So it's just another thing that, in the end, she will have to settle—with the assistance of alternatives which, as even my limited foresight can predict, will crowd pretty hard. Looked at in one way, migration to the suburbs seems a kind of abandonment of life—though I believe they do broil lobsters sometimes as much as fifty miles from the City Hall; but looked at from another angle, the suburbs seem a very seat of independent life, a perch of extraordinary advantage from which you may fish handily in the metropolitan maelstrom and still keep beyond the edge of its expensive swirl. But I guess you don't, unless you look pretty sharp. Cordelia says that nothing costs less in the suburbs except rent, and what you save in that you spend in commuting, especially in coming to town twice a week to get a cook that likes the country. She says the advantages of the suburbs are, that for people who like them they are more fun, if you have some money to play with; and, if you haven't the money, they offer more convenient retreats for social seclusion. Air is better in some suburbs that are not malarious, but for healthy grown-up people the New York air does very well. Schools are various, but neither of us is going to schools, nor yet to hospitals, which are better in town.

Well, we shall see. Convenient social seclusion is not without its economic value, provided it is duly tempered with neighbors. Solitude is not healthy, but so much social seclusion as would separate us for a time from inconvenient standards wouldn't be so bad. Tom Jenkins, my classmate, who spent a year or two in a Pennsylvania iron-mining hamlet, said he was rich there on fifty dollars a month, and saved half his wages. To work, and eat, and read a little was all he had to do. No one would think that sort of life a serious hardship for a time, nor would it seem over-hardy for young people who had got married, to go and live the simple life in some place entirely away from their customary en-

vironment. To go off and live in a suburb where you don't know anybody, really seems more of a wrench than that. It is a voluntary evasion of friends, whereas in the other case the separation from friends and their inconvenient standards is incidental.

Life ought to be very easy for people who are indifferent about their social position, but very few intelligent people are. I don't suppose Cordelia or I ever will be. I guess we shall always want to bask reasonably in the regard of our associates, and will always have preferences about who they shall be, and always want to have our preferences reciprocated. Well, that can't be *all* foolishness. There must be in it some proportion of the spirit that has brought the human family along since the Stone Age, and got us used to clothes and parlor furniture.

I read in the paper of the head-master of one of the oldest and largest of the London public schools being quoted as saying: "I would welcome anything that made for the abolition of this feeling which people have that they want to be select. It is a great pity that this exclusiveness pervades all England." It pervades America, too, more or less; more, maybe, in the older Eastern States, less, apparently, in the Western States; more where social organization is highly developed, less where it is loose; more in town possibly than in the suburbs, though as to that I don't know. People are gregarious, and if they cannot get associates to suit them they will usually cultivate such associates as they can get, and often to their profit. The exclusiveness that works against that is usually a form of timidity, and it is the fault of persons who value what they have got, distrust their own powers, and don't want to take any chances of social loss by rash experiments. But as for being "select," if "select" means selected, and for delectable qualities, it is not so bad to want to be select. All the leaders of men have been selected men—our Father George, our Father Abraham, and all the rest. The London schoolmaster was justified in a way in his complaint, but I think the main trouble is not that people want to be select, but that they want to select themselves, and are not willing or able to justify their selection. There is no

trouble about being select if you have got the qualities. You won't have to classify yourself; it will be done for you. But to try to compass selectness by exclusiveness is an avoidance of water by would-be swimmers, and a forlorn business.

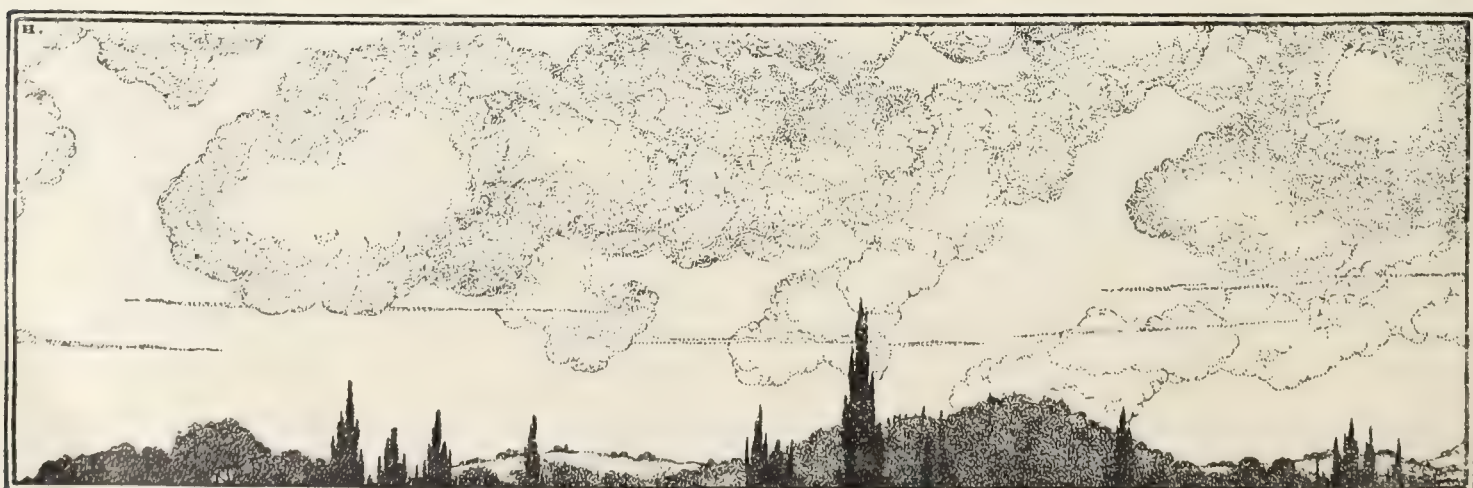
All this is along of my imaginings about Cordelia in a brand-new suburban community. It would be so interesting to see her adjust herself to a new environment that it almost makes me want to move. There is a fine natural politician in Cordelia. I am the more flattered that she married me because she is so sincerely friendly with so many kinds of people. It is an honor to have so large a place in so large a heart. Moreover, nobody could have a better advertiser, not by direct methods, but entirely by indirection. People are bound to feel that "there must be something in that Jesup, or she wouldn't have married him." Well, hang it! I hope there is. And this matter of advertisement is important, isn't it? It is disgusting in some of its manifestations, and the cheaper forms of it are revolting, but the essence of it is reputation, and that is indispensable to any considerable advancement. Here is another matter not unlike that of being select: the abuse and perversion of an aspiration valuable in itself has brought it into disrepute. But the great advertisement is performance, and the great process of advertisement is work. The bill-board and printer's-ink end of the game is pretty disenchanting, and that, I judge, is less necessary and important—except in trade and the show business—than appears. The great money-makers by no means advertise their talent in the papers; the lawyers don't; the doctors don't; the men of the other professions don't, as a rule; the merchants advertise their goods, but not their profits. It is to consider whether the advertisement that is reputation is better had in town than out of it, but that merely comes back to the question where you can live the best life and do the best work.

But this is all rather sordid and weary, this talk of how to get along and how to get ahead, and how to be select, and how to advertise. Really, life isn't such an anxious, calculated scramble as all that implies. Cordelia and I laugh a great

deal—praise God!—and talk abundantly, both to each other and to other people, and live amply by the way, and worry very little. After all, we haven't got to accomplish all the infernal details of advancement and prosperity that come into my head. We have only got to live one day at a lick, and these present days are certainly not hard living. I like now and then to get my shoulders up against something substantial, like the Sermon on the Mount, and rest.

The real necessities of life are cheap and abundant, but the gumption to recognize and live on them is not abundant at all. It is not necessary to be rich, but it is necessary to live on what you have got, for that means freedom. It is not necessary to be able beyond what abilities we have, but it is necessary to love truth and seek it. It is not necessary to be select, but it is necessary to be kind, for without love there is no sweetness in life. It is not necessary to be powerful, but it is necessary to have faith in something more than the intelligence of the selfish, and the wisdom of majorities, and such direction of the affairs of mankind as the people we see, and are, seem likely to give them. Cordelia and I are fairly pious people. We are even so old-fashioned that we like to go to church. It is not a universally popular pastime among the Protestants of our acquaintance, but, for my part, I have to go, if it's only to be reminded that there is another force always working to make life possible and palatable besides the wisdom of majorities (aforesaid), and the abilities of legislatures to legislate, and the powers of courts to keep them from over-

doing it. Those things—the majorities and the legislatures and the courts—are eddies in the great current. I feel when I am in church more as though I was in the great current itself. I like to go, it is such a beautiful chance to think. Somehow it invites the soul, queer as it is. I like to hear the Bible read. I like to differ with the honorable apostle when I cannot, as yet, reach his conclusion about something, and to wonder how it happened to him to say some things so marvelously well. I like to differ with the prayer-book a good deal, and not to mind at all so long as they don't put me out. Prayer-books are not time-tables, and ought not to be expected to be up-to-date right to the minute. People who insist that they are are a little trying, but in the present state of religion there is great liberty for peaceable folk to differ, and question, and doubt, and mature their views in the long school of rumination and human experience. And my dear Cordelia sits up and listens to the minister, handsome and gentle, an embellishment to the Lord's house, imparting repose to my spirit. And yet there are people who play bridge in country-houses on Sunday mornings and think they are ahead on it, and many others who scour the contiguous counties in devil-wagons, and claim that they are communing with nature! I am willing myself to devil-wagon the suburbs once or twice in the spring, about dogwood or apple-blossom time, but habitual Sunday morning auto-exercise seems an enormous waste of time. Poor Horace, who died before the autos came! He would have liked them, for they are marvels. But he would have said some very penetrating things about them.





WHEN THE WITCHERY OF MOONLIGHT PLAYS ON OLD WALLS

Old Kingston

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

PARADOXICAL as it may sound, I think that the peculiar thrill of antiquity, the sense of the past as a still living presence, can be more fully experienced, on occasion, here in America than in Europe, where its monuments are so much more numerous, and consequently more familiar and taken for granted. In Europe, too, such monuments are often so grandiose that the sense of their antiquity is somewhat merged in admiration of their other characteristics; or they are, so to speak, so professionally "historical" as to have become show-places and museums for the multitude. Curiously enough, when this happens, the past seems to die a second death and lose all power to stir the imagination. Similarly, caged wild animals fail entirely to suggest wildness, and a chipmunk darting along a fence gives one more keenly the true thrill of wild nature than the most formidable man-eater in the Zoo. Compared, say, with the Tower of London, Kingston on the Hudson, as an antiqua-

rian exhibit, is as that chipmunk to the man-eater. Its modest antiquity seems, indeed, a picayune affair in competition with the spot where the young murdered princes were buried, the block on which Anne Boleyn was beheaded, and such entirely unconvincing antiquarian sensationalism.

Yet I, for one, must testify that, whereas the Tower of London has left me as unmoved as Madame Tussaud's, a brief visit I recently made to Kingston left me with as actual a sense of having been living for a few hours in the past as though the railway had been Mr. H. G. Wells's "time-machine," and had veritably set me down at a time-station, some two hundred and fifty years ago. Indeed, for a New-Yorker, the "road to yesterday" is always near at hand in the Hudson, and, if he prefers to travel most appropriately, the river-boats, with their Rip Van Winkle captains, may well seem to be plying for his convenience between the present and the past.

The suggestiveness of memorials is often in proportion to their simplicity. The Gothic cathedral or the moldering castle are too impersonal, as well as too remote, not merely in time, but from the present conditions of society, to touch us any longer with the sense of human relation; but the simple stone house of some long-dead settler is still eloquent of its occupation and its various vicissitudes, and an old flint-lock over the great fireplace tells us more of

“old, unhappy, far-off things
And battles long ago”

than the armor of the Black Prince in Westminster Abbey. The intermediate links between now and then are still unbroken, and the continuity of human development is still preserved. Moreover, in quiet spots such as Kingston, Nature herself, for whom indeed two or three centuries hardly constitute a yesterday, conspires to preserve the spell of the past

unbroken. A few generations of tillage may soften her savage contours, but they scarcely ripple the surface of her ancient peace, and the loneliness of the Highlands and the Catskills is as lonely to-day, perhaps even lonelier, than when the Esopus Indians inhabited its solitudes, and the first Dutch settlers anchored at the mouth of the Rondout, and, looking on the fertile flats bordering the river, found it “an exceedingly beautiful land.”

This was in 1653; for, though as far back as 1615 there had been a Dutch fort at Rondout, there had been no settlement, till, difficulty having risen among the colonists at Rensselaerwyck on a question of boundaries, certain of the more peace-loving had decided to change their quarters, and so came to find a new home near Rondout. Boundaries were a fruitful cause of discussion and even bloodshed in those days, and a story is told in Kingston of the quaint method employed on occasion to fix them securely in the

memories of the younger generation. A century and a half later, when the long-vexed question as to where Albany County ended and Ulster County began came up for final settlement before the Supreme Court, an aged woman was called as witness and gave testimony as follows:

“Margaret Snyder, the wife of Zachariah Snyder, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith that she is the daughter of Valentine Fiero, and near sixty-seven years of age; that she was born and brought up at her father's, and, after being married, removed to near the ‘Steene Haert,’ and lived there till about twenty years ago. When she was ten, twelve, or thirteen years of age, her father turned the cattle (as she believes, about the 25 April) in the woods near the Steene Haert Fonteyne [spring], where



THE HOFFMANN HOUSE

and personages and events and conditions long gone by are spoken of as though they were scarcely a week old and still fresh in the mind of the speaker. As you are told of the burning of Kingston by the British, there is such an accent of nearness to the event, of familiarity with its circumstances, that you can hardly persuade yourself that it all happened nearly a century and a half ago. The ruins must still be smoking, you feel, in some quarter of the town, and there is still time for you to lend a hand with the water-buckets. Indeed, you seem to come near doing so, as the custodian at the old Senate House, now a museum of Kingston relics, shows you the charred end of a beam from one of the ruined houses.

This old Senate House, a longish one-storied stone building, with a steep roof, inclosing spacious garrets, substantial and severe in style, after the manner of all the old Kingston houses, fronting the street and standing in a plot of quiet grass and rustling trees, is a spot unusually suggestive to the historic imagination. Here it was that the first Senate of New York State met and was organized. In January, 1777, the British being in possession of New York and in control of the Hudson below the Highlands, the New York convention for a time sat at Fishkill; but that place proving inconvenient, it decided to remove to Kingston, which town, from February 11, 1777, till it was burned out in August of the same year, remained the headquarters of the

provisional government. Here was called the Council of Safety, at which General Clinton took the oath as first Governor of the State, and in this simple old house the State machinery which now revolves in such complex magnificence at Albany was first set in motion. As we have said, the suggestiveness of memorials is often in proportion to their simplicity, and scarcely without some resulting irony can one draw the contrast between the Senate at Kingston then, and the Senate at Albany now. The impressiveness in the contrast may seem to belong to the earlier day, as we picture the strenuous patriots gathered there in determined council to handle so new and grave a crisis in the national destiny. It is by



THE MILL

firmly picturing to one's self such small beginnings and great endings that history becomes a living thing, and the growth and development of mighty nations a realizable continuity.

In this respect, perhaps no other place in America offers a better vantage-point from which to view the unfolding of the American vision from its first dawning until this day. The history of Kingston might be called the history of America in microcosm. All the first conditions and causes of American development lay folded up in this small community of adventurous settlers as in a stalwart seed: the wilderness, the Indian, the Dutch settler, the primitive church-rule—the persecuted conscience harden-

ing into a theocracy—the struggle with the aborigine, the British usurpation of the Dutch, the evolution of the American, the British tyranny, and the final emergence of the really free New World. All these stages of American evolution not only ran their course within this small green area, but they still remain as visible strata in Kingston to-day. As the smallest Greek colony was Greece in little, so in the history of Kingston the great outlines of American expansion are repeated on a reduced scale that enables one all the more easily to grasp and study them.

How well, even to-day, can one picture the isolation of the early settler in that “exceedingly beautiful land,” for the

Catskills are still the same great, green mystery of surrounding wilderness, and the “river of the mountains” is still the same solemn mirror of the mighty hills. Solitude remains the one all-infold-ing presence, and the dream of the Great Spirit brooding over all seems still unbroken by the small whirl of the human insect. Still morning floods the large landscape with a vast primeval freshness, and night glooms with the same gigantic shadows, and fills the heart with its ancient awe.

Stout must have been the hearts that first ventured out into that wilderness, brave the men, and still braver the women; and one feels that the names of those early Wynkoops, Ten Broecks, Van Steenbergs, Elmendorfs, Goes-



OLD STONE HOUSES FRONT THE STREETS

becks, and so forth, hold their place "i' the story" and the remembrance of man by something more than the accident of their having been first-comers. Their names are written in no epic; their hall of fame is the village churchyard, or they live in many vigorous descendants and in strong old houses still called after them. As I stood under the shadow of the old Dutch church, striving to decipher their legends on the moldering headstones, the lonely sunniness of midday seemed to hold the little town in a spell, scarcely a passer-by breaking the brooding hush of the noon-deserted streets, and the thought came to me, with a haunting reality, that it was in just such a hushed silence of sunny noon, on just such a seventh day in June, 1663, that that little band of Indians, apparently peacefully disposed, had stolen in through the town gates and scattered themselves among the silent houses, their tomahawks hidden in baskets of maize and beans they had come with innocent air to barter. Then suddenly wild horsemen had come riding in from the outlying village of Hurley, three miles away, crying, "The Indians have destroyed the new village," and instantly the little town was alive with demoniac faces, tomahawks and torches were flashing, and the cries of murdered women and children and the flames of burning homesteads ascended terribly into the quiet sky. But six or seven men were in the town; husbands and brothers were out at work in the distant fields.

The scene still lives in the graphic account of Dominie Blom, who but a short time before had come sailing up the river, with credentials from the "classis" of Amsterdam, to take charge of his little cure of souls in the wilderness. His coming had been a great



AN INTERIOR REMINISCENT OF DUTCH PAINTINGS

occasion, for he was Kingston's—or rather, as it was then called, Wiltwyck's—first minister, and one of his first offices on landing had been to preach a sermon to these same Indians, as they had gathered wonderingly to watch the ceremonies of his disembarking. He seems to have been a pious, and what does not always follow, a popular man in the community, and also to have had the blood of the old fighting saints in him. Not without a side-glance of satisfaction at his own courage, he has told us how he saw lying in the streets "the burned and slaughtered bodies, together with those wounded by bullets and axes. The last agonies and the moans and lamentations of many were dreadful to hear. I have been in their midst, and have gone into the houses and along the roads to speak a word in season, and that not without danger of being shot by the Indians; but I went on my mission, and considered not my life my own. I may say with Jere-



A VENERABLE AND VINE-ROBED RELIC DATED 1699

miah, 'I am he who hath seen misery in the day of the wrath of the Lord.' "

The spirit of Dominie Blom seems still magisterially to preside over the prim silence of the old church, where I half expected to meet him in his severe Genevan surplice and starched neck-band—though the present church is of later date than that from whose pulpit he governed his God-fearing townsmen with stern texts from the prophets and sermons of edifying duration. The original church was burned by the British—oh, those "British"! if you want really to know what villains they were, you must go to Kingston—but the ruins of the old walls went to contribute their ancient virtue to the newer building. Though I didn't meet with Dominie Blom, I found a ghostly portrait of Dominie Mancius doing duty for him, and on a tablet read the names of his other successors, quaint-sounding Dutch names all of them. One of these old dominies, Dominie Vas, was no less than ninety-six years old when he finally passed to his rest, resigning his charge to the aforesaid Mancius.

The government of Wiltwyck, as with most of the early Puritan settlements, was morally a theocracy, and church-going was a civic duty from which

no man might escape. Just before the last bell rang for the church, the sexton was to be heard going from house to house, rapping at each door with his ivory-headed cane, and crying out the dread summons, "Church time!" Speaking of the church bell, there is a pretty legend about the casting of the present Kingston bell which collectors of bell legends—campanologists is, I believe, the learned term for them—may be glad to add to their collection. When the church was burned, the old bell was found to be irretrievably ruined; so for the purpose of making a new one the parishioners brought their gold and silver ornaments, their brass and copper utensils, and, making a heap of them, had the whole sent to Holland for casting. So, if you like, you may attribute the silvery quality of the Kingston church bell to the old silver teaspoons of the old Dutch grandams of Kingston; as, in Lafcadio Hearn's story of the great bell of Peking, the people, as they hear its mellow chime at evening, say, "There is Ko-Ngai calling for her shoe."

That the original settlers of Kingston—Esopus, as it was then called—were more than usually preoccupied with religious matters, and that arguments on religion were apt to run too high from

the point of view of a practical worldly statesman, is witnessed by the quaint by-law attached by Stuyvesant to the first charter granted by him to the town. "No one," commanded the sturdy, sensible "Director-General Petrus Stuyvesant," is "to propose a religious dispute under a penalty of three days in jail, on bread and water"—which, when you think of it, was a pretty severe punishment, evidently pointing to the need of strong legislation on the matter. This was in 1661. Previous to this the settlers at Esopus had lived in scattered farms, thus running greater danger from the Indians by their isolation. Stuyvesant wisely ordered them to draw together into a village, round which he directed a stockade to be built, and for the better protection of which he provided a guard of soldiers from New York. He himself chose the site for the village, and laid out the boundaries of the stockade, which are virtually the bounds of the present city. To the new township thus incorporated he gave the name of Wiltwyck, which means "free gift," the land having been given by the Indians as a peace offering, or evidence of good-will.

In regard to the Indians, dispassionately to consider the contemporary accounts of their dealings with these early Kingstonians is, I am obliged to confess, to have considerable sympathy with them. They seem to have meant well by their white invaders, and seem seldom to have been the aggressors. The "massacre" above referred to was but a natural reprisal for unprovoked wrong previously done to them by the whites; and, of course, "fire-water" plays its usual part in the troubles. Again and again grave and responsible heads of tribes had begged their Dutch neighbors not to sell strong drink to their young braves, who, under its influence, were apt to get out of hand and become unamenable to elderly wisdom, after the manner of intoxicated young braves in all places and times. So serious had this abuse become at Wiltwyck that a certain "gunner's wife," attached to a sloop anchored in the river for the purpose of overawing the Indians, has won historical disapprobation for herself by her practice of surreptitiously selling liquor to Indian and Christian alike, to the great danger

of the public peace. Owing to this reprehensible trading of hers, it is recorded that even many white men had been unable to "distinguish even the door of the house."

Rum, however, was not the only beverage to make notable trouble in Kingston. A century later tea was to become a burning question there, no less than at Boston—so actively, you see, was Kingston "in the movement." When Congress, in answer to the tea duty, had forbidden the sale of tea, certain speculators had made what one would now call a "corner" in tea, and held large consignments of it warehoused against the time when there would again be a demand for it. The war at last being definitely on, that demand was not long in coming, but against the speculators' human desire to make an unreasonable profit the government interposed an order that the uniform price of tea should be six shillings a pound. The speculators, however, refused to comply with this order, and held onto their stocks.

The result was that peaceable tea-drinking matrons appeared in the unfamiliar rôle of rioters, and the country all over was so upset over the matter that the Council of Safety had again and again to take it under grave consideration. In April, 1776, we find the chairman of the Kingston committee urgently notifying the New York Provincial Convention that "the women surround the committee chamber, and say if they cannot have tea their husbands and sons shall fight no more." A few months later we hear of a consignment of tea being withheld from the tea-drinking public in the house of one John Elmendorf, and, a few days later, that the impatient matrons have taken the law into their own hands, marched in a body to the Elmendorf house, and, forcing their way in, have weighed out the tea for themselves, leaving in exchange the legal six shillings a pound. A delightfully irritated letter is extant, written on the occasion by the chairman of the Kingston committee, again to the New York convention, lamenting the "breaking of doors and committing of outrages to the disturbance of the peace and of the good people of this town, owing, as we have reason to believe, to

the misfortune of having that detestable article, called tea, stowed here, which is taken by them and divided or distributed in such manner as they think fit."

Soon the Kingstonians had something even more serious to think of, for the British were coming nearer and nearer up the river, in spite of the sunken barriers, the *chevaux-de-frise*; for some detestable "Tory" had piloted their sloops through the hidden channel known only to the patriots, with the result that on the 15th October, 1777, Kingston was surprised and burned to the ground—the British general, Vaughan, in his despatch to headquarters, declaring "Esopus a nursery for almost every villain in the country." Only one house and a brewery escaped the fire. The brewery no longer exists, but is said to have owed its immunity to the ready wit of a negro, who, on the approach of the soldiers, rolled out the barrels and bid them help themselves, amusing them meanwhile by singing English national songs. The house still exists, and is naturally proud of its history. It is called "the Van Steenbergh house," and tradition says that romance played a part in its preservation, one of the British officers having previously met a certain charming Miss Van Steenbergh in New York society, and not forgotten her.

It was a bloodless burning, for the Kingstonians had time to make good their escape and troop pellmell to the neighboring village of Hurley—to take it out on a luckless "British spy" who had been caught carrying a despatch to Burgoyne in a silver bullet, and who is as sinister a figure of legend in the district as the "Headless Horseman" in Sleepy Hollow. A section of the tree on which he was hanged is piously preserved in the Kingston museum; and, later in the afternoon, when I had in imagination myself fled from the pursuing British along the leafy three miles to Hurley, I was shown the very house in which he had been imprisoned, the very door through which the poor fellow had walked one morning to a certain tree across the meadow.

I must not forget that, before leaving Kingston, I had gazed through one of the loopholes still existing in the old Hoffmann house, situated at the south-east corner of the original stockade, through which the settlers used to take aim at the on-coming Indian. The house is now given up to a more peaceful warfare, being the headquarters of the Salvation Army. Hurley is still more a home of ancient peace than Kingston, a quiet street of old stone houses of the prevailing simple pattern. But it has its Senate House too, for, the government being burned out of Kingston, it served for a while as an extemporized "Albany."

Where of old sat angry and excited patriots, sits and dreams now one of the most completely happy and contented of created beings—an enthusiastic antiquary, on whom I was privileged to make a call and learn more of the lore of the district than has yet been written in any book, except possibly in one already growing in manuscript. His garret is a treasure-cave of old spinning-wheels, flint-locks, Indian corn-mills, and such flotsam and jetsam of the past; and in a field at the back of the house Indian arrow-heads are to be had for the turning of a spade. I had one for the asking; and when I had duly inspected what he calls his "antiquarium," he took me next door to a charming neighbor, who weaves carpet on a loom on which her great-grandmother wove the household linen. When I had watched her swift hands plying the shuttle for a while, thinking of Helen of Troy with her distaff among her maidens, and such beautiful housekeepers of old time, she asked me if I would take a cup of tea. For the story's sake I am obliged and allowed to divulge that her name is Elmendorf.

"Elmendorf?" said I. "The same Elmendorf that had the famous corner in 'that detestable article called tea'?"

"The very same," she told me, with a smile.

They still believe in ghosts and witches in Hurley.

Concerning David Jogram

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

MOIRA broke off our engagement to-day and gave me back the ring. The reason she advanced for this ridiculous behavior was that I am not in love with her.

It is a vexatious business to explain to a blue-eyed fiancée of considerable personal attractions that sensible people do not marry on account of a romantic infatuation. I know, for I attempted such enlightenment. And the more feelingly I pointed out that a partnership founded by two persons temporarily out of their minds is in the nature of things more than apt to end in disaster, the more irritated she appeared to become. She entertains, I think, the not uncommon delusion that love is something graver than an infantile disorder of the system.

"Yet I can perfectly understand," she said, cruelly, "that elderly gentlemen always want somebody to comfort their declining years. And I suppose they naturally prefer some one who is rather—or at least, not *exactly*—"

"As ugly as a dead monkey?" I suggested. "Yes, I believe they do try to avoid all unbearable strain on the eyesight. I am not, however, sufficiently intimate with any elderly gentlemen for them to babble out to me their hearts' dear secrets. Personally I do not see why looks need matter much."

This was spoken with point, for so many whippersnappers have raved over what they describe as Moira's "beauty" that the girl is in danger of having her head turned. Besides, she was insinuating—and thirty-seven is not elderly.

"And of course you have lots of money. It must be rather delightful to be Harrowby & Sons, Inc."—she spoke as if I were some sort of writing-fluid—"and to have your products on sale all over the world; to realize, so to speak, that daily you are gladdening Calcutta with your soaps and comforting Nova Zembla with your talcum powder."

"Well, but I inherited all that. It isn't fair to fling ancestral soap-vats in my face."

"I have been far too carefully brought up to take such liberties with wealthy persons. And—of course I wouldn't have thought of marrying you if I hadn't liked you tremendously. But it was pleasant to think of the money, too. Oh, Dick, I am so tired of scrimping and contriving!"

"I know," I said. There is no concealing that the Knapmans, *père* and *mère*, are the earthen pots of the fable. They "go everywhere," as the phrase runs; but everybody knows their only assets are several well-to-do kinspeople and three handsome daughters.

"And I thought that just liking you would be enough. But David Jogram says it isn't."

"Oh?" said I. "Does this—er—Grogram gentleman disseminate his ravings in the form of verse, or does he conduct a column of advice to the love-lorn?"

"He—why, he is just a man I know," said Moira. The color had mounted to her cheeks. Then she told me about this David Jogram.

It seems she met the young idiot last summer. He is a bookkeeper in a bank at Lichfield. Of course he had the impudence to fall in love with her. And that was not the worst. Moira was not at pains to conceal that if he had not been very poor and with a mother dependent on him already she would have cheerfully married the blatherskite; the epithet is hurled advisedly, for she repeated some of his sentiments concerning "loveless marriages." All I will say of those sentiments is that they seemed out of place on the orchestra side of the footlights.

I voiced my opinion of such notions. I was fairly generous, I think. I conceded that this "falling in love," this mutual attraction of two people, was a

law of nature and primarily designed to useful ends. So were the laws of gravity; yet it did not follow that aeroplanes were immoral, or that tumbling down the cellar steps was a commendable action. In fact, the laws of nature were all very well for people who were living in a state of nature. But if, through no fault of your own, you happened to be living in the twentieth century, it was judicious to remember that this state also shaped its laws according to its circumstances.

In the outcome Moira agreed to keep on being engaged to me. She said with acerbity that I deserved no milder fate.

"And, my dear," I began, "I don't at all mind about this Gingham—"

"Jogram," she indignantly prompted.

"Well, in any event, it isn't a name I would saddle upon a person I was sincerely fond of. 'Moira Jogram' sounds as if you had three English walnuts in your mouth. But according to your own account, it is not possible for you to marry him. Now, it is perfectly possible for you to marry me. It would make me very happy, your parents would be happy, and I honestly believe you would be happy too."

"Oh yes, it would be a *sensible* match. But David Jogram says—"

"Confound the man! and does he never stop talking?"

"He doesn't talk so very much. But when he is excited he talks rather fast—and he combs his hair straight back, you know—"

"I know nothing whatever about it."

"I mean he keeps pushing it back from his forehead until it is like a plume," said Moira, in the most inane and dreamy way. "He has really beautiful hair."

"So has any other good-looking poodle," said I.

Moira appears to be carrying on an intermittent correspondence with this David Jogram. She asked me if I minded. I told her of course not.

I cannot help thinking, though, it would be better for the boy if they avoided such nonsense. Looking back, I remember divers letters I wrote at twenty-six and thereabouts—this Jogram is twenty-six—and I prayerfully trust the recipients have destroyed them.

It is simply on young Jogram's ac-

count that I do not wholly approve of this letter-writing.

I have been using a hair tonic for some time. No sensible man wants to be bald. I have a plenty of hair, and I mean to retain it as long as I can. I notice, though, that after the tonic has been well rubbed into the scalp—as the directions tell you to do—it is rather difficult to part the hair neatly. In future I shall simply brush it straight back. It saves trouble.

Moira says that in addition it is more becoming. She mentioned it the instant I came into the room, and seemed tremendously pleased.

I was wondering last night how it happened that I escaped falling in love with Moira Knapman. She is an attractive girl, and Jogram, for instance, seems to adore her. I judge this by the absurdities he writes her. She occasionally tells me bits of his letters.

If by any chance I had fallen in love with Moira it need not necessarily have interfered with my marrying her. She would still have been the wife my common sense selected. And of course she would have been pleased by my being foolish about her, as is the nature of women.

It seems almost a pity that I am not that sort of a tragic ass. I even wrote some verses concerning it—a silly habit I thought I had outlived. I read them to Moira, because they are principally about this young Jogram, and I do not wish her to believe that I object to her intimacy with him. This sounds as if I did, but I do not. I rarely ever think of him.

This is what I read to Moira:

"How very heartily I hate
The man that will love you,
Some day, somewhere, and more than I,
And with a love more true;—

"Whom for that reason you will love
As you do not love me,—
Though I might hold your heart, I think,
Held I one heart in fee.

"My dear, too many ghosts arise
Between us when I woo,

One mocking me with softer lips,
And one with eyes more blue,

"And one with hands more fine than yours,
And one with lovelier hair—"

"*I think they are impudent trollops,*"
said Moira.

So I looked up. She was regarding her hands held out in front of her, and every finger was rigid with indignation. Moira has wonderful hands, though—the sort that Van Dyck painted, only more beautiful.

I must change that line about their hands.

I said: "It is not seemly thus to interrupt the careless rapture of a poet. And for the rest, these are the ghosts of—er—personal friends of mine, who have either died or turned into other people, you understand. So I really cannot have them abused. 'And one with lovelier hair,'" I iterated, firmly,

"Proclaiming, *She is fair enough,*
But then . . . I too was fair.

"*Part of your heart you gave to me—*
('And me!'—'And me!')—long syne
And may not give again. That part
Is mine.—('And mine!'—'And mine!')

"Since these be truthful ghosts, I shrug
And woo you without tears
Or too much laughter, till with time
A properer Prince appears,

"Whom very heartily I hate,—
The man that will love you,
Some day, somewhere, and more than I,
And with a love more true."

"And do you really hate poor David?"
Moira asked, not unpleased.

"Why, of course I don't. That is simply poetic license," I explained.

I honestly do not hate this young Jogram. To the contrary, I frequently induce Moira to talk about him. It amuses me. And, from what she tells me, he is in every way an admirable lad whose only fault is his poverty.

I am perfectly willing for Moira to keep on being friends with him.

I suppose he thinks of me as the abandoned nobleman of melodrama who is bent on severing purity in muslin from honest worth in homespun. Lord, how the lad must loathe me!

Moira had not mentioned him for three days. I hardly like this reticence. Why should she avoid in this marked fashion even a passing mention of his name, unless it were that her feeling is such she cannot trust herself to talk about him?

If I have somewhat altered my style of dressing nowadays in little matters, it was done simply to please Moira. Nobody else has anything to do with it.

If Moira likes a particular shade of blue in cravats—so much that, having seen it worn by a person, she remembers it—it is entirely natural for me to get a cravat of that color. Moreover, on her part the preference for the cravat is impersonal. If she had first seen it on a tailor's dummy she would have approved of it just as much.

Everybody agrees that gray is more becoming to me. I do not mean in cravats, but in coats. I shall order two more from the same place.

Sketchly was asking me to-day about that London appointment. It seems we need a new man there to supervise accounts. The duties are so light and the place pays so well that he has some thirty applicants for me to choose among. I wish he would not bother me with such matters. I am not a judge of book-keepers. I suppose, now, this David Jogram is—in addition to his other perfections—since he keeps books himself.

I do not know how I happened to think of Jogram. He has nothing whatever to do with my appointments.

I would not have thought that Moira could care so much for any one. When she speaks of him she positively—"croons" is, I think, the word. She is like a mother over a child. Her eyes are big and wistful, and she forgets all about my existence, and I could almost weep, I am so sorry for her.

She tells me all the little trifles concerning him, so proudly and naively, just like a mother speaking of her child. I suppose all women really mother the man they love. . . . It would be a beautiful thing if these two young people could be married. They would be like demigods.

I only mean it would be beautiful from an artistic standpoint. Rationally considered, the notion is preposterous.

Sketchly was after me again to-day about that London appointment. . . .

But if I were to give it to this Jogram, Moira could throw me over and marry him.

Besides, I do not even know if he is a competent bookkeeper. It is not my place to be running after him. It would be idiotic.

And I want her. I find that I want Moira very much.

I may as well confess it. I am probably in love with Moira Knapman.

It seems unbelievable that I once thought of her—to phrase it truthfully—as a desirable article in household furnishings on which I had an option. But Jogram came with his covetous rhapsodies, and I amusedly began for the first time to appraise the actual merits of my intended purchase, in order to get a good laugh out of the boy's delusion. Well, intelligent scrutiny showed that he really undervalued her.

So I ought to be very happy. For I want Moira more than I want anything else in life, and her parents are ready to sell her to me.

No, I was wrong; there is that which I want more than I want Moira, a thing I lack the means to purchase for myself and have not the bravery to buy for her. I saw it when, this afternoon, I passed the Prothero cabin.

This Tom Prothero is a farm-laborer. He was lounging on the porch, and had been teasing that brat of his, who was standing between the man's knees. His wife had come to the door to call them in to supper. He was looking up at her, and she down at her husband, over the child's yellow head. That was all. She is a tall woman, pinched of face, unlovely and a slattern, but her eyes were beautiful just then. Her eyes are blue, but more pale than Moira's.

And these Protheros think that I am wealthy!

I am again composing verses. I suppose I shall soon be writing those rhymed advertisements of Harrowby & Sons' products which contribute to the discomforts of riding on a street-car.

Eh, well, it is an old, old tale, no more peculiar to Verona than elsewhere, but for the moment I am prefiguring myself as one of the guests at Juliet's début. Here are my verses:

I had not thought the house of Capulet
Might boast a daughter of such marvelous
grace

As this capricious girl, with flower-soft
face

Round which the glory of her hair is set
Like some great golden halo—while, as yet,
Love is to her a word that, spoken, stirs
Wonder alone, since love administers
In nothing to the mirth of Juliet.

What if anon I woke this heart unharried
As yet by love, and won these lips more
red

Than rain-tossed cherries? — *Look, the
dancers go.*

*What's he that would not dance? If he
be married*

My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.—
God rest you, sweet! the knave is Romeo.

There are unscrupulous persons who will tell you that Juliet was not a blonde. I would as willingly believe she was a blackamoor. What man has ever slept the worse because a woman had dark hair?

But gold hair flames through sick, half-waking dreams—such dreams as trouble you by their slow movings rather than their incidents. And then—then the dawn comes, jaded and reluctant and comfortless. And time moves so slowly that it breeds a sort of hysteria. It is unendurable.

What right has he to everything when I have nothing? It is not fair.

When I think of him, tears come into my eyes and I shudder. I know how murderers feel. May Heaven forgive me, but I long to have this Jogram's throat between my hands—his beautiful, warm young throat whose comeliness is unmarred by time as mine is. He is the younger man, and it may be that in the ordinary affairs of life he is the stronger, but I would be the stronger then.

What right has he to everything? It is not fair.

I told Moira to-day that Sketchly had written to offer the London appointment to David Jogram.

“He will doubtless think that Harrowby & Sons have been smitten with insanity. But unless you have had the misfortune to grow enamoured of an imbecile, he will jump at the chance.”

Moira did not say anything. There was only meditation in her eyes as yet.

"You see, it will give you and him and his infernal mother enough to live on."

"Oh—!" said Moira. She said no more than this. But her face had altered, just as I had known it would alter. And all the joy and beauty of the world was gathered in her brightly colored face, and I too was almost happy, because of her great happiness.

"There will be trouble with your parents and other sensible people. That need not matter where love is. They will tell you that you are throwing away your chances. They will be alluding to me. That will be rather funny. The single opportunity you have of throwing away any really important chance is to permit long-headed idiots to bully you into marrying Harrowby & Sons. Oh, you must not do that! Oh, Moira, you are very lovely—!"

My voice was not behaving properly, and I was beginning to talk at random.

And mercifully I was permitted to get no further. Moira had risen. I remember that she stood in silence, trembling a little, it seemed to me, and that the dear hands I had blasphemed went to her breast and stayed so for a long while. Then without haste she came to me and touched my arm, almost as if she were afraid.

"You are looking badly, Dick."

"I didn't sleep last night—not well, that is." I think my face showed I was speaking truthfully.

"I—I am sorry." And now she held

her eyes away from me. I suppose that my eyes had been telling tales.

"You shouldn't be anything but pleased by such a pretty compliment," I complained. "It is a really sweeping tribute to your charms, my dear. You see, my fondest hopes in life being thus irrevocably blighted, I am gallantly beginning to become a devotee of sleepless nights—"

But Moira would have none of flippancy. She raised her face, and, to my anguish, tears were in her eyes. Her eyes are colored then like the April heavens after a brief storm.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Dick—oh, not so much!" she said.

I did not try to pretend ignorance of what she meant. It did not seem worth while.

"But I couldn't let you marry me as—as if you were engaging a housekeeper—"

"Eh, what a fool I was!" I groaned to think of past complacency. All that seemed so long ago.

"—Because I was too proud. And besides, I was in love with you before you wanted me. And afterward you—oh, you *hurt* me with your common sense!"

My face, I have since learned, expressed bewilderment.

"And David Jogram was just what I wanted you to be and you weren't. He said the things I wanted you to say, and you wouldn't. I know, because I invented David Jogram. You see, there was never any such person," Moira explained, "and I am wondering what in the world will become of Mr. Sketchly's letter."



The Poet in Italy

IMITATED AFTER RENATO RINALDI'S "IL GIROVAGO"

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

A RAGGED, sweet little fellow
Slips—Heaven knows whence—into view,
Jestingly greets me his mellow,
"What's new?"

—"What's new? Not a thing. Tranquil
I leave things as they are,
And the words and the song gush upward
The same as ever they were."

There's a door where I make a great clatter—
Hands in pockets—kick fair;
Cries a voice—I know well its chatter—
"Who's there?"

—"Same as ever to-day 'tis—
Drinks the fountain, and goes on his way—
Up the peaks, o'er the rise, he's going—
Every night he turns into day."

On the highroad a plow-bound peasant
Is fixing his ox-gear anew,
And, passing, he hails me pleasant,
"Where to?"

—"Where to? I don't know. The road only
So long is the guide of my feet.
I go. I don't ask. My country—
'Tis the world—'tis tranquil and sweet."

Through wayside and town I sing trolling,
And some pitiful heart among men
Asks low, as the song goes rolling,
"Till when?"

—"Till when? Always. Take heart.
Men's doors still open to me.
Always. Till on my worn pathway
Death comes, with a grin, to see."

The Other Boy

BY LUCINE FINCH

ROBERT'S mother sat looking listlessly out of the window. Her book, the place marked with her slender finger, lay in her lap. There was an understanding of patience in her face, put there by intimate grief. She had faced and fought and been defeated by something stronger than herself. She was too gentle to rebel, and too schooled in an old-fashioned religion to question. So she sat and waited faithfully for the Comforter to come. Defeat was in all the lines of her: in the stoop of her thin shoulders, bent, not braced, to their burden; in the wistful lift of her sad brows; in the dullness of her gentle eyes.

She watched with little interest the slouching figure of the boy coming up the path—somebody to see the doctor, no doubt. When the clanging bell rang, she rose, sighing, and the sigh that she gave was near a sob.

"The doctor is not in," she said, when she had opened the door. Then she glanced at the boy's face, because he neither turned away nor answered her. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, and his face was so white that they seemed to burn. His clothes, never well-fitting, hung like bags on his gaunt, young frame. The sight of his paleness made her catch her breath sharply. Robert!

"It ain't the doctor I want to see," the boy said, sullenly. "It's you. Are you Robert's mother?"

The gentle face of the woman went white with sudden pain. Then the stooping figure lifted.

"I am," she said. "I am Robert's mother."

"Well, you're the one I want to see, then."

With no more words the woman opened the door wide.

"Are you a friend of Robert's?"

It did not seem likely that this unkempt boy, with unshaven chin, had been

a friend of her beloved's. Still, she took no chances.

The boy shifted his weight to the other foot.

"I dunno," he said, still with the beaten, sullen tone in his voice. "I never done him no harm."

"Did you—know him?" the mother asked, with an incaught breath.

"Yes, I knew him. We tented together while we was sick. Did you ever hear tell of Seth Darkling?"

Robert's mother flinched as if he had struck her.

"Oh!" she said, and, "Oh! . . . I only know he got well—and my boy didn't."

She turned, leaving the door wide, and went into the room. The boy followed her. He closed the door with a gentleness that no word of his had shown. The woman, old now, was leaning heavily against the brick mantel. Ill at ease in the presence of her grief, Seth Darkling stood awkwardly looking at her back for a moment. Once he opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. He suddenly straightened his shoulders and lifted his head.

"Now look here!" he said. "Now look here! I've come to talk to you about this very thing, my bein' alive and him dead." He moved toward her. "I ain't used to women folks," he said. "But you're dog-tired, that's what you are. You sit down here and listen to me. I ain't got much to say, but I've come all the way from South Bennington to say it. And I'm going to say it."

He put his hand on her shoulder, and his touch was strangely out of keeping with his rough tone. The woman allowed the pressure of his big, thin hand to lead her to a chair. . . . She looked out of the window, at the gate that Robert would never come through again.

"You knew him," she said. "You sit down yourself. Maybe you're tired."

"Oh, I'm tired, all right," the boy answered her. "I walked clean from South Bennington. My legs feel like straws, bent ones at that."

"Then you sit down."

They sat for a while in the dim afternoon light. Robert's mother did not look at him. She kept her dull eyes on the road outside. She was thinking, irrelevantly, how old the doctor had looked when he went off to his calls that morning, and of how he had waved his umbrella to her and lifted his hat as he did when she was a girl. . . .

Seth Darkling sat staring at the floor, with unquiet mouth.

"I ain't much good for talkin'," he said, almost grimly. "But maybe what I've got to say will be some good to you. Anyhow, I'm goin' to say it. Then I'll go, get out of your sight. . . . It's about my bein' alive. We was sick together, him and me, and sorter company for each other. He used to talk a sight about you. I laughed at him at first. It sounded silly to hear a grown man moonin' along about his mother! If it 'd been a girl, now!"

The face of Robert's mother flushed beautifully, and her eyes were everlastingly young with a woman's thrill at being loved.

"Robert never had a sweetheart," she said. "Never. He used to say—" She stopped and smoothed her apron with pathetic care.

"Oh, I know," Seth Darkling said, bruskiy. "He said that to me, too. 'My mother's my sweetheart,' he said. That's how I come to laugh at him."

Two unforbidden tears rolled down the woman's cheeks. She seemed unconscious of them, or too accustomed to notice them. Seth Darkling saw them and bit his thin lips.

"I was a fool to laugh," he said, "a plain, every-day fool. I know it now. I dunno how I come to know it, but I do. One day I skinned him for callin' his mother his sweetheart. It was before he got—so bad. This is what I come to tell you. He said to me, 'Seth, old man, my mother's the prettiest, the youngest, and the best woman I know.' Them's his very words. 'When I get well,' he said, 'I'll take you to see her. Then you'll know.' That's what he said.

That's what I come to tell you. That and the other thing."

Robert's mother put her head down on her arms and sobbed, so quietly that it sounded like a bird at evening.

"Go on," she said. "I'm a-listening. Go on. Tell me all he said to you. *Tell me!*" Her tone was hungry and thirsty.

Seth Darkling leaned forward and twirled his old hat between his knees.

"Oh, I'll tell you, all right, if that 'll do you any good. He'd talk a blue streak about you and this house. I knew this carpet before I ever saw it, and that clock. Your aunt Amanda gave you that clock on your weddin'-day."

"He told you that!" the woman said, eagerly. "Robert told you these little things!"

"Little things seem big when you're layin' in a tent. It all counts more. The things that you did, and the things that you didn't do—" He stopped sulkily.

"Go on!"

"Well, there's a lot more. I found my way to you by the things he'd told me. I never had to ask the way. I just come. It would take time to tell it all. Now, what do you suppose he was doin' while the other fellers was raisin' Ned?"

"What?" Robert's mother asked, breathlessly. "Oh, what?"

"Singin'. Singin' to the fellers."

"Oh, what did he sing? Did you hear him?"

"Oh, I heard him. I was layin' in the grass."

Robert's mother listened as if she were being fed with manna from high heaven.

"And what did he sing?"

"Well, 'Sally in our Alley' was the charmer, and then, 'Believe me if all.'"

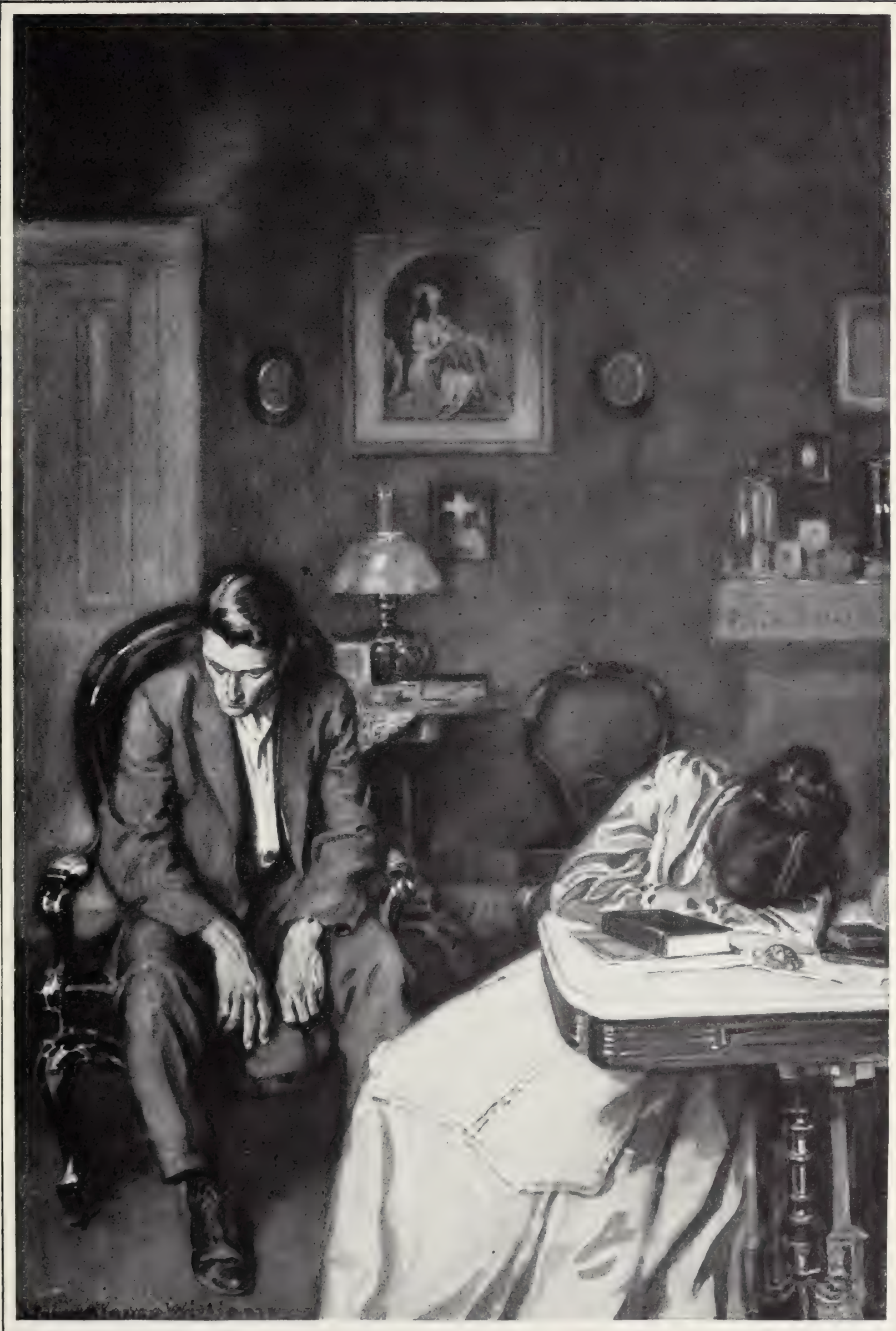
"That was my song!" said Robert's mother.

"Don't I know that? 'Now comes my mother's song,' he'd say. Oh, I know!"

Robert's mother said, "Well, now!" so lovingly that it made poor Seth Darkling uncomfortable. He didn't know why.

"He left his guitar here. Oh, I wish he'd taken it."

"Oh, he didn't need no instrument. He just sang. Out in the night. He just sang!"



Drawn by John A. Williams

"GO ON," SHE SAID. "I'M A-LISTENING"

"What else?"

"Well, there was Lame Billy. You know about him? He died, too. He kept shoutin' for his mother and cryin' like a girl. It made it rough for the other sick fellers. So what did Robert do? He got permission to go into Billy's tent, and Billy took him for his mother. 'Are you my mother?' he said. (He was sorter wild-like with fever.) 'Are you my mother?' and Robert said, 'Sure I am, Billy! Surest thing you know I am.' You bet nobody laughed at that. Well, Billy died as quiet as a lamb, with his two hands in Robert's, thinkin' it was his mother. Oh, them were times!"

Robert's mother was crying softly. Seth went on, as if he were reminiscing.

"Lord! but he set a store by this place. Told me his father was the village doctor, and wanted him to be one. 'Guess I'll stick to the farm,' he said. 'Goin' to make it a scientific producer, he was.'"

"Don't!" said Robert's mother. "Oh, don't!"

"Well, that's it!" said Seth Darkling, bitterly. "That's it! I didn't want to get well! To go on livin' at all. What for? I'd no one, and I was no good to any one. I didn't give a damn about livin'—" He paused and glanced at her. Robert's mother was looking at him steadily.

"I didn't mean to say that. It just slipped out. My mind is full of—words like that. Anyhow, I didn't care about gettin' well. I'd been a loafer all my life. No good to a soul, and bad to myself. There warn't no *call* for me to live. When I was burnin' up, I'd say, 'Well, this is hell, but it brings dyin'.' I was tired of the whole bloomin', cussin' world. And I wanted to get out of it. I hated the city, I hated the army, and I hated myself worse'n all the rest. . . . I got well, and Robert died. That's your world, and no questions asked—nor answered, if they are! My mind wanted to skin out of it all, and his was full of livin' plans. I was bad, and he was good. . . . Now I come down here to tell you that I'm sorry. I wish I'd 'a' died and your boy had got well. Neither of us had a bloomin' word to say about it, dyin' or livin'. But I wish it with all my heart. I'd change this minute with him if I could. I come to tell you this,

and that he said—well, about your bein' the best woman he'd ever known. . . . It ain't no good to talk."

Robert's mother had sat listless at the first, when he left off talking about Robert, but now she leaned alertly forward, with a curious new life radiating her face, making it almost luminous in the fading light.

"Who are you?" she said.

"Nobody. Seth Darkling."

"I know. Where is your mother?"

"Dead, thank goodness! She died when I was a shaver. She never knew what I grew up to be."

"And what—" said Robert's mother, with quiet dignity—"what did you grow up to be? Tell me." There was a note of gathered poise in her voice and in her words that made Seth look at her quickly. "Tell me," she said, very gently, "what did you grow up to be?"

"A good-for-nothin'! a city loafer! a bad man!"

Robert's mother rose. "I'm going to get you something to eat," she said; "you sit still."

When she came back her figure no longer drooped. She looked young.

"You eat this bite," she said, gently. "And then we'll talk some more. But I want to see you eat first." Seth Darkling was more embarrassed by the dainty tray than he had been by his message. He rose awkwardly.

"Oh, I ain't hungry a mite," he said. "I won't be stoppin' for no tea."

The woman came forward and put her hand on his coat-sleeve.

"You stay," she pleaded; "I want to talk some more. You stay!"

The very graciousness of her woman's soft summer gown, with its old-fashioned scent of lavender, appealed to the boy. He looked down at her.

"You want me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I'll stay."

She kept urging him to eat until the tray was quite empty. Then she wanted to fill it again.

"You make me a fire, Seth Darkling," she said. "It's warm outside, but a fire's so pretty. Then we'll talk."

Seth leaped to the task. "I can make a bully fire," he said. "Where's your kindlin'?"



Drawn by John A. Williams

THE PITYING WOMAN TOOK THE LITTLE CREATURE FROM HIM

In some way an intimacy was established between them by this simple act. And some of Robert's mother's grief—her quiet, waiting grief—was gone, and some of Seth Darkling's roughness.

"Now you sit here," the woman said, drawing a chair up. "The doctor won't be home until ten. I'll sit here."

The boy sat down. "It's a good fire," he said.

"Seth Darkling," said Robert's mother, "I want to say something to you. Will you let me say it? It ain't so much."

"Say it," said Seth, sullen again. "You can't say nothin' worse'n I'd say if I was you."

"Well, like you, I ain't much hand to talk; but I said to myself when Robert died, I said, 'Lord, let this boy's death not be in vain.' I said it over and over till it got to be more'n a prayer."

"I don't know nothin' about prayin'," Seth said, uncomfortably.

"No, none of us do. But I know about—*wanting*. And I wanted this with all my heart. There hadn't been a moment of Robert's life that was in vain—to me. And I had the notion that if I knew *how* I could make his death not seem in vain—entirely. Now I see. I see a way. You could help me if you would."

"How?" said Seth. "I never helped nobody or nothin'. How could I help you?"

"This is the way you could help me. Let me know you, Seth Darkling, and let us come to be friends, me and you. Let me do for you, and you do for me. Perhaps I can start you out different, as your own mother would, if you'd come on her sudden, and you a grown man. Say you have, and say I've come on—a boy. Don't you see? Don't you see if this could be true, Robert wouldn't be dead to me. Not *entirely*. I'd be doing things with him in my mind all the days. Real things, same 's I'd do for him. You sleep in his bed, and I'll make it up every day. . . . You couldn't understand what it would mean to me to make Robert's bed every day. So you come and live here—work on this farm, same 's Robert would have done. I've no one to help me—the doctor, he's so busy. I don't care what you are or who you are; Robert's voice is in my heart, and I hear it. It's the Comforter. You don't under-

stand that. Well, never mind. Let me have my way, Seth Darkling. Let me!"

Seth stood up straight, and Robert's mother rose with him.

"You're givin' me a chance!" he said, fiercely. "That's what you're doin'. You're givin' me a chance!"

"I'm giving myself a chance. Don't you see? A chance to keep Robert alive! Don't you see?"

"No one but a woman could see that."

"You've no ties and you've nowhere to go. I need a man on this farm. Put it that way if you want to. I need a man."

"I ain't no good to work now. I'm as weak as a baby."

"You've been sick," the woman said, piteously. "Don't I know that?"

"It's only fair to tell you," Seth stumbled along, "that I drink—sometimes."

"There's clear water on this farm, Seth Darkling, and Robert's father's a good doctor and a good man. He'll help you."

"What are you doin' this for?" Seth's voice was near to tears and husky. He managed to keep it so rough as to cover this. "What are you doin' this for, anyway?" he asked again.

"Mother," said Seth one evening, pounding the snow off his shoes in the kitchen way, "I found old Black's lamb—half dead with the cold."

"Now did you, Seth? Well! What did you do with the poor thing?"

"It's here." Seth Darkling opened his great-coat, and the pitying woman took the little creature from him. The lamb had gathered some courage from Seth's heart-beats and from the warmth of his body. It put out a weak little tongue to lick the boy's hand.

"Now I think I'll fetch old Black in. She will be a different woman to see her kid. The way she cried for it went through me. I'll go now. I expect they'll have a lot to talk over, them two. Let's let 'em sleep in the kitchen-way to-night."

"Of course we will. It's a cold night. But, Seth, you're all wore out yourself. You must have walked miles, and in all this snow! You sit down by the stove and warm you. Why, even your forehead's cold, Seth!"

"Mother," said Seth, catching her hand, "the little billy's saved. Let it go at that!"

Through the Gateway of El Dorado

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

Photographs by the Author

ON the Mapa Fisico y Politico de Venezuela (1884), Maroa stands forth in the heavy black letters by which we are accustomed to recognize important centers; in reality it is a group of palm and adobe houses fewer in number than the sorry collection at San Carlos, one hundred miles down the river, but having a larger portion inhabited, and all of them more sightly. Yet Maroa came honestly by her distinction, long since passed into tradition save among map-makers of upper South America, for during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the armed peace established between the Spaniards of Venezuela and the Portuguese of Brazil, nourished—at wide intervals along the Rio Negro between San Carlos and San Gabriel—flourishing settlements which served as frontier posts to safeguard the trade that was displacing the bitter if desultory warfare hitherto existing.

Of these none prospered more than Maroa, peculiarly favored with relation to the course of traffic by its location. Three or four days' journey to the south the Casiquiare, entering the Rio Negro, thus joins the Orinoco and the Amazon river systems to establish the world's most extensive flowing road; while almost directly opposite, on the Negro, the six-league Pimichin provides another connecting link with the Orinoco via the ten-mile portage to Javita and the Atabapo River. It is a natural transshipping point for this route, and became in those days a frontier ship-yard of renown. Master-workmen came from Spain, Indians abandoned the jungle to apprentice themselves to the new trade, and the fame of Maroa as a builder of canoes and freight-boats spread far.

It was the golden age of the alto Rio Negro.

Other near-by smaller hamlets—Tomo, Miguel—flourished from sheer force of

juxtaposition; and the Jesuit missions multiplied, to the well-being of the natives, who had suffered much during the wanton activities of those undaunted though merciless pioneers, the Conquistadores; for here, too, had been set up a gateway to the El Dorado by one of the hardiest of the intrepids—by Lope de Aguirre, the "Wanderer"—who in 1561 passed up the Casiquiare looking for the storied treasure.

For the better part of two centuries, indeed, had the reported riches of this mysterious land been noised about the small world, to gather soldiers of fortune at every gateway and put in motion a series of daring explorations never since equaled. From the Meta River on the north to the Caqueta (a north branch of the Amazon) on the south, from the Andes' Cordilleras on the west to the Rio Negro and the Orinoco on the east—so ranged the fabled land where gold and precious stones awaited the successful adventurer. In the wilderness between the Guaviare River, which empties into the Orinoco at San Fernando de Atabapo, and the Uaupes, entering the Rio Negro just above San Gabriel, Von Hutten sought the El Dorado. Driven by the same impulse, Ordaz, a captain of Cortés, in 1531 explored the Orinoco as far as Atures, the north end of the great cataracts; Herrera went up the Meta via the Orinoco four years later; Orellana in 1561 voyaged down the Amazon; Quesada searched far to the west and south, even into Peru. And all the while the restless Caribs spread the fable along their voyages, which began at the mouth of the Orinoco and extended south to the Rio Negro.

What energy they had!—those first pioneers and their immediate followers, who, so early as 1776, had built a chain of blockhouses reaching from San Carlos, north to the lower Orinoco, across a coun-

try which is now rated as "unexplored." Their zeal and enterprise under the tremendous obstacles of forest and climate and insect pest is no less astounding than is the complete abandonment of this region, once so vigorously if temporarily obtained.

And with the blockhouses and the soldiers shortly thereafter disappeared the missions, which from early in the eighteenth century had been numerous and populous—a haven for the Indians and a helpmate to trade. Even in 1801, when the great Humboldt made his monumental trip from the Apure River to Esmeralda on the Orinoco, he found missions throughout the full length of his course. Now, however, the missions are deserted, Maroa builds no boats, and El Dorado is only a historic incident of which few of the present day in the land of its nativity have scarcely even heard.

No; Maroa isn't the kind of place one would visit a second time without urgent cause, and it was the very good reason of seeking a crew that took me there again.

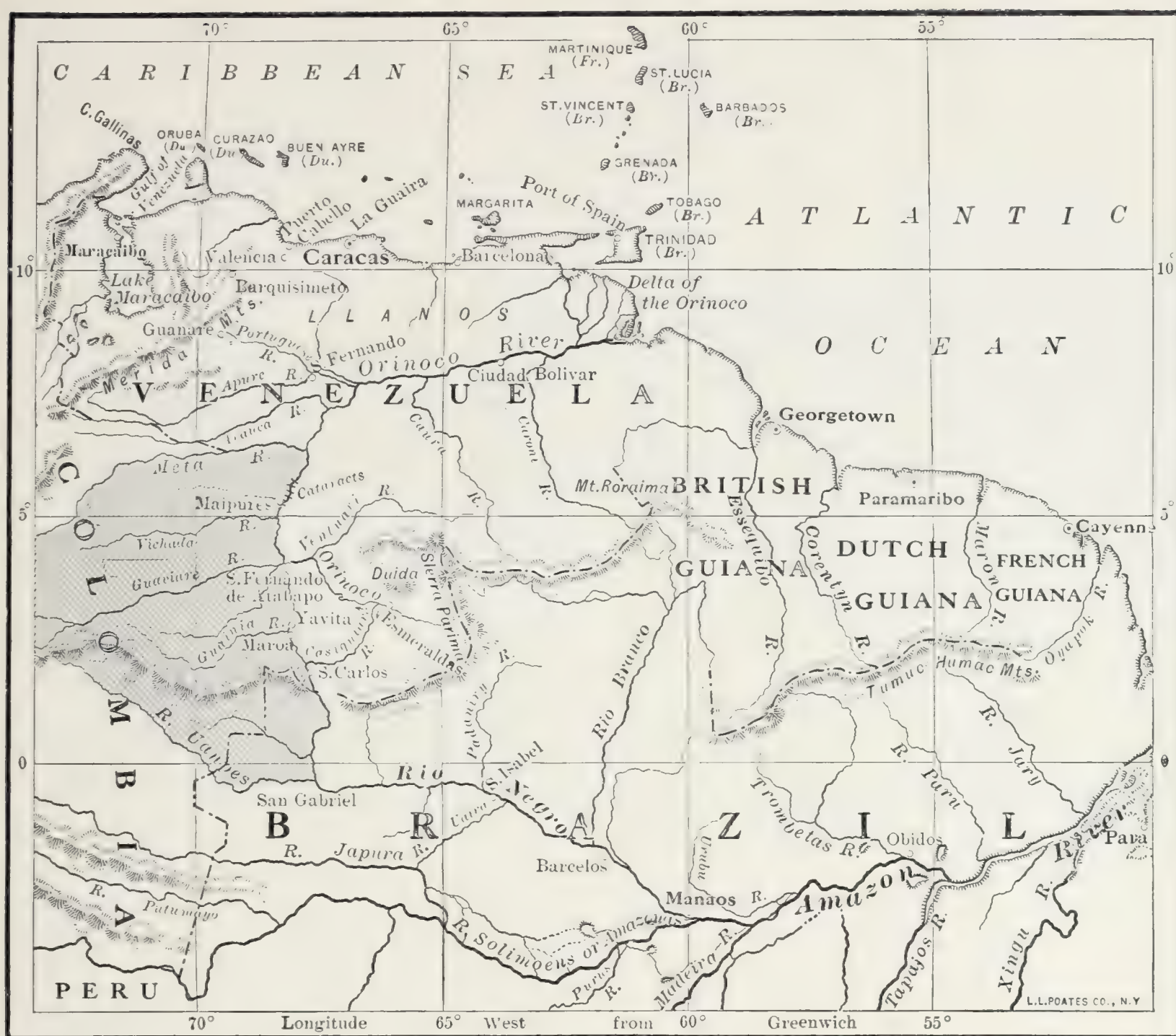
Since the defeat of my first attempt I had studied long and exhaustively the question of how best to make my sally into the forbidding upper Orinoco region, and the most advantageous point of departure.

The first plan, devised before I had obtained intimate acquaintance with this particular country and people, was to ascend the Orinoco from Atabapo, making a side trip up the Ventuario, which has always fascinated me as being the flowing division of a sixteenth-century highway to the lower Orinoco via a mountain (Maugualida) portage and the Caura River. But at this second coming to Maroa I had the knowledge of one visit to San Fernando de Atabapo, and knew through unhappy failure something of the difficulty of securing voyagers at that townlet, which devotes itself chiefly to rubber and peissava, and when not so occupied prefers to stay at home and enjoy itself; surely a sane philosophy and apparently a profitable one, even though disappointing to the needy traveler. I still retained vivid remembrance of my previous year's conflict with men engaged to take me up-river, who persisted in

going down-stream, and finally with canoe and provisions abandoned me, when I refused to go farther in the direction opposite to my arrangement and desire, at a two-hut settlement not very far below the Ventuario.

So, with experience bought dearly at both ends of the line on two separate efforts, my best chance of getting help seemed to be among these Indians of Javita and Maroa, and my most direct course one of the caños coming into the Guainia from the east, which locally are commonly thought to make their way far inland, and in one or more instances believed to cross entirely to the Casiquiare River. In other words, instead of retracing the Guainia, as the Rio Negro is here called, and then having one hundred and fifty miles of the pestiferous Casiquiare before reaching the Orinoco, my simple scheme was to cut across from somewhere in the neighborhood of Maroa, thus saving, if I got through, a good half of the Casiquiare's length—the lower worse half, which winds part way round the compass and over troublesome rapids before flowing west into the Negro. My ambition was not to explore the Casiquiare, of notorious and deserved reputation for insect pest, but to arrive on the upper Orinoco with certainty and with the least possible delay. Apart, too, from shortening the distance, the cross-country caño route appealed to my imagination because of its association with those romantic pioneer days when the rollicking marauders of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are said to have used those by-paths from the Guainia to the Casiquiare to outwit their more sedate, less adventuresome compatriots in pillage.

But it is one thing to work out a plan as you lie on your back staring at the stars, and quite another to put it into execution; so, although I came to Maroa, I was none too hopeful of success—a state of mind fully warranted by the conditions I encountered. To begin with, there was the handicap of communicating with these Indians, whose patois of mixed native and Spanish I could comprehend not at all beyond what their gestures conveyed; and though they understood some simple, straight Spanish, they were slow to catch my meaning—slower than



WHERE THE LANDS OF FABLED EL DORADO LAY

I had found any to be in this section, where every other Indian village has a tongue of its own. This dialectic variance is reported to be also in evidence on many of the tributaries of the Rio Negro, where the original speech appears to have merged with the Spanish or Portuguese to make a linguistic mess requiring especial study. I do not pretend to discuss this linguistic evolution; it is one quite beyond me, a mere wilderness traveler of no scientific learning on the subject; I do testify to its confounding existence. Somewhat increasing my problem in this respect, too, was the absence—at Atabapo, I gathered—of the Maroa head-man, so I was left to do my own skirmishing; not a novel situation for me, and one which I am disposed to think makes for success more often than not when combined with experience. At all events, I have almost always got more satisfactory results in the wilderness by dealing direct

than through an intermediary. What did seriously hinder me, however, was native disinclination to enter the unknown, and especially the Orinoco beyond Esmeralda, which is commonly regarded throughout all this region as a land of mystery peopled by savages. To make bad matters worse, it happened also to be the latter part of April, the early time of rain, and after the last fishing excursion to the Casiquiare before the wet season ended; for whether because the fish do not bite or because of custom—my limited converse with them could not discover—the Indians do their catching in the dry season.

Since the departed days of boat-building, life is not easy with these Indians, who dwindle unceasingly in a country where nobody reaches old age, and the course of trade passes them by. Wallace, in 1851, found from three hundred and fifty to four hundred, divided

between Maroa and Javita; and both he and Humboldt before him refer to thriving colonies around the missions all along the river to San Carlos. I doubt if I saw a hundred, all told, and I don't believe many in that vicinity escaped me first and last. These occupy themselves mostly by gathering peissava, or serving as carriers on the portage between Pimichin and Javita, whence the canoes go down to San Fernando de Atabapo, which in a trade sense drains the upper Rio Negro, as it does the upper Orinoco country. And that helps to explain the lost commercial glory of San Carlos and other of the one-time fairly well-to-do settlements on the upper Negro.

Nature seems to have sought in a measure to recompense the impoverishment of this moribund people by distributing with a lavish hand this most valued of its many useful bounties. Peissava is a black, coarse fiber parasite, of fish-line to stout twine diameter, which entwines the trunk, but more plentifully the base of the stems, of a palm growing on nearly all the smaller streams that extend back into the more swampish sections, where, like rubber, it appears to thrive best if not ex-

clusively—although my knowledge is not sufficiently exact to give that statement authority. Wallace says it is not found on the main rivers, and I never saw it except on flood-land or near a lagoon. Unwound from the palm and with no treatment whatever, this fiber is forwarded to Atabapo, where it is braided into the rope of the country or distributed in bulk to Bolivar for the making elsewhere of the finished product. It is not as strong as manila fiber rope, but strong none the less; I saw great cables in use on the docks at Manaos, and all the freight-bateláos and canoes of the flowing road have none other.

Thus an assortment of difficulties confronted me, but by promise of ample reward and by dint of playing on the curiosity of the natives, perhaps entertaining them—who knows?—with some of the, to them, novelties of my equipment, I aroused their interest. They seemed to get more fun out of my collapsible canvas bucket than had any of the wondering ones on my travels; and when I filled the filter with muddy water and delivered a clean cupful there was a real sensation among them. They closely scrutinized, tasted,



NATIVE DUG-OUTS ON THE RIO NEGRO



ONE OF THE SETTLEMENTS ON THE RIO NEGRO

and treated the exhibition as a miracle. I think I derived as much amusement as they. Whatever the contributing cause, within four days I at any rate secured six men and a canoe—also one of the beautifully woven grass hammocks made by up-Guainia Indians—and we set out on my project of reaching the Casiquiare by caño overland, so to say.

This section is worth a word, for it is like unto a great delta of the Orinoco, Casiquiare, Guainia, and Atabapo rivers, being, except for a small connecting neck between Javita and the Negro (where as the Guainia it bends sharply to the west) entirely encompassed by those streams. It is a wedge-shaped piece of country, about one hundred and fifty miles long, not over fifty miles across at the top where the Atabapo and Orinoco confine it, and with its wide end at the south expanding probably to one hundred miles along the Casiquiare. The Orinoco limits its northern as well as its eastern face, which at the south flares quite a bit northward, while the straighter western boundary is formed by the Guainia and the Atabapo, which extends well toward

the interior of the delta, where, indeed, it is said to take its source. Between these last two is the coupling land link to which I have alluded. There is little if any real information concerning the character of this interior, and one can judge only from what one has seen on the several river-banks and from what one hears in the country—a good half of which must be liberally discounted.

So far as I could discover, it is uninhabited and untraveled except by Indians, who cruise into it on occasions, probably for ducks, which in March make this region a popular resting-point on their northward flight. On the Atabapo side the forest is heavier than on the others, though along the Casiquiare it appears for the most part the same dense, hedge-like growth to the water's edge as on the Rio Negro. The truth is that river-fronts are much alike over all South America, and jungle country is jungle country, whether in Argentine, Brazil, or Venezuela. From the Orinoco side the delta seems to stretch away like a great, flat waste, except that in the northeastern portion appear the

familiar conical rock mounts, which every now and again rise to sentinel this flowing road from Santa Isabel on the Rio Negro to Atures on the Orinoco. Tradition says the interior has several lagoons or ponds of fair size, and a century-old map I saw at Bolivar, of which, thanks to the courtesy of a German trader, I secured a copy much prized by me, indicates one or two of goodly area. On the other hand, Humboldt, whose investigations along the route he pursued were very thorough and much more likely to be accurate, shows none and speaks of none; though, of course, the great German explorer did not make the traverse, and therefore depended on hearsay evidence. Whether or not there are lakes must remain unanswered until a crossing is made of the sections where they are alleged to be. No lakes were revealed by my journey, although the caño did at one remembered place open out into what might be called a pond of fair size, and there were other sections we passed through which suggested lagoon opportunities in high water.

Ponds in these districts of little rivers or caños—themselves largely the inland overflow of the main stream—are, in my opinion, entirely a matter of season; and a country so flat as this basin, with its chief river rising thirty feet or even forty in three months, offers wide possibilities in this respect. The caño through which I paddled in April might, and very likely did, by the close of the rainy season swell to a river. The first time I ascended Pimichin it was for the most part a twenty-foot-wide canal, sunk in a tortuous, rocky bed, with rock obstructions at the entrance, and, *en route*, difficult to negotiate; on the next occasion I passed its full, winding length over a stream from seventy-five to one hundred feet broad without a hindrance to uninterrupted going. Toward the close of the rainy season I have paddled over an adequately flowing stream, which before the rain began had not water enough to carry even a canoe a continuous journey. Perhaps the most notable example of this variability is the Apure River, which at its lowest accommodates with difficulty very light-draught trading-boats, and when full floats easily and to spare the large steamers that voyage to Bolivar.

Those familiar with the arroyo freshets of New Mexico, which, after a severe rain-storm in the mountains, halt you in the afternoon for a few raging hours on the bank of a stream, though in the morning you may have crossed its entirely dry bottom ankle-deep in sand, will somewhat the easier appreciate the whimsical streams of South America, though there the fluctuations are of months' duration instead of hours'. To be at all trustworthy records must be made at the same site in both seasons—wet and dry, high and low water—otherwise they are almost worthless, for what one observer notes in February not at all describes what he or another sees in June.

I was astonished at the width of the caño we entered a short distance below Maroa, and at its current. From what I had seen of them on my inland explorations from the batelão to San Gabriel the year before, I fancied them little more than a canal, with a slight, if any, current. Here, however, was one not much short of one hundred yards wide where it flowed into the Rio Negro, and having a current strong enough to make our paddling by no means a summer-day's jaunt; in truth, good, stiff work more fittingly describes it—though not to compare with up-river labor, of course. The color of the water also offered fruitful speculation, and, amid the depressing uncertainty which enveloped me, brought the first hope of our being able to make the traverse; for as we advanced inland it changed from the deep emerald of the Negro to a weak chocolate—and my imagination supplied the rest.

One of the phenomena of this land of waters is the retention by each of its own color without diffusion to the very point of actual contact, even where the rivers differ vastly in volume. Black waters flow into white ones, and white ones empty into black ones, retaining their individuality up to the very edge, a visible line of demarcation—on one side white, on the other side black—unmingled and unexplained. Thus the puny black Atabapo joins the surging white Orinoco to no loss of integrity; the black Negro receives almost at right angles the odious white Casiquiare without contamination, and itself empties into the Amazon, not so much as tingeing the mud-colored



ON THE GUAINIA RIVER

waters of that mighty river. Humboldt reports on the lower Casiquiare, which I did not visit, a black and a white stream, both coming from the east, while of the rivers flowing in from the west, some are of white and some of black water. Of the number of small streams coming into the upper Casiquiare from the east, those I noted were olive. These colors, which among white waters range from the really white Branco through many yellowish mud shades, and of black waters from the greenish and bluish and deep brownish to the really deep, almost black of the Negro, high up—are explained, the scientists maintain, by the character of the soil whence they take their source and through which they flow. Those rising among the decaying roots, leaves, and vegetable matter of the forests are the black, and the white those that have their source and course in the alluvial and clayey soils. Yet the Orinoco has its source in the heart of the mountain forest, and flows under their very shadow on the north until it sends off the pest-laden Casiquiare to the south.

When, therefore, after two days, I

noticed the change of our caño water from a green black to a yellowish olive, I knew we were being defiled by the Casiquiare, and rejoiced in its happy augury. On the evening of that same day the patron attracted my attention, and, waving his arm in large fashion to the west of north, said, “Camino Atabapo,” by which, abetted by my lively imagination and much reading of sixteenth-century freebooting, I judged him to mean that the source of the Atabapo was within reach of a not too far portage, and that at the time of high water one could so journey to San Fernando. Perhaps my imagination filled in more than he intended to convey, for while the patron talked on to considerable length, the only other word I rescued out of his patois was *otra*, which means other; thus I pieced the picture-puzzle—other road to San Fernando de Atabapo than the usual one of travel from Javita. As I have already related, communication between us was limited to signs and a few words, which was not such deprivation on the canoe as it had appeared on shore. When you are bending your back to the paddle there

is neither the occasion nor the inclination for a conversazione—simple words and a very small number fulfil all requirements; “go,” “stop,” “no,” “yes,” “good,” “bad,” “eat” constitute an elaborate vocabulary when you’re hustling along by the sweat of your brow from daylight to dark.

Apropos of eating, mandioca and dried fish made the substance of our daily fare. I had hoped on setting out to reach here in March, when ducks are plentiful, but one cannot so reckon on the flowing road, and I was far behind my original schedule, so carefully worked out—in New York. And after the Atabapo experience, it would not have surprised me to find myself compelled to eat that later-season leathery tidbit, heron, which the Indians are frequently thankful to devour, so pressed for food are they at times.

We got no fish in the caño—we made no attempt to get any; I wanted no delay in daylight, even for the purpose of securing fresh food, and the rain and the fatigue dulled sporting proclivities. The truth is, we saw no fish, and, come to think of it, I do not recall seeing fish in any caño, though I know of no good reason why there should not be, unless feeding be uncertain because of the changeful nature of the stream. Moreover, I was given to understand there is not much life in this basin save when the ducks visit, but I saw several of the herons, and a busy member of the bobtail gallinule family, which always amuse me greatly by their brisk industry and indifference to other near-by birds, whatever their occupation or however large their number. If I did not hear that extraordinary pumping of the bittern, I certainly heard its counterpart if not its counterfeit. Of frogs and bats there was no limit. It is to marvel at the myriads of batrachians along the South-American waterways. On the rivers the night clangor beggars description; one must hear it to realize what a din these lowliest among the lowly of God’s creatures can raise when chorusing in countless thousands.

Rounding a bend upon the third day, with rain beating upon the surface of the water so hard that it fountained under the impact, the patron sighted a

jaguar, and stopped us in much excitement by his whispered warning. Through the downpour, which unquestionably had deadened our always noisy paddling, it was not at first so simple as it reads to discover the beast, which crouched at the water’s edge on a little point sixty or seventy feet away; but when I made him out he was a good mark, almost side on, and two soft-nosed balls from a 9-millimeter Mannlicher turned him over on the top of the land neck, to which straight ahead he had sprung at the first shot, not thirty feet from where he first lay. The Indians were stirred to gleefulness by the firing, but responded with maddening slowness to my urgent signals to land, for I could not from the canoe see the result of my shots, and was, of course, keen to get on the spoor of my quarry. Having finally set me ashore, they remained afloat until I shouted, “Bueno!”—the local equivalent for all right. Even though thus assured, they came cautiously, almost as though stalking the big cat in life. I must say I respected their fear, armed as they were with only bow and arrows, suitable enough for the ungainly capybara, the agouti, or others of the numerous and indigenous rat tribe, but no more than irritating to an animal so powerful and, when aroused, so ferocious. It would give me unfeigned joy to watch under such conditions and similar equipment one of that pooh-poohing tribe of club-regaling white small hunters who skirt the jungle for copy and experience making of every native apprehension an occasion for raillery and abuse. There would be a recanting, I warrant you.

Over all South America the natives justly dread the jaguar, not so much on account of its aggressive nature as because of their own unpreparedness to oppose its occasional attack with any hope of success; and in every local mouth are the fanciful, exaggerated stories of the man-eating propensities we find recounted with all faith and solemnity in tourist tales. True, it is the most powerful and the most savage of the New World cats, but, like all members of the family, from the majestic tiger to that poor cougar brute which men dog-chase up trees, to shoot or rope in the pitiful delusion that

they are thus treading the way of "ye mighty hunter," it will, as a rule, get out of man's path. From curiosity it may follow man, and, exceptionally, attack him, either in fancied defense or in ravenous hunger; when it does, it is a formidable brute indeed. Along the flowing road, where the forests are alive with many varieties of the rat genus and the streams teem with fish, the jaguar rarely goes hungry. His usual haunts are not far from water, where he catches fish—not with his tail, as I have seen ridiculously stated in print, any more than Tabby does—often turtles, and once in a while the tapir, one of the shyest animals in the South-American forest, and a very strong and swift swimmer. Later I shall further pursue this jaguar subject; suffice it here to say that getting one in this part of South America is purely a matter of chance, of coming upon it as I had on this one on the road, and being equipped to act promptly and effectively. It was in this manner that I secured five of my trophies without a charge, save in one notable instance

when I found a pair and only wounded at the first shot.

When I had thrown the fair-sized and clearly marked pelt of the caño trophy over the tolda, we re-embarked and started along at a lively clip, the Indians in extra good-humor, whether because of one less jaguar at large to stir their superstitious frenzy, or merely that they were an uncommonly even-tempered lot. At all events the spirit of the moment moved me, too, for I also was light-hearted because thus far we had met no obstruction to our crossing, and in another day or so, if my calculations were not too much at fault, we ought to be emerging upon the Casiquiare. So with the Indians expressing their hilarity in series of fancy-beat strokes, with which I tried, unsuccessfully more often than not, to keep time—efforts that amused them so they laughed and capered like a lot of children—we went along in a regular frolic of paddling; which is always well in a long-journeying canoe, especially toward the dragging days at the end, for it relieves the monotonous



AN INDIAN WOMAN OF THE GUAINIA RIVER



MY CREW AND CANOE

drudgery, even if it does add the labor of bailing the canoe. It puts heart in the men—more to be desired than food in the stomach, and always harder to get.

There was little or no change in appearance of the country through which we passed. The caño banks seemed a smaller edition of the river, less the big trees and much of the parasitic growth, although there are spots as rank as on any river—and always, of course, we had with us the palm and the palm-like plants in many varieties. We appeared to be going through a flattish country, but with no opportunity, on account of thick growth alongside, to learn much else of its character; and as I was merely using it as a means to more quickly reach my goal, and was not interested in its physical peculiarities, I spared no time from our working hours for inspection.

The fourth day of our traverse began with a burning sun that drove us to cover our bare shoulders for the first time during the otherwise wet crossing, but early afternoon again opened the heavenly flood-gates as we dug along unmindful of aught save holding our pace to two miles the hour and increasing to three if we could. Thus we plodded, and

night was drawing near, bringing no evidence, so far as I had discovered in my periodic searchings of the rain-streaked atmosphere, of the Casiquiare; when, lo! we emerged upon a brown-yellow sea, which caused us to sit up, I can tell you. Had we by some magic short cut come into the Orinoco? If not, then what was this swelling river? Not the Negro, certainly; the color answered that. Surely this strong-flowing stream, a full one thousand feet wide where we saw it first, with heavily forested banks, could not be the Casiquiare—the canal, the merely larger-dimension caño I had pictured as the link connecting the Orinoco and the Rio Negro! But that is just what it was; and the joy of successful venture was quite subordinated to the amazement with which I viewed the scene so different to the one of my fancy. In all my wilderness experience I recollect no surprise equal to this first look at the Casiquiare. I could not reconcile the fiction of my imagination with the broad-bodied and swirling life which took hold of our canoe with a vicious determination to carry it off down-stream. That is to say, I questioned if we were really on the Casiquiare—until the insects discovered

us; then I knew; there is only one such pest-hole.

If I wrote fully of the insects of the Casiquiare as we found them during our four days' voyage to the Orinoco, I should, no doubt, be thought exaggerating. I have been in some places greatly favored by the insect hordes—Siam, Malaya, other sections of South America—but never have I encountered such throngs as here. There was cessation neither by day nor by night. They came in voracious relays; the day shifts tilled what the night hordes furrowed and fertilized. To the height of six or eight feet above the water they formed a literal cloud, denser at the river-bank by the bushes, where we had to travel close in to escape the force of the current. "Dope?" Oh yes; that's a pleasant figment of the near-wilderness traveler which may repel black flies and other cadets of the insect army, but to the serried ranks of these grim and bloodthirsty campaigners is as nectar before the votaries of Lucullus. No, we carried no dope; the Indians knew better, and I already had learned its inefficacy in other less afflicted districts of the flowing road. The only resort is to bathe your swollen and lacerated face, neck, and hands with a solution made from the easily carried bichloride tablets, not as a relief measure, but as preventive against poisoning. And if you would pass safely and with least discomfort, you must be a stoic; you must not scratch; you simply must not, despite the madness of the itching—and such madness it is! The dangerous thing in tropical travel is the broken skin, the sore open to the multitude of stinging and poisonous creatures. Put your hands in thick gloves—bags, if necessary—but don't make your discomfort misery well-nigh unendurable by fanning to consuming flame the fiery fluid deposited under your skin by the native "mosquito," which is not the mosquito you commonly know, but a tiny fly thing with an incredible activity and a virulence of attack unequaled by winged insects the world over.

Parenthetically, I wish to say, because I have heard the contrary contended, that the Indians bore their share of suffering; not so much as I, for naturally their skin, always exposed when the sun is lenient, toughens, as do the always un-

confined feet, but enough to give them great trouble. Often I have seen the scars on native arms and legs where the eggs of a vicious woodtick species common to all of South America, or of a winged borer of the Orinoco-Casiquiare region, have attained to fruition. There is no freemasonry among the insects of this land, nor any residential immunity, whatever be the skin of the wayfarer.

We made long days of our flight to the Orinoco, from before dawn until long after dark, stopping for rest and alleged sleep as infrequently as nature would permit, because whether in the canoe, under the bushes, or on the closely grown bank, the battle with the insects raged unceasingly. As we ascended, the heavily wooded banks became higher, in some cases were very likely, in low water, big banks for South America, where very low ones predominate; and occasionally, too, we came to rapid water, which doubtless becomes formidable in season. But we did not see a soul during the four days it took us to reach the head of the Casiquiare (I concluded we had entered midway of its length, and praised Allah for having escaped the other half). Yet in the latter part of the eighteenth century it is said quite a number of settlers lived on the banks of this river—difficult as it is for one who has been there to believe. If any stray settler lives there now, at least in the upper half, he must be buried in the encroaching jungle, for we came to no visible habitation by day nor saw any light as we paddled at night—usually until ten or eleven o'clock. I did see, however, a few comparatively open spots, set off by palms, that offered clearing possibilities—but who, one is driven to marvel, would live on the Casiquiare if he could keep body and soul together in any other place on earth!

None of us was too happy as we bent to the arduous work under the plentiful rain, and every now and again the patron's solemn, even voice, like the chant of a priest, broke the silence in single, directing words to the crew. He was a serious-minded, diligent person, was this patron, who squatted at the extreme stern on a six-by-twelve-inch extension practically over the water, where he handled dexterously a blade twice the size of the others, alternately steering and lifting

the canoe forward with several successive, prodigious strokes that made our work mere dabbling by comparison.

The ways of these men, less touched by civilization than any crew I had on the road, interested me greatly. Yet how much alike are the different species of the human family! In Siam and in Malaya my men built crude little altars in the jungle upon which to lay a bit of fruit, a flower, a piece of their costume, when they wanted to propitiate the gods for protection against the fever of some malodorous spot, or against "the animal," as always the terrible tiger is spoken of. In the far North, as we worked our weary, starving way back from the Barren Grounds, old Beniah, leader of my company of Dog-Rib Indians, was wont to invite a fair wind by throwing pinches of the treasured tobacco into the air with muttered invocation. At the other end of the world, here on the Casiquiare, my men had a rather literal manner of casting their bread upon the waters by throwing a handful of mandioca over the side of the canoe, or a piece of shirt, always accompanied by palaver, which probably stood for a prayer of relief, though, of course, I never knew.

There is an end to all things, even

the most disagreeable, and so there came the finish to our toiling up the Casiquiare when we turned east from its miserable confines into the Orinoco, under the shadow of Duida—eight-thousand-foot lookout of the range which impinges on the upper Orinoco from its source to the rock barriers at Maipures. I have been favored with few more impressive sights, indeed, than that which welcomes the northern escape from the Casiquiare. In the background, the mountains, several apparently separate ranges of them—such a relief from the monotonous forest!—almost in front of you; to the east, Duida, one-time jack-o'-lantern to the fabled El Dorado; farther back, another mountain not so high. As you enter the Orinoco, the immediate south bank, east and west, is flat; a short way to the east rises another of those conical-shaped rocky mounts. Near this we camped that night of our fourth day since entering the Casiquiare and eighth since leaving the Guainia, and slept under comparative relief from the insects, which, though numerous, were as nothing compared to what we had just left.

Two hours' paddling in the morning took us to the one-time flourishing but now abandoned mission of Esmeralda.

The Heights

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

WE climbed the hills, the tumbling hills,
The mighty shoulders of the world,
When May was rich with daffodils
And Spring's green banners were unfurled.

We saw from our exultant height
The quiet villages afar,
The roads like ribbons clean and bright,
The river a long silver bar.

How great from the low plain we deemed
The wind-swept summit of the hills;
How beautiful the valley seemed,
Up there among the daffodils!

The Horse-Chestnuts

BY CUSHING STETSON

WE had the feeling, I remember, with respect to Professor Knowles that, despite his great ability as a teacher, he was almost pathetically out of place. We acknowledged his charm, of course, and the humanizing effect he had upon the young barbarians, his classes. But the times, we felt, and the higher standards of learning had left him behind.

He was not without recognition of a certain sort. He was a Master of Arts (through a much smaller college than ours) in recognition, as the President had frankly stated, of his love of the beautiful and the exquisite literary skill with which he had moved his public to the study of Field Botany. And this, one somehow felt, was just it. The zeal of a biologist was lost for Professor Knowles in a teacher eager to inspire his pupils with the same love of the perennial beauty about them which had yet kept himself, though with white hair and turned sixty, in a boyishness all his own. He had, as his manner conveyed to succeeding classes, an engaging secret he would whisper later to them all—when, after winter's rudimentary facts, the fields were green with May. But the secret no longer impressed the Regents when judged by the higher learning.

Our rejoicing was unfeignedly real, I think, when he inherited from an old pupil a fortune far beyond what any one could think to have been his dreams. His good luck in our smallish circle was much discussed till some one finally asked if anybody had heard the rumor that he was at last to retire. Whence, indeed, came the Professor's intimation that a younger man, as more of a specialist, perhaps, might better do his work, none of us ever knew. But at all events the talk very shortly was that the Professor was indeed to resign. And then, before we had quite adjusted ourselves, it came as a distinct shock that Professor Knowles

had actually taken a cottage for himself on the outskirts of the town and quite removed from the environs of the college.

The house of the Professor's choice, which was of a dark-brown color, with a shingled roof of dark red, had a small lawn in front and a broad garden and orchard at one side. It stood on a street which was already, on its way to the fields, a road, and which had a fine row of horse-chestnut trees laid out along the sidewalk. They presented a lovely and animated appearance in the spring-time, with their bright green foliage and their big panicles of blossoms. Which was very well; for the Professor noticed such things, and it is to be feared that his spirits were not as yet quite all that he strove to make them appear.

There had been an evening, in fact, shortly after he took possession, when he had sat alone for a considerable time with his diplomas, his various degrees, and his ribbons piled into an arm-chair before him. His belongings had all been bestowed according to taste or convenience excepting this one chairful—deferred to the last. The housekeeper had long since gone up-stairs. And the hallway, despite the lighted lamp, and even the study where he sat, seemed very empty and still. But he arose finally, and gathering up his relics as best he might, went with them to the garret, where he disposed of them all in the trunk which had held his clothes. Then he went soberly to bed.

The next morning when he drew the curtain the horse-chestnuts were the first things he saw outside his window. It was impossible not to feel cheerful at the sight. So Professor Knowles went briskly down to breakfast, and had presently decided that in the woods there would be much for him to see which had come to pass while he was busy moving. To the woods accordingly he went, where,

after an hour's walk, he observed a small company of young people coming his way.

He watched them eagerly as they came on, and almost jealously as they paused to examine some small object in their path. Rather disdainfully, then, Professor Knowles watched a young instructor with a hammer chip off a bit of rock to pass around—his own eyes immediately shifting to the pleasant valley in which they were, the wooded hills all around, and the spring sky above. And thus the Geology Class went by, with curious glances for the little old gentleman with a broad felt hat who stood beside the path. The Professor's lips were moving silently with the phrases used often in this very field to many little groups of just such young explorers. They had passed by without a word exchanged—and last year he had felt that everybody knew him. With a nature less deep or less simple from long association with young people these moments would have been the bitterest of the Professor's life. As it was, he walked on, a bit more quietly perhaps, and perhaps less far than he had intended. But by the time he had arrived home his contemplated book, *Our Diacious Trees and Shrubs*, had quite engrossed his mind. He broke off a spray of the horse-chestnut blossoms which he took with him into the house, and he brought his slides and microscope to the library.

The road, as it happened, passed under the library windows; where the Professor, even to write a scientific book, could not unmake the habits of a lifetime. People, and especially young people, had always been so much his one concern that, as the lonely days went by, his eyes took to straying more and more from the desk before him to the street outside where people came and went, until, when he saw some person he had seen the day before, he naturally found himself wondering who such an one might be. Whence it came to pass that Professor Knowles, in the simplest way in the world, turned from his isolation to his neighbors. They were not college folk. He had wilfully put all that, he thought, behind him. But having already got to know some new people

by sight, by an adroit question or two to the postman he was gradually learning names.

"Arnold" and "Basset" were somehow the two names which recurred more frequently to his mind. And though he might smile to himself, it was an even thing with the Professor for a considerable time which of the two families he found the more engrossing. For directly across the street was a household of many sons—how many he at first could not in the least make out. And in the house but one above this one lived a family of several daughters—surprisingly young, and yet all as surprisingly grown-up. And the name of the sons was Arnold, while the girls were the Misses Basset. There was Miss Basset of the braids, the Miss Basset of the red hair, the lame Miss Basset, and the one (or were there two?) who wore glasses. Then there was, on the other hand, the tall Mr. Arnold, the Arnold with the brown suit, the one who rode the bicycle, and the "natty" one.

The Basset house, which was of the Colonial type, with six great wooden pillars in front, stood far back from the street behind an old Norway maple. One got the impression, from the narrowness of the lawn in front, that the land originally surrounding the house had been sold off. And the house itself had an air of being reduced. The Arnold house, on the contrary, in an assertive manner stood rather near the road. Where its front pathway left the sidewalk there were two small rocks painted white, one on each side, and there were two more each side the front steps. It presented, finally, with its new red and yellow paint a strong contrast to the Basset house, though Professor Knowles, who was little given to inferences, thought the young people of both to be equally notable and attractive.

Yet the Miss Basset of the red hair—Miss Lucretia, the postman said—had appeared to the Professor from the very beginning to be distinguished above the others by her manner of "stepping out," and by a certain air of grace or poise more noticeable in her than in her sisters. Animation appealed to Professor Knowles. Just so to his satisfaction the "natty" Mr. Arnold was observed to mount his front steps in two hops; and the Pro-

fessor could watch him swing rapidly down the street on his way to work of a morning until he was quite out of sight.

Almost immediately then, as he watched from his window, the Professor was aware of another thing. He noticed that the two families, respectively Arnold and Basset, did not, in fact, speak to each other. There was an oddity in that, certainly, seeing that they were such near neighbors. But he had seen Mr. Thomas Arnold stroll past Miss Lucretia with his hands in his pockets, and with so much the air, too, of not expecting to be bowed to that the Professor could not be mistaken. And he was greatly puzzled, since they were such a small community. The fact that the other brothers and the other sisters Basset preserved a like reserve toward one another would have struck the Professor as less interesting. Though it was just this circumstance which brought the horse-chestnut trees so actively into this story.

For as they shaded the whole of the Professor's front lawn; and as, moreover, he had learned many things about them with great minuteness; and as, finally, they were the first thing to meet his eye whenever he looked toward the street, these horse-chestnuts were likely to give a first turn to his thoughts whenever he came out of the house. He presently observed, for instance, that they were powdering the lawn all over with petals, which lay in little drifts of pink and white around the posts of the front fence and the roots of his new rose-bushes. And his eyes happening to look in this direction, he saw young Mr. Arnold come round the corner of his house across the street pushing a noisy lawn-mower before him. Mr. Arnold was coatless and capless, his sleeves were rolled up, and his shirt was open at the neck. The Professor noted the breadth of the young man's shoulders, and the speed with which he spun the machine over the grass. "He must have some description more intense than natty," he reflected, as Tommy's melodious whistle began miscellaneously on the tunes of the day. "I wish he would come over here," he concluded. And then he grew quickly aware that Miss Lucretia Basset was passing by under the chestnuts.

And from their shelter she threw—

the Professor saw her—a glance at young Mr. Arnold which lingered for a perceptible instant on that young gentleman's back. And she threw next at the Professor, and before he in the least expected it, a glance of such instant scrutiny from a pair of eyes so heavenly blue—he was within ten feet of her—that the Professor's thoughts stopped entirely.

Tommy's whistling, it was clear at least, had stopped. The whirl of the lawn-mower also was perceptibly moderated. With one hand, indeed, Tommy was fastening his shirt-collar, and he shot a glance across the street to where the Professor was standing. The latter sought his veranda, absently adjusting his cuffs behind the honeysuckle vines. Tommy doubtless concluded it was growing late, for in an instant he disappeared behind the house, pulling this time the lawn-mower behind him.

The next morning when the Professor went to the bank to cash a check, he saw, to his unbounded astonishment, that young Mr. Arnold, with recognition in his eye, was looking out at him from behind the bars of the teller's window. As Professor Knowles hesitated, the young man smiled.

"Good-morning, sir."

The Professor in his surprise merely bowed, and Mr. Arnold's smile increased.

"The other man's sick," he explained, "and gone away. So I've got a raise."

"Now that's too bad," said Professor Knowles.

"Yes," said Tommy Arnold.

And it was such a friendly grin that the Professor was fain to turn back.

"We are neighbors, I think," said Professor Knowles.

"Yes, sir," said Tommy again.

Then, since it was a country bank, they had a little chat, whereby the Professor learned that Tommy liked his new job, and Tommy learned that the Professor liked his new house and was going to buy a lawn-mower.

So after that, when the Professor was puttering around his rose-bushes (when Tommy might be expected on his way home), that young man would generally cross the road to offer advice. He immensely cheered, too, even if he did not edify, the lonely old gentleman's solitude—with his breezy slang, his baseball gossip, and his

fun. The other brothers Arnold took to bowing also, and at last the father of them all stepped over to the fence; till the Professor, heartened by so much company, bought for himself a new summer suit of a certain black-and-white check, such as deep down in his heart he had remembered for years and envied a certain young instructor of English back in the college. A red tie also purchased at the same time and for the same reason had seemed, however, so very brilliant when unwrapped in the Professor's bedroom that it would certainly never have gone out again if Tommy, with his eyes dancing at sight of the suit, had not promptly invited Professor Knowles to the ball-game. Geoffrey Knowles somewhat tremulously went—and so did the tie. The chief result of his adventure was what immediately befell on his return.

It was, indeed, an unforeseen proceeding. For although it was now late in June, the family of Basset had not gone to the mountains or the sea-shore, or anything like that. On the contrary, the ladies still passed the garden by, with a glance now and again over the fence. And the heart of the simple Professor occasionally smote him. With all his roses, just now in their prime, he was rather longing to be generous, especially to the young ladies Basset, who had none. Hence when late that afternoon he was taking a last look about the garden, having parted with Tommy at the gate, and looked up to see Miss Lucretia Basset approaching, he acted quickly, and without taking time for thought. Perhaps his afternoon's excitement and Tommy's young exuberance had given him courage. But at all events he stooped down and clipped a gorgeous white "Mabel Morrison" close to the ground. Then he gallantly approached the fence.

"My dear young lady," he said as she came up, "will you pardon an old gentleman's best wishes and accept this rose?"

As who, indeed, would not? She colored slightly at her first quick impression of the frisky checked suit and the tie, but one glance at his face (as she afterward told them at home) would have then been enough. She took the rose eagerly from him and fastened it at her belt,

speaking the while of its beauty and praising the others to be seen beyond. She even found a way to compliment the Professor for growing them, and agreed at a future time to enter the garden to see them all for herself.

"The old dear," said she to her mother and sisters, "looked frightened half to death, and just hungry for some one to talk to. Don't you suppose he has any people at all? Anyhow," she added, "I'm going in to see his roses at least once a week."

"But, my dear," said her mother, though not disapprovingly, "I have seen that young Mr. Arnold talking to him. So I think he's not wholly without friends."

However, in a very few days all the Misses Basset had admired the garden (although it was still, of course, for Miss Lucretia that the Professor waited), and the Arnold boys by this time were giving themselves the airs of old friends. At any time of an afternoon from four to six a young Arnold or two, or a Basset, was generally to be found against the fence or among the roses; which happened only if neither family had perceived the presence about the premises of the other. If the Professor, for instance, was talking to Miss Lucretia, Tom, in response to his heartiest greeting, would merely lift his hat, look conscious, and slink into his own gate. Or if Professor Knowles and Tom were deep in talk against the fence, Miss Lucretia in passing by would give the Professor the briefest smile and bow—her eyes already elsewhere. The Professor's first surmise, too, of some feud between them proved groundless. It was Tommy himself, in fact, who unconsciously cleared up the matter just after one of the little bows we have referred to.

"They're old-timers round here, the Bassets," he said, "about the oldest family. All that land up there belonged to them, and they kept horses till the old man died. So I guess they're—well, as you might say, society people."

There had been a shy look, as of one who would avoid particulars, in Tommy's face at these last words which came back to Professor Knowles at supper. He smiled, though his eyes were a little grave. Father Arnold, to be sure,

cut the grass: Professor Knowles had watched him. And he had seen Tommy drawing water at the well on one occasion very early in the morning. But what of it? That was what the Professor wanted to know.

Meantime the horse-chestnuts, which were, it will be remembered, in full blossom, had reached the stage when their fruit was as prickly and as green and about as big as a gooseberry. The Professor took passing note of this as he sat one evening on his piazza. And he was led to reflect on the small percentage of fruit to blossoms. The reason for this he, of course, knew so well, as a biologist, that in a very few words he could have explained just how the blossoms of a horse-chestnut differ so vitally from most other blossoms. This prim tree, he would have explained, with all its lady flowers in one panicle of blossoms, and all its gentleman—or, as the botanists call them, “male” flowers—in another, must depend upon the breezes or the bees for fruitage.

At this point the front door of the house across the street opened, and one of the Arnold boys came out upon the porch. Professor Knowles took passing note of this also. “Dioecious,” he said to himself, “or two-housed.” He was speaking of the chestnut-trees, but was really wondering what the Arnold boy was after; when suddenly he started upright in his chair, cast an intense look at the trees, began to smile, and strolled down to the fence.

He looked across at the Arnold house, where the boys were putting out the lights. “The spray of male blossoms,” he murmured. Then he glanced up the street to the house of the Misses Basset. “And there”—his heart gave a great bound—“are the lady flowers!” Surprise for the moment held him speechless till his eyes came back to the motionless horse-chestnuts. Then he began to laugh. “And so,” he said, derisively, to the trees, “your young people depend upon the bees. Well, so it appears do mine.” He stood then for a moment thinking it over. “And,” he concluded, “I’ll be a bee.”

So, “on the morrow bold with love,” he went into the garden to wait. The Alfred Daudet (*fine, hardy variety; free*

bloomer. June-August) had been running thus far in the season unconscionably to leaves. But a bud discovered yesterday would serve as a fine pretext for conversation. And, sure enough, Miss Lucretia was beguiled into the garden without difficulty.

“Fine looking?” said she. “Why, I hadn’t thought of it.” This was in reply to a direct question. Two or three references to Tommy of an indirect nature she had ignored.

“No?” hazarded the Professor. “But I had inferred that he admires you extremely.”

“How very nice,” laughed she. “And are you sure, Professor Knowles, that he really knows me by sight?”

“I’ve no doubt of it,” he replied, with much more assurance—“no doubt of it whatever.”

Whereupon she gave him a look of singular directness. “And which of them all, Professor Knowles, is Mr. Thomas Arnold?”

He innocently described him then from head to foot. And she thought to herself toward the end what an old dear the Professor was, and what a friend he was of Tommy’s, and how good they ought to be to him—not knowing (at twenty years) that when a man like the Professor has been storing up affection inside him for sixty years he is in little need of other people’s. “He is very manly looking,” she had the grace to say when he had finished. And with that he was forced to be content.

Later the Professor repeated the substance of this interesting conversation to no other person than Mr. Thomas Arnold himself.

“And what did she say?” asked Tommy, a bit uneasily.

“She said you were very manly looking.”

Tommy Arnold appeared to turn this over, though his eyes never left the Professor’s face. The horse-chestnuts made rather a shade over their heads, but from his expression it was evident that Tommy saw through the Professor completely, and was a little amused, and also for the moment a good deal embarrassed.

“Well,” he finally replied, “you can tell her from me that she’s the prettiest

girl in this neck of the woods." He paused before he said more positively, "You can tell her that from me, Professor."

"I think so too, Tom," said the other.

Tommy laughed at last. "You do, do you? Well, just tell her that from me."

But the next day passed with no sight of Miss Basset at all. And on the next Tommy came across to the fence on his way from the bank.

"Have you told her?" he asked.

"I haven't seen her yet," said Professor Knowles.

"Oh," declared Tommy, mischievously, "you *are* slow."

The Professor wondered. A keen distaste for addressing Miss Lucretia, by whatever authority, as "the prettiest girl in this neck of the woods" had, in fact, occurred to him, accompanied also by other misgivings. Certain young men in the college, who, he remembered, had been known as "fast," and who had never attended his classes, would have doubtless used this form of address. He was engaged in the consideration of these matters as he toiled among his roses next day, when Miss Lucretia herself paused beside the gate.

"Hard at work, I see, Professor Knowles," said she, coming into the garden.

He looked up from where he knelt beside the sick-bed of the Claude Lorraine (*a prince of varieties; large double. Flowers all summer*). Miss Lucretia had on a dark-brown suit, and a big brown straw hat which showed her hair to the best possible advantage. The Professor thought she had never seemed so lovely.

"Claude Lorraine," said he, slowly, "is nearly consumed with insects. Just look at him."

He arose as she approached, and she thought that he seemed embarrassed, though it might have been merely his concern for the bush. But he caught, with a quick throbbing of the heart, the glimpse of a familiar figure—far down the street, to be sure, but rapidly approaching. Without a moment to think, he nevertheless knelt down again, brush in hand, beside the bush.

"Miss Basset—er—Miss Lucretia," he asked, "if you would be so very kind,

and I may presume so far, would you just step to the kitchen door—around the corner of the house there—and ask my housekeeper, Mrs. Betts, for a quart of my insecticide? She will understand. Bar soap with just hot water, you know, and tobacco ash."

"Why, certainly," cried she, and picked her way at once across the grass around the corner of the house.

"Let him deliver his own message," thought Professor Knowles; and he waited for the "Hello, Professor," which presently came, in a pleasant barytone from across the front lawn.

Mr. Thomas Arnold vaulted the fence. "Just look at this bush," said Professor Knowles. He drew a second brush from his waistcoat pocket, and looked up at his visitor. "Are you in a hurry?" he asked.

"No," said Tom.

He good-naturedly threw off his coat, drew his trousers high, not to crease them, and knelt down opposite the Professor. And in a moment Miss Lucretia also appeared round the corner of the house, holding a pan of soap-suds away from her gown and deeply regretting her good temper. At the tableau before her she stopped, and her color mounted at sight of Tommy's back. Next she caught sight of the Professor's face, and her own eyes suddenly flashed. And then, with a quick sense of the absurdity in it, she came forward, feeling herself quite equal to the emergency.

"Here's your spray, Professor Knowles," she observed, with great coolness. Of Tom she took no notice whatever, though she couldn't help seeing how he spun around and clutched for his coat.

"Oh—er—Miss Basset," stammered the Professor, unexpectedly disconcerted, "may I present my friend—that is, Mr. Thomas Arnold? You young people—"

Tommy's struggles to rise and to remove his hat, or to say something, appeared all at once to collapse together beneath the impersonal little bow with which she contrived the more definitely to ignore him. He paused just an instant before he bent again to the bush, and his face had gone rather red.

"Here also is the pump," pursued Miss Basset evenly. "Don't rise, please. I must be getting on." She put down

the pair. "Pray go on," she added to Tommy, who was kneeling there motionless, "the Professor doubtless needs your assistance."

"It is a warm day," ventured the youth desperately, taking out his handkerchief. But she gave him no reply, so he bent again to the bush while a second furious blush crimsoned his temples.

The Professor looked hopelessly at the horse-chestnut trees, and resolved to be perfectly frank.

"Those trees," he said, suddenly, "are a nuisance."

"They are certainly untidy," Miss Basset agreed. For the two men kneeling wretchedly before her were becoming too much for her gravity. Neither did she wish to go—*just* yet.

"I mean," began Professor Knowles at random—"well, you know they're unlike most trees—in some respects. All their—their lady blossoms, as one might say, are on one branch" (which wasn't strictly true), "and all their gentleman blossoms are on another—just like in two different houses. They do not, as one might say, know one another."

"Oh, I *see*," said Miss Basset, vaguely.

"So," said the Professor more confidently, "the bees carry their messages, and, as one might say again, introduce them—the flowers—all round."

Miss Basset, catching wildly at the Professor's drift, and convulsed, despite herself, at the thought of Professor Knowles playing bee, stole a look at Tommy's face. He was gazing in stark bewilderment at the Professor; and either his former blush had not wholly departed or another was well on its way. Miss Lucretia took time, too, to notice the length of Tommy's lashes and what a nice forehead he had.

"When I introduced you two—" the Professor was struggling on.

"But I'm very glad to meet Mr. Arnold," Miss Lucretia suddenly put in, for his embarrassment was suddenly disarming. And Tommy's lips moved, though no sound came from them.

Professor Knowles seemed not to hear. "When I introduced you," he repeated, firmly, "all of the Misses Basset and all you young Arnolds—not knowing one another—had seemed to me just like the chestnut blossoms. This occurred to me when the petals had fallen, and the little new chestnut burrs—"

This might have proved too much, even if Miss Lucretia had not caught a desperate look which Tommy stole toward the horse-chestnuts.

But at that, "Oh, you dear Professor!" she cried out, with a peal of laughter, "don't you suppose that we both understand?"

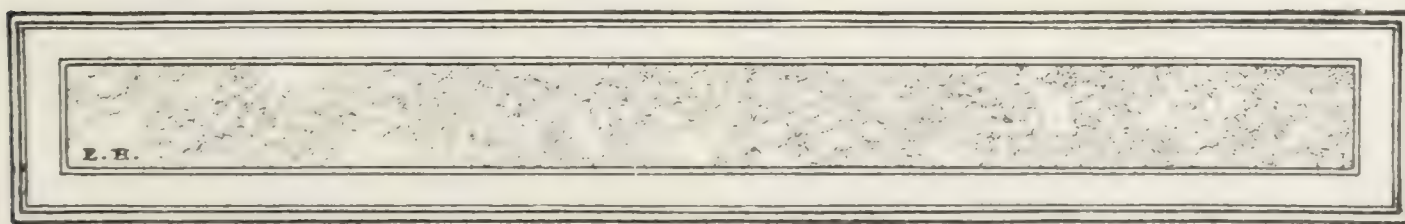
She dropped to the grass beside him. And then, with Tommy actually haggard in his embarrassment beside her, she buried her face in her hands and literally shook.

So, since it is always true that laughter softens the heart, within the month Mr. Thomas Arnold, walking home beneath the horse-chestnuts, whispered with sudden shyness to Miss Lucretia:

"*Di*—what was it he called them?"

"*Diacious*," she whispered back.

And there fell between them at that a silence. And it was observed afterward at their wedding that all the Messrs. Arnold, and, for that matter, all the Misses Basset, found one another so engaging that what with bees or without there's no telling what may happen.



Editor's Easy Chair

“WASN'T there a time, ten or twenty years ago,” the Cynic asked, “when you were rather addicted to putting the rest of us to shame by boasting the excellence of some Spanish novels which we hadn't read, even in translation?”

The Cynic was not always the Cynic; sometimes he was the Philosopher, the Poet, the Good Citizen, the plain Sentimentalist; but that morning we wished to use him for mocking irony, as a foil to our own earnestness, and so he appeared as the Cynic.

“Oh yes,” we rejoined (or was it “replied” or “returned” or “assented”?), “that was when we were the Study, and another and a better was the Easy Chair.”

“And what has become of all these immortals of yours?”

“They are still living, if you mean Perez Galdós, and the Countess Pardo-Bazán, and Armando Palacio Valdés; but, except Señor Valdés, they do not seem to be writing.”

“And what has Señor Valdés been writing, to keep his immortality before the people?” the Cynic pursued.

“Well, *The Joy of Captain Ribot*, which, as you are so ignorant of Spanish, you could have read several years ago in French, English, and Dutch; and, more recently, *The Lost Village*, a curious study of Spanish peasant life still in its native Castilian, and, more recently still, *Tristan, or Pessimism*, which you may read in your own tongue, and which you will find most richly real and original, if a little too heartbreaking; truly a wonderful book. Then, within this very year he has published *The Papers of Dr. Angélico*, a volume of little essays, studies, sketches, and tales, very native, very characteristic, and very poignant, as well as wise, tender, and moving.”

“Oh, come!”

“Yes, quite that. We could convince you; but is it worth while?”

“Probably not. But you might con-

vince me on one point, and leave me in doubt on the others.”

“We will be generous, and convince you on more than one.”

“For example.”

“There is a charming bit in this last volume of Valdés's, scarcely more than a bit, about two young friends who go to see the great poet Rojas (perhaps not his real name), with no warrant but their worship of his work; he receives them with the hospitable soul of a great poet, and presently he is repeating some of his verses. While he is doing this, his old wife rushes in twice, first to tell him that the cook is going away, and then to say that the parlor-maid has broken a Sèvres cup which she had been forbidden ever to touch. Rojas patiently interrupts himself; soothes her tears and cries, and sends her away consoled, and then turns to his young adorers and says, smiling: ‘What a vulgar woman! It can't be that Rojas is married to her!’ ‘Don Luis!’ Aldama protests. ‘Don't deny it! That is what you were saying to yourselves this very moment, and what you would say to each other going down the stairs. It doesn't surprise me. But it happens that where you observe vulgarity, I see enchanting innocence; where you find rudeness, I find delightful spontaneity; where you see prose, I see poetry. Do you know why? For a very simple reason; for the only one that exists in the world to explain all good things: I love her. And as I love her, I understand her. I adore her incredible candor, her tenderness, her infantile rages, her caprices, even her indifference to art. Such as she was at twenty years, such she is now when she is sixty. As I love her I have divined her angelic essence, and I live united with her in perpetual and blessed worship. To comprehend anything in this world, my friends, it is necessary to love it. Without love there is no comprehension, no intelligence. You have mothers, who perhaps seem

vulgar beings to your friends, but you know very well they are not so. And when you go for a stroll with your father, who has not written books or plays or poems, and has never felt the passion of study like you, you walk by his side with more joy than if he were a savant or an eminent poet; you listen to his words with respect, you approve of his remarks, you laugh at his jokes. . . . Who are mistaken? Those who judge our parents and our wives as insignificant beings, unworthy of their notice, or we who venerate and admire them? The divine essence, immortal good and beauty, are found in every human being, and he who draws nearest to God, and shares His sovereign intelligence, is he who joins himself to his fellow-creatures in the greatest love. No one can fathom a science without loving it, no one can excel in art without a passion for it. To be religious you must love religion. . . . So I say he who loves another knows what the other is, penetrates his essence. Or, what is the same thing, love does not disable judgment, but enables it."

We closed the book from which we had been reading, and fixed the Cynic with a look of challenge.

"Very nice, very pretty, very suggestive," he said.

"You have to keep your pose, of course," we smiled. "You know very well that it is touchingly true, refreshingly novel, sublimely humane. And this is from a thinker of that Spanish race which we have always tried to believe so atrocious, and which a few years ago we were trying so hard to destroy and humiliate in a war of inexorable aggression."

"Yes, yes; if you like," the Cynic responded. "But what is the application?"

"The application?"

"The moral—whatever is at the back of your mind? How would you have this principle of love enabling judgment applied to other cases besides those of husbands and wives? Theirs are not the only cases. How about its use in civic affairs?"

"We would like to see it tried. But, of course, in such matters it must be called law—the law which is so fine that it will not judge until it makes sure it

is not doing injustice; which will not keep itself to the main point, but will guard all contingencies."

"That would be fine, indeed. But, again, what is at the back of your mind? Give us a case in point."

"Well, then, take the case of that poor minister in a Boston suburb who could not pay his fine for libel, the other month, and had to go to jail. Or, rather, the case of the minister's poor wife, who was deprived of his support, and had to go out and scrub floors, or do any work she could get to keep from starving and to supply him with the little comforts she wished him to have. The case occurred under our Asiatic system of jurisprudence, by which if he had been condemned to death she would as justly and logically have had her eyes put out."

The Cynic narrowed his own eyes to a fine line. "And is scrubbing floors so bad? A great many good women do it whose husbands are not in jail for libel. I thought you approved of hard work."

"So we do. At this very moment," we said, "we would willingly see you scrubbing this floor."

The Cynic laughed magnanimously. "But still, but still, what is the relation between your Spanish friend's philosophy and the fact of the libelous minister's wife?"

"The relation," we said, feeling our way somewhat through the air, "that exists between all dissimilarities and establishes their likeness through some large, unifying principle. In this case the principle, the truth, is that there is no justice except the justice which forbids the innocent to suffer with the guilty."

"You would have had the minister let off, then?"

"If he could not pay his fine, and if his wife must be left destitute while he was in jail, we would have had him let off. That is, we would have had the sentencing power, or the pardoning power, intervene with that finer justice which we call mercy, until the law provides that the State shall care for the innocent while the guilty are suffering. Mercy is the law, too; though we think that the law is to punish only, and not also to spare. The law, as we see every day, is very flexible; you can twist it any way you

like, almost; why not twist it in the way of mercy? This will appear to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness; you can take your choice."

"Oh no," the Cynic said, with enjoyment. "As a Jew, it appears to me a butter-slide; as a Greek, wisdom. But where would it end? You would have everybody slandering his neighbor the first thing you knew."

"Perhaps something of the sort happens already."

"And are we to have courts of mercy instead of courts of justice?"

"We have no courts of justice now; we have only courts of statute. As it is, far more injustice is done than if all offenses were frankly forgiven. In the first place the sentences are monstrously disproportionate to the crimes committed, to the wrong suffered. The penalty ordinarily fixed is cruelly severe for the first violation of the statute; the cumulative penalty for a second or a third violation is intolerable. Why should a man suffer more for a crime because he has committed it once before? He ought to suffer less, for he has already suffered too much, and by his imprisonment and his lasting defamation he has been forced into a career of crime from which he cannot escape."

"The logic of your position appears to be that his sentences shall be successively lighter until at last he shall merely be bidden go and sin no more."

"Something like that was once said."

The Cynic did not seem so well satisfied with the result as he had apparently expected; but he tried to laugh. "And what do you suppose would be the upshot?"

"We should like to see."

"Well, then, I will tell you. You would see a state of things in which the horse would be in the saddle; in which honest men would be governed by thieves and robbers and burglars and murderers; and our good names would be the prey of all who choose to speak leasing."

"Let him who is without graft among you cast the first stone."

"Oh, it is easy to trip the good citizen up with words like that. I know, I know! You'll be saying next that a rich man shall hardly enter the kingdom of heaven. But to come back to that precious Span-

iard of yours! Do you think it will ever be possible for people to be taken for what they really are, and not for what they really seem? Is society to accept a husband's sense of his wife's divinity and forego its own perception of her vulgarity? Shall we actually put up statues to dull and ignorant parents because their children love the invisible image of wisdom in them?"

"We wouldn't go quite as far as that. But if our precious Spaniard, as you call him, can teach modesty of judgment in such things; if he can inculcate the philosophy of the poet Rojas, he will do much more for the family than if he thundered against race suicide. The family is not a brood or a litter; it is a sacred condition in which we may know one another almost in the kind if not the measure that we are known to our God—if we still choose to have one."

The Cynic seemed to enjoy his own discomfiture; he was such an easy-going cynic that our heart began to warm to him. "But turn it round," he said, when he had got enough of his laugh.

"How turn it round?"

"Suppose two enthusiastic girls are calling on the poetess Rojas."

"Well?"

"And suppose the poetess is repeating one of her favorite pieces; and Señor Rojas, who is a sport, comes rushing in, and shouting out: 'My dear, have you seen my spurs lying round anywhere? I left them on your writing-desk, and now I can't find them high or low.' The poetess stops and patiently points out that he has them on his heels. He says, 'Oh!' and goes out, and the poetess begins again when he comes rushing back. 'My dear, that infernal scoundrel of a Sancho has been winding Rosinante again, though I've told him a thousand times never to wind Rosinante, but to take his horsemanship out in winding Dapple. I'll break every bone in his body! I'll crack his thick skull for him! I'll—I'll—I'll—' He can't think what, and he goes out shaking his whip at an imaginary Sancho, and the great poetess says to the girls: 'What a tiresome old fool! Yes, my dears, that is what you are saying to yourselves, and will be saying to each other as soon as your backs are turned. But he is no worse than he

was when I married him. He was just that kind of blithering idiot, to all appearances, when he is really the mildest and best of men. He wouldn't hurt a fly with that whip of his; Sancho can turn him round his finger, and I've no doubt he's making him believe now that Rosinante ran away with him. And I worship the ground he treads on because I did forty years ago. You've no idea of his hidden wisdom.' Shouldn't you call that rather patronizing?"

"We should call it impossible."

"Why? Because a woman would be incapable of so much generosity?"

"Because no man is worthy of it. Because it would serve him right if those girls were allowed to leave with the impression of his folly and rudeness unmitigated by his wife's devotion."

"You are a suffragist, then?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"As much as anything we have been saying."

"What we mean is that love in women exalts itself through their perpetual self-sacrifice in marriage, and in men it debases itself through their constant self-assertion. A man could say what Señor Rojas did because his wife was worthy of it; but a woman could not say what Señora Rojas did because her husband would not be worthy of it, and women always speak the truth."


"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" and the Cynic, who had risen, went away, laughing satanically.

His travesty of the passage which had

so pleased us could not spoil our pleasure in it, but it brought us a vexation which we could escape only by recurring to the book, where we lost the sense of the wrong done the author. We lost ourselves altogether in it as we strayed from one delightful paper to another, and tasted the quality of his delicate humor, and experienced once more the charm of his serene philosophy. He has a view-point of his own, which is always that of a high humanity, a wise generosity. There is never anything illiberal in his ideas; and in these essays the dramatic instinct is constantly at work, clothing his opinions in delightful character, and making life the theater of argument. One will be a sublime allegory, another the masterly study of personality, in another a casual event takes lasting significance under his hand.

It is a pity that such a book, in our dearth of essays, should not find its way to English readers out of the Spanish, where it is so beautiful. It is beautiful not only because it is full of lovely art, but because it is so true, and because it is so kind. The touch in it is everywhere light; the excellent artist insists no more on his convictions than on his impressions. When we come from philosophic speculation, from the fancy that plays with thought and fact, in the same graceful spirit, to matters of religion, our novelist knows, as few moralists have known, how to penetrate the heart of it, where Catholicism and Protestantism alike cease, and Christianity alone is.





Editor's Study

ENGLISH-SPEAKING people—certainly those of them intelligent enough to read books and periodicals, even newspapers—are not so much given to diversions as they are devoted to the serious purposes of life. For better or for worse, their past social history has disclosed a predominantly Puritanic disposition. Whatever of looseness there may have been in the sports and pastimes of the aristocratic and of the idle rich, popular entertainments of every kind have been held to rigid moral standards. The restraint of public opinion has been effectual, to the extent of imposing hypocrisy upon the reactionary, suppressing even innocent abandonment.

In our time seriousness has become earnestness, or is at least in the way to become that. The present generation wears a more open countenance than the last, more frankly confessing itself for what it is, daring to express itself naturally because it is more tolerant of what is natural. Thus it happens that, while there is larger and deeper sociability and less individualism, there is more spontaneous variation of individuality and a freer play of individual disposition. Life, like nature, has its way with them that accept it; and because it is thus boldly accepted some of the elders uncomprehendingly complain that their juniors are impatient of restraint and discipline and lack reverence.

These elders, following their own elders, emphasized preceptual wisdom, imposed authority, and the formation of character through conformity; they thought of sin as "imputed," of judgment as external, of redemption as something extra-territorially accomplished for the soul. Contrary to the Gospel and to nature, they considered what went into a man more essential than what proceeded out of him. Thus they attempted to formulate life; but whatever was of lasting excellence in their own doing and being implied the reversal or

some off-guard forgetfulness of their formal chart, when they confessed to a kingdom of heaven within them—to the mastery of life.

The old seriousness tended to make men and women afraid of life, apprehensive of nature; and cowardice is the mother of hypocrisy. But we, who take a different attitude, are apt as uncomprehendingly to judge our elders as they are to judge us. They came of a race whose history is a record of revolts. Puritanism began in nonconformity; it was the heritage of heroic convictions which, though beclouded by an obstinate bigotry, were steadfastly held in the fear of God and at peril of martyrdom. We owe to that race our freedom, our courage, the conditions of our spiritual emancipation. Its fervor has become our light, its seriousness our earnestness. Its art and literature have reflected the lights and shadows of its somber faith, taking a course which has always been ethically quite distinct from that taken by the art and literature of the Latin races—its matter dominating its manner, its spirit its form.

Whenever in the last two centuries the English race has settled down into more static conditions, as notably in the eighteenth, it has been the form that survived, disguising the spirit. Didacticism, fastidious elegance, and conventionalism have displaced the heroic impulse. The living spirit was evoked by the Romantic Revival—was indeed reascent in Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, who, because they had a vision of the future, could livingly recall the glory of the past. But those, still lingering on the stage, who deprecate the irreverence of the present generation for old customs do not justify their own reverence upon real grounds. It is the new age which, re-embodiment the spirit of the old, does it true honor.

The new attitude toward life and nature is most significantly indicated in

English and American fiction. This art more than any other has for its distinct function the portrayal of life, and, among English-speaking peoples, it has to-day, as it has had since Richardson and Fanny Burney, especial reference to the purpose and meaning of life. In the whole body of this fiction there is very little "art for art's sake," as compared with French examples. Exemplification is unnecessary. Even when entertainment has been the novelist's chief object, his course has been determined by the interests and concerns of an audience perhaps too intolerant of idle diversion.

The degree of detachment from the common plane of life has differed with different authors and sometimes in the same author, as in the case of George Eliot, at different stages of artistic development; but the picture, however lifted and in whatever setting, has, in theme and motive, been held more or less faithfully to the living pattern. The tendency has been toward less detachment, until, in twentieth-century fiction, we have surprising examples of a realism in which the pattern is the picture itself.

There has never before been produced so great a variety of fiction as is laid before the readers of to-day, and so much of which by virtue of its artistic excellence belongs to literature. There is not one of these variations having that distinction the pleasure of which we would willingly forego. Each has justification in its separate delight, though it may not be an example of the kind of realism we have described. And, in addition to these, we have the wonderful as well as delightful variations of nineteenth-century fiction. As to any of these, past or present, the critic is ready with some special attribution of excellence, noting also the defects of that excellence, and some special characterization of the writer's art—his individual style, and the secret of his magic.

But in the course of this fiction one line of advance is distinctly seen—toward a new sense of life, through the release of imagination from traditional limitations imposed upon it by bigotry and sophistry. The interpretation of life in its own living terms led to its representation in these terms. That is what creative realism in our modern fiction

means; and it is as distinctly characteristic of the evolution of humanity in this twentieth century as the philosophy of Henri Bergson is, or that of William James. Our living experience is no more real to us than that of all peoples in all ages was to them, but our sense of life is more immediately derived from it and more completely expels everything not directly pertinent to it. It is not merely an individual but a race experience, with mysterious hereditary filaments; and, in our day, a vastly expanded consciousness becomes a collective, a world sense of life. We see how this expanded sense underlies individual integrations in the psychical realism of Henry James's fiction.

The radical change in the portrayal of life is obviously apparent even in such fiction as is not clearly realistic—in the disappearance of the old didactic strain, in the passing of the "problem novel," and in the absence of rhetorical devices, of typical impersonations and dramatic disguises. Masterly invention and artifice still survive for our diversion, and we frankly confess to their allurements, as we do to that of melodrama. But in the main current of fiction the purpose and meaning of life are more or less dramatically and even luminously eloquent.

These reflections concerning fiction, perhaps often enough hitherto dwelt upon in the Study, recur freshly to our mind in connection with Mrs. Deland's novel, *The Iron Woman*, concluded in the October number of this Magazine, and now before a wider public through its publication in book form. It is all so fresh in the memory of our readers that we need not characterize the story here. As the scene is laid in Mercer, Dr. Lavendar does not appear, and it is very much to say for so stressful a drama that his presence is not missed, though Helena Richie is there, to be near him. Youth and the impulses of youth are dominant in the novel as in no previous work of fiction by Mrs. Deland, and the crises precipitated by the headlong current are not such as could be helped or hindered by even so strong a minister of grace as Dr. Lavendar proved to be in the *Old Chester Tales* and in *The Awaken-*

ing of *Helena Richie*. There he was needed, but in the culminating scene of *The Iron Woman* it is Mrs. Richie herself who is called to an office of ministration which no other could take.

If Mrs. Deland should write no more, this novel would give her the foremost place as a writer of vital fiction, fully rounding out the career which she began in her short stories about Old Chester people. And how familiar all these people seem to her readers—as if they had lived just those lives she has portrayed and in just the scenes where she has, not placed, but found them!

We comment on other works of fiction, saying of this, that, and another, "How amusing!" "How brilliant!" "What a sense of the comedy of life!" "What wonderful perfection of style!" But we never say these things about Mrs. Deland's work. We dare not even say, "How real!" lest the reality should seem an accomplishment, and so vanish. She seems herself to avoid the appearance of anything inviting remark. The more work she bestows upon a story—and she not only produces slowly, but her revisions are a terror to the compositor—the less elaborate it seems. Her eliminations clear the impression; her additions give ampler life to the embodiment. She is not thinking of technique, and shuns effectivism. Everything is subordinated to the meaning—and that meaning is vital. The result is not a finished picture of still life. The motive is dynamic, springing from the heart of life, and thus profoundly moves the hearts of readers, who feel the dramatic tension, pulse, and rhythm, in Nature's own measure. The picture so absorbs the living pattern into itself that there is nothing of that detachment which is traditionally associated with art. Yet the imaginative projection is complete.

Thus, in that scene of "At the Stuffed Animal House," which is laid in Mercer, whither Dr. Willy King takes Harriet Hutchinson to consult the "big doctor," who gives her sentence of death within six months, the pathos of this doom—in itself impressive, though a common tragedy of life—is not allowed to fall upon the reader's heart with a mortal thud; it is made the foil to the woman's courage. But how is the impression of

this courage to be conveyed to the reader, in all its buoyancy, and as reality, beyond any pretense? As Dr. Willy goes out of the Mercer doctor's office with Harriet, he tries to comfort her.

"It's perfectly possible that he is mistaken."

"I guess not, Willy," she said, simply. "Come, now, don't be such a wet string; . . . let's have a spree! We'll have a good dinner, and will do something interesting. *Hurrah!*"

After their good dinner Harriet proposed that they should go to the circus. "It's in town; I saw the tents. I haven't been to a circus for forty years."

So they "went sauntering along the hot, grimy street in the direction of the open lots beyond the blast-furnaces, where, under a deep June sky, dazzling even though it was smudged by coils of smoke, were stretched the circus-tents, brave with flags and slapping and billowing in a joyous wind. William King held onto his hat and looked at the great, white clouds, domed and shining, piled all along the west. 'We'll get a shower, I'm afraid, Miss Harriet.'

"Well, take a pill, Willy, and then it won't hurt you," she told him, with a laugh that belonged to the sun and wind, to the flags whipping out on their halcyards and the signs of the side-shows bellying from their guy-ropes, to the blare of music and the eager circus crowd—that crowd that never changes with changing generations."

So everything, under those threatening white clouds takes its bravery of motion from Harriet's own courage, as if a part of it.

We are not calling this scene to the reader's mind to the depreciation of the portrayals made by the great masters of fiction. But this is different. There is no indirection; and, much as we admire indirections as an allurements—a high intellectual satisfaction in Meredith and Henry James, we recognize something nearer to nature in Mrs. Deland's immediate and sure grasp of the common material of human life. Hers is not a conscious method. It is a new attitude toward life and nature characteristic of the new century—significantly illustrated in this author's fiction because of her wonderful intuition and creative faculty.

Editor's Drawer

The Coat

A MONOLOGUE

BY BEATRICE HERFORD

IF you see a gentleman will you please tell him I'm in the dress goods?

Oh! I thought you were never coming.

Thank you it's all right, he's come. Oh, I thought you were the one I asked to tell a gentleman, excuse me! I guess that's the one. No matter, I've got him. I came up here, dear, because I thought maybe you had forgotten where I told you. Why I said the middle door, opposite the ribbons, just by the elevator next to the glove counter. What could be simpler? You couldn't have been there half an hour because I was back there a few minutes ago. I couldn't stay there, but I kept going back. What's the matter? Is that straight? (Gives her hat a poke.) Well come on now, we have so little time—if I don't get one here I can't go, I've looked everywhere else. Coats? Right down this way? Oh just look at these portières, aren't they lovely? I wish I had looked here last fall, they're just the same as those—wait a minute, I just want to . . . how much are those portières? Now isn't that aggravating? No I don't want any, I said it was aggravating because I got some just like them in Philadelphia last fall that cost twice as much. My sister's living there—yes I'm coming—and we don't often get a chance to go shopping together, so I got them while I was there. We've always been together a great deal, there's only a year and a half between us. I suppose these portières will clean nicely? Yes I'm coming. I've a good mind to get a pair of those— I know we don't, but they are so cheap and we may never see them again. Well, all right. Now I'm all turned around. Didn't he say this aisle? Come on, George, we've got so little time, I've got to meet Addie in the stockings at four. What are you looking at? Which one? No, I don't see anything pretty about her. Coats, please. Under the bridge? Oh, yes, of course. Isn't that a pretty dress? Just look at those ruffles! Why it fastens down there in the front, that goes over that way and this comes across, then that rever hooks down there and this ruffle falls over and hides the hooks, don't you see? What are you looking for? Oh they don't have them in those plain skirts. Why where could you put one in a skirt like that? Oh you have to stick it in here or up your sleeve.

Silly? Well I don't think it's as bad as those full skirts where you never could find them—I'd rather have no pocket at all and be able to find it than— Don't you remember the one I put those theater tickets in. And we never found them again till the dress was unripped! Well that's a lovely dress! I know, dear, of course. It's much too expensive, but I suppose I can look at it. It's just what I want. Isn't it cute? No, I'm



Drawn by Oliver Herford

"IF YOU SEE A GENTLEMAN WILL YOU PLEASE TELL HIM I'M IN THE DRESS GOODS?"

only just looking at it, yes we must go along—(steps back again). How much is that dress? Is it? Yes it's lovely, but I shouldn't care for anything quite so light as

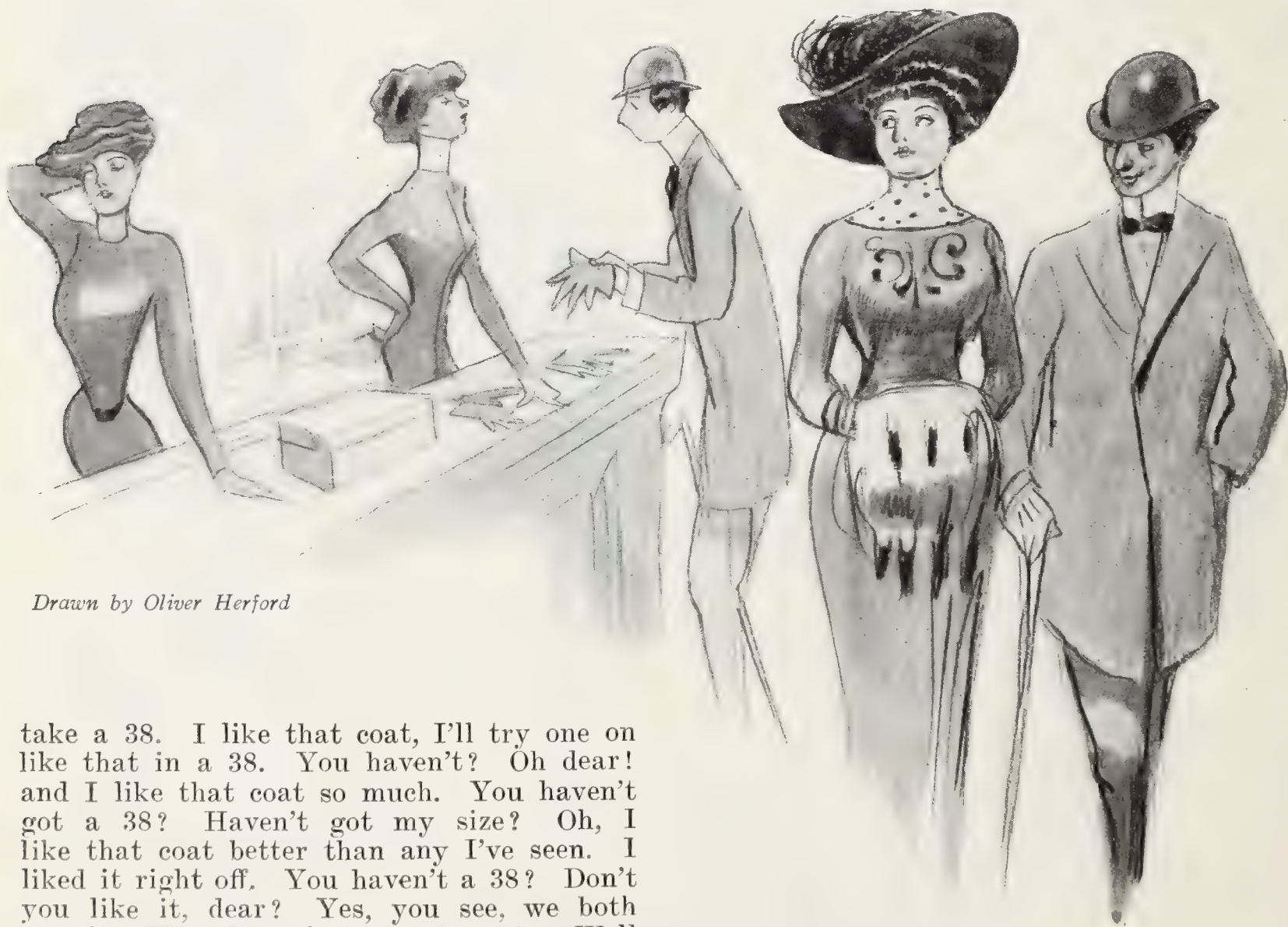
that. Coats? I want to look at some coats, please. Yes, for myself. No, I don't think I want a fur coat. Sealskin? No I can't wear anything so heavy or warm. I want a very nice coat though. My size? I think it is 34 or 36—no, dear, I never can remember. I always go by a cousin of mine, she's 34 or 36 and her things are always a little large for me, but now I can't seem to remember hers—it's 34 or 35 I'm sure, maybe it's 36, if you'll just show me some about that size. Yes something trimmed, something pretty. No, dear, I don't want a perfectly plain one, you never liked me in that one last winter. What do you mean? You've forgotten—don't you remember? We both decided after it came home that it was awfully homely? That's why we sent it to Emily. Well you agreed at the time and I put on with "love from both of us." Well don't go on about it now! Don't go on about it now.

That's a pretty coat isn't it? I may have made a mistake about the size, it looks rather—no you see I couldn't possibly get into it—that's funny—yes, I suppose I must. That's a 36? Is that so? Then I must take a 38, I don't understand. Yes I must

me some others. Yes, I might like something with fur trimming perhaps. We might as well sit down.

What train do you think you will get? No, I can't go till six anyway and I may not get that. I've promised Addie I'd go with her to try and get her a ready-made suit, and I've got to go about my shoes and get those tickets if I can, and see if I can match that lace like my dress, and call for my hat at the cleaners and we are going to try and stop in and see her mother on the way down. Why I think I've done a good deal, you know I only came in at eight. Yes I got a lamp and I've been to five stove places. I've got a catalogue and I'm going to telephone them to-night what I decide. The "Prairie Queen" has the best ovens, but they say the "Lady of the Lake" is a fine baker only uses so much coal. Yes I looked at wall-papers and I chose one for the sitting-room. Well I don't know as I can describe it. Do you remember that one at the mountains? Well you will when you see it. This one is just like it only it hasn't got cherries and it's a different color. It's like it only it's entirely different.

There that's a lovely coat. Isn't it pretty?



Drawn by Oliver Herford

take a 38. I like that coat, I'll try one on like that in a 38. You haven't? Oh dear! and I like that coat so much. You haven't got a 38? Haven't got my size? Oh, I like that coat better than any I've seen. I liked it right off. You haven't a 38? Don't you like it, dear? Yes, you see, we both like it. Why haven't you got a 38? Well it seems queer you've only got one size in that kind of a coat. You haven't got my size? You are perfectly sure? I do think that's mean. Well, I sha'n't see anything that I like better than that! No I don't care for that one. What size is that? Well I'll try it on. No, I don't like that, it makes me look so big doesn't it? No, please show

"NO, I DON'T SEE ANYTHING PRETTY ABOUT HER!"

I like that awfully. That's a 38? Well it's just lovely! Why no, that won't get dirty. That's all the style! Why no—that's the lining. I'll try on that. That collar is a



"CAN'T YOU SEE HOW IT WILL LOOK WHEN IT'S ALL TAKEN IN?"

little tight—yes, I suppose it can. Oh those can be made shorter, dear. How do you like it? That's not too big, it's meant to be like that—they are all like that, aren't they? Yes, blouse effect. It will all look different—you could alter it all over, couldn't you? She could alter it all over. You can't tell now, dear—can't you see how it will look when it's all taken in? How much is this coat? Is it? Oh! It's very pretty though. No, I know, of course, it's quite out of the question. I didn't mean to go quite as high as that. I will just look at some others, I would just as soon have something less dressy. No don't take it away please, just leave it here. I know, dear, I'm not going to get it, I'm only looking at it. It isn't really dear though! You see it's lined with that nice satin, and then that lovely fur and bead trimming. I know, but I only mean it isn't dear for the kind of coat it is. Well what did you say you paid for your winter overcoat? There! and perfectly plain too, not a bit of trimming on it. But I wouldn't want a coat to last three years, it would be all out of style.

George, George! how do you like this? Won't you come here and look at these coats! How do you like that one? Pretty? You don't! You just say it to please me. Well, I'll put it on. It makes me look just like Aunt Mary. No I don't like that very well, I'll try that one. No, it's so fussy; I don't like those things and I don't like that. Black-looking? Of course they're

black-looking, they *are* black! I'll just put that one on again. Of course if I get this I can wear it with everything. I like the lining of that one better. I like this coat and that lining. Of course I know I can't, but I mean that's what I like. Will you put this on please and let me see how it looks? (Stands off.) No, I don't like that at all. (Turns again to the expensive coat.) That is the one I *like*. Yes—she says that is the one I ought to have. Of course it is better to get a good thing. Will it? She says that one will last two or three years, whereas those will be worn out in one season. That's the one I want of course, but it looks sort of soiled to me at the cuffs. The lining, I didn't notice that before. Yes it is, don't you see? No I shouldn't like to get it with that any way, you see, sixty dollars! and have it soiled to begin with. You see yourself don't you? Do you think they would? Will you see? Of course a dollar or two would make a great difference. She says they might make a little reduction and I can get that off with some benzine in two minutes.

How would you like me in one of those? Why Minnie had one and she is as fat as I am.

How much? Will they? Fifty-eight! Well that does make a difference; and that includes the alterations? And I can have it Thursday? (Talks with her husband.) Fifty-eight dollars? And I can have it Thursday, and that includes alterations. Well, I think I will decide on that coat.

A New Creation

MARGARET, aged eleven, had just returned from her first visit to the Zoo.

"Well," said her mother, smiling, "did you see the elephants and the giraffe and the kangaroos?"

Margaret looked thoughtful.

"We saw the elephant and the giraffe and the dang-ger-roos."

"What?" said Mrs. Blank.

"The dang-ger-roos. It said 'these animals are D-a-n-g-e-r-o-u-s.'"

She Was a Suffragette

CHARLEY had never seen his Aunt Ellen until now. She had lived several years in England and had returned an ardent Suffragette. "Well, Charley, how do you like Aunt Ellen?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I like her all right," Charley had responded cheerfully; "but I think she's an awfully gentlemanly lady—don't you?"

Another Match

ON the death of his first wife a literary celebrity of the South erected an elaborate memorial to her on which was inscribed the sentiment, "The Light of my Life has gone out." The late Bishop Wilmer, of Alabama, pointed out the memorial to a friend who read the words and then asked, "But he married again, didn't he?"

"Yes," replied the bishop, "he did. You see, he struck another match, as it were."



Robt. L. Dickey '10

Wild Animals I Have Met

With a Little Assistance

MOTHER was starting Ethel off for school. "Are you sure you can find your way alone?" inquired she, anxiously.

"I'm almost sure I could go alone if I had some one to go with me," answered the little lady of weakening courage.

All They Could Do

A BALTIMORE man, who recently moved into a suburb of that city, was acquainted with his neighbors on both sides by sight only, hence it was with keen gratitude that, when his home caught fire one evening, he observed that they proceeded with great promptness to offer assistance.

"Won't you run down to the post-office and turn in an alarm?" the owner cried excitedly to his right-hand neighbor.

"I'd be glad to," said the neighbor, with a sad smile, "but I am so crippled with rheumatism that I can't run a bit."

Then the owner turned to the other man. "While I am getting out some of the things, you yell 'Fire' as loudly as you can," he said.

"I've got laryngitis and can't yell," came in a hoarse whisper from the other neighbor.

And the unhappy owner composed himself sufficiently to remark:

"Then I'd thank both of you to slip into the house and bring some chairs out. We might as well sit down and enjoy the fire!"

No Difficulty

MRS. SMITH was engaging a new servant, and sat facing the latest applicant.

"I hope," said she, "that you had no angry words with your last mistress before leaving?"

"Oh, dear, no, mum; none whatever," was the reply, with a toss of her head. "While she was having her bath, I just locked the bath-room door, took all my things, and went away as quietly as possible."

Cue Wanted

THE Rev. Mr. X—— belongs to a Yangtse River station of the American Episcopal Church Mission. He is fond of a very full ritual in his Sunday church worship. On one occasion a young Chinese preacher recently graduated from the seminary was assisting him. Now this young man, it

seems, was more familiar with some phrases of English as he had heard it than with the elaborated form of prayer he was attempting to follow. The service was proceeding fairly well, but the assistant did not feel certain. So he crossed over to his superior during a response and asked him in a whisper, "Say, where do I butt in on this?"



The Obvious Trend

RAMPLER. "Did Steve say how he was getting along in his grocery business?"

GRAMPLER. "Not directly."

RAMPLER. "Not directly? What did he say?"

GRAMPLER. "He just said he was going to trade his cash register for a rocking-chair."



ASSISTANT INSPECTOR. "Say, Mr. Appraiser, here's a lady whose kid has the German measles. What's the duty on 'em?"

Romance

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

ONE kind of company 'at comes,
They bring along a Little Girl
All dressed jus' like she is a doll,
Wif' yellow hair that loves to curl,
An' Ma says she's *my* "company"—
I mus' be nice to her, you see.

An' so I showed her all around
An' 'plained to her th' reason w'y
Our corn-crib's built on ole tin pans
N'en Gram'pa Rat can't jump so high.
She thinks that's funny as can be,
'N' she climbed right up after me.

But w'en I ast her w'y it is
She won't slide down th' heaps of
corn.
She's 'fraid her hair it will muss up
An' all her ruffly clo'es get torn!
N'en we jus' hunted 'round to see
W'at's suitabler for "company."

'N' w'en her dress got all smoothed out
She let me swing her in my swing—
I only jus' "run under" her—
That's w'y she squealed like ev'rything!
S'pose it's p'lite for "company"
To be as 'fraid as they can be?

'Cause she won't come an' 'preciate
Th' cunning locus'-shell I found
W'ite on our hemlock-tree—she runned
Soon as I made him tumble down!
(Wish't Ma would tell me w'at you do
W'en "company" gets "mad at" you!)

I'm glad our Peacock went an' lost
His prettiest feather in th' grass,
So's I could reach it out for her
Two little hands to hold tight fas'—
'At's how I knew th' "company"
Had got done "bein' mad," you see!

I guess she likes "collectin' things—"
Her hank'chuf's all in little knots—
She kep' th' acorn that I foun'
-An' all th' stones wif' shiny spots!
An' I can try on bof' her rings
If I'll keep on a-findin' things!

'N' I'm real sorry w'en her Pa
Brought 'round his horse to our front
door.
W'en they drove past th' chestnut-tree
Is where she waved her hand some more!
My Pa—he thinks it's p'lite to try
An' kiss your "company" good-by!"

Original

A HIGH-SCHOOL teacher was slightly deaf and very sensitive about attracting attention to it.

One day as her class in German was about to open, a girl in the back of the room raised her hand and asked,

"Please, may I go into the hall and get my handkerchief?"

Miss H——, with a puzzled air, looked over the class and said,

"Can any one answer that question?"

Reserved Seats

WHILE in the country this summer, a little girl visited the house in which we were staying one afternoon, and asked us to come to the play in her father's barn that evening, which she and two other small girls, all about the age of eight, had been writing and were to act. Her father, be it said, is an undertaker. We asked her the price of admission. "Oh," she said, "we do not charge anything unless you sit in the hearse, and then it is fifteen cents."

The Population.

A NORTHERN tourist passing through a small Southern town called to a colored man and asked him what the population of the place was. The negro answered, promptly: "About 4,500 people, sah, counting the whites."

Pardonable Pride

A BOSTON lady attended a funeral in a country church a short time ago. After the singing of a hymn which was strikingly melodious and appropriate, a rustic male friend who was seated beside her remarked, with an air of intense local pride:

"Beautiful hymn, isn't it? The corpse wrote it."

On Foot

A SMALL girl, aged five, was studying intently a picture of the Garden of Eden. At last she said, in a perplexed voice, "But, mother, where is the carriage?"

"Carriage!" exclaimed her mother in great surprise. "What can you mean, dear? There was no carriage in the Garden of Eden."

"But," remonstrated the child, "you told me that the Lord drove Adam and Eve out of the Garden."

Saved His Cigars

"WILL you have a cigar?" said the host. "These are some my wife gave me for a birthday present. Help yourself; let me give you a light."

Every man present said he had sworn off smoking.

"Why did you tell a lie about those cigars, John?" asked his wife after the gentlemen had gone. "You know I didn't give them to you for a birthday present."

"You just keep quiet, Mary. That box of cigars cost twenty-five dollars. I can't afford to give any of them away."

What Did He Mean?

THERE is a certain Senator from the West who rarely makes a set speech to the august body of which he is a member. During the past session, however, a special occasion arose when he deemed it necessary to deliver quite a lengthy speech.

When he returned home that evening his wife, who had been made aware of the Senator's purpose to speak, asked:

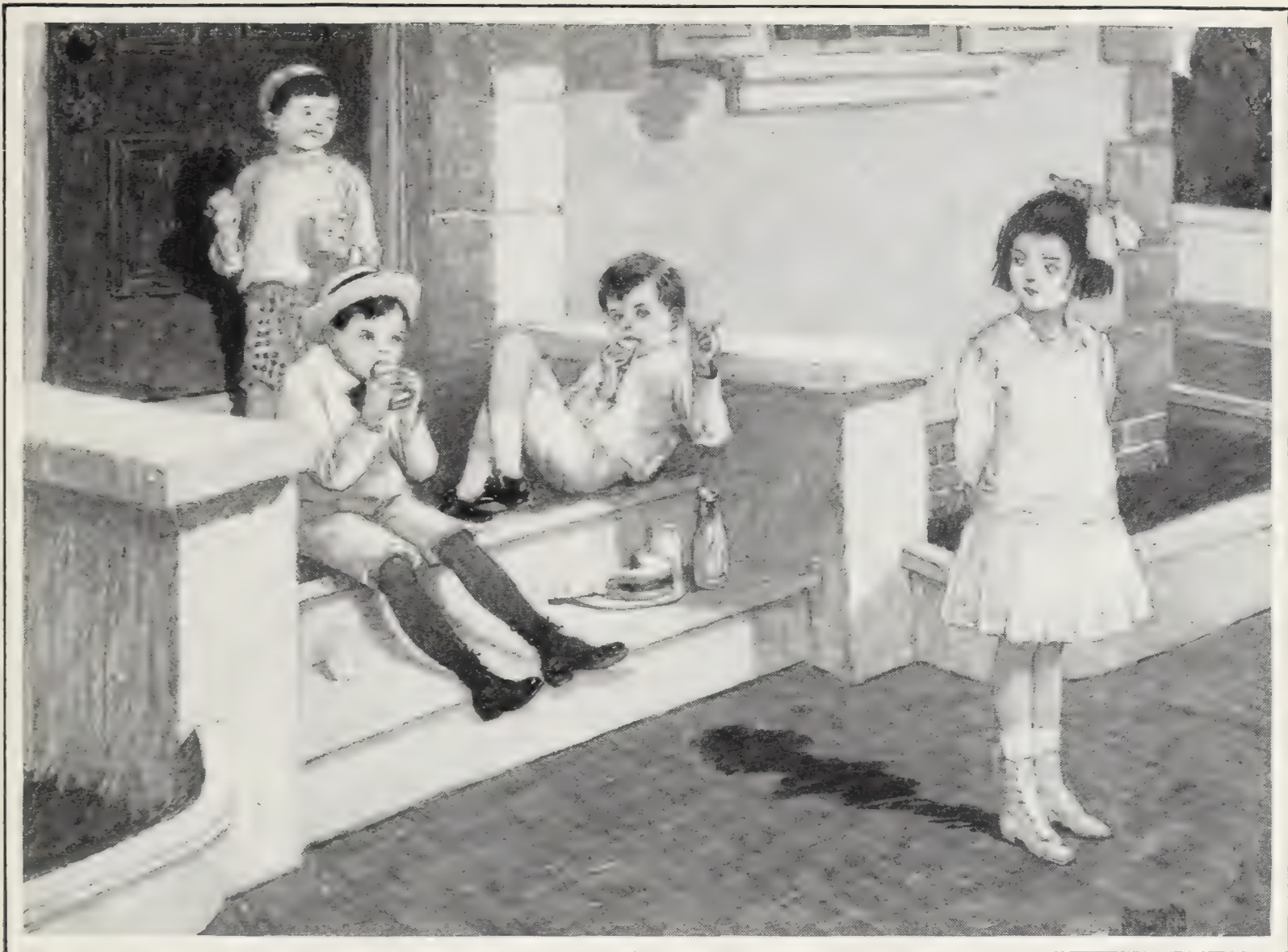
"How was the speech received, Richard?"

"Why," said her husband, "they congratulated me very heartily. In fact, one Senator came to me and told me that when I sat down he had said to himself it was the best thing I had ever done."



MR. BRUIN. "Good evening, Mrs. Bear. I called to see Tilly."

MR. BEAR. "I am sorry, Mr. Bruin, but she has retired for the winter."



A Stag Party

Parnassus

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

MY spirit drank of ecstasy and tears
 In that far day when dawn lay on the slopes;
 My bosom undulated with the hopes
 That Bab-el-Mandeb felt before Algiers,
 Or e'en made grim Protagonistes smile.—
 (I guess that ought to hold them for a while.)

And all the eyes of Nature seemed to dart
 Fond glances o'er the welkin to my feet,
 As though her soul distilled its essence sweet
 Into the groveling goblet of my heart
 And gleamed and glinted with a gracious glee,
 And every other way that starts with G.

But then came Night.—Great Grief, how it was dark!
 And e'en, eftsoon, perchance, ah me, forsooth,
 No candle-bearing Pfthytyts showed the Truth,
 Or heav'n-high Prophylactus shouted Hark!
 Till my bemaddened mind would sometimes think—
 And sometimes not. My Soul! I've drunk the ink!



PROUD OWNER. "I got him from Jimmy Casey. He gave him to me for nothin'."

FRIEND. "Oh! he did, did he? Well, ye got stung."

Room for All

IN a Massachusetts cemetery you may read a family history, short and sad, but bright with proofs of the survival of the old Bay State economy and forethought:

CHARLES O. GRAY,
Born January 1, 1860.
Died —

SARAH JANE,
Born August 20, 1862.
Died September 1, 1887.

ELIZABETH MARIA,
Born February 2, 1865.
Died May 3, 1895.

MARY LYDIA,
Born October 24, 1870.
Died June 30, 1904.

*

Wives of C. O. Gray.

* Susan Caroline, born December 13, 1871, is an invalid.

Why?

HE had just asked the all-important question; and as she gazed dreamily into space, he knew that his life's happiness rested in her answer. Slowly—slowly—she turned her head; his pulses quickened. "Will you answer me one question?" she asked in a tense voice.

"Y-e-s," he responded, breathlessly, leaning forward to catch the precious words.

"Why," she asked, in a whisper—"why, when I doubled that no trump—did—you—lead—me—a—club?"

She Had Observed

"NOW, Mabel," said a young lady to her little niece, "I am going to take you with me when I go visiting, so pay attention to every word I say. Do you know what 'paying attention' means?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," replied Mabel, gleefully. "It means sending violets."

A Real Difficulty

A FUNNY incident occurred on a German railway train whereon I was a passenger," says an American who spends a bit of his time abroad.

"A certain stolid Teuton had been assigned to a seat in the coach that obliged him to ride backward through the Black Forest. At the first stopping-place he asked the postmaster, pursuant to German regulations, to give him another seat, saying it made him ill to ride backward.

"Ask the man opposite to change with you," said the postmaster, gruffly.

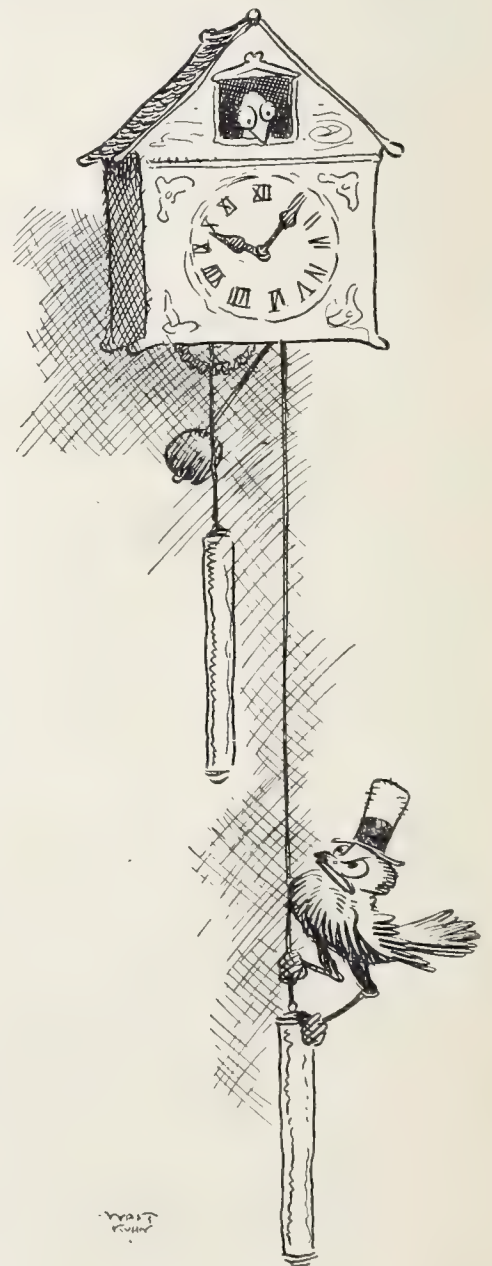
"But there is nobody opposite me," protested the German, "so I cannot ask him."

A Marine Item

A LITTLE fellow who had been told stories galore of whaling voyages rushed home one day, very much excited over the suicide of a man who had stabbed himself. "Oh, mamma," cried the child, "they say that he's—he's harpooned hisself!"

Absence Note

DEAR MISS BROWN,—Please excuse Mary's absence yesterday. She got wet in the A.M. and cold in the P.M., and couldn't come to school.



"Confound these slow elevators; at this rate, I'll never get up to see the lady in that house."

